

valve which I particularly desired to see placed. While I was speaking to the messenger, Marlow, accompanied by Miss Foster, passed through the hall. On reaching the door they stood conversing for a few minutes; and although I could not hear much of what was said, I gathered, from the few detached sentences that reached my ears, that Miss Foster was trying to dissuade Marlow from taking law proceedings against Wallworth. After dismissing the fireman, I returned to the upper apartments, for the purpose of telling Wallworth that I was going to the ship; but finding him engaged in conversation with Miss Foster, who had returned to the dancing-room after parting with the irate bill-discounter, and guessing from his animated manner and flashing eye that he would not care to be interrupted, I merely left a message for him with Mr. Foster, and made the best of my way on board the Charles Edward.

The work I had gone on board to superintend was completed about ten o'clock and a little after that hour I returned to my lodgings, and was soon in bed and fast asleep. I had been in bed—as I afterwards learned—about three hours, when I felt that I was being roughly shaken, and finding that the shaking did not cease upon my turning on to my other side, I slowly opened my eyes, to behold our captain leaning over me with a face paler than I had ever thought it possible for his weather-bronzed countenance to become.

"What's the matter?" I exclaimed, springing from my bed, forgetful for the moment where I was. "Anything wrong in the engine-room?"

"No no," he answered, "you are not on board; but dress yourself as quickly as you can, and come down stairs. Mr. Foster is waiting for you, and we have something very serious to tell you."

The ghastly pallor of Mr. Foster's countenance showed that he was terribly agitated, and the instant I saw him I involuntarily asked:

"Mr. Foster what has happened?" He attempted to reply; but his agitation was too great to permit him to do so intelligibly, and seeing this the captain said:

"Well, Will, it's no use tacking about. The fact is, Wallworth is arrested for the murder of Marlow the bill-discounter, and he wants to see you."

"Great Heaven!" I exclaimed; "can Wallworth have been such a madman? Are you sure it's true?"

"It's true enough that the man has been murdered, and that Harry is in custody charged with the crime," answered the captain; "and from what I have heard, I am afraid there is some truth in the charge."

I was too much confounded to make any further inquiries just then; but on the way to prison I gathered that Marlow's body, with the skull smashed in, and stripped of the money and jewelry he was known to have had about him when he left Mr. Foster's, had been found in a brick-yard about half a mile from that gentleman's residence. A heavy walking-stick, that Wallworth had taken with him to Mr. Foster's on the previous Tuesday, and on that occasion had forgotten to bring away, had been found broken and blood-stained beside the body. This fact, added to the circumstance that he had used threatening language towards the murdered man, and had left Mr. Foster's in a hurried and excited manner a few minutes after him, was deemed sufficient to justify his arrest. He had been taken as he was returning to his lodgings about eight o'clock; and his appearance at that time greatly tended to strengthen the charge against him. His hands were lacerated; he was slightly lame with one foot; and there were several large wet patches upon his clothes from which it was found that mud had recently been washed. On being examined before the sitting magistrates, he denied all knowledge of the crime, accounting for his disordered appearance by stating that, while walking rapidly in the dark after leaving Mr. Foster's, had stumbled, in the fall cutting his hands and soiling his clothes. Thereupon he had gone on the Charles Edward, and partially cleansed and rearranged his dress before returning to his lodgings.

The first intimation of the affair that the captain received was from one of the clerks of the owners, who informed him that in consequence of Wallworth's statement, the police were coming to search the ship. A quarter of an hour later two detectives went on board; and on searching Wallworth's berth they found two bank notes—which were known to have been in the murdered man's possession on the previous evening—concealed in his bedding. Shortly after the detectives left the ship, Mr. Foster went on board to tell me that Wallworth who had been remanded for a week, wanted to see me; and finding that I was on shore, he and the captain came to my lodgings to deliver Wallworth's message.

On arriving at the prison, I found Wallworth looking anxious and somewhat haggard; but still there was no appearance of fear in his countenance, and his hand, while he grasped mine, was firm and steady. My interview with him lasted about half an hour, and in the course of it he assured me of his innocence with an earnestness and solemnity that almost compelled one to believe that

notwithstanding appearances were so strongly against him, he was speaking the truth. He gave me a lengthened account, which was substantially the same as he had given the magistrate, of his proceedings from the time I left the party. He fell, he said, soon after leaving the house; but in his then excited state he had taken no notice of the consequences of his fall, and had walked about, not caring where he went, for some time; but his ankle, becoming very painful, recalled his accident to his mind, and caused him to notice the state of his dress. Finding himself in the neighborhood of the docks, he had gone on board the ship to remove the traces of his fall, and having done this, he had gone on shore again; for not having received the message which I had left with Mr. Foster, he was not aware that I was on board.

"And now, Will," he said, when he had concluded his explanation, "I want you to watch the case, as the lawyers phrase it, on my behalf, and to do any thing you can to clear up this terrible mystery. I am altogether at a loss to understand it myself; for how my stick and those bank notes, which I have been told were discovered in my hammock, came to be where they were found, I cannot imagine."

"You may rely upon it, Harry," I said, "that I shall do all in my power to serve you; and I trust that you will soon be freed from your present serious position; so keep your heart up, and hope for the best."

"Well, I shall hope for the best even though the worst should come," he said, in a more cheerful tone than he had yet spoken in; and now there is no use for me to keep you any longer in this place. "But," he added, taking my hand in his as I was about to leave him, "be assured, Will, that I am as innocent of that poor fellow's death as you are."

On acquainting Mr. Foster with what had passed in my interview with Wallworth, he at once invited the captain and I, to accompany him to his residence, in order to consider what plan of action we should pursue with a view of serving Wallworth. On reaching the house, Mr. Foster at once led the way to the sitting-room, where we found his daughter gazing listlessly out of the window. She turned on hearing us enter; and her pale cheeks and swollen eyes gave ample proof that she had been greatly shocked and grieved by the terrible events of the last few hours. Her interest in Wallworth's welfare was soon made equally apparent; for the instant she saw me she came toward me, and gazing earnestly in my face, exclaimed, "O, Mr. Johnstone, you don't believe that Harry has done this!"

"I do not," I replied, emphatically. "It is a very sad affair, and the circumstances attending it are to me incomprehensible; but I am firmly convinced that Wallworth is entirely innocent of it." "O, thank you—thank you," she added, taking my hand and pressing it warmly, and then giving way to a burst of grief, hastily left the room.

After an hour's anxious deliberation, we were forced to the conclusion that all that could be done for Wallworth was to provide him with the best available legal assistance. Accordingly, I waited upon a solicitor of local eminence, to place the matter in his hands.

Although he expressed no positive opinion, I could see from his manner that he gave no credence to Wallworth's protestations of innocence.

"There is, of course," he said, "always a possibility of explaining away circumstantial evidence; but at present the case against your friend seems to be particularly strong and conclusive. He is sure to be sent for trial," he continued, looking at the memorandum of my statement, which he had taken down; "but it wants more than three months to the assizes; and in the meantime I will do my utmost to discover any evidence of an exculpatory character, and will retain the best barrister on the circuit for the defence."

"I visited Wallworth again on Monday, in order to take leave of him for a time, as we were to sail on the following day, and did not expect to return until a week or ten days before the assizes.—On this occasion he again assured me of his innocence; and though fully aware of the danger of his position, he was in tolerably good spirits. After parting from him, I saw Mr. Foster and the lawyer; and having arranged with them to write to me at Bermuda, I returned to the Charles Edward, which early the next morning steamed out of port.

The position of our "supercargo," as the crew still continued to call Wallworth, was a frequent topic of conversation with all on board, and with none more often than the captain and myself; but at the end of each conversation upon the painful subject, we were compelled to admit that, as the captain put it, "we could not see our way out." Concluded next week.

"See here, Jim Brown, did you ever say my father hadn't as much sense as Sam Smith's yaller dog?" "No, I never said any such thing. I said that Sam Smith's yaller dog had more sense than your father ever had, and that's every word I said." "Well, it's lucky you didn't say the other thing, I tell you!"

UNCLE WILDER'S SURPRISE.

"YOUR aunt Charlton and cousin Jennie will be here on the next train Russell," said Mr. Wilder to his nephew. "You had better harness your pony chaise, and then bring them from the—"

"Can't. Am going away myself, sir." "The deuce you are!" responded the old gentleman, pushing his spectacles up over his forehead, and regarding his nephew with an air of surprise and consternation.

"Yes, sir. Charley Hunt invited me out to his place for a few weeks, and I thought I might as well go now as any time."

"I should say that it was a very queer time to be leaving home. Your aunt and cousin will consider it as a personal affront, sir."

"It is not intended as such, sir.—Though to be frank, considering the object of Jennie's visit, I prefer not to see her. And I must say that I think she would have shown more sense and delicacy if she had stayed away."

"Your cousin is a lovely girl, Mr. Imprudience, and won't be likely to go a begging."

"I don't doubt it in the least. But for all that, she won't suit me for a wife, uncle."

"How do you know that, you conceited donkey, when you have never seen her?" inquired the irate old man, bringing his cane down upon the floor with startling emphasis.

"Common sense teaches me that no marriage can be a happy one that does not spring from mutual love. And one thing I am resolved, that I will never marry from mercenary motives."

"Nobody wants you to marry the girl unless you like her!" roared Mr. Wilder, his face growing purple with rage and vexation at his nephew's perversity. "All I ask is that you will stay and see her. And this is a point I insist upon—yes, sir, I insist upon it!"

"I am sorry to disobey you, uncle, but if I should stay, it will only give rise to conclusions that I am anxious to avoid. But I will tell you what I will do: I will relinquish all claim to the property that you are so anxious should not be divided. As that seems to be the main object, I think that it ought to be satisfactory to all parties."

A few minutes later, Russell passed by the window valise in hand. He nodded good-humoredly to his uncle, as he glanced in, who glared after him in speechless rage.

"He shan't have a penny!" he growled, as sinking back in his chair, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"What's the matter now?" said the gentle voice of his wife, Polly, who had just entered the room.

"Matter enough. I should say, Russell has gone—actually cleared out, so as not to see his cousin. What do you think of that?"

"I think you'll have another attack of the gout, if you get yourself so excited," said the good lady, as she placidly resumed her knitting.

"What's to be done now?"

"Nothing that I can see. If Russell and Jennie had seen each other before they had any notion that you wanted them to marry, ten to one but that they would have fallen head and ears in love with each other; but as matters are now, I don't believe it would be of the least use. From what Ellen writes me, I should think Jennie to be as much opposed to it as Russell. She says she can not bear to hear his name mentioned, and that it was as much as she could do to get her consent to come at all, when she heard that Russell was at home."

"They are a couple of simpletons," said the old gentleman, testily. "I've got half a mind to make another will, and leave my property to some charitable institution."

In going to Dighton, whither he was bound, Russell Wilder had to travel part of the way by stage.

There was only one passenger besides himself, for which he was not sorry, the day being very hot and sultry.

This passenger was a lady—there was an air of unmistakable ladyhood about her which told him that. He noticed particularly the daintily gloved hands and well fitting boots.

Her graceful form indicated that she was both young and pretty, but he could not see her face on account of the envious veil that hid it.

But as soon as she got comfortably settled in the corner to which Russell assisted her she threw it back, disclosing a fair sweet face, lighted by a pair of wondrously bright black eyes which shot a swift, bewildering glance into his, that drew so intently regarding her.

The sudden starting of the coach, which sent some of the lady's parcels from the seat to the floor, gave Russell an opportunity of speaking, as he returned them, of which he was not slow to take advantage.

From this they fell easily into conversation; and it was curious how sociable they became.

They talked of the beautiful scenery through which they were passing; of the newest books and latest magazines, some of which Russell had with him.

The lady inwardly thought her com-

panion to be the most entertaining and agreeable man she ever met with. And as for Russell, he often lost the thread of his discourse in admiring the red, dimpled lips, and the pearly teeth they disclosed whenever she spoke or smiled.

Certain it is, his four hour's ride from P——to Dighton, were the shortest four hours he had ever known in his life. "Where do you want to be left, sir?" inquired the coachman, as he entered the village.

"At Mr. Charles Hunt's Locust Hill. Do you know where that is?" said Russell, putting his head out of the window. "Certainly sir; take you there in a jiffy."

"Why there's where I am going!" said the lady opening her eyes widely. "Nelly—Mr. Hunt's wife is my most particular friend; we used to go to school together."

"And Charley Hunt is my most particular friend, and one of the finest fellows in the world."

"How very odd!"

"How very fortunate!" exclaimed Russell, with a meaning glance at his fair companion, which made the rosy cheeks still more rosy. "Might I take the liberty of inquiring—?"

But just at this moment the stage stopped in front of the house, on the portico of which stood Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, enjoying the evening breeze.

In a moment Russell was shaking hands with the former, while his companion rushed eagerly into the arms of the surprised and delighted wife.

"Why, what a happy surprise, Jennie!" she said, after spiriting her visitor off to her own room; "I had given up all idea of seeing you, this summer."

"And I had no idea of being able to come, until just before I started. You see, mamma—my step-mamma, you know—was going to Uncle Wilder's, and she insisted on my going with her, to see the hateful, disagreeable cousin of mine, that they are determined to marry me to. So when mamma was busy packing, I just put on my things and slipped off, leaving a note to tell where I was going. Wasn't that a good joke on them all?"

"I should think it was," said Nellie, with a burst of merriment, far more than the occasion warranted. "When I saw who your companion was, I thought you were out on your wedding tour."

"No, indeed, never saw the man until he got into the stage at P——. But really, he is the finest looking man I ever saw, and so agreeable. Who is he?"

"Oh, I'll introduce you when you come down stairs. There's Sarah wanting to see me about supper. You'll have only time to dress. Mind and look your prettiest!"

And with a roguish shake of her finger at her friend, Nellie ran away to see about supper.

If Jennie did not look her prettiest, she certainly looked very lovely as she entered the supper room, her linen suit exchanged for a fresh, soft muslin, whose simplicity and purity were relieved only by the velvet-colored ribbons in the hair and around the throat.

Russell had taken great pains with his toilette as could be seen by his spotless linen and carefully arranged hair.

The pause that followed Jennie's entrance was broken by Mr. Hunt, who, in response to a meaning glance from his wife, said:

"Russell, allow me to introduce to you your cousin Jennie; Miss Charlton, your cousin, Russell Wilder."

The embarrassment which followed the blank astonishment into which this announcement threw the parties so unexpectedly made known to each other, was quickly dispelled by the turn that was given it by their host and hostess.

"I suppose you'll want to book yourself for the next stage?" said Mr. Hunt, shyly to Russell, who had been taken into his friend's confidence.

"And you," said his wife, turning to Jennie, "I don't suppose anything could tempt you to remain, now that you have seen that hateful disagreeable—"

"Nellie!" interrupted Jennie, crimsoning, as she remembered her words.

"Well, I won't then. But you must let me laugh! Just to think of both running in the same direction, and to same place!"

The ringing laugh that burst from Nellie's lips were too contagious to be resisted, even by those at whose expense it was raised.

This merriment was followed by a general good feeling, and a pleasanter tea-party never gathered around a social board.

We need hardly say that Russell did not take the stage the next morning, nor did Jennie seem at all disposed to cut short her visit on account of her cousin's unexpected appearance.

When they did go, they went as they came, together.

Mr. Wilder's astonishment was only equalled by his delight, on looking out of the window to see the two walking up the path toward the house arm in arm, and apparently on the best terms.

As for Russell and Jennie, they seemed to regard the unexpected meeting as an indication of their "manifest destiny," accepting it as such, much to the joy of their uncle, whose darling wish was accomplished in the marriage of the two thus made happy in spite of themselves.

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