Andover News

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1894.

Owing to the ruthless manner in which orchid hunters and other Europeans have devastated the fauna and flora of the domains of Sarawak, Rajah Brooke has decided to prolfibit the collecting of natural history specimens within his territories. Many species of valuable plants native to that region were in danger of becoming extinct.

Sixty per cent. of the Hungarians, more than half of the Italians, thirty-five per cent. of the Austrians and Bohemians, twenty per cent. of the British, eighteen per cent. of the Germans, forty per cent. of the Irish and ten per cent. of the Scandinavians who came to the United States between 1850 and 1890 returned to their native lands in the decade.

The much disputed question of the loftiest mountain on the North American continent has at last been settled, announces the Boston Cultivator. John Partridge, Secretary of the Geographical Society of the Pacific, has received a letter from the chief of the United States coast and geodetic survey, Washington, D. C., stating that Mt. Orizaba, in Mexico, is the highest. Mt. St. Elias, Alaska, has for many years past been considered the highest, but Orizaba has been proved to be the higher by 299 feet. The exact figures, as forwarded to Secretary Partridge, are: Mt. Orizaba, 18,314 feet; Mt. St. Elias, 18,015 feet.

In spite of the substantial nature of the buildings of London fires in the great metropolis are not infrequent, observes the San Francisco Chronicle. The most destructive are those which occur in large store and ware houses, but they are generally confined to the premises or block in which they originate. The Fire Department of London, although the English seem to think it is perfect, does not begin to approach the degree of efficiency reached in many American cities. Comparative drills show that American fire laddies turn out with much more celerity than the British. Perhaps when the latter cultivate spryness to the same extent as the Yankees fires will be less numerous and less destructive in London.

The early and deep snows in the mountains of the Northwest are causing a wholesale slaughter of deer. The animals, compelled to leave the hills, are the easiest kind of prey for the sportsman, the pot-hunter and the wanton slaughterer. Five hunters with four dogs killed twenty-four deer in one day, and a total of fifty-one in a six days' hunt in the Elk Creek district, Oregon. The animals have been driven to the tidewater along Puget Sound, and great numbers are being killed all over the Sound region. The Indians over the border in British Columbia are slaughtering the deer in droves simply for their hides, leaving the carcasses untouched. A trapper found over two hundred fresh skins in one camp of Indian hunters a week or so ago.

A French engineer named Bozin comes to the fore with a scheme for a steamship on rollers or drums. These rollers are to be supplied with paddles, or creepers, and driven by engines, so that the craft will progress more like a street roller or a locomotive than an ordinary ship. This scheme is spoken of as something novel and startling. In fact it appears to be identical with a scheme invented and carried forward to an experimental stage some two or three years ago. The inventor appeared somewhere in the West, and later was engaged in building a craft on this plan not far from New York. Of late nothing has been heard of him and his drum ship. Did Mr. [illegible] steal the idea from the American, or is this another of the instances in which great discoveries are made independently and almost simultaneously by different persons far removed from one another? Be that as it may, we may depend upon it that the American, if alive and compos mentis, will bob up as a claimant in case M. Bozin makes a success of his ocean hick-

Remedy has hit the bull's eye yet the Brazilian shooting match.

TO BABY'S PICTURE.

BY CLARA M. HOWARD.

Baby's picture came last night,
Little darling, clothed in white;
I wonder what you are thinking of,
You tiny one! made just to love.
I wonder what your life will be!
And yet 'tis best we may not see;
Methinks a world of sadness lies
Within the depths of those blue eyes.

Or is it but a passing shade
By angel's wing above thee made?
A cloud dispelled a moment after,
And put to rout by baby laughter!
A bit of heaven came down to earth
The joyful day that saw your birth;
A message of our Father's love
Brought by angels from above.

I gaze upon your pictured face,
Its hidden meanings strive to trace;
But gazing still more puzzled grow,
What is hidden there we may not know.
But, baby dear, you darling elf,
While we may keep you just yourself—
Smiles, dimples, cunning baby ways—
We'll take no thought of future days.

HARVEY, Wis.

Tried for His Life;

OR

WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE SCAFFOLD.

By MAJOR JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

CHAPTER XV.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

The patient, loving heart, that had borne so much and never lost hope, gave way for the time, as those dreadful words were pronounced. Poor Blanche was carried fainting from the room.

But she was not one to give way to despair. There was one resource left. Mr. Lascelle, still kindly advising, told of the power of pardon that was vested in the crown. He warned her not to put great hopes upon this last resort, while yet counseling her to take it.

"That power has been exercised," he said, "in cases less doubtful than this. There is at least a chance there."

He drew up a strong memorial, setting forth the facts of the case, laying great stress upon the point that there was a failure to prove that a crime had been committed, and concluding with a prayer for the unconditional pardon of Ralph Courtenay.

"I will forward this to the Home Secretary," he said.

"I will take it myself," she insisted.

The lawyer regarded her with admiration. To Mrs. Grayson he said, aside:

"I wish to read no more about the heroines of history, madam. We have them right among us; here is one! She is going up to London herself, to carry that memorial. She will not cease to labor and hope for her husband till the last."

"What hope is there now?" asked the Quakeress.

"Little enough, I grieve to say. And I say, too, that if that man dies by the hands of the law, it will be simply a legal murder."

"And perhaps Sir Roger Pembroke could have saved him," sighed the gentle woman.

"His influence and position would have gone far toward it. That proud man will have a heavy account to settle at the bar of conscience and judgment, some day."

Since his trial and condemnation, Captain Courtenay had fallen into a condition of apathy and indifference as to the future. He was no longer a captain; his rank had been taken from him by the War Office since his conviction. He passed most of his days sitting idly in a chair, gazing in a kind of stupor at the wall. The voice or the touch of his wife would arouse him; he would start, smile, and try to converse with her, and then he would lapse away into melancholy again.

"I am going to London, Ralph," she said to him. "I am going to get your pardon. Can you do without me for two days?"

"The time is coming, dear, when I must do without you much longer than that," he replied.

"It will not be long," she sobbed. "If they kill you I shall die, too. But they shall not."

She gave him a tender farewell, for only two days, she said, and with Mrs. Grayson, who kindly offered to accompany her, she went on her mission.

She was gone a full week. Two days she waited in the lobbies of the Home Office before she was admitted to the presence of the noble lord who presided there.

She gave him [illegible] read, and referred to the legal advisers of the crown for their opinion.

Five weary and anxious days of waiting followed, then came another envelope bulky with its inclosures.

There was a long opinion from the high law officer to whom the memorial had been sent. He stated that he had read it, and had also carefully perused the record of the trial. It was a very extraordinary case. Some of its peculiar features had no parallel in the history of British criminal trials. There was something unaccountable about the evidence upon which the Attorney General had relied to show that the condemned was aided by accomplices. The failure to account satisfactorily for the body of the victim was a weak point in the prosecution. Indeed, a verdict of not guilty would have been justified upon the evidence. But the accused had had a fair trial, and the jury had doubtless given him the benefit of every doubt. The writer thought that it was not, on the whole, a proper case for clemency.

The memorial was also returned, with a brief note from the Home Office, saying that his Royal Highness the Prince Regent regretted that he could not interfere.

With all hope now ended, Mrs. Courtenay came back to Chelmsford.

Each day now, till the day came for the execution, she was with her husband at the jail. Mrs. Grayson, as good and pure as woman can be, marveled to see the change that came over this suffering one. She seemed losing her hold on earth—she seemed done with the affairs of life.

Upon the morning of that black day she held her husband in her arms for a last embrace. She would have gone with him to the gallows, but the Sheriff mercifully forbade.

"It is only for a little time, Ralph," she sobbed. He was torn from her as the prison bell began to toll.

CHAPTER XVI.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.

A wide plain on the southerly outskirts of the town, bordered by the London highway, sloping up to a ridge a quarter of a mile away.

A light fall of snow everywhere; a leaden winter sky, through which a pale sunbeam could hardly pierce.

Two uprights and a cross-beam, with a rope dangling from it; a platform beneath, with four men standing on it. The platform hedged all about with staked ropes, and a policeman with a club at every stake to keep back the crowd.

A vast sea of human faces, all turned to this spot; the earth bleak with thousands upon thousands of human figures. One might have fancied that the whole population of the county had turned out to see a fellow-creature die!

Such was the scene that the morning of Dec. 2 looked upon.

Ralph Courtenay stood upon the trap, his arms pinioned, his eyes looking vacantly over the great mob on the southerly side of the platform. A murmur came to his ears that was like the murmur of the sea; he seemed already to have let go of life.

The clergyman had prayed for his departing soul, had pressed his pinioned hands, and turned aside, overcome with emotion.

The executioner, his face covered with a crape mask, at a sign from the Sheriff, approached the condemned and drew the black cap over his head. Earth had forever vanished! The noose was adjusted.

The man laid his hand upon the lever by which the trap was to be dropped, and looked at the Sheriff.

It was mere chance—nay, was it not of divine direction?—that the eyes of the latter were at the instant turned up the road.

He saw a horseman suddenly break into view at the top of the distant ridge, and spur madly down the slope toward the gallows. The sun burst out from the clouds, flooding the scene with light. It could be seen that the horseman approaching at a fast gallop, was frantically waving a paper in one hand.

"Hold!" said the Sheriff.

The executioner took his hand from the lever.

A whisper ran through the throng, swelling to a murmur, and quickly deepening to a roar of shouting, in which the word "Reprieve!—reprieve!" was uttered by countless tongues.

The condemned heard it from the shadows of the valley of death. He was recalled to life.

The horseman, spurring and waving the paper, reached the confines of the crowd. The people made way slowly. He yelled, kicked, and even swore in hearty sailor-fashion.

"Stand aside here, you lubbers!—out of the way, or I'll ride a dozen of you down! In the King's name, I say, let me pass, and save that poor fellow with the rope round his neck!"

By direction of the Sheriff the officers joined in the effort to press back the crowd. Soon a narrow lane was formed, through which the messenger rode up to the ropes. The Sheriff took the envelope and tore it open.

"A free pardon!" he cried.

"To be sure," said the rider; "and trouble enough I've had to get it here." He climbed over the ropes, rushed up the steps, and as the black cap was taken from the head of the rescued man, and his arms were unbound, the other seized his hand.

"Good luck and long life to you, Captain Courtenay!" he cried. "I've worked hard for you. I'm Absolom Bright, boatswain of his Majesty's frigate Hero!"

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW THE CAPTAIN WAS SAVED.

The fickle crowd, disappointed in the ghastly spectacle they had come to see, were now disposed to make a hero of him whose death they had wanted to witness. They swarmed upon the platform to shake hands with him; but the Sheriff, getting him and the sailor into his coach, had it driven rapidly to the inn.

The meeting, the reunion that followed, are not to be described. Who could venture with pen, pencil or tongue to portray that scene?

In the evening of that brief December day a quiet, thankful party, secluded from the noise and confusion that still filled the streets of Chelmsford over the events of the day, dined together at the Star and Crown inn. There were Captain Courtenay and his wife, Mrs. Grayson, Mr. Lascelle, and bluff Absalom Bright.

Dinner over, they withdrew to a private parlor which the lawyer had secured for the occasion.

"Now, Mr. Bright," he said, when all were seated, "please redeem your promise, and tell us about this strange affair. I suppose you are the only man in England who knows all about it; and I believe, from the little you have let drop to me amid all this excitement and agitation, that if you could have been produced as a witness at the trial our friend here would have been acquitted promptly."

"That's all true, your honor, and glad I'd have been to speak for him that day what I knew. But the Hero was tumbling about off Rochefort then, and it wasn't till weeks after that I knew anything of what was going on here."

"You have saved my life, noble fellow that you are!" Courtenay exclaimed.

"And mine!" added Blanche. "I have been as near death as Ralph."

"Why, Lord love you, Captain, and you, too, pretty madam," laughed the boatswain; "you almost make me feel too bashful to begin the story at all. If I hadn't got here in time never a sound night's rest would Absalom Bright have known again, afloat or ashore. Well, here goes for the story.

"First, I'll tell you how I happened to be here, when the Hero is still cruising about the Bay of Biscay.

"It was late in October that a supply-ship came down to our fleet. The purser brought a large mail, with many newspapers, for the officers. Our Captain is a great hand to read the news, and he was half a day in his cabin, going through a bundle of the London and Liverpool gazettes.

"Presently the word was passed that the bos'n was wanted in the Captain's cabin.

"I went down, and there was the 'old man' walking about in a high state of mind.

"'Read that, Mr. Bright,' he says, handing me a paper, and marking the place with his finger.

"I read; and never do I expect to be so astonished again while I live. Afterward I cut out the piece; wouldn't wonder if 'twas about me now."

The worthy boatswain took out an ancient pocket-book, and from its contents extracted a printed slip, which was passed around and read. It was as follows:

"THE MURDER AT THE RED LION INN.

"Since the arrest of Captain Ralph Courtenay, —th Artillery, of the Ipswich garrison, for the murder of Robert Barnwell at an inn on the Essex coast above Southend, circumstances have developed which point clearly to the guilt of the accused. The Attorney General has closely investigated the case, and has declared that, in his opinion, the crime was not only committed, but, that it was premeditated. The course of justice in this case is swift enough. The murder was done on the night of Sept. 3; the accused was arrested on the next day, and lodged in Chelmsford jail; he has been indicted, and will be tried at the Essex Assizes on the first of November."

Mr. Bright resumed his narrative.

"I dropped the newspaper and stared at the Captain. 'For the murder of Robert Barnwell!' I repeated. 'At the Red Lion Inn—on the Essex coast—on the night of September third! The Lord be merciful to us, Captain Atwell—but what craziness is this?'

"'It's an awful mistake!' groaned the Captain. There isn't a bigger-hearted officer afloat than our Captain Atwell, of the Hero, I may tell you—though he does bear the name of a matinet, and a tartar on disc.pline. 'A man who is perfectly innocent of any crime, and an officer in his Majesty's land forces at that!—is very likely to be hung for my acts.'

"'And mine, too, sir,' I ventured.

"'No; the responsibility is with me. You acted under orders; you did what you were commanded to do, and when you had explained everything to me, I approved. Now, Mr. Bright, there's work cut out here for us! That officer shall not die if I can save him—and I can. I'm going straight to the Admiral with the whole story. The supply ship goes back in three days. I am going to have you ordered to London to produce a true account of this wretched affair, drawn up and signed by me, and indorsed by the Admiral. If they want anything more, you can give all the testimony needed. What do you say?'

"'I'll obey orders, of course. And in this case I'll strain every nerve.'

"'To be sure you will, Mr. Bright. You'll be too late for the trial; but if they convict the poor fellow, you'll be in time to save him.'

"Captain Atwell ordered out his launch and visited the flagship that afternoon. He was back in the evening with a big envelope from the Admiral, directed to the Home Secretary, and an order for Absalom Bright, boatswain of the Hero, to proceed on duty to London.

"The Captain got me three months' advance pay, told me I should have duty pay besides, and gave me some final instructions:

"'Get to London as soon as you can; go to the Home Secretary's office, in Downing street; make them admit you, day or night! Don't be turned away or put off for a moment; get in there, and give the Admiral's letter to the Secretary, in person. Will you do this, Mr. Bright!'"

"'I'll be d——d if I don't, sir!' I said. And Captain Atwell laughed, and was satisfied.

"The supply ship sailed, and I with her. A tedious time we had getting to Portsmouth.

"First, we were chased by a French privateer, and had to take the wind and go out on the broad Atlantic to escape her. When we had thrown her off we were so far from our course that it took days and nights to get back. Then came all kinds of head-winds and baffling winds. To make a long story short, it was the 29th of November when we entered Portsmouth harbor.

"I got ashore and found a newspaper. I read that Captain Courtenay was to be executed at Chelmsford on the second of December.

"I was off that night in a post-chaise for London. I made few stops. I ate as I traveled, and reached Downing street yesterday morning.

"It was about ten o'clock. I demanded to see the Secretary.

"'He can't see you,' said the officer in waiting. 'He's busy.'

"'Is he?' says I. 'Is that where he is, back of that door?'

"'Yes.'

"I stalked right in without knocking; and the officer on duty looked as if he thought the world was coming to an end.

"His lordship was at a long table, surrounded with big-wigs, and took no notice of me.

"I walked up and slapped the envelope down before him.

"'Pardon, your lordship,' I says, 'but there's dispatches from the Biscay fleet.'

"'The Biscay fleet?' he says. 'Why, they must belong at the Admiralty.'

"'Pardon, my lord—they don't. They're for you. It's a matter of life and death. I was told by Captain Atwell, of the Hero frigate, never to let you alone till you had read this letter from Admiral Harvey.'

"he tore it open and ran his eye over it.

"'Bless my soul!' he cried, jumping up. 'Captain Courtenay has been tried and convicted, and is to be hung to-morrow, at Chelmsford. His poor wife was here pleading for him two weeks ago. This has got to be righted. I must see the Prince Regent at once. Gentlemen—excuse me!—this concerns the saving of life. You, sir!—what is your name?'

"'Absalom Bright, boatswain of the Hero.'

"'Be here at three o'clock. Don't fail. I will have [illegible] here then.'

"I recognized the name. I found a messenger from Secretary waiting for me. The Secretary was waiting at Carlton House to see his Royal Highness, and would stay till he had an audience. I was told on no account to leave the office till he came.

"Pretty well satisfied with the shape things were in, I lay down on a lounge. Tired with the fatigue and excitement of the last few days, I fell asleep. It was nine o'clock at night before I awoke. The lights were burning, the attendants were there, but the Secretary had not returned.

"I waited patiently. It was after midnight before he came in, looking care-worn and exhausted.

"'Here is the pardon,' he said. 'It has taken time and labor to get it, and now it must not fail of reaching Chelmsford by ten o'clock to-morrow morning.'

"'I'll carry it, sir.'

"'Very well. I'll make you a messenger of the office for this evening. Call in and get your account audited when you return. Here are fifty pounds; get a fleet horse, and make the best time you can. But save him! Will you?'

"I promised. He is a man, if he is a lord!

"I thought I could do it easily. The distance was only twenty-nine miles, and it was but one o'clock; but it took time to buy a horse, and much more time to thread London streets and get into the country, even at midnight. When there was a clear road before me, I found that it was near daylight. You know the rest. I nearly killed the poor horse, but I was in time. There was nothing to spare, though."

There was so much in the sailor's plain narrative that was dramatic and exciting in the highest degree that his hearers were silent for a moment. When he had finished, Mr. Lascelle was the first to speak.

"But the proof, Mr. Bright; the facts that exonerate Captain Courtenay! We know that they exist, but you have not told us yet what they are."

"I'm coming to that," replied the boatswain, with a dry chuckle. "The fact is, that I am the man who is accountable for Robert Barnwell's disappearance on that night. I pressed him, with my gang, and took him to sea on the Hero, as a common sailor. He was killed in a bloody fight with a French frigate, a month later."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BOATSWAIN'S STORY.

"The Hero was on the home station in August," continued Absalom Bright, "to refit and fill out her complement of men, which had suffered by the actions we had been in the last year. We had been at the Downs anchorage, where we got a few men; and then we came upon the Essex coast for the same purpose. We dropped anchor well out in the bay on which the Red Lion inn stands on the afternoon of September third, and toward night I came ashore with a good boat's crew, well armed. I expected to press a good dozen men.

"I had never been ashore here, but one of our officers was well acquainted with the Red Lion and the people that came there, and he said that I might make a good haul there.

"We came in at dusk. I left the boat around the high point, telling the crew to stay by, look sharp, and all but the oarsmen rush for the inn when they heard my whistle. Then I went to the tavern, and began to look over the ground.

"I had dressed myself as a common sailor, and I told a story about getting an hour's leave from the captain's boat that satisfied everybody. There were four stout farmers' lads in the tap-room when I came in, and I marked them all for my prey. Soon Robert Barnwell came, and I resolved to have him, too.

"Your arrival, Captain Courtenay, rather upset my plans.

"It don't do to be too bold about impressing men. You may take them from an inn, or from the street, or even from a house; but when a military officer is by, who might watch you and report the affair, it is well to be cautious. Nothing might come of it, but we don't like to have the soldiers around looking on when we are at this kind of work.

"I heard the landlord's story about you, Captain, and Barnwell. When you arrived, and all hands went out to the stables to look at your horse, I hoped you would be able to go on at once, and not stay there to be in the way of my operations. So, while I was alone, I went and chocked up the windows, so they could not be opened, and locked the door into the dining-room.

"Presently all came back, and you, Captain, went into the parlor.

"The landlord was in a fidget, fearing a fight between you and Barnwell, and did his best to get me to stay and prevent it. I laughed at him and went away. If there was to be a fight, so much the better for the press-gang; they could mix in and take their men. I went out, softly locking the door, having taken the key when nobody saw me. My mistake was that I left the key in the lock. If I had taken it with me, I should have found the countryman safely shut up when I came back.

"I fastened the blinds with braces that I had brought and hid. Then I hurried back to my boat.

"The men had pulled out from shore. They had heard loud talking up the beach, and thought that the coast guard was watching them.

"It took them some time to recognize my whistle, and come in. I berated them soundly for disobeying my orders, got into the boat, and ordered them to pull softly round the headland, and beach the boat in rear of the inn.

"It took some minutes to do this. When it was done, and we were lying quiet a moment, listening to hear what might be going on, I saw a man run out of the door of the inn parlor. It was hazy; but I could see his figure as he started.

"He came down on the beach. He did not see the boat at first. He looked wild and troubled. It was Robert Barnwell.

"'I didn't mean to kill him,' he said to himself. 'I struck him hard, but I didn't want to kill him. Is he dead, I wonder?'

"Cautiously I stole up from the boat and seized him. I took him by the arm and put a hand over his mouth. 'In the King's name!' I said. 'Make no noise; I take you for the King's seaman.'

"He fought hard, and would have shouted for help if I had not muffled his mouth. Three of the men came to aid me, and we dragged him into the boat, bound and gagged him.

"Next I heard Mr. Lascelle, the host, shouting and calling. I was at the point of going up with my party and making more captures, when I saw the landlord come round the end of the house and some men with it.

"I had to guess what it all meant, and I guessed wrong. The words of Barnwell ought to have made me understand that he and Captain Courtenay had had a tussle, and that he was afraid that he had killed the Captain. In the excitement of the moment I forgot this, and took up with the notion that you, Captain, had discovered what I was about, and were coming with the landlord, the hostler, and whatever could be picked up, to release Barnwell.

"It seems ridiculous, now that I look back on it; but the idea was very strong in my mind then. My party was strong enough, but a fight with a crowd of rustics, armed with iron pokers and pitchforks, and led by a Captain in the military service, was the last thing I wanted.

"I ordered the rowers to pull out softly. We took Barnwell with us; he served his King most unwillingly, and died as I have told you. We rowed out so silently, and the Hero took up anchor so quietly, and sailed out of the bay, that my presence ashore, as it seems, was never taken into account in the inquiry after the fate of Robert Barnwell."

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW IT ENDED.

The experience of Ralph Courtenay and his wife after the pardon was but a repetition of that which has occurred thousands of times, the world over.

The world does so love success—it likes to array itself on the popular side and make haste to congratulate a rising man. Ralph Courtenay, freed from his bonds, perfectly justified, with the free pardon of the crown in his pocket, was a very different person from Ralph Courtenay persecuted, hounded to the very shadow of the gallows, deserted by all but his consort, good Mrs. Grayson, and his heroic wife.

The War Office speedily hastened to acknowledge its wrong. "Captain Ralph Courtenay," said the general order, which was read all over the world, wherever

"The system of forcible impressment of men to be seamen in the British navy is a thing of the past. The shocking cruelties would never be tolerated by the English people of this day. The system, if not supported by law, was winked at and overlooked by the authorities, at a time when the navy was the right arm of British power, and when anything could be suffered for the efficiency of that service. The most frightful outrages were perpetrated by the armed press-gangs of that day. Not only were sailors of merchant vessels forcibly impressed, but citizens, mechanics, unwary farmers, were seized and hurried off to the war-ships, without chance to communicate with their families.

there was a dress-parade of British troops, "has been improperly cashiered, and is a most faithful and deserving officer. He is hereby made Major of Artillery, to rank from Sept. 3, 1813."

Very many small creatures of the Major's acquaintance, who shunned him during his terrible experience, now wished to renew their friendly relations with him, and to have it known that they were his friends. They were treated with quiet contempt.

But will it be believed that a note from Pembroke Villa came to Major and Mrs. Courtenay in which Miss Isabel expressed the gratification of her father and herself at his complete exoneration and his promotion, and spoke of the pleasure she would give to welcome them to the Villa!

Ralph read it, and passed it over to his wife. "Answer it, Blanche," he said.

She read it, and, leaning her head upon her hand, she reflected. With all the strong qualities of heart that we have seen in her, she was as gentle, as mild and as charitable as women are apt to be. But she thought of the past—the horrible past! She thought how, in the bitter agony of herself and Ralph, a word to save him had been begged—and denied. Without line or comment she enveloped the note, and returned it to Pembroke Villa.

Can we blame her? Who in her place would not have done the same?

During the following year Major Courtenay was stationed at various garrisons about the kingdom. He enjoyed with his devoted wife, a full and quiet happiness.

The return of Napoleon to France in the spring of 1815 called Britain to arms. The regiment of our hero was one of the first to embark for the Low Countries. He distinguished himself during the whole campaign, and for gallant conduct at Waterloo, where he was thrice wounded, he was gazetted a Colonel.

Ten years of military service in India followed. Blanche was ever with her little ones were growing up about them. When a merited leave of absence came Colonel Courtenay it was with the well-earned commission of Major General.

He landed at Southampton with his family in time for a piteous message from Pembroke Villa to reach his wife.

Roger was dying in age and loneliness. Isabel had died two years before, proud and haughty to the last, with hardly being to care whether she lived or died, and the wretched man craved the sight of his daughter's face before he departed.

Blanche hurried to his bedside. She took with her the youngest of her five, whom, spite of the past, she had named Roger. The baronet wept on his child's bed, asked her forgiveness, and was comforted and consoled by her presence, and died with his little grandchild in his arms.

Upon his death the Villa and all of the baronet's enormous property came to Blanche in her own right. From time to time this beautiful place was the home of herself, her husband and children, and now the home of her descendants.

General Courtenay retired in due time, became a county magistrate, and was honored and respected with the best in Essex. It was often said of him that he was much inclined to be lenient with offenders who were brought before him more than once he was heard to say:

"None of us are very strong. We are all likely to err; and even the best of conduct and the purest of intentions will not always shield an innocent man from accusation."

Those who have read this narrative will understand what he meant.

The later lives of Ralph and Blanche Courtenay were peaceful and sunny. The terrible episode that clouded their early years left no shadow upon those that followed. It may be that both were purified and stronger for this great tribulation. Since their day, the great poet of the heart has told us:

"Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike!"

[THE END.]