

## THE ROSE OF PARADISE.

## CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

He did not seek to speak again, but lay quite still, as though meditating; and presently, as I sat fanning him, I saw him close his eyes, and after a while, by his deep and regular breathing, knew that he was asleep, and that his fever had turned.

As I remember all the circumstances concerning these things, I think that up to this time I had given little if any thought concerning the treasure of which I had been in quest; but now, seeing the sick man fairly asleep, and in what seemed to me a fair way to mend, my mind went instantly back to it again, for I felt well assured that I should find it or some signs of it about the place where I then was.

It is not needful to recount all the manner in which I prosecuted my search for the gem, for not only did I examine every scrap of paper about the place in hopes of finding some matter concerning it, but I sounded the walls, and pierced wellnigh every inch of the dirt floor with a sharpened stick of wood, but found not one single sign of it anywhere. I even searched in the pockets of the breeches which the sick man wore, and of his coat and waistcoat, which hung against the wall, but discovered nothing to reward my search—all that I found there being a book of needles and thread, a tailor's thimble, a great piece of tobacco, such as seafaring men always carry with them, a ball of yarn about half the bigness of an orange, and a hamp knife. I cannot tell the bitter disappointment that took possession of me when my search proved to be of so little avail; for I had felt so sure of finding the jewel or some traces of it, and had felt so sure of being able to secure it again, that I could not bear to give up my search, but continued it after every hope had expired.

When I was at last compelled to acknowledge to myself that I had failed, I fell into a most unreasonable rage at the poor, helpless, fever-stricken wretch, though I had but just now been doing all that lay in my power to aid him and to help him in his trouble and his sickness. "Why should I not leave him to rot where he is?" I cried, in my anger; "why should I continue to succor one who has done so much to injure me, and to rob me of all usefulness and honor in this world?" I ran out of the cabin, and up and down, as one distracted, hardly knowing whither I went. But by-and-by it was shown me what was right with more clearness, and that I should not desert the poor and helpless wretch in his hour of need, wherefore I went back to the hut and fell to work making a broth for him against he should awake for I saw that the fever was broken, and that he was like to get well.

I did not give over my search for the stone in one day, nor two, nor three, but continued it whenever the opportunity offered and the pirate was asleep, but with as little success as at first, though I hunted everywhere. As for Captain England himself, he began to mend from the very day upon which I came, for he awoke from his first sleep with his fever high gone, and all the madness cleared away from his head; but he never once for a long while, spoke of the strangeness of my caring for him in his sickness, nor how I came to be there, nor of my reasons for coming. Nevertheless, from where he lay he followed me with his eyes in all my motions whenever I was moving about the hut.

One day, however, after I had been there a little over a week, again which time he was able to lie in a rude hammock which I had slung up in front of the door, he asked me of a sudden if any of his comrades had lent a hand at nursing him when he was sick, and I told him no.

"And how came you to undertake it?" says he.

"Why," said I, "I was here on business and found you lying high dead in this place."

He looked at me for a little while in a mightily strange way, and then suddenly burst into a great loud laugh. After that he lay still for a while, watching me, but presently he spoke again.

"And did you find it?" says he.

"Find what?" I asked, after a bit, for I was struck all aback by the question, and could not at first find one word to say. But he only burst out laughing again.

"Why," says he, "you psalm-singing, Bible-reading, straitlaced Puritan skippers are as keen as a sail-needle; you'll come prying about in a man's house looking for what you would like to find, and all under pretence of doing an act of humanity, but after all you find an honest devil of a pirate is a match for you."

I made no answer to this, but my heart sank within me; for I perceived, what I might have known before, that he had observed the effect of my coming thither.

He soon became strong enough to move about the place a little, and from that time I noticed a great change in him, and that he seemed to regard me in a very evil way.

One evening when I came into the hut, after an absence in the town, I saw that he had taken down one of his pistols from the wall, and was loading it and picking the flint. He kept that pistol by him for a couple of days, and was forever fidgeting it, cocking it, and then lowering the hammer again.

I do not know why he did not shoot me through the brain at this time; for I verily believe that he had it upon his mind to do so, and that more than once. And now, in looking back upon the business, it appears to me to be little less than a miracle that I came forth from one moment unknown to my life. Yet had I certainly known that death was waiting upon me, I doubt that I should have left that place; for in truth, now that I had escaped from the *Lavinia*, as above narrated, I had nowhere else to go, nor could I ever show my face in England or amongst my own people again.

Thus matters stood until one morning the whole business came to an end so suddenly and so unexpectedly that for a long while I felt as though all might be a dream, from which I should soon awake.

We were sitting together silently, he in a very moody and bitter humor. He had his pistol lying across his knees, as he used to do at that time.

Suddenly he turned to me as though in a fit of rage. "Why do you stay about this accursed fever hole?" cried he; "what do you want here with your saintly face and your godly airs?"

"I stay here," said I bitterly, "because I have nowhere else to go."

"And what do you want?" said he.

"That you know," said I, "as well as myself."

"And do you think, said he, "that I will give it to you?"

"No," said I, "that I do not."

"Look'ee, Jack Mackra," said he, very slowly, "you are the only man hereabouts who knows anything of that red pebble" (here he raised his pistol and aimed it directly at my bosom); "why shouldn't I shoot you down like a dog, and be done with you forever? I've shot many a better man than you for less than this."

I felt every nerve thrill as I beheld the pistol set against my breast, and his cruel, wicked eyes behind the barrel; but I steeled myself to stand steadily and to face it.

"You may shoot if you choose, Edward England," said I, "for I have nothing more to live for. I have lost my honor and all except my life through you, and you might as well take that as the rest."

He withdrew the pistol, and sat regarding me for a while with a most baleful look, and for a time I do believe that my life hung in the balance with the weight of a feather to move it either way. Suddenly he thrust his hand into his bosom and drew forth the ball of yarn which I had observed amongst other things in his pocket. He flung it at me with all his might, with a great cry as though of rage and of anguish. "Take it," he roared, "and may the devil go with you! And now away from here, and be quick about it, or I will put a bullet through your head even yet."

I knew as quick as lightning what it was that was wrapped in the ball of yarn, and leaping forward I snatched it up and ran as fast as I was able away from that place. I heard another roar, and at the same time the shot of a pistol and the whizz of a bullet and my hat went spinning off before me as though twitched from off my head. I did not tarry to pick it up, but ran on without stopping; but even yet to this day, I cannot tell whether Edward England missed me through purpose or through the trembling of weakness; for he was a dead-shot, and I myself once saw him snap the stem of a wineglass with a pistol bullet at an ordinary in Jamaica.

As for me, the whole thing had happened so quickly and so unexpectedly that I had no time either for joy or exultation, but continued to run on bare headed as though bereft of my wits; for I knew I held in my hand not only the great ruby but also my honor and all that was dear to me in my life.

But although England had so freely given me the stone, I knew that I must remain in that place no longer. I still had between five and six guineas left of the money which I had brought ashore with me when I left the *Lavinia*. With this I hired a French fisherman to transport me to Madagascar, where I hoped to be able to work my passage either to Europe or back to the East Indies.

As fortune would have it we fell in with an English bark, the *Kensington*, bound for Calcut, off the north coast of that land, and I secured a berth on board of her, shipping as an ordinary seaman; for I had no mind to tell my name, and so be forced to disclose the secret of the great treasure which I had with me. After arriving at Calcut I was fortunate enough to be able to find a vessel ready to sail for Bombay, whereon I secured a berth, and so arrived safe at that place about the middle of March.

I had unrolled the ball of yarn and looked at the stone so soon as I had been able to do so after getting it into my possession. Then, finding that it was safe and unhurt, as I had seen it last, I had rolled it up again, for I could perceive that there was no better hiding-place for it than the one the cunning pirate had provided. So for all this last voyage I had carried a fortune of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds in my pocket, strapped up in a ball of yarn.

It was early in the morning when we arrived at Bombay, and as soon as I was able I disclosed my name and condition to the captain under whom I had sailed, and contrived to impress him with the importance of my commission, without disclosing anything to him in regard to the stone. He was very complacent to me, and would have had me dress myself in a more fitting manner, and in some of his own clothes,

for I was clad no better than the other seamen with whom I had consociated for all this time; but I was too impatient to delay my going ashore for one moment longer than was needful, so he kindly sent me off without any further stay.

I went straight to the Residency, and though the attendants would have stayed me, I so insisted, both with words and with force, that they were constrained to show me directly into the presence of the Governor.

I found him seated with Mistress Pamela at breakfast, beneath the shade of a wide veranda overlooking a beautiful and luxuriant garden. The Governor arose as I came forward, looking very much surprised at my boldness in so forcing my presence upon his privacy. As for Mistress Pamela, I beheld her eyes grow wide and her face as white as marble, and thereby knew that she had recognized me upon the instant.

I came direct to the table, and drawing forth the jewel, still wrapped in the yarn (for my agitation had been so great that I had not thought to unroll the covering from the stone), I laid it upon the table, with my hands trembling as though with an ague.

"What does all this mean?" cried the Governor. "Who are you and what do you want?" For I was mightily changed in my appearance by the rough life through which I had passed, and he did not recognize me.

But I only pointed to the ball of yarn. "Open it," I cried; "for God's sake open it!"

I saw a sudden light come into Mistress Pamela's eyes. She clasped her hands and repeated after me, "Open it, open it!"

The Governor himself seemed to be impressed by our emotion; for instead of troubling himself to unwind the yarn, he snatched up a bread-knife and cut through the strands, so that they fell apart, and the jewel rolled out upon the white linen table cover.

The Governor gazed upon it as though thunder-struck. Presently he slowly raised his eyes and looked at me. "What is this?" said he.

In the meantime I had somewhat recovered from my excessive emotion. "Sir," said I, "it is the Rose of Paradise."

"And you?"

"I am Captain John Mackra."

The Governor grasped my hand, and shook it most warmly. "Sir," said he, "Captain Mackra, I am vastly delighted to find you such a man as my niece has always maintained you to be. The little rebel has led me a most disturbed and disquieted life ever since I was constrained to order you back to England under restraint. I now leave you a captive in her hands, trusting to her to give you a famous dish of tea, whilst I go and consign this great treasure to some place of safe-keeping. I shall soon return, for I am most impatient to hear your narrative of those events which led to the recovery of this stone."

So saying, he turned and left us, bearing the Rose of Paradise with him, and I sat down to a dish of tea with Mistress Pamela.

When the Governor returned he had first to listen to other matters than those concerning the Rose of Paradise; for, with his consent, Pamela Boon had promised to be my wife.

## THE END.

## A Good Story.

A story is going the round at the expense of one of the best known men of this place. We shall not mention his name, but you know him. Of rather determined mien, he has of late been showing signs of mental agitation. He wears a full beard, but a few days since his wife, much to her alarm, found him sharpening a razor. She thought his mind was unhinged and went into hysterics. Explanations followed and it was found that life had for him still some charm. He intended to use the razor upon painful corns. A friend who had used Putnam's Corn Extractor with success advised its use, with the following results: Man quite happy, wife ditto, razor sent away. Use Putnam's Corn Extractor.

## Kills A Reckless Lover.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., June 13.—Justina Grilla avenged herself upon her reckless lover, Pasquall Muschio, on Seventh avenue to-day.

She cut his throat on the public street. The girl is only sixteen, is slight and quite pretty. By-standers saw Muschio push the girl aside.

Justine then sprang upon him encircling his neck with her left arm and drew the razor across his throat. The blood drenched the girl and Muschio fell to the pavement. She stood above him as he lay writhing and held aloft the razor dripping with blood.

A policeman took Justine to the station house and her victim was removed to the Mount Vernon Hospital, where he will probably die. The girl said she was a native of Naples and claimed Muschio had ruined her under promise of marriage.

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You often hear people complain of weakness and a tired, run down feeling. The cause of the trouble is impure or impoverished blood, and when in this condition it cannot carry health to the organs and tissues of the body. Purify, vitalize and enrich the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla and these disagreeable feelings will disappear, because the blood will then carry health and vigor to every organ of the body.



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"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'Gentlemen:—As a tonic and blood purifier I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla is the very best. My whole system was entirely run down, and it appeared to me as though there was but little blood in my veins. I was so weak I

Could Scarcely Get Around to do my work. I finally began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using five bottles I found that my strength had returned and my appetite was very much better. In fact, I now feel as strong as ever.' MRS. KELLEY, 9 Wellington Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

Tired All Over—Could Not Sleep.

"It affords me much pleasure to testify to the merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla. My whole system was run down. I felt tired all over my body and could not sleep at night and my appetite was very poor. I tried several physicians but with poor success. I heard Hood's Sarsaparilla spoken of so highly I determined to try it, which I did with great results. That tired feeling is gone, my appetite is good and I feel like a new woman." MRS. BATHERLEY 132 Elizabeth St., Toronto.

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