

THE ROSE OF PARADISE.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"But tell me, Captain Mackra," said he, presently, "did you not speak to any one of your suspicions concerning Captain Leach after he had quitted the ship on the night of the 21st in such a mysterious manner?"

"Why, no, sir," said I, "for I saw no sufficient grounds to accuse him of any under-hand practices."

"And yet," said a thin, middle-aged gentleman, with a sharp voice, whom I afterwards found to be Mr. McFarland—"and yet you saw him quit the *Cassandra* in a most suspicious manner, and under the most suspicious circumstances, and also had reason to suspect him of having knowledge of the jewel. Why, then, did you not examine him publicly or put him under arrest after he returned?"

"Sir," said I, "I disliked Captain Leach and feared that my prejudice might lead me astray."

"But, Captain Mackra," said the Governor, "your personal feelings should never interfere with your duty."

I knew not where all these matters tended, but I began to be mightily troubled in my mind concerning them. However, I had little time for thought, for Mr. Elliott began questioning me again. He asked me if I had told any one of my intended visit to the pirate-ship, of whom I had seen there, and of what inducements I had offered to persuade them to give me one of their crafts and return such a quantity of the Company's goods. He cross-questioned me so keenly in regard to the last point that I found myself tripping more than once, for it is nightly difficult to remember all of the petty details even of such an important event as that. I believe that I answered more loosely than I otherwise would have done from the agitation into which I was cast by the serious shape which matters seemed to be taking.

"Sir," I cried to Mr. Elliott, "do you blame me for getting back so much of the Company's goods as I was able?"

"I blame you for nothing, Captain Mackra," said he. "I merely question you in regard to a matter of great importance."

"But, sir," I said hotly, "am I to be blamed for losing my ship after a hard-fought battle? You should recollect, sir, that I was wounded in the Company's service; methinks, sir, that should weigh some in my favor."

"But, Captain Mackra," said Mr. McFarland, very seriously, "are not accidents likely to happen to any one under any circumstances? Captain Leach, you may remember, was killed in spite of all the precautions he may have taken to preserve his life."

A great weight of dread seemed to have been settling upon me as the examination had progressed, but at these words it was as though a sudden light flashed upon me; I rose slowly from my chair, and stood with my hand leaning upon the table. For a moment or two my head swam with vertigo, and I passed my hand across my forehead. "I am not so well, gentlemen," said I, "as I was some time since, for I have gone through many hardships; therefore I beseech you to excuse me if I have appeared weak in the manner or the matter of my discourse." Then turning to the Governor, "Will you be pleased to tell me, sir, what all this means?"

"Sir," said he, in a low tone, "the ruby has been stolen, and was not in the box when you gave it to me."

I stood looking around at them for a while; I know that I must have been very pale, for Mr. McFarland sprang to his feet.

"Captain Mackra, you are ill," he said; "will you not be seated?"

I shook my head impatiently, and collecting myself, I said very slowly and somewhat unsteadily, "Do you suspect me of being instrumental in taking it?"

No one answered for an instant. Then the Governor said, "No, Captain Mackra, we suspect you of nothing; only it is best that you should return to England and make your report to the Company in person. Meanwhile you will make no effort to leave this country until I find means to secure your passage for you."

"I am to consider myself under arrest?" said I.

"No, sir," said the Governor, kindly, "not under arrest; but you must hold yourself prepared to stand your examination before the proper agents of the Company at London, and at such time as they may decide upon."

CHAPTER XIV.

So soon as I had left the Residency I went straight aboard my craft. I entered my cabin, locked the door, and began pacing up and down, striving to collect my thoughts and to shape them into some order. At first I was possessed with a most ungovernable fury—that I who had suffered so much, who had fought till I could fight no more, and who had freely risked my life in the Company's cause, should now be accused of stealing that very thing that had cost me such suffering and so great a weight of trouble. But by-and-by the ferment of spirit began somewhat to subside, and I could look matters more coolly in the face. Then, instead of anger, I became consumed with anxiety, for I began, little by little, to perceive what a dreadful cloud of suspicion overshadowed me. I had acted to

the best of my light in not accusing Captain Leach of what I feared might be unfounded suspicions bred of my dislike of his person. Now all men would think that I was leagued with him in robbing the Company of the great ruby. In return for my forbearance in not making a public accusation against him, he had betrayed me and all that were aboard of the *Cassandra*, and now every one would believe that I had aided him in that as in the rest. He had remained behind in the hopes of joining the pirates, and so securing himself in the possession of his booty. Instead of accomplishing this, he had perished miserably on board of that craft, wet with the blood of those whom he had betrayed; but as for me, how could I ever disprove the horrid charge that I had deserted my confederate in guilt, leaving him to his death, so that I might gain all for myself. The very fact of my taking my life into my hands, and going so freely among those bloody wretches, instead of weighing in my favor, would seem to point to some sort of bargain with them whereby I was the gainer; for who would believe that they would voluntarily have resigned so great a part of those things which they had a short time before torn away from us at the cost of so much blood? Even the fact of my having so carefully guarded the secret of the stone might be twisted into sinister suspicions against me.

As for those bright hopes that I had but lately entertained, how could I now raise my eyes towards Mistress Pamela, or how could I look for anything, who was stained with such dreadful suspicions, without prospect of being cleansed from them.

Perceiving all these things so clearly, I resigned myself to the depths of gloomy despair, for the more I bent my mind upon these matters the less did I see my way clear from my entanglements. I sat long into the night, thinking and thinking until the temptation came upon me to shoot out my brains, and be quit of all my troubles in that sudden manner. In this extremity I flung myself upon my knees and prayed most fervently, and after a while was more at peace, though with no clearer knowledge as to how I might better my condition. So I went to my berth, where I was presently sound asleep, with all my troubles forgot.

A day or two after these things had befallen comes one of the Company's clerks aboard, with an order from Mr. Elliott relieving me of my command, and appointing Mr. Langely in my stead. This appointment Mr. Langely would have refused had I not urged him to accept of it, seeing he could better settle the affairs of which he would be in charge than one would come aboard a stranger. Accordingly he consented to do as I advised, though protesting against it most earnestly.

About two weeks after our arrival at Bombay the Governor notified me that the Company's ship *Lavinia* was about quitting her anchorage, and that he had secured a berth to England in her for me. I was very well pleased that the Governor had hit upon this one ship of all others in the Company's service, for her commander, Captain Croker, was an old and well-tried friend of mine, and one with whom it would be more pleasing to be consociated at a time of such extreme ill fortune as I was then suffering under. I went aboard her at once, and was most kindly received by Captain Croker, whom I found had had a very comfortable berth fitted up for me, and had arranged all things to make my voyage as pleasant as possible.

The day after I came aboard, wind and tide being fair, and Captain Croker having received his orders, we hoisted anchor and sailed out of the harbor, and by four o'clock had dropped the land astern.

During the first part of that voyage, before I had contrived to leave the *Lavinia* of which I shall hereafter tell, my mind was constantly and continually filled with my troubles, so that they were the first thing which I remembered in the morning and the last thing which I forgot before I fell asleep. But that which puzzled me more than anything else was to account for the mysterious manner in which the Rose of Paradise had been spirited away from the iron despatch-box, and what had become of it after it had passed from Mr. White's possession. Of this I thought and pondered until my brain grew weary.

One night, we being at that time becalmed off the Gulf of Arabia, I sat upon the poop-deck looking out over the water and into the sky, gazed all over with an infinite quantity of stars, and with my mind still moving upon the same old track which it had so often travelled before. I know not whether it was the refreshing silence which reigned all about me, but of a sudden it seemed as though the uncertainties which had beset my mind were removed, and the whole matter stood before me with a most marvellous clearness. Then I knew, as plain as though it had been revealed to me, that the only man in the world who either had the Rose of Paradise in his possession, or knew where it was hidden, was Captain Edward England.

I do not think that I came to this conclusion through any line of reasoning, but rather through a sudden leap of thought; but as soon as I had fairly grasped it I marvelled at the dullness of my understanding, which should have prevented my perceiving it before; for every single circumstance that had happened pointed but in one direction, and that was towards the end which I had but just reached.

It was as plain as the light of day that when Captain Leach went aboard of the

pirate craft on the night of the 21st of July, Captain England would require him to explain his object in betraying the *Cassandra* into their hands; and it was equally plain that Leach would have to tell the truth; for it was not likely that he could deceive such a sharp and cunning blade as that famous freebooter. I recalled the strange look which Captain England had given me when he told me that Captain Leach had been "shot by accident" upon their coming aboard the *Cassandra*; whereupon, regarding matters from my present stand-point, I felt assured that England had killed Leach with his own hand, so that with him the secret of the stone might perish from amongst them. I also felt convinced that he must, with great care and circumspection, have picked the lock of the despatch-box and have despoiled it of its contents, which he had kept for himself without informing any of his shipmates of what he had found.

I could not at first account for the treatment that I met with at the pirates' hands, nor why I had not been shot so soon as I had stepped upon their decks, for it was plain to see that that would be the easiest and quickest way for Captain England to rid himself of me; yet it was very apparent to me that he desired that my life should be saved, and was even inclined to show me some kindness after his own fashion; and I do verily believe that that wicked and bloody man entertained a sincere regard for my person, and had it in his mind to do me a good turn; for even the very worst of men have some seed of kindness in them, otherwise they could not be of our human brotherhood, but wild beasts, thinking only of rending and tearing one another.

But I could easily perceive that so soon as England felt assured of my coming aboard of his craft, he would strive to mislead me into thinking that he knew nothing of the stone, lest by some inadvertent word I should betray a knowledge of it to the others, and he would have to share his spoil with them. Therefore he would carefully lock the box again, and would toss it in the corner to lead me to think he knew nothing of the contents.

All this train of reasoning I followed out in my mind, and when I recalled the quizzical, cunning look which the rogue had given me when I asked for the despatch-box, I felt certainly assured that I was right.

I remember that when I had clearly cogitated all this out in my own mind I felt as though one step had been gained towards the recovery of the stone, and for an instant it seemed as though a great part of the weight of despondency had been lifted from my breast. But the next moment it settled upon me again when I brought to mind that I was as far as ever from regaining the jewel; for I knew not where the pirates then were, and even if I did know, and was venturesome enough to face their captain a second time, it was not likely that he would be so complacent as to give back such a great treasure for the mere asking.

Nor do I think it likely that I would ever have gained anything by this knowledge which had come to me (unless I might have used it to help my case with the East India Company) had not Providence seen fit to send me help in a most strange and unexpected manner. And thus it was:

One morning when I came upon deck I saw several of the passengers, together with the captain and the first mate, standing at the lee side of the ship and looking out forward, Captain Croker with a glass to his eye. Upon inquiring they told me that the lookout had some little time before sighted a small open boat, which had been signalling the ship with what they were now able to make out was a shirt tied to the blade of an oar. We ran down to the boat, which we reached in twenty or thirty minutes, and then hoisted to, and it came alongside.

There were three men in her, who seemed to be in a mightily good condition for castaways in an open boat.

I stood looking down into it along with other of the passengers watching the men as they took in their oars and laid them along the thwart. Just then one of the fellows raised his face and looked up; and when I saw him I could not forbear a sudden exclamation of amazement. I remember one of my fellow-passengers, a Mr. Wilson, who stood next to me, asked me what was the matter. I made some excuse or other that was of little consequence, but the truth was that I recognized the fellow as that very pirate who had first kicked me in the loins when I lay bound upon the deck of the *Cassandra*, and whom Captain England had knocked down with the iron belaying-pin.

However, the fellow did not recognize me, for I was a very different object now than when he had seen me lying upon the pirate deck, pinched with my sickness, barefoot and half naked, and my cheeks and chin covered over with a week's growth of beard.

The three fellows presently came aboard and were brought aft to the quarter-deck, where Captain Croker stood, just below the rail of the deck above. They told a very straightforward story, and I could not help admiring at their coolness and the clever way in which they passed it off. They said that they had been part of the crew of the brigantine *Ormond*, which had been lost in a storm about a hundred and



West Lebanon, N. H.

Dartmouth Professors
Called It Incurable

But Hood's Sarsaparilla Perfectly Cured

A Frightful Ulcer Conquered.

"In 1888 a little sore gathered on my left ankle which soon became painful and broke open, discharging freely. The family physician termed it an ulcer, commonly known as an old man's sore, due to the poor state of my blood. The doctor's treatment did not seem to benefit me as the sore spread to the size of a saucer. I was greatly run down by it and had to give up business. The doctors said owing to my advanced age it was their opinion

The Sore Was Incurable.

In 1888 I made a trip to the faculty at Dartmouth College, determined to have the ulcer operated upon. The surgeons deemed it inadvisable to perform an operation on the ankle, claiming that my advanced age, 78 years, in itself was a barrier, and that only temporary relief could be given. I returned to my home at West Lebanon discouraged and disheartened. I was pining over my misfortune when a friend urged me to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. I bought a bottle. I had taken only a part of it before I noted a change in my case. The eruption took on a healthy

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
appearance. I persevered with the medicine, my faith in it having been greatly increased as the beneficial effects became apparent. I took six bottles of the medicine and at the end of that time the sore

Had Completely Healed,

only the scar remaining as a reminder of the suffering I had undergone. The effects of the medicine was also beneficial to my whole system. I have not felt so well for years." JOHN S. CURRIER, West Lebanon, New Hampshire.

N. B.—Be sure to get Hood's.
Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

For Sale at SHORT'S DRUG STORE.

WESTMORLAND
Marble Works,
T. F. SHERARD & SON.

Dealers in Monuments, Tablets, Headstones.
Cemetery work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled.

MONCTON, N. B. (aug31st)

A. E. LANDRY
SAINT LOUIS, N. B.

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes,
Rubber Goods, etc.

Selling Cheap for Cash.

Watchmaker and Photographer
Clocks and Watches repaired at short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

Thos. L. Bourke,
IMPORTER AND WHOLESALEWINE & SPIRIT
MERCHANT,

11, 13 AND 25 WATER STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

LOTS OF LAND
FOR SALE!

I am instructed to offer for sale the following lots of land:

1. In Galloway, Richibucto:—A lot containing 75 acres known as the Daniel Young lot, and granted to him in 1863.

2. In Carleton Parish:—A lot containing 66 acres, known as lot M. in block R. on the "Allen Road," north side of the Kouchibouguac River, adjoining John Potter.

3. A lot containing 100 acres on the Acadiaville Road, adjoining the James Potter lot, and distinguished a lot No. 72 in block H.

4. In the Parish of Wellington:—A lot containing 50 acres on the north side of the Big Ectouche River, and known as the John Donahue lot. These properties will be sold cheap if applied for at once.

J. D. PHIBBS,
Richibucto, March 6th, 1894.
All parties are hereby forbidden to trespass upon any of the said lots.

NOW LANDING:

30 Casks Zinc,	150 Bbls Iron,
80 Plates Zinc,	20 Tons Chain,
6 Tons Spelter,	8,293 Cases Window Glass,
1,000 Casks Lion Cement,	25 Cases Mirrors,
600 Casks White's Cement,	225 Bbls Whiting,
10 Cases Plate Glass,	1 Car Brandram's White Lead.

W. H. THORNE & CO.,
MARKET SQUARE,
St. John, N. B.MANCHESTER,
ROBERTSON
& ALLISON,
WHOLESALE DRY GOODS & MILLINERY,
CARPETS, OILCLOTHS & HOUSEFURNISHINGS.

27 and 29 King Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. H. CARNALL

Taxidermist and Naturalist.

98 King Street, (up stairs) St. John, N. B.

Birds and Animals mounted in the best style of the art.
Wool and Caribou Heads mounted in the best style.
Furs of all kinds dressed. Good collection on hand for sale.
Skins tanned and made into mats.
Rare birds bought and fair prices paid. Arctic Owls particularly required.
I guarantee that no moths will appear in my work.

CARD.

TO THE GROCERY TRADE IN KENT COUNTY.

WE have engaged the services of Mr. BEV. SMITH, late of the B. & M. Railway to represent us in Kent County.
Mr. Smith will call on you at regular intervals, and as we have a very large and well assorted stock, purchased for cash, he will offer Goods at

Lowest Market Prices.

We bespeak a share of your orders for him.
We take this opportunity to thank our customers in Kent County for past favors and would ask a continuance of your confidence.

P. S.—We sell only to the trade.

F. P. REID & CO., - - - MONCTON, N. B.

JUST RECEIVED.

A large and complete assortment of Shirts for men and boys.
WHITE DRESS SHIRTS, FINE SPRING and SUMMER TOP SHIRTS, NEGLIGEE SHIRTS, DURABLE WORKING SHIRTS, @ 50c. Also, a large stock of Men's Ready-Made Clothing, besides 70 pieces of Cloth, suitable for Suits, Coats and Vests or Pants and Vests, and 10 pieces of fine Overcoating to be sold cheap for cash.

HENRY O'LEARY, - Richibucto.

ESTABLISHED 1889.

The Review,

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Published every Thursday at \$1.00 per year in advance; \$1.50 if not paid within three months.

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER!

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND

Furnishes its readers every week with more reading matter than any other paper in the Province, outside of the cities.

SUBSCRIBE NOW.

(Continued on Page 5.)