THE JOURNAL

LATELY "THE DEMOCRAT"

Published every Thursday afternoon,

AT ST. CLOUD, MINN.

Office—Corner of Washington Avenue and Chapel Street.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The St. Cloud Journal.

VOL. X. ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1868. NO. 42.

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FRESH AND CANNED FRUITS OF ALL KINDS

The Choicest Confectionery & Pastry

And Everything usually kept in a first-class Restaurant and Fruit Store.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

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St. Cloud, June 5, 1867. v9n26

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Corner Robert and Eighth streets, near the International Hotel,

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Monuments, Grave Stones, Mantles, Table Tops, &c., made and furnished to order.

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MOLINE PLOWS

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Good Stabling attached to the House.

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Has always on hand a Fine Assortment of

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—ALSO—

THE LATEST PAPERS & MAGAZINES

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And everything usually found in a first class Bookstore. v6n18-tf

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Chas. E. Foster & Co

have opened a new

LIVERY, SALE, AND BOARDING STABLE

In Hansons stable on Richmond avenue, where they will keep at all times, for the use of the public, a splendid lot of

HORSES, BUGGIES & CUTTERS,

which will be let at reasonable rates.

Their stock is all of the very best, and they are confident will be appreciated as such by their customers.

Leave your orders for livery with

CHAS. E. FOSTER & CO.

St. Cloud, Dec. 19th, 1866. v9n22

Livery! Livery! Livery!

CENTRAL HOUSE

Livery and Sales Stable.

My friends and patrons are hereby notified that I am prepared to furnish them with

EVERYTHING IN THE LIVERY LINE,

On the shortest notice and most reasonable terms. Office at Central House.

J. E. HAYWARD, Proprietor.

THOMAS SMITH,

(SUCCESSOR TO G. I. PORTER,)

Dealer in

Groceries, Provisions, Flour,

GRAIN AND FEED,

Washington avenue, opposite Montana Billiard Hall,

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Goods Delivered Free of Charge.

Produce of all kinds taken in Exchange for Goods. apr9-tf

Lumber for Sale Cheap

AT

GILMAN'S MILL.

The undersigned are manufacturing all kinds of

LUMBER,

And Shingles of the very best quality.

The Best Common Lumber, $12

The Best Clear Lumber, 20

VALENTINE & SPRAGUE.

Gilmanton, Nov. 29th, 1867 n20-6m

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Wines, Liquors and Cigars,

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STRONG & WILLIAMS,

(SUCCESSORS TO R. O. STRONG,)

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DEALERS in Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings, Curtain Materials and Trimmings Upholstering and Furnishing Goods, Window Shades, Wall Paper, Mattresses, Feathers, &c. v7n40-1y

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Horse Team For Sale.

ONE GOOD PAIR OF WORK HORSES

ALSO

ONE SET OF HARNESSES AND WAGON.

Inquire of

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CLARK & HUSSEY,

Contractors and Builders,

DEALERS IN

Doors, Sash, Lumber, Lath,

Shingles, &c., &c.

Plans Specifications & Detail Drawing

Furnished for Buildings of all kinds on Short Notice.

Shop on Washington Avenue, near the Fletcher House.

ST. CLOUD, MINN. n41

M. BECKER,

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER.

Boots, Shoes and Gaiters

Made in the latest style and of the best stock. Good fits warranted. Quality of work guaranteed.

EASTERN WORK always on hand for sale cheap.

ALSO LEATHER AND FINDINGS.

Shop on St. Germain street, next door to Rosenber re.

St. Cloud, April 28, 1868. v10n41-6m

New Goods! New Styles

Low Prices!

J. W. METZROTH,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

has just received a large lot of

Cloths and Cassimeres,

Of new and fashionable styles, for spring and summer wear—will be sold cheap.

A large stock of

Ready-made Clothing,

obtained specially for this market, and warranted to be of excellent quality.

A complete assortment of

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

including

FUR HATS, CAPS, COLLARS & GLOVES,

Cloth, Felt and other Hats and Caps of the latest styles,

And the best KID GLOVES *in the market.*

Call and examine my stock.

J. W. METZROTH.

St. Cloud, Oct. 3d, 1866. v9n11-tf

Protect Your Lives!

Protect Your Property!

GET THE BEST!

COPPER SCROLL

AND

COPPER STRIP

LIGHTNING RODS

J. R. CLARK,

Agent at St. Cloud, Minn.

Office next door to the Fletcher House. n41-tf

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THE NEW

FLOURING MILL

At Melrose, Stearns Co., Minn.,

Has been completed, and is now ready to do Custom Work for the

FARMERS OF SAUK VALLEY.

The Proprietors feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to their customers.

Flour, Corn Meal and Feed for Sale.

We have commenced the erection of a

First-Class Saw Mill,

And will be prepared in the Spring to manufacture Lumber, Lath, Shingles, &c.

E. & W. H. CLARK, Proprietors.

Melrose, Jan. 15th, 1868. n26-3m

McINTIRE & CASTLE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FARM

MACHINERY,

STOVES,

Tinware, Woodenware, &c.,

ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA.

v10n26-tf

ICE! ICE!

The undersigned will furnish

PURE LAKE ICE,

During the summer season, daily, to all parties desiring it, and at reasonable rates. Orders to be left at his saloon, on St. Germain street, opposite the Catholic Church.

JOHN MARSHALL.

St. Cloud, April 20th, 1868. tf

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

Under the charge of the Benedictine Fathers of the Abbey of St. Louis, on the Lake, situated in the most healthy part of Minnesota, will commence its half-yearly course of studies on the 2d of September, 1867.

Admission fee, $5.00

Yearly pension, $175.00

No extra charges, except physician's fees, medicines, stationery and books.

For advice, address the

RT. REV. RUPERT SEIDENBUSH

O. S. B. Abbot,

Clinton P. O, Stearns Co, Minn

OLD PAPERS for sale at THIS OFFICE

GATHERING HEART'S-EASE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

I went to gather heart's-ease
When the bright sun sank to rest,
Drawing all his sheaves of sunlight
To his garner in the west;
When the blossoms and the leaves,
Losing all their golden glow,
In the slowly gathering twilight
Faintly fluttered to and fro.

All the ground was starred with May-blooms;
Every where they met my eye;
But I went to gather heart's-ease,
So I passed all others by.
Oh! my heart was ne'er so joyous
As it was in those glad hours,
When I wandered light and careless
Near the woodside, gath'ring flowers.

Then I gave them all to you, dear,
And I looked up in your face,
And I wondered I could fancy
That the flowers had any grace.
Then it was I gathered heart's-ease—
Then it was, dear heart, I found
That the glory of the May-blooms
Did not lie upon the ground.

ALONE WITH NIGHT.

I am sitting alone with the night,
Alone with the beautiful night,
And whether awake or dreaming,
I never can tell aright;
But my heart is as glad as a fountain
That leaps in the flashing light.

The stars are mounting on high,
And the old moon sinking a-low,
And over the fields of the barley
The night winds merrily blow,
And in at my window lightly
In ripples of coolness flow.

PROVING AN ALIBI.

PART II.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)

It was at Niagara that Flora first heard of Anthony's murder and of Charlie's arrest. For three weeks she had been journeying through Canada, and during that time she had received scarcely any letters, and had seen really no papers that would contain any mention of the affair All this happened before the war, when daily news was by no means so important as now, so that although she might at Quebec or elsewhere on her trip have obtained the New York papers, it had never seemed to her as worth while. When they reached Niagara, however, her first inquiry was for letters, as it seemed to her very long since she had heard from her little girl. Several were handed to her, but the first one opened was that from her mother. Her little one was well; and after giving her this assurance, Mrs. Leroy went on to tell her daughter the gossip of the day, foremost among which was the recent news that Charlie Wentworth was committed for trial.

"You must have been very much shocked to hear of Mr. Anthony's murder," her mother wrote, "who would have thought that Charlie Wentworth would have been capable of such an act! But the evidence against him seems to be overwhelming; and I see by to-day's paper that the grand jury have found a true bill against him, and he is committed for trial at Scudport, in September."

As Flora read, the words seem to reel and dazzle before her. All these weeks she had been thinking of Charlie. Night and day the remembrance of his tender words, his chivalrous devotion had haunted her, and long before this she had learned the secret of her own heart, and knew why it was that she had looked forward with such delight to returning to the city and seeing him once again. And now he was not there; he was no longer free to come and go as he chose, to meet her as an honorable man bearing an honorable name, but crushed down under a weight of infamy, a prisoner under this horrible accusation of murder! From the few words in her mother's letter she had no clue to when all this might have happened, and for one awful moment her brain reeled as she thought that it might perhaps be true that he had committed this crime, but then it seemed as if she could see those fearless blue eyes looking into hers, and she blushed with indignation at herself for supposing that that open brow could bear the mark of Cain. If she had loved him before, she loved him ten thousand times more now, with the instinct of a true woman's heart; he was alone, sad and suffering, while she was far away. "Oh, my love," she murmured to herself, "to think that he is in prison and I have not the right to comfort him!"

For a few moments she was almost stupified with grief; then on a sudden, she roused herself with the thought that perhaps if she knew all the circumstances of the murder she might suggest some proof of innocence that no one had yet thought of, and without losing a moment, she hurried out of her room in search of Mr. Jackson, who was the elderly gentleman of the party. She could not find him till she had rang the bell in the parlor, and sent a waiter in search of him, then it seemed to be an age before he appeared. When he did come in he was inexpressibly shocked at Flora's changed appearance and frightful pallor.

"Good heavens! Mrs. Templeton," he exclaimed, "what has happened?"

Flora had never reflected on what might be inferred from her interest in this matter, but she cared little enough just now for appearances or conventionalities.

"I have a letter from my mother," she said, in a voice which was painfully hoarse, "and in it she says that—Mr. Wentworth has been arrested for the—the—" she could not utter the next word.

"I know, I know," said Mr. Jackson, "for the murder of Simon Anthony; a horrible affair surely, and I never would have thought Charlie Wentworth could have done such a thing."

"Then you have seen it in the papers?"

"Yes, I was looking over the files of the Herald just now, and so came across it."

"Will you please send me all the papers that tell me anything about it?"

"Certainly, certainly, my dear Mrs. Templeton; will you have them here?"

"No, in my room please."

"You shall have them directly."

"Thank you."

And as Flora walked slowly away, Mr. Jackson shook his head. He had discovered the young widow's secret, he thought, and knew now the reason why she had been so indifferent to all the attention she had received in their summer trip.

"I wonder which of them it is," he thought. "I've heard they were both attentive to her; it can't be Anthony he was such a prig, it must be Charlie Wentworth's handsome face that has made the impression, poor thing! Well perhaps after all it will come out that he did not do it."

In a few moments Flora had the papers in her possession, and was devouring them eagerly, breathlessly, with eyes that seemed to seize the meaning of the words without waiting for the slow process of scanning every one, and a mind that grasped every point that bore upon his possible innocence. From the first discovery of the fact that the murder was committed in Scudport, and on the night before she left, Flora felt a glad, triumphant thrill, for she knew then that he was guiltless, and after that she could go on to the details with a heart, heavy enough it is true at thought of all he had suffered, but full of a strong, deep hope and confidence in his final vindication.

Here was all the description of the examination before the grand jury. Flora's eyes filled with tears as she read how the prisoner came in looking very pale and seeming to suffer very intensely, her brow contracted as she saw how he had declared his innocence and not been believed, but her cheeks flushed to a deep crimson as she noted the comments of the reporter in his refusal to account for the manner in which he had passed that last evening. Here was the testimony of the servant who had heard the angry words between Charlie and his so-called victim, and the additional testimony of one of the young men who had been on the band platform that first afternoon at Scudport when Charlie had uttered that hasty threat after Anthony urged Flora to drive with him. Here too was the evidence of the medical man as to the fact that death had resulted from those wounds, and that they must have been inflicted with Wentworth's cane; then the cane was identified by one or two fellow boarders at the Beach House. And at last the landlord described the discovery of the body on his return from a visit to a friend, and how he had called a waiter and had it quietly conveyed into the hotel; this fixed the time of the murder, for it was before one o'clock.

As Flora read that her eyes flashed with a light of sudden hope, and she dropped the paper with a cry of gladness. "Then I can prove his innocence," she said, "for I was with him up to that time."

And then with a wildly beating heart she saw why it was that he had refused to account for that last evening, and realized with a throe of intense devotion that as he had sworn to her, he was about literally to prove that he would die sooner than betray any trust which she had placed in him.

What now to her were detractions or animadversions or conventionalities? she could prove that he could not have committed this foul crime, and she would save his life even if it cost her her reputation to do it. The frowns and sneers of all the world were as nothing to her, now that this terrible reality had brought her face to face with life and death, and made her feel that the safety of this man was more to her than anything else on the earth.

For some moments she was so dazzled by the revulsion of feeling in this new thought, this glorious consciousness of his noble devotion to her, that she forgot that she had not learned all that it was necessary for her to know, then with a sudden recollection she picked up the paper and read the closing sentences of the report.

"All the circumstances of this atrocious murder seems peculiarly painful. The prisoner is a young man of high connections, who will involve a most respectable family in his disgrace, while his victim seems to be entirely without near relatives, and his sudden death has left his affairs in considerable confusion Advantage has been taken of this, we understand, by some designing persons to draw out large sums in bank, by checks now supposed to be forged, suspicion points to his servant, a certain Thomas Brown, who, it will be remembered, availed himself of the confusion consequent on the murder to rob his master of various valuable articles of jewelry and a considerable amount of money. A warrant has been issued for this man's arrest, and it is hoped he will ere long be secured. The trial of Charles Wentworth is fixed for the second Wednesday in September."

"What, so soon!" Flora faintly gasped as she read these last words, "the second Wednesday in September, that must be next week," for like most ladies Flora had very little idea of the exact day of the month. "What day is to-day? Tuesday." And after looking for the last passage on file she found the date—"The seventh; the month then came in on Wednesday. Great heavens! the trial is to-morrow!" She started to her feet with an actual cry of anguish as she made this discovery. "To-morrow and I am five hundred miles away!"

For one moment she was actually stupefied with horror. "To-morrow! oh, my love! my love! if I should be too late to save you!" And then with sudden resolution Flora roused herself to the necessity of immediate action, and faced the duties of the hour with that courage and resolution which were two of her noblest qualities.

In a few moments she was in the parlor again, and had sent for Mr. Jackson once more. They had reached Niagara just at dusk, and now, as Flora stood waiting impatiently for the appearance of the kind old gentleman who was, as it were, the head of the gay party of friends, she noted that it was quite dark outside, and just before he came in the waiters began to light the gas. This time Flora was a little more composed than before. She knew the worst, and saw plainly what must be her line of conduct, and she felt a courage and hope in the very fact action was possible.

"Ah! Mrs. Templeton, ready for tea already?" Mr. Jackson said as he came forward.

"No—that is, I had not thought of tea," replied Flora. "Mr. Jackson, I sent for you to say that I must leave here at once."

"Leave here!—what, to night?" exclaimed Mr. Jackson in blank astonishment.

"Yes, in the first train that will take me east, whenever that goes."

"There is one at nine o'clock, but dear me, you can't go at night and alone."

"Yes I can and must," replied Flora. "It is a matter of life and death."

"Bless my soul, Mrs. Templeton!—this is very sudden," said Mr. Jackson, dropping into a chair. "I hope it is no bad news about your mother or child."

"No; they are very well indeed, Mr. Jackson. I owe it to you for your constant kindness to me, to give you my reason. I must go to Scudport with all the speed that is possible, for I can prove that Mr. Wentworth is innocent."

"You, Mrs. Templeton!"

"Yes. If you have read the details of the examination before the grand jury, you have seen that Mr. Anthony must have been murdered before one o'clock at night. Now, Mr. Wentworth was with me until that time." And Flora could not repress a blush as she uttered the words.

"There, there! Well, I'm delighted to think he is innocent. But, Mrs. Templeton, why should you trouble yourself to make this journey? Of course there were other people who knew where he was that night."

"No, Mr. Jackson; we were alone together." And the good old gentleman averted his eyes with a look of pain, as he noted the deep crimson that dyed Flora's cheeks as she made this confession.

Flora caught the expression and hurried to an explanation.

"We were out sailing, and the wind died down. Mr. Jackson, you know me well enough to have confidence in me, I am sure. We were unavoidably detained out until that hour, and since the time that he was arrested he has refused to tell where he spent that fatal evening, for fear of compromising me. He has been willing to die a horrible death, under a false accusation, rather than to cause me a moment's embarrassment."

"He's a brave fellow!" cried Mr. Jackson, springing up, "and you're a noble woman, Mrs. Templeton."

"You know it all now, Mr. Jackson. The trial is fixed for to-morrow, and, with the utmost speed of traveling, I may come too late. Oh! what must he have thought of me, that I have never come before! To think that I have been away enjoying myself, while he has been suffering all this shame, when a word from me would have saved him!"

"But you will save him yet," said Mrs. Templeton—you will save him yet," said Mr. Jackson kindly. "I see now the necessity for your immediate departure, and I will not oppose it;—more than that, I will go with you as far as New York."

This kind offer Flora would have opposed. She knew that Mrs. Jackson was very much of an invalid, and exceedingly dependent on her husband, but the kind old gentleman would not hear to any other arrangement, more than that he undertook to shield Flora from all remark. The party of friends were to be informed simply that she had received bad news, which obliged her to leave at once, and her departure was to be so managed as to save her the trial of all leave-taking.

It was all arranged as she would have wished. Flora had a cup of tea in her room, and as her things had never been unpacked, she had nothing to do but to wait with intolerable impatience for the time to arrive when she might feel that she was at last beginning the journey that was to take her to the rescue of this noble young man whom she so loved.

Nine o'clock came at last, and Mr. Jackson and Flora were whirled away through the darkness, for it seemed to her impatient heart that the utmost speed of the express train was but tediousness compared with the instantaneous flight she would have made to that dark jail at Scudport.

There the prisoner sat alone in his gloomy cell, counting the slow moments of the last evening before his trial, as she counted the dreary seconds since his arrest. Three weeks of imprisonment and suffering had changed Charlie very much, for Charlie had suffered not only the humiliation and horror of his trial, and the anticipation of his almost inevitable doom, but also from the anguish of believing that Flora was indifferent to his fate. As he had told her he would die rather than betray her; but as day after day had passed without one line from her of gratitude or sympathy, his heart had grown heavy with a despair that made death seem after all, but a lesser evil than a life without hope. He loved Flora with all the energy of a passionate and faithful nature, he had acknowledged this himself before he parted with her, and now he was ready to give up everything for her, even life itself; but she must be a cold, cruel, heartless coquette, that she could thus desert him in his misery. Sometimes he had tried to think this, but then the remembrance of the tone of her voice as she bade him good-bye, the earnest look of her eyes as they met his, would thrill him with a conviction of her truthfulness and love—a wild hope that she, too, had responded to his love. Then he would think, as he recalled the noble beauty of her countenance, and remembered all that he knew of her lovely character, that this woman was worth dying for, and he would feel almost, with exultation, that when she realized that he had died to save her fair name from the possibility of suspicion, she would know how much he had loved her, and perhaps weep over his untimely fate.

It never occurred to him that Flora might not hear of a trial which he knew had made a great sensation among all his acquaintance, and he could not account for her silence upon any supposition but her indifference;—and yet she had been very kind to him, and he could not understand how it was possible for her, with all her nobility of nature, thus to desert even a friend in the hour of need. No! He would not believe her capable of anything that was not lovely and right, he would be faithful to his belief in her to the last moment of his life, and when that inevitable end came, an end which he had tried to teach himself to contemplate with unfaltering courage, his last thought should be of her. She might be indifferent to him; she might think it her duty to herself and little daughter to permit this sacrifice for the sake of her fame, but he would love her to the very last, and die as he had promised her, to prove his devotion.

And yet that idea of death was not attractive to this handsome and healthy young man, the silence and darkness of the grave, and that, too, a dishonored grave, were utterably horrible; and the contemplation of that awful death at the hangman's hands, would curdle his blood with a dread he could not control. He might be brave as Douglas and chivalrous as Sydney; but to prove his devotion in this way by enduring a felon's fate, required surely a greater degree of moral and physical courage than any deed related in the romances of old. And yet this young man, who a few weeks ago had seemed in nowise different to every other handsome and well-dressed society man, was capable of a heroism at which even the brave heart of a Bayard might have recoiled in terror. Life, and name and fame, which are more than life, he was about to sacrifice to save a woman's honor, and prove the depth and sincerity of a love that was perhaps after all unrequited.

It must not be supposed that in all these weeks Charlie had been wholly without the consolation of friends; but most of those who intended to comfort him, only tormented him with their incessant entreaties to him to exculpate himself. Indeed the temptation to betray Flora and save himself was perpetual. His father, who had been with him from the first, was firmly convinced of his son's innocence, and who had tried prayers, commands, threats, and entreaties to induce him to tell him how he had spent that fatal night. It was all in vain. Charlie suffered horribly by persisting in his refusal to obey his father's wishes, but under all he remained silent. He was kind, respectful, tender, in view of his father's evident suffering, but he was obdurate on that one point, his refusal to give any clue to the proving of an alibi.—After one of these interviews, when he had seemed doggedly obstinate, and his rather had left him in evident despair, poor Charlie would fling himself down on his hard bed, and murmur Flora's name, as if in that alone he found courage and strength to continue the horrible struggle.

Then his lawyer, Mr. Putnam, who was an old friend of his father's, tried his best to induce him or entrap him in a confession. He employed an artifice, coaxing, shrewd questioning, all in vain. Charlie guarded the secret of that night far more desperately than he would have guarded his life. Every representation of the horrors of his fate and the disgrace of his name had been made in vain. Charlie had listened with calm courage to the details of death by hanging, and with regard to the future, had adhered to the unswerving belief that some day the murderer would be discovered and his innocence vindicated. His friends at last were almost in despair, but one last source might be tried; and while Charlie sat alone, and almost worn out with long suffering and the anticipation of all the trials of the morrow, they were approaching him with one last temptation.

He was roused from his gloomy reverie by the sound of footsteps in the hall; it was late, and he wondered who could be coming to see him at that hour. He was no longer in doubt.—Another moment the door was unlocked and the jailor entered, followed by his father. Behind his father there was a little shrouded figure. Charlie started up in surprise; there was a faint cry, and his young sister was in his arms.

"Susie, Susie, my dear child, how came you here?"

Charlie glanced half reproachfully at his father as he spoke. It had been agreed between them that this, his only sister, should not be brought into this place of horror, unless, after the rendition of a fatal verdict, she came to see her brother for the last time on earth. But Mr. Wentworth, in the extremity of his despair at his son's obstinacy, had thought to try this last means of prevailing upon him to speak. Charlie's mother had long been dead; and his father knew that he loved his little orphan sister with rare fondness; he hoped much, therefore, from her entreaties.

"I know Charlie," said Mr. Wentworth, replying to his son's looks, "I promised that Susie should not be brought to this horrible place if we could help it; but she has come to beg you, for her sake, to save yourself from the horrors of a murderer's doom, and her from the inheritance of a dishonorable name."

"Oh! yes, Charlie; dear, dear Charlie, tell me all about it, won't you?" plead Susie.

"My darling sister," said Charlie, mournfully, "you are, too, going to subject me to the pain of refusing what you ask? Oh, Susie, this is my last night before the trial; think, then, how much I have suffered, and spare me the anguish of listening to useless entreaties."

"Then you won't let us save you! oh, dear Charlie, I am only a poor simple girl, and I don't know what to say; but I would beg you, on my knees, if it would do any good, to tell us where you were that night."

Charlie shook his head.

"It's no use," he said, "the story of that evening must die with me."

"Oh, my son! my son! why, why, do you persist in your fatal obstinacy?"—groaned Mr. Wentworth—while Susie only wept in mute despair.

Charlie started up and paced across his cell. "My God!" he moaned, "this is too much!"

"Oh, Charlie," sobbed Susie, "if you love me, if you respect our father's honorable name, if you care for our dead mother's memory, tell us this secret and let us save you!" And she dropped on her knees before him, and clasped her hands in earnest entreaty.

Charlie's own eyes filled with tears, and he raised his sister in his arms.

"Susie," he said, "oh, Susie, you ought to come here to console me—and you only torture."

"Forgive me, darling brother—but oh think what there is at stake! Can I ever look up, do you think, at my father and smile, after you are—"

"Hung," said Charlie, gloomily, "that is the word. But, Susie, do you believe me innocent?"

"Certainly I do," exclaimed Susie—"Oh, Charlie, I believe in your innocence, as I do in Heaven's."

"Then surely one day it will appear, the true murderer will be discovered, my memory will be vindicated, and our name will be freed from stain."

"But you, oh, Charlie! it will be too late to save you!"

"Perhaps so; but I shall have died the death of a brave loyal gentleman.—Yes, Susie, although the manner of my death may be most ignominious, I tell you I shall die as truly and courageously as if I fell like our grandfather fighting for the flag of our nation, and in the fore front of an honorable battle!"

A passing enthusiasm lit up Charlie's pale face, and gave to his blue eyes a lustre of immortal heroism. Susie and her father looked at him with yearning admiration. And even the dull jailor felt a strong conviction of his innocence.

"Now urge me no more," said Charlie, after a few moments' pause; "I tell you I should be base and culpable were I to betray a secret I have sworn to keep. My dear sister, let me have a little comfort in these few minutes we can be together."

Something in the melancholy earnestness of his appeal touched both father and sister, they said no more on the fatal subject, but did all they could to comfort him in the short remaining time they were permitted to be together. When the dark doors were closed upon them, Charlie flung himself on his bed and great sobs convulsed his frame. He had resisted that last temptation, but his sister's tears had shaken him more than anything yet, and the mute appeal of her last sad look had struck to his heart with a more eloquent entreaty than any words—

"Oh! Flora! Flora!" he cried. "Will she ever know what my devotion to her has cost me? And yet, and yet she is worth it all, she trusted herself to me, and if it is God's will, I will die even that horrible death rather than betray her!"

Poor Charlie, his heart was very innocent and loyal, and when he had knelt in his last supplication to the God of justice that night, he slept afterwards the calm, sweet sleep o youth and an untroubled conscience.

The next day the court room at Scudport was crowded to suffocation by an eager throng desirous of being present at this most interesting trial. The presiding judge was Mr. Dalton, Flora's

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DEFECTIVE PAGE