

THE LIBERAL.

\$1 per annum, in advance.]

"In Essentials, Unity; in Non-Essentials, Liberty; in all things, Charity."

[Single copies, 3 cts

VOL. XI.

RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1889.

No. 47.

"The Liberal"

IS PUBLISHED EVERY
THURSDAY MORNING
AT
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mock this summer? The boys
are in for summer fun. Base-
ball still the rage. Buy Johnny
a bat. Get one for 5, 10, 12½,
to 50c. Baseballs 5, 7, 10 to
50c. Lacrosse sticks, 15. A
special line, great value stick,
20c. Something extra, 40
and 50c. For 50c. you get a
set of archery, which is capital
amusement these summer
days. In this same cellar you
see baskets in great piles—
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baskets, clothes baskets, and
a great big *et cetera*.

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Nellie's Sin or, A Tragedy in A Canadian Home.

To the Editor of THE LIBERAL

Nellie's heart seemed completely crushed
by the knowledge of her unfortunate
condition, and from a gay, happy girl
with no thought of care or sorrow, she
changed into a miserable heart-broken
woman, with no energy to battle with her
grief, and having no desire to live in a
world devoid of all happiness to her.

Her unhappy father saw his petted
darling pining and grieving day after day
without being able to comfort—he too
changed for the worse. From being a
pleasant and agreeable man, he became
morose and unsocial—would wander
over the farm and through the house as
though in search of something lost and
would at times appear almost childish.
A whim took possession of his mind in
regard to his money, which was invested
in a reliable bank. He imagined the
bank to be on the verge of failure and
resolved to withdraw his money and hide
it where he could look each day to see
that it was safe. He did so, and as each
load of grain was taken to the Toronto
market and sold, the price was carefully
added to the sum.

One October night the hired man re-
turned from market and handed as usual
the proceeds of the day's sale to Mr. Lee,
who retired to his room to place this ad-
dition to the deposit already stored. In
a few minutes a fearful cry was heard
proceeding from the room, and on rush-
ing in the old man was found on his
knees beside an open trunk, screaming
"I've been robbed! I've been robbed!"
with all the passion of a madman. It
was found on examination that some one
had entered the room by a window, and
had indeed robbed him of his hoarded
treasure.

Search was made on all sides, and a
thorough investigation took place, but
nothing served to throw suspicion on any
one. The only one likely to be guilty
was Wilson, and as he had been absent
for some weeks visiting friends in the
States, he was free from all blame in the
matter.

Weeks passed by when Wilson return-
ed to Canada, and for a time seemed
much kinder to Nellie, and sympathized
with Mr. Lee in his loss. The excite-
ment over the talk of the robbery sub-
sided, although the neighbors often whis-
pered together over the mystery, for a sum
of nearly four thousand dollars stolen from a
farmer's house was an event of rare oc-
currence.

A more dreadful event, however, was
soon to startle the dwellers in that quiet
neighborhood—it was the death by her
own hand of poor Nellie.

One night, early in January, Wilson
returning from a carousal held in a bar-
room some distance from home, found
his wife absent. The alarm was given
and a search made. Her tracks in the
snow directed them to a hillside not far
from the door, and there lying in the
drift, with a horrible gash in her throat,
from which the life-blood had ceased to
flow, was all that remained of the once
gay and happy Nellie. "Died by her own
hand," was the verdict of the coroner's
jury, but death caused by ill-usage and
drunkenness was the verdict of her sor-
rowing friends and neighbors.

The poor old father, whose troubles,
seemed to come with such crushing force,
was for a time completely prostrated.
The sons and daughters, who had come
to the funeral, tried to induce him to
turn Wilson from his house, as being the
cause of all his sorrow. Mr. Lee per-
sistently refused to do so. His poor
Nellie had loved the man, and for her
sake he should continue to share his
home as long as he wished to do so.
Wilson continued to remain at the home-
stead until spring opened, when he sud-
denly disappeared forever from Canadian
life. The old man, worn down by grief
and sorrow, died a few months after, and
the farm passed into the hands of stran-
gers, not one of the family desiring to
remain where so many sad events had oc-
curred.

Time passed and as the years rolled by
the incidents recorded here were almost
forgotten. The Crimean War, with its
exciting scenes, Inkerman, Balaclava
and many other battle fields, weaving a
proud record of British heroism and Brit-
ish valor. The Indian Mutiny next
startled us with its horrors, when again
Britain's reputation was sustained by
Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell. The
secession of the Southern States, with
the fearful slaughter, followed, as if to
fill up the nineteenth century's cup of
blood, and in connection with this rebel-
lion comes the closing scene of our story.

We will ask our readers to go with us
and visit one of its fields of battle. It
has been a disastrous day for the Union
Army, and also for the South. Hun-
dreds of brave fellows in their suits of
"blue" and "grey" have given their life
blood for their country, each feeling that

his cause was right. It is night! The
firing has ceased—the white flag is float-
ing, and under its protection we pass
over the ghastly spot. The pale moon-
beams seem to shrink in affright from the
dead faces, upturned, and the stars to
hide themselves behind the scudding
clouds, while the wind shivers as the
moans of the dying fill the air. As we
pass on we hear a faint voice, and follow-
ing the sound we find a Northern soldier,
"done to death" by one of war's dread
missiles, breathing his last far away from
friends and home. We look again, and
reader, that grey-haired soldier, with the
death pallor creeping over his face, is
Frank Wilson, whom we have known in
Canada. We pause, and we hear him
asking a comrade to listen to his story.
He knows that death is near, and bitterly
regretting a misspent life, he is desirous
of explaining his share in the tragedy of
that far off Canadian home.

With the first act of the robbery he
had nothing to do, but on looking over
Nellie's desk he found a letter addressed
to himself, in which she told him that it
was she who stole her father's money,
thinking that if her husband continued
his evil course they would soon be home-
less, as her brothers and sisters were ur-
ging the father to turn them from his
house. With the money thus stolen the
unhappy woman had thought to secure
the means to provide a home
in some new land where they
would be unknown, and where her
husband might begin a new life. She
placed the gold in an earthen jar and
buried it on the hillside, where her dead
body was afterwards found. Her re-
morse, however, was so great when she
witnessed her poor old father's grief, that
it became unbearable, and she resolved
to replace the money in the trunk from
which she had taken it. Before an oppor-
tunity of doing so presented itself,
winter set in with a severe frost, which
rendered her intention impossible. Her
state of mind grew desperate and she de-
termined to take her own life, and did
so.

Nellie told her sad story to her husband
in the most piteous terms—described the
exact spot where the snow covered ground
hid the jar, and besought him with the
most pathetic entreaties to procure it as
soon as spring opened, and restore it to
her father. She knew he would forgive
his erring child as freely as she trusted
her Heavenly Father would pardon her
grievous sins.

Her appeals to her husband were in
vain. He remained as we have seen with
Mr. Lee until the spring—searched for
the jar—found it, and with the contents
started for the United States. With the
money Wilson continued his evil course
—as the years rolled on his ill-gotten gold
melted away, and he became almost des-
perate. The Rebellion broke out and he
enlisted in the Northern Army, where we
find him dying, friendless and alone, ex-
cept by the pitying comrade, who moist-
ens his parched lips, and listens to his
sorrowful story. As the grey light of
morning breaks over the field the troubled
spirit leaves the poor bruised and bleed-
ing body, and with a piteous cry for
mercy is ushered into the presence of
God, to whose tender pity and forbear-
ance we leave him with all his faults.

My sad sketch is ended. I have not
pictured from imagination. My story is
too true, and as I often stand by the
marble slab that marks the last resting
place of Nellie, and think of her ruined
life and of that nameless grave in Vir-
ginia, my heart breathes the wish that
the temptations that led to such disastrous
results were driven forever from our fair
Dominion.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)



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