

How We Tried to Lick the Teacher.

TOLD AT THE OLD SETTLERS' MEETING.

I was a boy of seventeen, ungainly, dull as lead, but green as emerald, and I thought I knew it all. I went to school at Plano. I chopped up wood and shoveled.

For Zephaniah Whitcomb to pay him for my board.

One day Philatus Phineas, another boy in school, about as rough as I was, and as big a foot—just landed in a private way, would be a right smart teacher.

An' giv' us lots o' glory, if we'd up an' lick the teacher.

We wouldn't ask no better fan than just to make him climb.

We'd have a long vacation an' a whopper o' a time.

The teacher he was wicked—he was not a big fellow, but he was wicked.

I knew that we could bounce him if we didn't beat him.

For any one on lookin' at him would a said on sight.

They'd say, "I saw him an' not a speck o' light."

His hands they was't accustomed much to hangin' on to ploughs.

To hold corn, to cradle a wheat, or milkin' twenty cows.

Philatus said he'd use him for a mop to mop the floor.

An' when he begged an' holier than we'd him out the door.

We told the boys at recess of the plot that we had planned.

They said they'd not do it, but they'd lend a helping hand.

But big Philatus Phineas, he was tickled or could be.

To think we'd not a nip like that could lick a chap like he.

"I'd lick the book-keeper, he'd make the teacher dance."

He'd drop him in the school, and he'd mop it with his pants.

We heard the school girl singin', we scrambled in pell-mell.

I ran after the water-pail, on puppets, an' I fell; I struck upon a stick o' wood, I nearly raked my shin.

The water swished upon me, an' it wet me to the skin.

That scrawny little teacher, why he bounded from his chair.

He took me by the round's and he'd mop it with the ar.

Then round an' round an' round an' round he whirled me like a top.

An' when I saw a thousand stars he sudden let me drop.

He took me an' he shook me till I thought I should die.

He whisked me with his ruler till my pants were nearly dry.

While big Philatus Phineas he was just too scared to laugh.

An' all the other thrashin' boys, they whirled like a calf.

He let the teacher thrash me till I believed like a calf.

An' all the other thrashin' boys, they whirled like a calf.

Not shakin' in their very boots an' rakin' with their books.

An' O how hard they whirled—not a fatter spoke or stirrer.

They didn't dar' to whisper or to say a single word.

What is that little teacher that giv' me such a scare?

He'll be pecked lookin'—he's settin' over there.

An' tho' he's nearly seventy, an' sickly, yet I've

I'd hate to hev him git those hands o' his on me now.

He taught me one great lesson by that floggin' in his school:

That a braggart an' a bully an' a coward an' a fool.

JANE BRENT'S FORTUNE.

—OR—

The Innkeeper's Crime.

CHAPTER VI (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER VI says she has the certificate of her birth and baptism, also of the marriage of her parents. Moreover, as Mrs. Brent was wedded in the old town below, it will be an easy matter—a very easy matter for her to prove herself the heir.

"Oh yes, I haven't a doubt,"

"Ingenious to recover himself; his color came back to his face, and strength returned to his limbs.

The hundred thousand pounds, though in danger, were not wholly lost to him yet. He would not give up all for lost, but he would not give up what might ultimately become his own.

Jane Brent was not yet come. That much was certain. If she failed to make her appearance the hundred thousand pounds were his.

The thought gave him energy. Better to fight and lose than to have to know that if he had but managed rightly, the princely fortune were not lost to him at all.

The lawyer was looking him sharply in the face. It would not do to allow him to read his thoughts too closely. Ingenious gazed for a few moments from the open window.

When at last, he turned to his companion, all evidence of his late agitation had disappeared, and he seemed perfectly calm.

"We cannot always have things as we would like them, Mr. Brownell," he said quietly. "It is true that I have hoped to inherit this great fortune eventually. Unconsciously I have reared many a glittering castle, whose shining walls are now a shattered ruin. Nobody likes to see the hopes and expectations of months, destroyed with one fell swoop as mine are now. But I'll endeavor to bear my misfortune like a man, thinking that what is my loss is some one else's gain."

"Well said," cried Brownell, his suspicions completely overcome, by Ingenious's words and manner. "I honor you more than I can express for the manner in which you sustain your misfortune. There are few who could tolerate the idea of losing that vast legacy without emotion. I could not, were I in your place; and I think you are a brave man, sir."

"A quiet, inexpressible look shot over Ingenious's face."

"Thank you, Mr. Brownell, for your good opinion, but I profess to be no better than other men, and sure, there is no bravery displayed in bearing calmly the opposed loss of something I have never owned. But you have not yet told me when the lady is to be expected, or do you not know yourself? I must find out, so that I may prepare for her a suitable welcome."

Ingenious looked steadily from the window, and the barrister could not see his face, but his voice was clear and distinct.

"I have written her, to come over immediately, and would not be surprised if she were here within a month at the outside. A hundred thousand pounds is a vast amount of money, and most women would be very eager to put their hands on it. I will notify you as soon as I hear from her,

so that you can have everything in readiness to receive her."

The lawyer rose, shook hands with his host, and getting into his carriage rode away.

Ingenious stood for a time gazing from the open window; then, flinging open the door, he went out on the terrace and passed down the avenue, his head bowed upon his breast, his hands folded mechanically behind him, and his thoughts lost in perfecting his new scheme.

He walked late. The stars spangled the blue banner of heaven, and the late moon poured over the faw-fall hills ere he went in.

The salt sea winds billowed over the moorland, and mingling with the damp night air, pierced him coldly; but he heeded them not, muttering between his set teeth:

"The hundred thousand pounds shall get to mine."

CHAPTER VII.

One day in November, Adam Brownell, in his law office at Queensgate, England, received from New York a short despatch, apprising him of the coming of Jane Brent.

The young lady would stop for a few days in Liverpool, and the barrister was requested to meet her there, and conduct her in safety to her destined home. She had taken passage on the *Fire Fly*, a swift sailing passenger ship, and was even now sailing bound.

The barrister sent a note containing the message, to Ingenious, bidding him make his preparations accordingly, and then waited for the time when the vessel was due.

From the shining deck Jane watched the shores of New York fade away in the distance—saw the gleaming spires of the busy city grow smaller and smaller, and finally wholly disappear from sight, leaving only a vast and troubled sea of mighty waters around her.

A very fleshy man stood leaning against the railing watching her.

"You were never on the water before, were you, Miss?"

His voice was very respectful, and he tipped his hat as he asked the question.

"Yes, sir," said Jane, half frightened, and retreating toward her stateroom, which she had just entered, and closed the door.

Finally she emerged again, and in company with one of the ladies of the party, took a quiet promenade on deck.

She did not make more than three turns when she saw him again, seeming bigger and fatter than before.

This time he came directly toward her, holding in his hand a lady's pocket-handkerchief.

"Miss Brent," said he, in a perfectly distinct and singular familiar tone, "allow me, to restore this article. You dropped it a short time ago."

She took the proffered bit of lace and muslin, bowing her thanks, all the time wondering how in the world the creature knew her name, and where she had ever known him.

She was not sick, like some of the passengers, and while they lay in their respective berths she strolled upon deck, and amused herself for hours with looking out over the vast expanse of waters.

The fat man was always near her. Though he never intruded, yet, wherever she went, he followed—if she dropped anything he was the one to get it, and when she would converse, he was lively, sociable, and highly entertaining.

He was well acquainted with the places where she had lived, knew people who were her friends, and professed to be on most intimate terms with Dr. Evelyn.

"Stimulate creature," thought Jane; "I wonder who you are, and where you came from."

The "elephant," as she mentally dubbed him, was looked as Roger Doddworth, merchant, from New York city, beyond her Liverpool.

She both liked and disliked him. If he remained out too long in the evening air, he immediately ordered her off to her stateroom. If she dared go on deck early in the morning the first person she saw was the fat man, who pettingly told her to keep in the cabin until the sun was higher, or else wrap-up better.

If she ate less than usual, the "elephant" would march up to her, seize her most unconsciously by the wrist, and in a loud tone count her pulse and order various medicines. Jane almost hated him then.

At other times he would read to her from his books, and he seemed to have an inexhaustible stock of them; or, in that strangely familiar voice of his, he would describe different foreign cities and remote places with a power and charm of manner altogether irresistible.

At such times she enjoyed his company very much, and though she was a vague feeling of regret of the approaching time when a relentless fate would divide their paths, and she would continue on her strange and perilous journey alone.

Days passed. The vessel sailed steadily onward, and the captain declared that another thirty-six hours would bring them in sight of Liverpool.

Jane sat on deck, watching the twilight gather over the restless waters. The sun had set behind a pile of leaden clouds, and the wind was rising and sighed ominously through the tall masts. A flock of screaming sea birds swept and circled round the ship, and she noted listlessly their low poise as they soared over head. The sky grew black and blacker, the waves ran high, and the white spray dashed angrily over the deck.

"You must go to your stateroom, Miss Brent," said a quiet voice by her side. "We are going to have a storm, and this is no time to be out here."

The fat man was standing imperiously near her, his hands crossed, and his eyes looking seaward.

"A storm?" she stammered, with a sense of approaching danger, and drew her scarlet shawl more closely over her shoulders.

"Yes, a storm, and if I am anything of a judge, it will be a severe one, too."

Even as he spoke, a sudden flash shot athwart the sky, and a heavy roll of thunder came booming over the waters.

"You are right," she said, slowly. "I will go below."

She arose from her seat, but the rolling and pitching of the vessel was so great that she grasped the rail for support.

The fat man sprang to her assistance. He almost carried her to her door, relinquishing her hand with a gentle, but very perceptible pressure.

"The wretch!" she cried, as the door closed, and the hot indignant blood surged over her face and neck. "I will never speak to him again, I am vexed—yes, vexed!"—and she tried to make herself believe it was so.

But as the night came on, and the storm grew worse, she forgot her wrath in fears for the safety of the ship. But the *Fire Fly* was a staunch boat, and possessed a wise and brave commander.

Moving came, but with no signs of the storm's abatement. Jane attempted to leave her room, but was unable to maintain an upright position for any length of time. She was thinking what she should do for food, when there came a heavy rap on the stateroom door. Wondering what was wanted, she managed to unlock it, and swinging it back, looked out.

The fat man stood there, standing himself as best he could, and holding in his hand a wicker basket and a small coffee can. Jane remembering the "hand pressing" on the previous evening, was about to slam the door shut and keep him out, but he was not to be snubbed in so cavalier a manner.

"Good morning, Miss Brent," he said. "I thought you would want some breakfast, and so I have brought you some. The storm is as bad as ever, and no prospect of fair weather for some days, so the captain says. However, I'll kindly see that you don't starve."

She hesitated a moment.

But the coffee sent up a fragrant smell, and a delicious aroma was emitted from the basket.

"I will take the basket and postpone my rage until after the food is swallowed. It's well enough to punish such presuming creatures as men, but I don't feel inclined to starve myself to do it."

She reached out her hand and took the proffered food, thanking him with a bow.

"The storm grew fiercer as the day progressed, and the captain of the ship looked troubled. Suddenly, the tall masts snapped like pipe stems, and fell, with a heavy crash, into the sea."

"It is of course," said he; "we shall sink."

He examined his chart, and found they were miles away, gradually nearing the rocky shores of southern England, where there were shoals and sandbars, and sharp-fanged crags jutting out into the sea, that the captain knew the *gale* *Fire Fly* could not avoid.

Doddworth stood beside him. "What do you think of it?" asked he, in an anxious tone, as the captain drew a tremendous sigh.

"What do I think? I think in an hour's time our bodies will have started on a downward course for the bottom of the ocean."

"There is no hope?"

"None as he spoke, the shattering ship struck upon a submerged rock, reeling with the collision."

A great cry ran over the vessel, a cry that rose high and fearful as the roar of the storm.

"The ship has struck and is on fire!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FLOTTER AT WORK.

Ingenious, received the lawyer's announcement with but seeming calmness. The heiress was on her way over—few weeks at the most intervened between himself and the time when she would occupy Marshmellow Hall, and he was out again—a penniless adventurer, preying upon society like a hungry shark, for the blood of the ill-fated sailor.

From morning until night he sat and thought, occupied his mind, and that was how to rid himself of Jane Brent.

The *Fire Fly* was now expected daily in port, and there was but the one thing left him to do. He supplied himself with money, and procuring a suit of dark, shabby-looking clothes, started for the coast.

He would hunt Jane Brent down—hunt her down to death. He would stay by her side as a dog that stood in his path. Dykham should do it for him—Dykham, the great burly ruffian who had served him many a time before, and who, with his ill-gotten gains, kept an inn of more than questionable repute on the coast.

Dykham would do anything for money, and he would pay him well. It was money that he reached there, and a terrible storm that for two nights and a day had raged with undiminished fury was gradually dying away.

He found the innkeeper and his wife, with a host of others, down upon the beach, straining their eyes seaward, where a ship, securely held upon a reef some distance from the shore was becoming wrapped in flames.

Over the seething foam of waters, the minute gun sent out a heavy booming sound. A terrible appeal for succor in the hour of need; but there, in all that crowd of daring men, were none so reckless as to attempt to risk a boat on the angry elements.

Again and again the gun sent up its wail of distress, and fishermen's wives in their play, went down upon their knees, on the beach, praying for the unfortunate souls who were beyond all human aid or succor.

Suddenly a bright glare lit up the inky heavens, and a shriek of piercing agony rose high above the roar of the sea. The ship became one sheet of fire, and the death cry of a hundred souls were stifled for ever.

But in that one flash of fiery splendor the name of the ill-fated vessel had gleamed sharp and clear from the prow, and with an involuntary thrill Ingenious discovered it to be the *Fire Fly*.

"She is dead now!" said he. "I shall no longer need to free myself on that point. She is dead of my way, and the hundred thousand pounds are mine!"

He found the innkeeper's wife on the beach. A party of fishermen were gathered around a dark, limp object on the ground. Ingenious went up to them more from a fit of curiosity than anything else, and asked what they were doing.

"It's a lady, sir, and she's coming to,"

was the reply, given in a whisper.

"A lady, eh?"

Ingenious picked up his cane. What if after all the united efforts of fire and water, Jane Brent was still alive?

Signaling the innkeeper's wife who was one of the company, he begged as an especial favor that the young woman be taken speedily to her house, and he would see that she was well paid for her trouble.

Mrs. Dykham knew him instantly, in spite of his shabby clothes.

"La me, Mr. Eastace, is that you?" she cried. "Of course if you're willin' to foot the bill, I'll take the best o' care o' her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AGRICULTURAL.

An ounce of corn is sufficient food for a hen daily at this season, when the fowls have a constant run. The food should be given in the evening. The writer has found coarse wheat bran and corn-meal mixed with sour skimmed milk or butter-milk the best food for the production of eggs. It is given in the afternoon and a feed of corn in the morning; the fowls have a few hours run abroad in the afternoon.

When ringworm occurs in a collie it is constitutional and comes from bad breeding. It will scarcely be cured, as the tendency to bone disease is stamped in one place it will break out in another. The treatment should be to give the collie the best of food and brim frequently, as this provides matter—the phosphates—of which the bones are chiefly made. Apply cold water to the diseased part, and when it is free from tenderness blather with bicarbonate of mercury ointment.

An old pasture which is desired to be turned into a meadow had better be plowed. It depends somewhat on the kind of land and its condition. But unless there is some good reason otherwise it would be best to turn under the old sod and leave it rough through the winter to rot; then in the spring go over it with the Acme harrow and level, pulverize, and smooth it and send it to clover and timothy without any grain crop. There is no necessity for any grain crop to seed to grass. If the weather is dry the grain crop robs the grass of moisture as well as weakens it by its shade, and at the best stores and leaves it back. The ground should be well prepared and the grass and clover sown alone as early as possible. Timothy and clover would perhaps be the best mixture, and 12 pounds of each may be sown.

The Ayrshire is the best race for beef of all the prominent breeds of dairy cattle. This breed stands first for the general purpose of the dairy because it is hardy, of fair size, a good milkier, gives generally good milk, is easily fed, is always in good condition, and when fed fits quickly and makes excellent meat. It is a stout-bodied animal, generally red and white spotted in color. The Jersey and Alderney are smaller, are not easily fatted, and are useless for beef. They are tender and cannot stand the extremes of heat and cold as the Ayrshire can. These are both much alike, fawn and white in color, but the Jerseys are often dark steel-gray or mouse color, with black switch to the tail. The Guernsey is larger than the Jersey, is not so smooth as the Ayrshire, gives the richest milk of all these cattle, but is not hardy in our exposure to cold and cold. It feds readily and makes good meat with rich yellow fat and tallow.

There is no chemical change in either salt or ashes when they are given to sheep as a remedy for worms in the intestines. This mixture is given for a double reason—the salt for the effect of the chlorine in it upon the worms and the ashes for their mechanical effect upon their grittiness. Such gritty matters as fine iron filings, tin filings, very finely powdered glass, the rough scales of oystershells or "cowhells" are all given to destroy worms in the intestines of animals, and wood ashes or very fine sifted coal ashes would have a similar effect. But wood ashes have much the same effect chemically or medicinally as salt, on account of the potash they contain, and which acts as the salt does, to irritate and destroy the tender worms of the intestines. So that this popular mixture has a reasonable ground for its use, and at any rate is better than metal filings or glass, as it will not be injurious to the animal.

Random Notes.

"I'm speaking," for the benefit of posterity, "for the benefit of posterity."

"Yes," said one of his hearers, "and if you keep on much longer your audience will be here."

"Does your Helms remind you of Helen of Troy?" she asked sweetly, as the sofa springs fastened under a pressure of 100 lbs. "No, not precisely," replied the man, more of Helen of Troy than of Helen of Troy.

A little fellow, some four or five years old, who had never seen a negro, was greatly perplexed one day when one came by where he and his father were. The youngster eyed the stranger suspiciously till he had passed, and then asked his father, "Pa, who painted that man all black?" "God did, my son," replied the father. "Well," said the little one, still looking after the negro, "I shouldn't have thought he'd have held still."

An inspector of schools, while lately examining the young children of a country school, asked them the following questions: "Are there any mountains in Palestine?" "Yes," replied the children. "How are they situated?" inquired the inspector.

"Some are in the clouds, and there are some isolated ones," they answered. "What do you mean by the word isolated?" asked the inspector. "Why, covered with ice, of course," quickly replied the children.

"What a methodical fellow you are, Brown," said Filkins, who had stepped into Brown's office during the latter's absence. "Why, what do you mean?" asked Brown, who had just entered. "Mean?" echoed Filkins; "to think that you should lock all your drawers up when you are only going out for five minutes! You're likely that anybody would meddle with your papers."

"Of course," replied Brown. "But how do you find out that she drawers were locked?"

ROYAL READERS.

—AND—

OTHER SCHOOL BOOKS,

—ON SALE AT THE—

STANDARD BOOKSTORE.

S. T. NEILMES.

Charlottetown, August 29, 1883—2m

Carroll & McAleer,

CARRIAGE BUILDERS,

Have engaged to inform the public that they

have enlarged, and now occupy the premises formerly used by J. & R. Scott, Kent Street, where they are preparing to attend to the above business in all its branches.

Carriages Built to Order

IN THE LATEST STYLES.

Repairing punctually attended to

July 25, 1883—3m

STEAMER

HEATHER BELLE.

Summer Arrangement, 1883.

ON and after Tuesday, July 24th, the new steamer *Heather Belle*, Hugh McLean, master, will run as follows:—

Every Tuesday morning at four o'clock, will leave Charlottetown for Orrell Brash Wharf, leaving Orrell Brash Wharf at seven a. m. for Charlottetown, calling at China Point and Hallsday's Wharves, where she will remain over night.

Thursday, will leave Brash Wharf for Charlottetown, at seven a. m., calling at China Point and Hallsday's Wharves, leaving Charlottetown at three p. m. to return, remaining at Brash Wharf at six p. m. for Charlottetown.

Friday, will leave Charlottetown for Orrell Brash Wharf, at four a. m., leaving Orrell Brash Wharf at seven a. m. for Charlottetown, calling at China Point and Hallsday's Wharves, where she will remain over night.

Saturday, will leave Brash Wharf at seven a. m. for Charlottetown, leaving Charlottetown at three p. m. for Orrell Brash Wharf, where she will remain over night.

Excursion Return Tickets will be issued from Charlottetown to Orrell every Thursday evening at one first-class fare. Also, Excursion Return Tickets will be issued Saturday to Orrell at one first-class fare.

JOHN HUGHES, Agent.

Charlottetown, August 1, 1883.

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A LARGE STOCK,

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THE CHEAPEST IN THE CITY.

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