MINE SHILDREN.

Oh, dose shildren, dose shildren, dey bodder mine life!
Vhy don't dey keep quiet, like Gretchen, mine vife?
Vat makes dem so shock full of mischief, I vunder,
A shumping der room roundt mit noises like dunder?
Hear dot! Vas der anything make sooch a noise
As Herman and Otto, mine two leedle poys?

Ven I dake oup mine pipe for a good quiet shmoke,
Dey crawl me all oter, und dink id a shoke,
Dey go droo mine boekets to see vot dey find,
Und if mit der latch-key my vatch dey can vind,
Id takes something big as dheir fader und moder
To quiet dot Otto and his leedle broder.

Dey shtub out dheir boots, und vear holes in der knees
Or dheir drousers, und shtockings, und sooch dings as dese,
I dink if dot Cresus vas liting to-day,
Dose poys make more bills as dot Kaizer could pay:
I find me quick out dot some riches dake vings,
Ven each gouple tays I must buy dem new dings
I pring dose two shafers some toys efry tay,
Pecause "Shonny Schwartz has such nice dings," dey say,
"Und Shonny Schwartz's barents vas poorer as ve"
Dot's vot der young raskells vos saying to me.
Dot old Santa Klaus mit a shleigh full of toys
Don'd gif satisfactions to dose greedy poys.
Dey kick der clothes off ven ashleep in dheir ped,
Und get so much croup dot dey almost vas dead;
Budt id don'd make no tifference; before it vas light
Dey vas oup in der morning mit billows to fight.
I dink it vas betdher you don'd got some ears
Ven dey play "Holdt der Fort," und den gif dree cheers.

Oh, dose shildren, dose shildren, dey bodher mine life!
Budt shtop shust a leedle. If Gretchen, mine vife,
Und dose leedle shildren dey don'd been around,
And all droo der house dere vas never a sound—
Vell, poys, vy you look oup dot vay mit surprise?
I guess dey see tears in dheir old fader's eyes.

JANE BRENT'S FORTUNE;

—OR—

The Innkeeper's Crime.

CHAPTER III.

A party of gay young students were merrily gossiping in the dissecting room of the medical college at B——.

'It's Dodd's turn to-night to bring in the subject,' they cried, as a couple of old professors entered the apartment. 'You know his womanish fears, gentlemen, and we insist that he shall do his duty this time.'

Dodd, a slender, girlish-looking fellow, standing by the window, turned a shade paler than before.

'Is there no way for me to escape the dreadful thing?' he asked piteously of a grave and handsome man who entered in the wake of the two professors.

Dr. Evelin shook his head in the negative.

'We cannot let you off, Dodd. We must do justice to all the students, and therefore insist upon your bringing in to-night's subject. The vehicle is waiting at the door, and it is time that you were gone. You may select any two of your classmates to accompany you, and be sure that you return before one o'clock.'

Dodd turned away. His lip quivered, and something very like a tear dimmed his eyes; but there was no gainsaying the word of the chief, and selecting Blair and Raynor to be his companions, they started off to the cemetery.

It was two miles distant, and the road was over wearisome hills, thickly covered with trees and underbrush. The clouds, too, were flocking up thick and black over the blue expanse of heaven, and the distant sound of the thunder came booming like the reverberation of some far-off cannon through the silent aisles of the forest.

The wheels of the close-covered vehicle rattled noiselessly over the rough road, but save themselves there was no one abroad in the vicinity.

'I know exactly where to look,' said Raynor, in a subdued tone, as a vivid flash of lightning lit up the scene and revealed the ghostly monuments that gleamed for a brief instant on their vision. 'I was here to-day when they buried a girl that was found dead this morning in her bed. They said she died from poison, or something of that kind—committed suicide, I think.'

They clambered from the wagon, and hitching the horses, got over into the yard. Raynor was the first to scale the fence.

'This is the direction,' he said, in a whisper; and leading the way, Blair and Dodd followed, carrying the pick-axe and shovel.

The moon shone for a brief instant through a rift in the great bank of clouds, and thinking it best not to light the lantern yet, the students fell to work throwing the dirt from the grave.

Five—ten—fifteen—twenty minutes passed, and then the shovel struck the box with a dull thud.

Dodd shuddered as if with an ague fit.

'Boys, I can't do it—I can't do it.'

'You *must*,' growled Raynor, deliberately lighting the dark lantern. The steel screws that fastened down the cover glittered in the dim light, and to Dodd the very air seemed filled with ghosts. A heavy peal of thunder suddenly burst on their ears, and flash after flash of lightning brightened up the old cemetery, revealing the white, awe-struck faces of the students.

'Hurry up, I tell you!' cried Raynor. 'We don't want to stand here all night. Come, go to work.'

Wiping the damp perspiration from his forehead, the terror-stricken Dodd bent over the coffin and wrenched off the lid.

Blair turned a sudden blaze of light fully upon it, and the students beheld a white, peaceful face, and waves of brown hair rippling off the fair brow in a shining mass down each side of the sunken cheeks.

Dodd gazed as if fascinated. To his excited imagination it seemed as though the long-fringed lids quivered, and something like a troubled sigh fluttered from the parted lips.

As he looked down on the calm face a few great drops of rain fell upon it, and the voice of Raynor broke the silence, urging him to come up.

A shudder ran like an electric shock through his frame; but overcoming his fear he hastily snatched the corpse from the box, and swinging it over his shoulder started for the wagon, its limp arms swaying from side to side as he sped onward, and the long, brown hair fluttering loosely in the wind.

The wagon was reached at last, and the unhappy Dodd, glad to get rid of his horrible burden, flung the body desperately on the straw, and mounted the driver's seat.

Blair and Raynor lingered to fill up the empty grave, and then hastened on after their comrade.

They had scarcely taken their seats in the wagon when the storm burst upon them in all its fury, and the frightened horses, rearing and plunging, rushed madly over the rocky road at a break-neck speed.

Dodd felt with horror the body roll against his feet as the wagon jolted swiftly along, and the cold sweat stood out in beads on his face as the sharp flashes of the lightning brightened up the night and revealed the long, white-covered thing in the bottom of the box.

'I shall study for some other profession,' he muttered, as they at last halted in the rear of the college. 'There is something in this tampering with the dead so repulsive that I will have no more to do with it.'

The college door was opened softly.

'Well, boys?'

It was the voice of Evlin, and the students sprang to the ground with alacrity.

'The best of success, sir,' said Raynor, in a subdued whisper. 'Dodd is a brick, and he'll come out of the kinks all right yet, sir,' he continued, with animation, giving Dodd a slap on the shoulder.

Evlin smiled.

'Come in, gentlemen,' he said, hurriedly; 'we have no time to lose. Dodd will follow us with the subject.'

'Once more he lifted the light form in his arms, and with long strides carried it into the dissecting room, and laid it on the table, leaving the face covered.

Dr. Evlin hastily glanced at his surgical implements.

'Rather a stormy night, gentlemen,' he said, pleasantly, as the three young men divested themselves of their dripping hats and coats, and sat down in their shirt sleeves. 'A very stormy night, but we must consent to endure the ills and vexation of the body and spirit for the sake of science, which is a wonderful thing.'

'Splendid subject!' he ejaculated, after going to the table and turning down the sheet that covered the dead. 'You were fortunate in securing so perfect a one. She cannot have been dead long, for there are no signs of decomposition yet. Everything is in readiness, so we will proceed to business immediately, if you please.'

The young men gathered eagerly around the table, and taking up the keen-edged, glittering knife, the professor made a slight incision in the delicate flesh.

A bright crimson fluid dyed the shining steel blade as it was withdrawn.

Dr. Evlin laid down the knife with a startled look.

He felt the pulse, and then held a pocket-mirror over her lips. A faint moisture appeared on the polished surface of the glass, and the eyelids quivered spasmodically.

'Some brandy, quick!'

Evlin wet her mouth from the flask, and a faint color soon relieved the whiteness of her cheeks.

He chafed the pallid hands, and holding them in his own warm palms, seemed to infuse some of his own healthy life in their sluggish veins. Then the bosom rose and fell, and a soft sigh was borne to the strained ears of the watchful professor, who, as he turned his head slightly, saw a pair of wide, brown eyes staring blankly at him.

Doctor Evlin was excited. Never in all the years he had served at his profession had he seen anything like this; to him it was literally coming back from the land of shadows, and he flashed a queer, inexplicable look at young Dodd, who stood breathlessly watching his exertions.

'Go to my room, Raynor, warm the sheets and have a hot fire; we'll soon fetch her round,' said Evlin, as the patient began to breathe regularly, and a soft perspiration covered the body.

The doctor carried the girl up into the little chamber, and laid her upon the couch, where, in a few minutes, she was resting comfortably. Then he returned to the chill dissecting room.

'The cause of science suffers to-night, gentlemen, but I fancy the cause of humanity has been prospered,' he said, seating himself for a brief instant before his case of instruments. 'Dodd's done a big thing—a very big thing—a something there won't any of us be likely ever to forget. But—;' and the eccentric gentleman chuckled to himself, 'don't get in the habit of doing the thing often, because the next time I may not conclude to succor suffering femininity, but serve up the subject whether or no. Well, well, we'll let it pass. You know the old adage, 'There is never a great loss but what there is some small gain,' and so, if we have lost a subject, we have also gained a patient.'

After the students had retired Evlin returned to his charge, who still reclined upon the white pillows, a faint smile illumining her ghastly face as she noticed his appearance.

'It was very good of you,' she gasped, 'to do so much for me. I can never repay your kindness.'

Evlin shook his finger at her playfully.

'Be quiet, child. You are not to talk yet awhile, I'd have you understand. Wait until morning, and I'll think about the matter then; for the present, you must be still.'

He mixed a powder, and she swallowed it without a murmur. Only her sad eyes followed him with a queer, contented expression, until the broad lids closed down over them, losing sight and consciousness in peaceful slumber, and a kind of happy smile crept over the thin, sorrowful face, making it almost beautiful in its repose. Evlin watched her until the day broke, and the first bright beam of sunshine that streamed through the glass frames flooded the room with a golden glory, and awoke her with a start.

'How do you feel this morning?' he asked, as she opened her eyes.

Her voice sounded faint and far away, as she replied:

'I feel very well; but, oh! so weak!'

The eccentric surgeon left the apartment hastily, presently returning with some steaming coffee and toast.

'There,' said he, complacently sitting down on the bed rail, and beginning to feed her as if she were a babe. 'We'll soon have you up and around again.'

She ate in silence until the toast was finished; then, as she turned back with a sigh, Evlin spoke.

'Now miss, if you will give me the number of your residence, I will send tidings to your friends of your present welfare. It will place us in something of a dilemma to account for your rather unwarrantable appearance, but that makes no difference.'

She turned her eyes upon him with a startled look.

'Friends,' said she, mournfully. 'I have no friends.'

Evlin was astonished.

'My dear girl, who are you, and where do you live?' he asked gently.

The reply was clear and concise.

I am Jane Brent. Home, I have none.

CHAPTER IV.

The surgeon whistled softly.

'Here's a go,' he thought, as he paced the floor. 'What in the duce is a man to do in such a case as this, especially a staid old bachelor like myself. I'll be shot if I know.'

He ran his white fingers distractedly through his handsome hair, his patient watching his motions curiously from her pillows.

At last he sat down beside her. Something must be done, for she would sit up presently, and would require more suitable clothing than the thin dress which had served as her burial robe; beside, it was necessary to know more of her.

'Well, Miss Brent, for I take it that you are unmarried, how does it happen that you are without a home and destitute of friends?' he asked in an apparently unconcerned tone.

First assist me into the great chair yonder; I feel as though I had slept a hundred years, and to sit up would be beneficial to me, I think,' said she, imperatively.

Evlin arranged the chair, and, lifting her from the couch, sat her down in the velvet cushions.

For the first time she seemed to notice her apparel, and looked at him earnestly and fearfully, as if demanding an explanation.

'I don't remember of ever having worn this garment since my mother's death, two years ago,' she said at last in a frightened tone, holding up the fleecy white fabric between her fingers. 'What has happened that I should be tricked out in this singular and unwarrantable fashion?'

Evlin laid his fingers softly on her pulse—it was strong and full.

'I will tell you presently, when you have related your own story, and have given me all the particulars of the last few weeks,' said Evlin.

'There is little to tell,' she replied, bitterly. 'I am Jane Brent, as I said before—nineteen years old, and utterly friendless. An exceedingly short history, sir.'

Something in the mournful voice affected him strangely.

'The briefest tales not unfrequently contain the most pathos. Three paragraphs will hold the misery or happiness of a lifetime, and I find that those who have suffered the deepest rarely parade their woes to the yawning mouths of the public,' returned the surgeon, pressing her hand.

Jane Brent was young and susceptible. The words and tone of the handsome doctor were not without their effect upon her, and, with a faint smile, she continued:

'To begin at the beginning, once there was a very romantic wedding in a quaint old town in the British provinces. The marriage was very much opposed by my mother's only relative, a brother; and my father, who was a clergyman, thinking distance and time would bring about a reconciliation, accompanied by his wife, went immediately as a missionary to India, hoping my uncle's heart would soften towards them. I was born there, and was apprised of the fact, but my parents never received a line from him in return. Two years and a half ago we buried my father under the burning Indian sands, and sailed for the States on the *Ocean Bird*; but the ship went down, and, save myself and the mate, all on board were lost. I had a belt of money secured to my waist, with some valuable family papers, and, as long as the money lasted, I got along very well. Finally the money was gone, and in all this great city I could find nothing to do. My landlady was clamoring for her just dues—dues I could not meet; and so, in my despair, I felt there was but one thing left me. I pawned a ring, the only jewel I possessed, and purchased what I supposed to be a deadly poison. I swallowed it, determining to rid the world of myself, and I am here. If this is Heaven, it is a very singular Heaven; if this be earth, I wonder much at the room I am in, and the dress I have on. Nor do I remember ever having seen you before. It is all very odd to me now. You are a stranger, yet very kind.'

She paused; then looking the surgeon in the face, she asked, in a firm voice:

'Where am I, and how came I here?'

Evlin hesitated.

'Can you bear a great deal?—do you think you are strong enough to listen to a very unpleasant and terrible fact?'

Her eyes widened and grew intensely black.

'I can bear anything but suspense,' she said.

'Well,' remarked the surgeon, coolly, his fingers still clasping her wrist, 'yesterday morning you were found in bed, to all external appearances a corpse, and buried accordingly. Last night, needing a subject for dissection, I dispatched three young students to the cemetery for a body. They unearthed you, and brought you here. That's how you came. You are now occupying the room of Edward Evlin, surgeon, in the second story of the medical college at B——, and that's where you are. Now, then, are you satisfied?'

His tone was light, unconcerned, and gay; but underneath the half flippant manner was an almost feverish desire to know how the patient would receive the singular story, and he noted the sharp, spasmodic working of the features, as he concluded, with pain.

Ten, twenty minutes passed; then she spoke:

'It is strange that I escaped from the fate I had provided for myself. God moves in a mysterious way indeed, and there must be something for me to do yet—some niche that I must fill. I live, and thank Heaven that I do. The life that is now intrusted to my keeping I will never again try to destroy. Sir, you have my thanks.'

A rain of tears bathed her pallid face, and a storm of sighs shook her frame.

Evlin waited until her sobs had subsided ere he spoke again.

'Miss Brent, I have formed a plan, which I submit for your approval, and it is this: Give me the number of your late residence, and I will get whatever articles you may have left there. Then I will open my house at Rockhill, and you shall oversee it for me for so long a time as you may choose to stay. But in case you become dissatisfied with the situation, we will look around and find something else, so that you shall not feel obliged to remain longer than you care to stay. How does that suit you?'

She did not need time to ponder over the proposition, and was only too glad to do as he proposed.

'My things are at the house of Mrs. Marshall, 504 Spruce Street,' she said. 'I have little else than a brass-bound ebony box, in which I have some papers that may be of account some time. Bring that, and a change of wearing apparel. Let Mrs. Marshal retain the rest.'

'I shall not forget, but to make assurance doubly sure, I'll write the address in my memorandum,' said he.

504 Spruce Street.

Evlin called at the address designated, and announced his errand, without enlightening the landlady as to the events subsequent to the burial of Jane Brent.

'The poor thing died very suddent, and we was verry much shooked to find her a cold stark corpus in the mornin',' lamented Mrs. Marshall, wiping her eyes on a dingy pocket-handkerchief. 'She was owin' me twelve dollars, too, for board, but I never expect to git the likes ov it now—ov course not.'

Evlin shuddered, and put his hand in his pocket for his purse.

'But there's a beautiful shawl, which I'd like to keep to remember the poor critter by—not that I'd ever wear it, your honor, I'd only like it as a keepsake, as I said before.'

'I could not think of your retaining anything belonging to your late lodger, madame. Bring me every article of hers, and I will pay you what she owed to you,' said Evlin, selecting a new bank-bill from the purse, and tendering it to the landlady.

A smile broke in upon the undercurrent of her woe.

'Thankee, sir—thankee! I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure, and I'll get the young body's fixins wid pleasure, too,' and wiping her eyes, the dame trotted briskly from the room.

The parcel was neither large nor heavy, and he deposited it easily in the light buggy, and with a 'good-morning' to the mistress of No. 504 Spruce Street, drove off, determining in his own mind that it was a fine thing Jane Brent had changed her quarters.

Rockhill House was large, pleasant and airy. The great bay-windows fronted on the park, and a pleasant carriage drive was visible in the rear.

'I shall find it very nice,' said Jane, as they stopped at the entrance way, and looked up the long cool avenue, lined on either side with tall old forest trees.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Random Notes.

The meanness of this world is helped on by doing unto others as you think they would do unto you if they had a chance.

How strange is life! Before marriage the girl pulls the wool over man's eyes. After marriage she pulls it off his head.

'Yes,' she said, 'I love him dearly, but I'm afraid to marry him. I don't think he is very healthy, and I don't want to go in black as it don't agree with my complexion.'

A thrifty farmer took his son to the doctor. 'If you can cure him for less than funeral expenses,' he said, 'go ahead; but if you can't, sonny will have to take his chances.'

A man may be a day-dreamer; he may take no interest in every day affairs in the busy world, he may be as a drone in a hive, but just step on his pet corn and see how quickly he will wake up.

A leopard and a fox had a contest as to which was the finer of the two. The leopard put forth his numberless spots; but the fox replied: 'It is better to have a versatile mind than a variegated body.'

The only crown jewels that a country editor will ever wear will be the beads of perspiration which adorn his classic brow when he gets through wrestling with the hand-press after working off his whole edition.

'People may say what they will about country air being so good for 'em,' said Mrs. Partington, 'and how they get fat upon it; for my part I shall always think it is owing to the vittles. Air may do for camamiles and other reptiles that live on it, but I know that men must have something more substantialler.'

'Frank,' said an affectionate lady the other day to a promising young American, 'if you don't stop smoking and reading so much, you will get so after awhile that you won't care anything at all about work.' 'Mother,' replied the hopeful, leisurely removing a very long cigar, and turning another leaf, 'I've got so now.'

One day, toward nightfall, and in uncertain light, a man bought an overcoat of pretended plum-color. The next morning it proved to be of a quite unmistakable green. Returning it to the shopkeeper, that worthy regarded the buyer calmly, and said, 'You must have a little patience, with it, my dear sir; it ain't ripe yet.'

First gentleman (at the theatre): 'What do you think of the scenery?'—Second gentleman: 'I never saw a prettier Gainsborough hat in my life.'

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A LARGE STOCK OF

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AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Charlottetown, June 20, 1883—3m

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"If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a Mother, worn out with care and work, or a man of business, or a laborer weakened by the strain of your everyday duties, or a man of letters, toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters will surely strengthen you."

"If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case."

"Or if you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning, or stimulating, without intoxicating, if you are old, blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, nerves unsteady, faculties waning, Hop Bitters is what you need to give you new life, health and vigor."

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

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PATRICK FLYNN.
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