

WOMAN'S LOVE. A smiling angel, sitting high in glory. Heard this shrill wail ring out from purgatory.

ONLY AN IRISH BOY.

THE FORTUNES OF ANDY BURKE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A STARTLING EVENT.

Sometimes the mere presence of a person in the room is sufficient to interrupt even sound repose.

CHAPTER XXX.

COLONEL PRESTON'S WILL.

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Our hero did not immediately take in the situation.

"By the powers!" he said to himself.

Quietly and noiselessly he got out of bed, and going to the chair, felt in his pockets.

Andy wanted to laugh, but forbore lest the sound should be heard in the next room.

"It's a good joke," said the clerk, "and Andy to himself."

Frederick suggested another thought.

"If he does I'll fight him," thought Andy.

"He has the money," thought Andy.

"Yes, I wish it," said the clerk, "and Andy to himself."

He hastily dressed himself, and locking his door, went down stairs.

He found the clerk at the desk.

"Has the man that came in with me gone out?" asked Andy.

"Yes," said the clerk.

"Did he say anything about coming back?"

"He said it would be late when he returned."

"I should like to have the police find him," said Andy.

"How is that?" demanded the clerk, surprised.

"Did you leave the door unlocked?"

"No; but there was a door between our rooms. He opened it, and stole a pocket-book from the pocket of my coat."

"What was in it?"

"Yes, but I was just in time to see him go through the door."

"How much money was there in it?"

"That's the joke of it," said Andy, laughing.

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being informed that the accused was charged with a more serious offense, that of stopping a traveller on the highway.

Andy was informed that he would be summoned as a witness in the case also, as well as Colonel Preston, and answered that he would be ready when called upon.

We will so far anticipate events as to say that the testimony of Andy and the Colonel was considered conclusive by the court, and on the strength of it Mr. Fairfax, alias Marvin, was sentenced to several years' imprisonment with hard labor.

Andy met with no further adventures in his present visit, but had the satisfaction of delivering the money he had been sent to collect to Miss Priscilla Grant.

Now, advancing our story some three months, we come to an afternoon when Miss Sophia Grant, returning from a walk with visible marks of excitement, rushed breathless into her sister's presence and panting.

"What's the matter, Sophia?" asked Priscilla.

"Such an awful thing!" she gasped.

"What is it?"

"You won't believe it!"

"Tell me at once what it is."

"It seems so sudden."

"Good Heavens! Sophia, why do you tantalize me so?"

"Just so," gasped Sophia.

"If you don't tell me, I'll shake you."

"Colonel Preston's dead—dropped dead in the store ten minutes ago. I was there and saw him!"

This startling intelligence was only too true. Suddenly, without an instant's warning, the Colonel had been summoned from life—succumbing to a fit of apoplexy. This event, of course, made a great sensation in the village, but it is of most interest to us, as it affects the fortunes of our young hero.

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and began to explore her husband's desk. She had often thought of doing so, but his death was not supposed to be near, she had not thought that there was any immediate cause of doing so. Besides it had almost been her belief that he had made no will.

Now she began to open drawers, and under parcels of papers, but it was some time before she came to what she sought. At length, however, her diligence was rewarded. In the middle of a pile of papers, she found one labeled on the outside:

MY WILL.

Her heart beat as she opened it, and though there was no need, for it was now past ten o'clock, and there was not likely to be a caller at that late hour, she looked cautiously about her and even peered out of the window into the darkness, but could find no one whose observation she might fear.

We are not about to recite at length the items in the will, which covered up a page of foolscap. It is enough to quote two items, which Mrs. Preston read with anger and dissatisfaction. They are as follows:

Item.—To my young friend, Andy Burke, son of the widow Burke, of this village, in consideration of a valuable service rendered to me on one occasion, and as a mark of my regard and interest, I give and bequeath the sum of five thousand dollars; and to his mother, as a token of gratitude for her faithful and devoted services, I give and bequeath, free of all incumbrances, the cottage in which she at present resides.

Item.—To the town I give five thousand dollars, the interest to be annually appropriated to the purchase of books for a public library of all the citizens, provided the town will provide some suitable place in which to keep them.

All the balance of the property was left to his wife and son in equal proportions, his wife to be the guardian of Godfrey till he should have attained his majority. As Colonel Preston was well known to be rich, this seemed to be an adequate provision, but Mrs. Preston did not look upon it in that light. On the contrary, she was deeply incensed at the two legacies, of which mention has been made above.

Was ever anything more absurd than to waste five thousand dollars and a house upon a child who was not even born? she said to herself. "I don't suppose it was my husband's fault. That awful woman got round him, and wheedled him into it. I know now why she was so willing to come here and take care of him when he was sick. She wanted to wheedle him into leaving money to her low-lived boy. She is just an artful and designing hussy. I should like to tell her so to her face."

The cold and usually impassive woman was deeply excited. Her selfish nature made her grudge any of her husband's estate to others, except indeed to Godfrey, who was the only person she cared for. As she thought over the unjust disposition, she regarded it, which her husband had made of his property, a red spot glowed in her usually pale cheek.

Then it was another grievance that money should have been left to the town.

"What claim had the town on my husband," she thought, "that he should give them five thousand dollars? In doing it he was robbing Godfrey and me. It was wrong. He had no right to do it. What do I care for these people? They are a set of common farmers and mechanics, with whom I condescended to associate because I have no one else here except the minister and the doctor's family to speak to. Soon I shall be in the city, and then I don't care if I never set eyes on any of them again. In Boston I can find suitable society."

The more Mrs. Preston thought of it, the more she felt aggrieved by the will. That Irish boy and his mother would stay where they belonged, and his Godfrey would have his own. Why should I not burn it? It would only be just.

Deluding herself by this false view, she persuaded herself that it was right to suppress the will. With steady hand she held it to the flame of the lamp, and watched it as it was slowly consumed. Then gazing up at the fragments she threw them away. "It is all over now," she whispered, triumphantly, as she prepared to go to bed. "I was lucky I found the will."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Random Notes.

It is certainly a reflection on the appreciative taste of the bride that the best man at a wedding is not the bridegroom.

In the stomach of a cow recently killed were found seventeen wrought-iron nails. She had swallowed outside and oxide inside.

A stowed tramp said he was so thin that when he had a pain he couldn't tell whether it was a stomach ache or a back ache.

Scientists have lately discovered that the crab does not crawl backward; it is made that way. It is going forward all the time.

One of the most unexpected and spirit-deeping things is to borrow an umbrella and find the proprietor's name indelibly attached to the handle.

"It isn't because I care about a little work now," said a busy tramp, "but I am afraid I once begin to earn my own living I shall always be expected to do it."

Dr. Holmes says that bad air, bad whisky, and irregular habits keep the doctor alive. There! Let those who have urged that those things are injurious be ever more silent.

"My son," said an American father, "how could you marry an Irish girl?" "Why, father," said the son, "I'm not able to keep any women; if I married a Yankee girl I'd have had to hire an Irish girl to take care of her."

There was once a great scarcity of water at Gibraltar. An Irish officer who was quartered in the fortress said that he was ever about the matter, for he used very little water; all that he wanted was his tea in the morning and his punch at night.

TEA PARTY SUPPLIES.

Ginger Beer, Ginger Ale, Lemon, Raspberry & Strawberry Syrups, Lime Juice, Confectionery, Nuts, Biscuits, etc., etc.

TEA COMMITTEES WILL DO WELL BY GIVING US A CALL. Goods not used can be returned if in good order.

BEER & GOFF.

July 18, 1883—yr

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JOHN MACPHEE & CO.

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Spanish Laces, Gloves, Ribbons, Scarfs, Hosiery, Feathers, Flowers, Parasols, Umbrellas, &c., at the lowest prices. Job lot Parasols at half price.

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READY-MADE CLOTHING in Men's and Boy's Coats, Pants and Vests, cheaper than ever. Job lot of Men's Pants at cost.

Tweeds, Worsted, Broadcloth, White and Colored Shirts, Collars, Ties, Underclothing, &c.

Job lot of Fancy Shirts at 50 cents. Strain Goods at cost. Remnants at half price.

Rare Bargains in every Department, Wholesale and Retail.

JOHN MACPHEE & CO., ROBERT ORR'S OLD STAND.

June 27, 1883—yr

YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND AT

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A FULL SUPPLY OF CLOTHS,

Offered by the YARD or made to ORDER, at the Lowest Prices, consistent with good workmanship.

ALSO

Gents' Furnishings,

A LARGE STOCK OF HATS and SHIRTS,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Charlottetown, June 20, 1883—3m

L. E. PROWSE

Has Just Received his Spring Stock of

CHRISTY'S LONDON HATS!

Which is very large, and of superior style and volume.

Boys' Hats, from 49c. upwards, Men's from 60c. upwards.

IF YOU WANT A HAT, GOOD and CHEAP, CALL AT THE

"CITY HAT STORE,"

Sign of the Great Hat, 74 Queen Street. April 4, 1883—3r

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New and Reduced Premiums for the Dominion of Canada.

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January 3, 1883—yr

GEO. W. DeBLOIS,

General Agent.

Great Summer Resort of P. E. Island.

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Rustico Beach, P. E. Island.

This beautiful and well known watering place will be open for the season on July 1st. The Proprietors have taken pains to improve this establishment, so as to merit the continuance of the distinguished patronage of former years, from Charlottetown and all parts of the world.

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