SOULLESS PRAYERS.

I do not like to hear him pray,
On bended knee about an hour
For grace to spend aright the day,
Who knows his neighbor has no flour.

I'd rather see him go to mill
And buy his luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray,
"Let blessings on the widows be,"
Who never seeks her home to say—
"If want o'ertakes you come to me."

I hate the prayer so loud and long
That's offered up for the orphan's weal,
By him who see him crushed by wrong,
And only with the lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear her pray,
With jeweled ear and silken dress,
Whose washerwoman toils all day,
And then is asked to work for less.

Such pious falsehoods I despise!
The folded hands, the face demure,
Of those, with sanctimonious eyes,
Who steal the earnings of the poor.

Those sainted faces that they wear
To church and for the public eye,
Hide things that are not on the square,
And wickedness done on the sly.

I do not like such soulless prayers!
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven;
Such prayers no angel upward bears—
They're lost a million miles from heaven.

THE DETECTIVE'S CLUE;

—OR—

THE TRAGEDY OF ELM GROVE

CHAPTER I.

THE BROTHER'S MESSAGE.

The little steamer *Neptune* ploughed through the water, sweeping past lovely scenes of green verdure and jutting rocks, almost making her passengers regret that their journey's end was so near. And in truth the approach to Dalton did form a most delightful close to a journey of some forty miles from one of the principal cities on the New England coast. The trip could be made by rail, but the *Neptune* had been fitted up by a company of enterprising men, who offered comfort and pleasure in opposition to speed and dust. The project succeeded well, the little steamer receiving its fair proportion of passenger traffic.

On she sped, cutting the water cleanly, and rapidly drawing near the wharf.

Two young men stood on the deck, in a position where they could best view the town. One of them was a trifle below the medium height, but his form was well proportioned, and his features indicative of individuality and character. His complexion was rather light, and so was his hair, but his eyes were black, deep-set, and luminous. He had a frank expression, which was marred, however, for the moment by a look of uneasiness and a shade of sadness.

His companion was a fair sample of the young American of the present day. He was a trifle taller than his companion, well built, with brown hair and blue eyes, a dark mustache over-hanging a well-cut mouth, erect in carriage, deliberate in his motions, his general appearance designating him to the casual observer as a 'man of business.' You would naturally feel that he would be equal to any emergency—that his self-possession would not be likely, even under trying circumstances, to desert him. Very different in this respect was he from his companion, who was plainly excitable, and whose total 'make-up' suggested that he might not at all times be master of himself.

The latter spoke:

'I don't know how my uncle will receive me, Leonard,' he said. 'I almost tremble at going into his presence.'

'Nonsense!' said the other. 'I should not tremble at all. All you have to do is to tell your story, and then, if he doesn't behave himself quietly, bid him good-day.'

'Ah, I knew that would be your way,' was the reply, 'but I could not do it. He is my father's brother.'

'Yes, and a model brother, too. His course has entitled him to so much respect that I should think you would be considerate of his feelings.'

The tone was impatient and ironical.

'But I am here for reconciliation, you know. They have been like strangers so long, never holding any communication with each other. And on his dying bed my father enjoined me to go to him and tell him how it all came about—how Geoffrey Haywood produced, by his lies and misrepresentations, an estrangement between two brothers that had always been so fond of each other. They were both passionate, and neither would seek explanations. Haywood was cool and calculating, and knew how to approach both of them.'

'And Haywood now lives in Dalton?'

'Yes, he still keeps on the right side of Colonel Conrad, and, I suspect, owes all his prosperity to his influence and aid.'

'When did your father discover that Haywood had been the means of the feud?'

'Nearly a year ago. His health was at that time poor, and he was unable to leave Europe, where he was traveling. He wrote to his brother, but the letter came back unopened. My father never grew better. He thought that if I could see my uncle and lay the case before him, he might go down to his grave without the old hate rankling in his heart.'

The youth grew excited, and paced up and down the deck. Then he continued:

'I am to see this savage monster, this brute beast, as I have learned to regard him, and run the risk of hearing the memory of my father reviled and his name insulted. It seems as if I could not bear it. His living face is yet too fresh in my memory. But the mission is intrusted to me, and I must fulfil it. I will tell him the facts, and my duty will have been done.'

Leonard Lester looked upon his cousin as he spoke, and smiled a pitying smile.

'It is rather tough,' he said, 'to be obliged to get down on your knees to such an individual as I imagine your, or rather our uncle to be, for I suppose he must be my uncle, since you and I are cousins, although I have never seen him. But I believe I am to accompany you, and if he lays off too much steam I will let off some too. I can do it, when there's occasion.'

His eyes proclaimed the truth of what he said.

Leonard Lester and Carlos Conrad were distant cousins, and cherished a strong regard for each other. Carlos was the son of Anthony Conrad, who, years before, had married a Spanish girl. Her dark beauty had won the affection of the American, and they had lived together ten years, when she died. The only fruit of the union was a boy, whom they named Carlos. He inherited the warm and voluptuous nature of his mother, and the firm and stable, though somewhat passionate, character of his father. And there was within him a vein of delicate sensibility, peculiarly his own, which added to the refinement of his nature, though it might at times render him weak and irresolute. A considerable portion of his life had been spent in Europe, near the home of his mother, and in other portions of the Continent.

His father had died but a few weeks before the time at which this chapter opens, and had charged Carlos with a mission which, as we have seen, he was about to undertake.

Leonard Lester was connected with a large importing house in New York. He had been abroad on business for the firm several times, and had met Carlos in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and other places. The cousins seem to gravitate toward each other, and a warm affection sprang up between them.

On this occasion they were going together to the residence of Anthony Conrad's brother, Colonel William Conrad, whose home was in the suburbs of the beautiful village of Dalton.

The steamer bumped against the lock, making everybody give an involuntary pitch forward, and was soon fastened to her moorings. The plank was thrown out and the passengers thronged ashore.

Leonard and Carlos stood looking about for a moment, endeavoring to decide which way to turn.

'Shall we go to a hotel?' asked Leonard.

'Yes, by all means,' quickly responded Carlos. 'We will not intrude on his hospitality until we know what our reception is to be.'

'It will be all right, I will venture,' said Leonard, cheeringly. 'If you have proofs of what you are about to say, he surely will not be so unreasonable as to turn you off.'

Carlos sighed, but did not reply, as they stepped into a hack. They were driven rapidly through the lively streets of the busy village and conveyed to a hospitable-looking hotel. A pleasant room, which commanded a fine view of the ocean in the distance, was placed at their disposal.

After an hour's rest and a good supper, they approached the hotel clerk. Leonard saying:

'I believe that Colonel Conrad is a resident of this place.'

'Yes, sir, he is,' replied the clerk.

'Can you inform me where he lives?'

'He lives on his place—Elm Grove—about a mile out of the village.'

'In what direction is Elm Grove?'

'Straight north, on this street—Main street, it is called.'

'Thank you,' and the cousins stepped aside.

'I wonder what they can want of Colonel Conrad,' mused the clerk, staring after them.

After discussing the matter, Carlos and Leonard determined not to visit their uncle until the next morning. So, after spending an hour in rambling about town, and by the shore of the bay, they returned to the hotel and retired at an early hour.

The next morning they set out for Colonel Conrad's residence. The walk was dusty at first, but soon merged into a pleasant avenue, shaded on either side by ancient and noble trees. Then there was a gentle ascent, a slope downwards, and a short distance farther, situated on a rise of ground, was Elm Grove, the residence of Colonel Conrad.

The heart of Carlos beat nervously, his step was hurried, and his motions were quick. Not so with Leonard. He was cool and composed, and, as the two passed through the open gate, and up the broad gravel walk, he said:

'Come, now, pick up courage. Think of your father, be a man, and defend him from insult, whoever it comes from!'

The words had their desired effect. A look of resolution came into Carlos' face, which Leonard regarded with satisfaction.

They ascended the steps, and rang the door-bell.

A servant appeared.

'Is Colonel Conrad at home?' asked Carlos.

'I think he is,' replied the servant. 'Shall I take your names?'

They handed him their cards. Carlos' was edged with black. Soon the servant returned, and said that Colonel Conrad would see them.

They were ushered through a wide hall, on the left side of which was the room where Colonel Conrad awaited them.

The servant bowed them in.

The room was not a large one, but it was fitted up with elegance and taste. On one side was a row of shelves, on which were ranged books of all sizes and colors.

It was the Colonel's library, and a choice one it was, too, valuable principally for the age and rarity of some of the volumes.

There was a fire-place, a writing-table, a closed desk, heavy, rich, and antique in pattern, a huge clock, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, a smaller case of book-shelves near it, a couch, a few chairs.

All this was taken in at a glance, as was also the figure of the proprietor of the mansion, seated in an easy-chair with an open book lying on the table beside him.

Never were two persons more surprised than were the cousins at the appearance of Colonel Conrad. They had expected to see in their uncle a large, frowzy, ferocious-looking monster in human form, with a face expressive of malice, and that peculiar expression that always belongs to lips given to invective and denunciation.

Instead, there sat before them a man not above the medium size, with hair thickly tinged with gray, and a careworn, studious, thoughtful face. His eyes were blue, and, in contrast with his appearance otherwise, were bright as those of a youth of twenty. His brow was wrinkled irregularly, suggesting inward conflict and mental anxiety.

He sat and looked at his nephews steadily without speaking. Carlos gazed earnestly and apprehensively into his face, while Leonard stood in an easy attitude, apparently not in the least discomfited.

At length the uncle bent his gaze more particularly on Carlos. It was impossible to tell the thoughts that occupied his mind. Finally he said:

'You're his son?'

'I am your brother's son,' replied Carlos.

'I suppose it is unnecessary to ask what that means?' said Colonel Conrad, holding up the card edged with black.

'You can readily imagine,' said Carlos, with difficulty controlling his emotion.

The old man bowed his head for an instant, and then looking up again, said, impatiently:

'Well, well, why don't you be seated? What are you standing up for? There are plenty of chairs.'

The cousins smiled, and acted on the hint thus conveyed.

'I'm a wonderfully forgiving man,' began Colonel Conrad; 'if I were not, I wouldn't so much as suffer your presence in sight of my house.' He was addressing himself to Carlos. 'You know the old saying is that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children, and I ought to visit the sins of your father on you; for you know how he deeply wronged me, or at least you ought to know it, for if he didn't confess it on his dying bed I should have but little hope for his future——'

'Colonel Conrad,' interrupted Carlos, endeavoring to control himself so as to appear calm, 'you must not talk that way. I'll not hear it—no, not even from you. Your dead brother was a good man, and I, his son, will not hear his name traduced.'

'Y-o-u'-l-l not h-e-a-r his name t-r-a-d-u-c-e-d,' repeated Colonel Conrad, in a prolonged, contemptuous tone, staring at Carlos with his piercing eyes. 'I'd like to know what you are going to do about it.'

'I'll defend him sir with my right arm,' said Carlos, rising to his feet. 'I'll call out the first man who dares to slander him. He was a good and true man, and I am here to prove it.'

'You had better sit down, young man,' said the colonel. 'I suppose you have come here begging, but you'll not gain anything by such behavior, I can tell you.'

'I am no beggar,' retorted Carlos, angrily, 'and I will accept none of your money. But I have an errand to do, and after it is performed, I will leave you. It is a message from my father.'

'Well, Carlos,' said his uncle, suddenly assuming a nonchalant manner 'I see you have pluck, and I like you for it. But too much pluck is not always a good thing. I have had too much of it in my day, and so had your father, the vil—but no, I'll not call him names now; let him rest in peace.'

After a pause and a moment's dreamy silence, he resumed:

'I have seen much sorrow in my time, boys, and have gone through some hard experiences. There was that quarrel with my brother—we were both hasty, and have not seen each other since. There was my wife—bless her memory—who died many years ago, leaving me no children. Yes, I have passed through some sad experiences, and all I have to do in my old age is to sit still and think about them. I tinker a little with one thing and another—bother my head over machinery and philosophy—and that is about all I have to relieve the tedium of my life. But no, there's Florence—she's a good girl.'

The last words he spoke rather to himself than to his listeners.

'You have a nephew living in Dalton, have you not?' said Leonard, who had as yet taken no part in the conversation.

'A nephew? Oh, yes—Geoffery Haywood, I suppose you mean. He is a very good man—very pious and very honest. He has met with great success in his business. Yes, Geoffery is my best friend.'

He glanced up, as he spoke, in a slightly defiant manner, as if he expected to be contradicted; but seeing no such purpose on the part of his auditors, he ceased speaking, and drummed nervously on the table.

'Well, Colonel Conrad,' said Leonard, 'Carlos has come here on an errand, and he wishes, though he dreads, to open the subject. It is from your dread brother Anthony. Carlos knows of the enmity that existed between you and him, but he hopes and I hope that you will hear him through.'

The old man shook his head.

'No good can come of any talk about my dead brother,' he said, sadly; 'but he may speak. I will hear what he has to say, for if his father left with him a message, it is his duty to deliver it.'

'Thank you for those words, uncle,' said Carlos, 'for now I can go on and tell the story untrammelled. It is a tale of deep wrong, which should bring curses on the perpetrator. The quarrel between you and my father was the work of a villain whose heart must have been black and rotten—whose sordid desire for wealth must have made him forget all that was noble and manly within him.'

Carlos then began at a period dating years back, giving the details of a plot that had separated Anthony and William Conrad, filling them with hate and venom toward each other. There was one who had caused it all—who had studied his plans well, and carried them out with fiendish precision—and who was now reaping the harvest of his mischief by living near Colonel Conrad, enjoying his friendship and—his gold.

'Need I mention the name of the villain?' asked Carlos. 'Is not one, and only one, person, brought to your mind, and that Geoffrey Haywood? Stop! do not interrupt me now. I must finish, and then I will go or stay, as you bid me. My father learned all the facts a year ago. He wrote to you, but the letter was returned unopened——'

'I never received it,' said Colonel Conrad, huskily.

'Ah! that is some more of Haywood's work. My father's health was poor, and he never left Europe after writing the letter. But a few weeks ago, on his dying bed, he told me about it, and charged me to come to you and inform you how you had both been wronged. He gave me this package to deliver to you, which he says contains convincing proofs. He died reconciled to you in his heart, and wished you to forgive him while he yet lived on this earth. Take the package and examine it impartially, for the memory of the love which you once cherished for your brother.'

Carlos laid the package down and ceased speaking. He had performed his duty.

Colonel Conrad's head was bowed, and he appeared to be in deep thought. A hard, impenetrable look came across his features, and he said, in a perfectly calm voice:

'Carlos, your story is a strange one. If true, it is indeed a terrible record of wrong. You have done your duty, and I cherish no ill-will toward you. But I am lost and perplexed. Don't you think it would stagger any man? I must think. You must leave me for the rest of the day—or rather I must leave you, for you will, both of you, be my guests. I must shut myself up. I will read the papers contained in the package, for that will be no more than an act of simple justice.'

'Thank you, my uncle,' said Carlos. 'But I shall not consent to share your hospitality at present. As yet you are my father's enemy, and may continue to be so. We will remain at a hotel until you have investigated the matter and rendered a decision.'

'Yes,' said Leonard, 'Carlos is right. For the present our abiding place shall be the hotel.'

Colonel Conrad was not in a condition to dispute their decision or urge them to stay. His mind seemed to be under a cloud, and he made no reply to their remarks.

He did not rise, nor speak, but simply bowed, as they bade him good-day and took their departure.

CHAPTER II.

GEOFFREY HAYWOOD.

No. 32 Main street was the most elegant store in Dalton. Silks and laces, arranged in perfect order and taste, graced its windows; the counters bore a new and polished look, and everything about it betokened unwearying care and constant watchfulness on the part of its proprietor. The clerks had a subdued look, and moved about in an automaton-like manner, like horses thoroughly broken in, or trained dogs going through with their parts. When their master passed through the store their submissive expression was augmented, if possible; and if his keen eye detected nothing to disapprove, they shot glances of mutual congratulation at each other.

Geoffrey Haywood was not called a hard employer, nor an illiberal man, but those under him well knew that every cent they received was well and dearly earned. Nothing remiss was ever overlooked—no neglect of duty forgotten. When pay-day came, every inattention and inadvertence was found faithfully recorded against the delinquent.

Mr Haywood himself was not bad-looking. With an erect, well-proportioned form, a luxuriant black beard and mustache always neatly combed and brushed, a fair complexion and black eyes and hair, he was called a handsome man. He had a fine set of teeth, which glistened brightly through his beard when he opened his mouth to smile. We say when he opened his mouth to smile, yet he seldom smiled. When occasion seemed to call for a look of pleasure, he would part his lips and show his teeth, but no other feature of his face altered its lines; his eyes shone no brighter—there were no crow's feet at the corners; the embryo smile was nipped in the bud, it vanished into space, it diffused itself behind the glossy beard, and buried itself in the unfathomable depths of the glistening eyes. This movement of the mouth, this attempt at a smile, answered many purposes. It terrified delinquent debtors; it took all the starch out of a clerk whom it was desirable to awe; it sent beggars away abashed at their own audacity; it even said to the minister, 'Keep off in your humble efforts, and you may possibly win my approval some day or other.'

On the day that Carlos Conrad and Leonard Lester arrived in town, Geoffery Haywood chanced to be looking from the door of his store across the street at the hotel just as the hack drove up. He saw at once that the cousins were strangers, and that they were rather distinguished looking.

Consequently he put on his hat and walked slowly over to the hotel, at his even, cat-like pace. No unnecessary noise did he ever make; his boots never creaked, and his cane never thumped the sidewalk or floor.

He saw on the young men's trunks the initials 'L. L.' and 'C. C.' and read on the hotel register the names 'Carlos Conrad,' and 'Leonard Lester.'

The only evidence of surprise which he gave was a half whistle, which he suppressed almost as soon as it escaped him. He immediately returned to his store and shut himself up in his private office. There he sat down and reflected as follows:

'What can this mean? Carlos is the son of old Anthony, and the colonel hates him worse than death. It can't be that they've become reconciled. That would be impossible. The game was played too well and has gone on smoothly too long for that. But what can his son be doing here? and his cousin with him too?'

Mr. Haywood's manner, now that he was unobserved, lost something of its calm and unruffled exterior. He got up and paced the room, evidently much disturbed in mind.

'By heavens!' he thought, 'I must find out the object of this visit. There is too much at stake to be off guard a moment. If the old man should find out the part I took in his quarrel with his brother, I would in all likelihood be disturbed in my present snug berth. That cannot be the object of Carlos, though. The colonel will never see him. He will not speak to him when he finds out that he is Anthony's son. Ha, ha! my young boy, if you have come here expecting to win favor from Colonel Conrad, you are most grandly mistaken. I can give you that information without you taking the trouble to walk out to his house. I'll watch you.'

The next day he observed, of course, that the two cousins called at Elm Grove, and it was with a feeling of almost *terror* that he noticed that they did not return for more than two hours. So disturbed with conjectures and suspicions was he that he resolved to call on Colonel Conrad at once, to satisfy the burning curiosity that tortured him.

Accordingly, in the afternoon, he set out for Elm Grove, not hurrying in the least, although so tumultuous were the feelings that raged within his breast that he would have ran at the top of his speed had he acted on his natural impulse. But to act on impulse was no part of Geoffrey Haywood's life. His policy was to be always calm, self-possessed, and unapproachable, except so far as he chose to be approached. Consequently he walked with his usual stately gait, and when he presented himself at the door of Colonel Conrad's mansion, his manner betrayed naught but complacency and a kind of obtrusive quietness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Skilful Surgical Operation.

The American Ambassador at Vienna, Mr. Kasson, has lately forwarded to his Government an interesting account of a remarkable surgical operation lately performed by Professor Billroth, of Vienna, which wonderful to tell, consisted in the removal of a portion of the human stomach, involving nearly one-third of the organ—and, strange to say, the patient recovered—the only successful operation of the kind ever performed. The disease for which this operation was performed was cancer of the stomach, attended with the following symptoms:—The appetite is quite poor. There is a peculiar indescribable distress in the stomach, a feeling that has been described as a faint "*all gone*" sensation; a sticky slime collects about the teeth, especially in the morning, accompanied by an unpleasant taste. Food fails to satisfy this peculiar taint sensation; but on the contrary it appears to aggravate the feeling. The eyes are sunken, tinged with yellow; the hands and feet become cold and sticky—a cold perspiration. The sufferers feel tired all the time, and sleep does not seem to give rest. After a time the patient becomes nervous and irritable, gloomy, his mind filled with evil forebodings. When rising suddenly from a recumbent position there is a dizziness, a whistling sensation, and he is obliged to grasp something firm to keep from falling. The bowels costive, the skin dry and hot at times; the blood becoming thick and stagnant, and does not circulate properly. After a time the patient spits up food soon after eating, sometimes in a sour and fermented condition, sometimes sweetish to the taste. Oftentimes there is a palpitation of the heart, and the patient fears he may have heart disease towards the last the patient is unable to retain any food whatever, as the opening in the intestines becomes close, or nearly so. Although this disease is indeed alarming, sufferers with the above-named symptoms should not feel nervous, for nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand have no cancer, but simply dyspepsia a disease easily removed if treated in a proper manner. The safest and best remedy for the disease is Seigel's Curative Syrup, a vegetable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White (Limited), 17, Farringdon road, London, E. C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

St. Mary Street, Peterborough,
November, 29, 1881.

Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite cured.

I am, Sir yours truly,
Mr. A. J. White. William Brent.

September 8th, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I find the sale of Seigels Syrup steadily increasing. All who have tried it speak very highly of its medicinal virtues; one customer describes it as a "Godsend to dyspeptic people." I always recommend it with confidence.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) Vincent A Wills,
Chemist-Dentist, Merthyr Tyvdil.

To Mr. A. J. White

Seigel's Operating Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating substances, and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure costiveness.

Preston, Sept. 21st, 1883.

My Dear Sir—Your Syrup and Pills are still very popular with my customers, many saying they are the best family medicines possible.

The other day a customer came for two bottles of Syrup and said "Mother Seigell" had saved the life of his wife, and he added, "one of these bottles I am sending fifteen miles away to a friend who is very ill. I have much faith in it."

The sale keeps up wonderfully, in fact, one would fancy almost that the people were beginning to breakfast, dine, and sup on Mother Seigel's Syrup, the demand is so constant and the satisfaction so great.

I am dear sir, yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. Bowker.

To A. J. White, Esq.

Spanish Town, Jamaica, West Indies, Oct 24, 1882.

Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that I have derived great benefit from "Seigel's Syrup." For some years I have suffered from liver complaint, with its many and varied concomitant evils, so that my life was a perpetual misery. Twelve months ago I was induced to try Seigel's Syrup, and although rather prejudiced, having tried so many reputed infallible remedies, I determined to give it at least a fair trial. In two or three days I felt considerably better, and now at the end of twelve months (having continued taking it) I am glad to say that I am a different being altogether. It is said of certain pens that they "come as a boon and a blessing to men" and I have no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the statement. I can truly say, however, that Seigel's Syrup has come as a "boon and a blessing" to me. I have recommended it to several fellow-sufferers from this distressing complaint, and their testimony is quite in accordance with my own. Gratitude for the benefit I have derived from the excellent preparation, prompts me to furnish you with this unsolicited testimonial.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours ever gratefully.
(Signed) Carey B. Berry.
A. J. White, Esq. Baptist Missionary.

Hensingham, Whitehaven, Oct. 16, 1882.

Mr. A. J. White—Dear Sir,—I was for some time afflicted with piles, and was advised to give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, which I did. I am now happy to state that it has restored me to complete health.—I remain, yours respectfully,
(Signed) John H. Lightfoot.

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W. W. SULLIVAN,
Agent for the Company.

Jan. 21, 1885.

Prof. Smythe

HAVING returned, after nine years' absence in Europe and the United States, begs leave to inform the public that he is prepared to give instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music to a limited number of pupils. Applications at HERALD and *Examiner* Offices. Piano and Organ Tuning punctually attended to.

July 22, 1885.

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January 16, 1884.

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Charlottetown, Feb. 11, 1885—1yr

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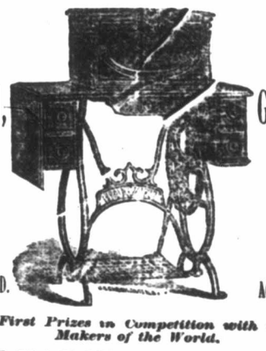

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D M	Day of Week	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Rise
		h. m.	h. m.	after
1	Sat	4 47	7 25	9
2	Sun	48	23	10
3	Mon	49	22	11
4	Tues	51	21	11
5	Wed	52	19	mo
6	Thur	53	18	0
7	Fri	54	15	1
8	Sat	56	15	2
9	Sun	5	14	3
10	Mon	58	12	5
11	Tues	59	10	6
12	Wed	5 0	9	7
13	Thur	2	8	8
14	Fri	3	6	9
15	Sat	4	4	11
16	Sun	5	2	aft
17	Mon	7	1	1
18	Tues	8	0	2
19	Wed	9	6 58	3
20	Thur	10	56	4
21	Fri	12	54	4
22	Sat	13	52	5
23	Sun	14	50	5
24	Mon	16	49	6
25	Tues	17	47	6
26	Wed	18	45	7
27	Thur	19	43	7
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