MAKING CALLS.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

I had one hundred calls and ten;
What do you think of that, Miss Kittie?
And some were very handsome men,
And one the best "catch" in the city.

While some were taking, young, and rich,
Others were ugly, odd, and stupid,
Unfit to aim the arrows which
Fly from the silver bow of Cupid.

The first to call was dandy "Jim,"
Dressed up "to kill" for my inspection
Note save the bootblack polished him,
'Twas in his boots I saw "reflection."

His "understanding"—well, 'twas bright,
His right to call was undisputed;
He came to "court," I had to slight
His case and send him off nonsuited.

The next was ruddy, short, and fat,
With larger vest, and head much smaller;
He wore a length of stovepipe hat,
He thought the tile would make him taller.

This gallant came sandwiched between
A tall hat and thick soles of leather;
He came to see, and to be seen,
In spite of cold and windy weather.

One wore a coat, all buttoned tight,
And pants pulled close on long limbs slender;
He'll have to rip them off at night,
Or wear them till their seams surrender.

Another bowed, and blandly said
Soft things he thought I took for humor;
I looked with pity at his head,
Which looked like an uneven tumor.

THE DOCTOR'S WARD,

OR,

PLOTTING FOR A FORTUNE.

By George W. Warner.

CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED.]

The only question with the others was, what should be done?

With Helen this was no question. Her mind was made up as soon as she read the letter. While she was naturally grieved at learning of the condition of her lover, a feeling of something like joy mingled with her grief when she reflected that his misfortune might be the means of bringing him back to her, in which event she was determined that he should not leave her again. She had enough for both, and why should he not stay with her and be happy, instead of wandering off into the wilderness to seek a fortune that he did not need?

A journey across the plains had no terrors for her. She had inherited a considerable portion of her father's adventurous spirit, and she longed for the novelty and excitement of the trip.

Helen believed, too, in the power of money to accomplish everything that was in the reach of human energy, and was determined to spend enough to make the journey a success.

Dr. Dohrer was greatly troubled. He knew that Helen had decided upon her course, and that it would be useless to attempt to oppose her; but the way did not seem as clear to him as it seemed to her, and he saw many difficulties over which she glanced slightly, or that escaped her notice.

'You cannot go alone, Helen,' he said. 'That is quite out of the question. You cannot procure the necessary outfit, or employ guides, and transportation, and provisions, and the many other requisites for such a journey. You are utterly inexperienced in all matters of business, and I could not think of allowing you to undertake such an enterprise alone. You must have a man to manage for you. If it were possible, I would accompany you myself; but I am too old for such work, even if I could leave my patients.'

'Perhaps I can solve the difficulty,' remarked Felix Vassilis, who had been present during the conversation. 'If my cousin will accept my service I will be happy to act as her business manager for the journey. I have long wished to make a trip across the plains, and would be glad of the opportunity to accompany my cousin.'

Helen hesitated. She disliked Felix Vassilis, with a dislike that amounted to repugnance, but was obliged to admit that she had no reason for such a feeling.

She hesitated, therefore, instead o promptly accepting an offer that had such a fair appearance of liberality.

It was quite different with Doctor Dohrer, who jumped eagerly at the young man's proposal.

After some further conversation, it was settled that the proposal of Felix Vassilis should be accepted, and that he should accompany his cousin, as he always called Helen, not only to the place at which her real journey was to commence, but across the plains and back to the States.

The next morning Helen and Felix were off by the first train for St. Louis, where they stopped to procure some necessary articles of outfit, and then hastened on to Kansas City, at which point it was supposed that they would find a train about to start across the plains.

Having seen Helen lodged, though not very comfortably at a hotel, Felix went out to make inquiries, and soon returned with the information that there would not be a train ready to start inside of two weeks, and that then it would go no further than the mountains, where she would be obliged to take the chances of getting westward.

As she would also need an escort to bring George back, Felix suggested that she should make up a train for herself, which would be subject to her orders, and bound to make the trip to California and back. It would also be a great advantage on the score of speed, as such an escort as he proposed would be able to travel at least three times as fast as the emigrant trains with their heavy wagons.

Helen, who was determined to allow nothing to hinder or delay her, gave him carte blanche to select such an escort as he believed to be necessary, and to make all needful preparations for the journey. She was well pleased with his activity when he announced himself, within two days, entirely ready to start.

The escort consisted of ten men, rough and wild-looking characters, some of whom were just recovering from the effects of a terrible carouse. There was not one among them but looked as if he would willingly cut a throat for a dollar, and Helen shuddered as she saw them, expressing her antipathy to Felix.

He laughed at her fears, telling her that the men whom he had engaged were very fair specimens of hunters and guides, and that he had chosen them because they were all well recommended. They were rough, he said, but honest, and none could be found who were not rough. She would soon learn that their hearts were in the right place, and that they were able to guide and protect her, and what more could she ask?

These men were all well-mounted and armed, and were accompanied by a number of led horses and mules, to carry the baggage and provisions for the journey. There was no wagon in the party, except a light but strong ambulance, drawn by a couple of mules, in which Helen was to ride, and which was fitted up comfortably for the purpose of bringing back George North on the return trip.

In this light order they might reasonably expect to cross the plains, as the leader of the party said, in next to no time, and Helen had every reason to be satisfied with the arrangements, feeling that it was only necessary for her to conquer her repugnance of the wild and savage characters by whom she was surrounded.

CHAPTER XII.

TREACHERY SOMEWHERE.

Under the shadow of the Wind River mountains rode Helen Tarleton and her escort. The journey had not been an unpleasant one thus far, the discomforts and hardships having been less than she had supposed they would be. She had gradually conquered her repugnance to the rough men who formed her escort, and her intercourse with them, if not such as she could have wished it to be, had not been absolutely disagreeable.

The journey had been remarkably speedy. There had been no accident worth mentioning, and not the least sign of danger. All the Indians that had been met were friendly, and Helen had not had a chance to become fairly frightened. Felix Vassilis had been wonderfully polite and deferential all the way, anticipating her wants, and giving her every attention in his power.

Some of the men, it is true, had shown too much familiarity at times. They had even been rude to her, and their language, as well as their looks, had been such as to call the blushes to her cheek; but all such demonstrations had been promptly rebuked and put a stop to by Felix, who thus acquired another claim upon her gratitude and respect.

And yet, Helen had something to think about and to give her uneasiness. The night preceding the day on which we find her jogging along easily in her ambulance, under the shadow of the giant mountains, a circumstance had occurred that had given her food for thought.

One of the men had approached her camp, as she sat apart from the others, and had said that he wished to speak a word to her.

Fearing that he was about to utter some impertinence, Helen frowned, and looked at him with as much severity as she could throw into her glance. But the manner of the man was respectful and earnest, and his words attracted her attention.

'I've heerd tell,' he said, 'that you are Bob Field's darter. Is that so?'

'My father was named Robert Field' replied Helen.

'Was he a Californy man—a forty-niner?'

'He was in California in forty-nine, and remained there until he was accidentally killed.'

'Heerd tell about his gittin' killed. Did he buy gold dust and sich?'

'Yes; he was a banker.'

'The same man. Didn't know you was his darter till I heerd some of the boys talkin' about it to-day, and then I wormed it out of the boss. Bob Field did me a powerful good turn once. He took my neck out of the halter. I own up that I ain't what I ort to be, not by a long shot, but I ain't the man to forget sich a favor as that, and I want to say to you, little one, that you've got a friend in Bill Lefferts.'

'You speak as if you think I may need a friend. I supposed that all of you were my friends, and I do not know of any danger that threatens me.'

'That's as it mought be. There's no tellin' what may turn up; but you may be sure that you've got a friend in Bill Lefferts.'

'I thank you, Lefferts; but I wish you would tell me if you think any danger threatens me.'

'Can't say anything for sartin; but I think suthin' wrong's afoot. If you need a friend you'll find Bill Lefferts thar. Don't say a word about this to any of the boys, and in partic'lar don't speak of it to the boss. I must go now, as it won't do to be seen talkin' to you too much.'

Helen, therefore, had something to think about, and to render her uneasy. When the party went into camp, on a small stream that flowed into Green river, she looked anxiously about upon the faces of all to discover whether there was anything unusual in their appearance or conduct, but she saw nothing to awaken suspicion. Felix Vassilis was as respectful and attentive as ever, and the men were content to mind their own affairs and leave her to herself.

She was about to retire to the shelter of her ambulance, and wrap herself in her blanket for her nightly sleep, when one of the men rode into camp with a small antelope on his saddle-bow. Helen had not noticed him when he left the party, and had not missed him during his absence; but she gathered from what was said at the time of his return that he had been hunting since noon.

She thought that one small antelope was a very poor result of an afternoon's hunting, for a man who was acknowledged to be one of the best hunters in the camp, and her suspicions were aroused. They were strongly excited when he was taken aside by Felix Vassilis, and a long and earnest conversation ensued between the two.

'What did this mean? she thought. 'Was there not some villainy afoot?'

The question was partly answered by Lefferts, who gave her what was intended for a meaning glance as he drew near the ambulance.

'Never mind!' he whispered as he passed her, 'you've got a friend in Bill Lefferts.'

This was very mysterious to Helen, who would gladly have asked him what he meant; but he was away and mingling with the others before she could speak to him. She was convinced that there was trouble ahead, and decided to stay awake a little while longer, in the hope that something would occur to show her what was going on.

She soon perceived that guards were not placed about the camp as usual. Instead of the two sentries that had been set every night on the other side of the mountains there was no one now, and this circumstance increased her suspicions.

She spoke of it to Felix Vassilis, and asked him the reason of the change.

'It is all right,' he replied, with a smile. 'The men all say that there is no danger here—that there are no Indians within a hundred miles of us, and that there is no need of such precautions as we took on the other side of the mountains.'

Helen felt that it would be useless to remonstrate. She was powerless to avert any disaster that might come upon her. Besides there might be no ground for her suspicions, and it was not advisable that she should let them be known.

She entered her ambulance, and endeavored to compose herself for sleep; but her excited thoughts kept her awake, and it was not until after the lapse of hours that slumber visited her eyelids.

It seemed to her that she had hardly fallen asleep when she was awakened by a series of wild and startling yells, mingled with loud shouts and the discharge of fire-arms. It was her first experience of that horrid war-whoop, which has such a terrible sound when it issues in anger from Indian throats.

She sat up in the ambulance and listened, her blood-curdling with horror; but the yells soon died away, the shouts ceased, and all was comparatively quiet.

Knowing that she could not escape discovery, she got out of the ambulance to see for herself what had really happened.

She saw by the gray light of dawn, that all the white men were bound, and were standing or sitting in various positions about the camp. Among them were some thirty or forty Indians, half-naked and painted hideously.

Catching sight of Felix Vassilis, who was standing with his arms tied behind his back, she stepped up to him, and asked him the meaning of the scene.

His countenance fell, and his eyes would not meet hers, that were bent upon him with a look of accusation as well as of inquiry.

'I am afraid that some of the men have betrayed us,' he muttered. 'They let me to believe that we were entirely safe here. But they may have been mistaken, and I must not accuse them wrongfully.'

Helen's pure and keen eyes looked the man through and through, and he did not attempt to meet her gaze.

'It is certain that there has been treachery somewhere,' she said.

As she spoke, a warrior stepped up to her, bound her arms behind her back, and led her to the ambulance, which he compelled her to enter.

While she was outside, and even when she was speaking to Felix Vassilis, her eyes had taken in everything that was to be seen, and she could not doubt that the capture of the party was the result of treachery. There had been yells and shots enough to indicate a sharp and deadly fight, and she knew that the rifles and pistols of the white men could not be fired in earnest without producing some effect; but no sign of the conflict was visible. No bodies were to be seen on the ground, nor did any of the Indians or white men appear to be wounded.

'It is a sham, a fraud, a swindle,' was her inward conclusion, and there was but one doubt in her mind: Was this treachery—this sham capture, as she fully believed it to be—the work of the wild and brutal men who composed the escort, or was Felix Vassilis also concerned in it? To say the least, appearances were so strong against him as to justify strong suspicions of his honesty.

She had not finished considering the subject, when an Indian brought her some breakfast. They had unbound two of the white men who had been in the habit of cooking for the party, and had permitted them to attend to their usual avocations. As she had made up her mind to the worst, Helen ate with her usual composure and appetite. Although she looked all possibilities in the face, she did not despair, but was resolved to take advantage of any opportunity that might occur, by which she could regain her liberty.

After breakfast the horses were saddled and packed, the mules were put to the ambulance, and the party set off toward the west, the Indians riding in front and in the rear of their captives.

CHAPTER XIII.

HELEN'S CAPTIVITY.

If Helen had needed any further evidence that the capture of her party was, as she had expressed it, a sham and a fraud, she would have found it in the conduct of the Indians and the white men at the permanent camping-ground which they reached at the close of the second day after the capture.

Some of the white men had been cast loose during the journey, and all, including Felix Vassilis, were unbound when they reached the camping place by the river. Helen was not then surprised at seeing them mingle freely with the Indians, accompanying them on their hunting and fishing excursions, joining in their games, and acting in all respects as if they were the allies of the red men, instead of being their prisoners. She was also unbound, and was given to understand that she might walk about as she pleased, provided she did not stray beyond certain limits. As she knew how utterly hopeless would be an attempt to escape, she confined herself within the prescribed bounds, and kept her eyes and ears open, for the purpose of learning the real position of affairs.

She wished to have an interview with Felix Vassilis, that she might tax him with his treachery, and learn, if possible, what disposition was to be made of her; but he avoided her, or at least kept out of her sight, until the evening of the first day in the camp by the river. Then he came to the ambulance which was still her lodging-place, and near which she was seated on a rock.

As he was evidently at a loss how to open the conversation, Helen took the initiative, and the first gun of her battery was loaded with solid shot.

'I hope, sir,' said she, as she rose to meet him, 'that you are satisfied with your work.'

'What do you mean?' he asked, opening his eyes wide in undoubted astonishment, for, he was astonished at learning that she had so easily guessed his complicity in her capture.

'I mean that I hope you are satisfied, since you have delivered me into the hands of these savages, and I beg that you will tell me plainly what purpose you expect to serve by such treachery.'

'Is it possible, Miss Tarleton, that you can accuse me of treachery.' Of all things, I would not have expected *that*. I am a prisoner as you are, and my fate is still in uncertainty.'

'Indeed! You are at liberty, and you appear to go where you wish, and to do as you please.'

'Are not you also at liberty? Your motions are as free as mine. We are both compelled to restrain ourselves within certain limits, and there is a watch upon us all the time. I am hardly any better off than I would be if I were bound hand and foot.'

'I shall be very sorry, Mr. Vassilis, to accuse you wrongfully; but the circumstances connected with this affair are at least suspicious. Perhaps you can explain them.'

'I can, without doubt, and I believe that I can convince you, if you are not unreasonably prejudiced, that you have done me an injustice. I have already told you that I was afraid some of the men had betrayed us, and my suspicion has now become certainty. They persuaded me to believe that we had passed all danger, that we were entirely out of the reach of Indians, and that it would be useless to keep a guard or to use any more precautions. Deceived by their representations, I lay down to sleep, after we had eaten our supper and smoked our pipes, and the rest did the same. While we slept the Indians stole upon us, and we were their prisoners before we could offer any effectual resistance.'

'I heard considerable firing,' remarked Helen, who had listened with great coolness to this wordy explanation. 'It seemed very strange to me that no one was hurt.'

'The Indians fired a volley when they surrounded the camp, to wake us up and frighten us, and some of the men who were not in the secret discharged their guns; but it was not intended by either side that any harm should be done.'

'Now that the Indians have got us, what do they propose to do with us?'

'I can say nothing with certainty. From the talk that I have heard among the men, I conclude that they have taken us on speculation, believing we have friends who will ransom us. I told you that some of the men were not in the secret when the capture took place. There are four or five of them I think, who have not willingly taken any part in the matter, and who can be induced to assist us to escape. I have been talking to those men this morning, and sounding them; because I wished, before seeing you, to ascertain our exact position, and to be able to give you some reasonable hope of escape.'

'Have you succeeded in finding any hope?' she asked.

'I believe that four of the men I have mentioned will stand by me. They have promised to do so, and I think they mean what they say, but I cannot tell until the time comes for making the attempt, whether they are really to be depended on. It is only necessary, they say, to pick out some fast horses and have them in readiness and to procure arms and provisions for the journey. They are thoroughly acquainted with the country, and feel able to take us in safety to the settlements, provided we can slip out of the camp, and I see no difficulty in that.'

'When would you expect to start, if we can get away?'

'Some time to-night, but I can't say say at what hour. You must be awake and you must be ready to leave at any moment. You will be obliged to ride a horse, as it will, of course, be impossible to take the ambulance.'

'I am fully able to ride, and I will consider nothing a hardship that enables me to escape and reach California.'

'You will excuse me now, as I must see the men again, and perfect the arrangements for our escape. I will prove myself undeserving of your suspicions, and you will admit that I am willing to make all possible sacrifices to aid you.'

As he walked away she wondered what had become of Bill Lefferts. She had not seen him since reaching the camp by the river, and in this she had been disappointed, as her woman's instinct had told her that she might trust him, and she had hoped that he would be able and willing to befriend her in the time of her need.

She was not mistaken. Bill Lefferts put in an appearance shortly after dark, standing behind the ambulance, so as to be out of sight of the Indians and white men who were congregated about the fire.

As soon as Helen saw him, she moved toward him, and a gleam of hope sparkled in her eyes.

'I told ye, little 'un,' he said, 'that you would find a friend in Bill Lefferts, and I've come to prove it. I hain't got time to say but a word or two, and you let me say that as fast as I kin. This yere Injun business is all a humbug. The boss is at the bottom of it, and he has got all us chaps into it, in one way and another. He has had you gobbled up for some notion of his own that I can't make out, but maybe you can guess at it.'

'He tells me quite a different story. He says that the men have betrayed us, and he has offered to escape with me to-night.'

'Jest you set that down as a lie. It's his job, and he pays fur it. I don't know what his notion is; but I'm plum sure that if he should take you away from yere, it would only be to get you into a wuss mess. As I said afore, you've got a friend in Bill Lefferts, and I mean to go back on the boss and help you, ef I die for it. I kin sneak you out of here to-night, ef you're willin to foller me, and then we must trust to luck and our horses to keep us clear of the scrape. Kin you ride well?'

'I can ride very well. But why should I trust to you, rather than to the other? You are as much a stranger to me as they are, and there is such treachery about me that I don't know what to say or do.'

'Didn't I tell you miss, that Bob Field had done me a good turn—that he saved my life—that he took my neck out of the halter? As he's dead now, I can't ever pay him fur what he did; but I kin do suthin' to help his darter. I do hope and beg, miss, that you will let me take a try of it, 'cause I could never look a white man in the face agin ef I should let this chance slip and leave you here in trouble.'

'I will trust you, Bill Lefferts. I believe that you mean to do right in this matter.'

'Ef I don't, no man ever did mean right, on this airth.'

'Tell me, then, what I am to do.'

'Jest nothin' at all. Stay whar you are, and I'll hev the horses and everythin' ready by the time those people git asleep. When I come yere and hiss like a snake then git up and foller me, as quiet as a cat, and without any hurry.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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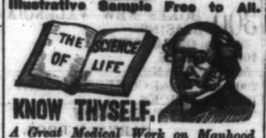

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Hours—9.30 to 12 a.m.
2.00 to 4 p.m.
7.30 to 9.30 Evenings,

SPECIAL SUBJECTS:

BOOK-KEEPING, in all its branches
BUSINESS PENMANSHIP.
TYPE WRITING.
SHORTHAND.
TELEGRAPHY.
NAVIGATION, &c.

Call or write for full information.

L. B. MILLER, Principal.

October 21, 1885—tf

GROCERIES. GROCERIES.

CONNOLLY BROS.,

Corner Queen and Dorchester Sts., Charlottetown, P. E. I.

HAVING leased the above premises, we desire to announce that we have laid in a large stock of the best

Family Groceries & Provisions

which we are prepared to sell at as low figures as any in the market.

NEW STORE, FRESH GOODS, LOW PRICES.

Best brands of FLOUR constantly on hand.

Our goods are fresh—no old stock; our prices are low—so are our expenses.

We are determined to give satisfaction, and with this end in view will keep nothing that we cannot recommend as to quality and cheapness.

During the season will have all kinds of fruit on sale.

☞ GIVE US A CALL

PATRICK CONNOLLY,
JOHN CONNOLLY.

Ch'town, Aug. 13, 1886.

40,000 BUSHELS OATS WANTED.

WE will pay cash for the above quantity of Oats delivered at our warehouse.

MORSON & MORGAN.

Cardigan Bridge, Dec. 20, 1886, 2 mos.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 3118, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

MARK WRIGHT & CO

1886. —ARE— 1886.

Better prepared than ever before to give the BEST VALUE in every description of

FURNITURE,

All manufactured on their premises by first-class workmen, and warranted second to none.

They have in stock 3,000 CHAIRS of various designs, and will sell them at prices to suit the hard times.

LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS, TABLES, WASHSTANDS, LOOKING-GLASSES, MATTRASSES PICTURES, MOULDING, PARLOR SETS, BEDROOM SETS,

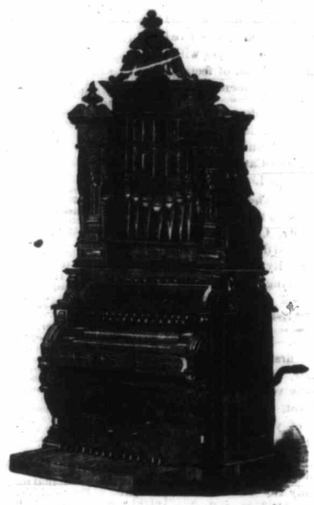
and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention.

☞ Remember we cannot be undersold.

Undertaking Department a Specialty.

MARK WRIGHT & CO.

Kent Street, Charlottetown, Jan. 4, 1886.



BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

—TO BE HAD IN—

PIANOS, ORGANS,

—AND—

Sewing Machines,

—AT—

MILLER BROTHERS,

Queen Street, - - Charlottetown.

CALL and be convinced that they keep the LARGEST and BEST STOCK of the above line of Goods in the Maritime Provinces.

PIANOS in price from $250 to $500.
ORGANS in price from $75 to $200.
SEWING MACHINES from $5 to $60.

A REPAIR SHOP in connection, where all kinds of Repairing will be promptly attended to.

MILLER BROTHERS,

QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN,

Dealer in Pianos, Organs & Sewing Machines.

Charlottetown, Sept. 8, 1886.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

IS called to the fact that all Amounts due the late firm of

BEER & SONS

will very shortly be put into the hands of an Attorney for collection. Those desirous of settling had better do so AT ONCE, at the Old Stand, KING SQUARE.

Charlottetown, Dec 8, 1886—4w

NEW PENS. NEW PENS.

GET THE BEST.

BOOK-KEEPERS, Accountants and Teachers pronounce the

Charlottetown Business College Pen

the MOST DURABLE, the SMOOTHEST RUNNING, and the MOST ELASTIC STEEL PEN ever placed in the market.

Be sure and ask your Stationer for the Charlottetown Business College Pen, and if he is sold out, write direct to the College, and a quarter gross will be mailed you upon receipt of letter containing 35 cents.

Try them and you will use no other.

Charlottetown, Dec. 8, 1886—tf

Painting & Repairing

A SPECIALTY.

THE undersigned, wishing to thank his many friends for their patronage during the past twenty five years, begs to leave to intimate that he is now prepared to execute all work entrusted to him with neatness and despatch.

Painting and Repairing done at bottom prices, and all work warranted first-class.

New and Second-hand American Buggies, Carryalls, &c., always on hand.

☞ Shop opposite the Law Court, North Side Queen Square.

W. J. FRASER.

Late of the firm of McKinnon, Fraser & Co.

Dec. 1, 1886—6w

JAMES H. REDDIN,

Barrister-at-Law, Solicitor,

—AND—

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Has removed to the office adjoining that of R. R. FitzGerald, Esq., Cameron Block.

☞ MONEY TO LOAN. ☜

October 13, 1886—3m