

in luck for the time being and won every game. I thought a gleam of satisfaction shone over his face as the door opened and our other travelling acquaintance from Versailles—the quiet, careless husband—entered and sat down to play.

I did not play that night, and my whole attention was given to those two. The young man lost from the first deal. But after a few minutes he was swept from the table by his watchful opponent; still he played on. The large sum he lost and the pale, excited face he put interested me, and I stayed and watched him until late at night, when he left the room, his last Napoleon gone.

After supper at a coffee house I went back to my room at the hotel, but for some cause could not sleep. The heat was oppressive and my room small; besides, the game I had been watching had excited me strangely, and I fell into a troubled sleep near morning.

I was awakened about daylight by voices in the adjoining room—those of a man and woman, evidently. The man's voice was low and pleading, and the woman seemed to be crying. I could hear enough to understand that she was refusing him some request, for his tones became loud and threatening, and he said I heard him say:

"If you refuse me, you seal my ruin and your own. I have no more gold, and I must have the diamonds to retrieve myself."

Hysterical sobs were the only answer he received, and he continued:

"Something tells me I shall win to-night, and I must have the ring."

"Never, Charles! I cannot give it up. It is all I have left. It was my mother's, and I will not let it leave me."

The man's voice was so choked with passion that his words were inarticulate, but with a burst of wild anger he left, slamming the door. The woman's sobs became lower, her crying ceased, and I fell into another nap, not waking until nearly 10 o'clock.

I saw neither of my gambling acquaintances that day, and the night found me again in Monsieur Carlo's room. The old man was again on hand—not satisfied, I thought, with his winnings of the previous evening—again I saw a gleam of satisfaction cross his face as he victim of the previous evening came in and got ready to play.

"Make your game—the game is made up," cried the dealer, and was about to deal the cards when the young man who had just entered called out in a loud voice:

"Fifty Napoleons on the red!"

Seeing he placed no money upon the table, the croupier paused a moment, then said:

"Sir, you must stake the money."

The gambler started and turned pale; then ever; a long shuddering sigh broke from him as he felt for it in his pocket and then he rose, and finally grasped his hat and fled from the room. The playing went on for a while longer, and then one by one they went out, leaving only the attendant, the old keen-eyed gambler and myself present. Something—an undefined feeling—crossed his face as he victim of the previous evening came in and got ready to play.

"Let me see; ah, my little sister, may you never know so hard a fate as this poor girl encountered and succumbed to. No, she is not French—a Russian—but married to a Frenchman." And Carl took the picture from my hand and placed it upon a small easel above his desk. "I will tell you about her, Louis, if you have an hour, and I will tell you why I told you."

It was while Tom Barnes was with me last June, when we left Versailles for Paris, that I first saw Madame Lierre, though I think the name an assumed one. We had to run to prevent being seen by her, and Barnes, out of humor because of it, plucked his face in his book, and left me to my own resources.

As soon as I was comfortably settled, I, as usual, began scrutinizing my travelling companions, and to try to imagine who and what they were. There were four besides ourselves in the carriage. One, a quiet, middle-aged Englishman, who was soon asleep in his corner. The two who sat next to myself were evidently husband and wife, though he paid none of the attention and politeness usually accorded in public, even if dispensed with privately. He was a pale, quiet man of twenty-five, perhaps, richly but quietly dressed, and seemingly taking no notice of any one around him. The wife, too, was pale, and much as she looks there in that little picture. Her dress, though simple, was perfect, and was evidently the production of some first-class artist. Her whole style proclaimed her at once to belong to the highest order of society.

She seemed to be suffering, and frequently put her hand to her forehead; and I observed upon the delicately formed, ungloved hand a costly diamond. It was a beauty, and I enjoyed looking at the costly gem as she creased a small English dog that often looked up at her with affectionate recognition.

The other passenger I could not make out at all. He was elderly, commonly dressed, and with scant gray hair and heavy whiskers. His piercing eyes were frequently placed on the silent young married couple, and then he seemed as if he were oblivious of them as they of him. What was his nationality? Was he with them, or a stranger like myself? I could not tell. And the more I looked the more uncertain I became; I thought, too, there seemed an effort at disguise. He kept his face averted all he could, and the watchfulness of the quiet young husband that he at times eyed so very persistently.

We sped along over the beautiful road, each absorbed in his own reflections, broken only by an occasional low sigh from the lady, and soon arrived at our destination. The train stopped, and as none of my companions showed any disposition to move first, I followed Barnes from the depth of his recesses, and we left the carriage.

Discreetly, we went to the theatre, and afterward, by the persuasion of a friend, to a private gambling-house. I was greatly surprised on entering to see my elderly travelling companion seated at the table, his eyes and manner keen as ever, and deep in a game of roulette or baccarat. It was early yet and very few people were present, but every second was heeded, and the game went on in dead silence, broken only by the rattle of the dealers calling the result of the game, and the rattling of the gold and silver coins from one to the other. The old man seemed

#### The Grave of the Beloved.

The grave of those we have loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness—the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene.

The bed of death, with all its stifled grief—the soulless attendance—its mute, watchful assistants! The last testimonies of ex-  
piring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning from us even on the threshold of existence. The faint, faltering accents, struggling to death to give one more assurance of affection.

Aye, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit ungratefully—every past endearment ungratefully—of that departed being, who can never return to be comforted by any contrition.

If thou art a child, and have ever added a glow to the soul, or a sorrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and have ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungrateful word, every ungrateful action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheeded groan, and pour the unavailing tear—the more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chapter of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave, console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile, tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy earthly affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duty to the living.

#### After Marriage.

One frequent cause of trouble in married life is the want of openness in business matters. A husband marries a pretty, thoughtless girl, who has been used to taking no more thought as to how she should be clothed or how she should live in the field. He begins by not liking to refuse any of her requests. He will not hint, so long as he can help it, at care in trifling expenses in her mind, or to associate himself in her mind with disappointments and self-denials. And she, who would have been willing enough in the days of her sweet eagerness to please, of her girlish love, to give up any whim or fancy of her own whatever, falls into habits of careless extravagance, and feels herself injured when, at last, a remonstrance comes. How much wiser would have been perfect openness in the beginning!

"We must just so much money to spend this summer. Now, shall we arrange matters thus or thus," was the question I heard a young husband ask his still younger bride, not long ago, and the womanhood in her answered to this demand upon it, and her help at planning and counselling proved a thing to be despised, though hitherto she had fed upon the roses, and lain among the lilies of life.

We are speaking not of marriages that are wedded Vulcan, because Vulcan prospered at his forge—but marriages where two hearts have not yet been joined together, to learn the lessons of life, and to live together till death shall part them. And one of the first lessons for them to learn is to trust each other entirely. The most frivolous girl of all—the rosiest garden of all—the truly lovely, acquires some of the wisdom of womanhood from her husband, and ready to plan and help and make her small sacrifices for the general good.

#### The Right Sort of a Man.

The man who has married for love is a happy fellow. He is generally cheerful and always thinking about the dear one at home. He prefers to live out of town for the sake of his children. He is rarely late at business, rises early, gardens a little, eats a hearty breakfast and goes to the necessary labor with a light heart and clear conscience. He often brings home pleasant surprises to his wife and children. You may recognize him in trains loaded with parcels, which he good naturedly carries with perfect unconcern of what others think—a new bonnet, music books, a clock for his wife; while in another parcel the wheels of a car, a jack-in-the-box, a doll, or skip-rope, protrude through the paper, and suggest the nursery. He is brave and kind, though he makes no noise in the world. The humanizing influence of that darling red-checked little fellow who calls him father brings a glow and rapture of the purest pleasure seek both for his wife and child. He never fails a day hand clasp him, will at ways lack something—he will be less human, less blessed than others. This is the noble, the honest, the only form of life that imparts real contentment and joy, that will make a death-bed glorious, and live to see peace through tears. It is purely selfish, too tenderly true; it satisfies the highest in nature; it stimulates man to the best deeds they are capable of.

HARRY.—Boys, did you ever think much about habits—good habits, bad habits, and every other kind of habit? If not, now is the time to consider it. Habit is a thing that is cultivated, let it be good or bad, with the exception that evil habits are more easily mastered than good ones. Habit grows, and is more inclined to evil than to good. This root of habit is found making its way through the disposition of the true and noble boy and girl, little as a time, seemingly in fear of losing its footing—just by lack of its feeling its way, while the innocent boy or girl is unsuspecting to have—without a strong feeling, and then through taste or appetite whips him; you are mine; extract yourself! If you can. Thus the lives of many true and noble men and women have been destroyed.

AN ADDRESS TO A BARRISTER.—I want a close shave. I am in a hurry. Do not put any oil or grease upon my hair. I never use any hair oil or pomade. Please comb my hair up and back. I do not wish my hair trimmed or cut. I do not want any hair cream or hair oil. I have not heard the latest news from Egypt, nor do I want it. I want nothing for politics, or crime, or society. I do not care for stock or market reports. I am a stranger in the city, and I am not going to the ball this evening. I am a professor in a deaf and dumb institute and I am glad of it. Go ahead and shave me.

#### Care of the Horse.

1. Never allow any one to touch or tie your horse in the stable. The animal only feels the torment and does not understand the joke. Vicious habits are thus easily brought on.

2. Never beat the horse when in the stable. Nothing so soon makes him permanently vicious.

3. Let the horse's litter be dry and clean underneath as well as on top. Standing on hot fermenting manure makes the hoofs soft, and brings on lameness.

4. Change the litter partially in some parts, and entirely in others, every morning, and brush out and clean the stall thoroughly.

5. To procure a good coat on your horse naturally, use plenty of rubbing and brushing. Plenty of "elbow grease" opens the pores, softens the skin, and promotes the animal's general health.

6. Never clean a horse in his stable. The dust lodges the crib, and makes him loathe his food.

7. Use the curry-comb lightly. When used roughly it is a source of great pain.

8. Let the hoofs be well brushed out every night. Dirt, if allowed to cake in, causes grease and sore heels.

9. Whenever a horse is washed, never leave him till he is rubbed quite dry. He will probably get a chill if neglected.

10. When a horse comes off a journey the first thing is to walk him about till he is cool, if he is brought in hot. This prevents his taking cold.

11. The next thing is to groom him quickly, first with a wisp of straw and then with a brush. This removes dirt, dirt and sweat, and allows time for the stomach to recover itself and the appetite to return.

12. Also let his legs be well rubbed by the hand. Nothing so soon removes a strain. It also detects thorns or splinters, soothes the animal, and enables him to feed comfortably.

13. Let the horse have some exercise every day. Otherwise, he will be liable to fever or bad feet.

14. Let your horse stand loose if possible, without being tied up to the manger. Pain and weariness from a confined position induce bad habits and cause swollen feet and other disorders.

15. Look often at the animal's feet and legs. Disinfect or wound in those parts, if at all neglected, soon become dangerous.

16. Every night look and see if there is any stone between the hoof and the sole. Standing on it all night, the horse will be lame next morning.

17. If the horse remains in the stable his feet must be "stopped." Heat and dryness cause cracked hoofs and lameness.

18. The feet should not be "stopped" often than twice in the week. It will make the hoofs soft and bring on corns.

19. Do not urge the animal to drink water which he refuses. It is probably hard and unwholesome.

20. Never allow drugs to be administered to your horse without your knowledge. They are not needed to keep the animal in health, and may do the greatest and most sudden mischief.

#### The Cow that Beat the World.

(From "The Alban's," Vt., Messenger.)

Last winter mention was made in the Messenger of the "Jersey Queen of Barnes," owned by J. S. Kennerly, of Barnes, and of her better record. She had made 746 lbs. for the year ending March 15, 1881. She was at that time exceeded only by one cow, "Eurotas," owned by Colonel A. B. Darling, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, and that by about 30 pounds. Succeeding this, Mr. Kennerly determined on making another, with the intention, if possible, of beating the record of "Eurotas," and placing the record of the "Jersey Queen" at the head of the list of better producers in the United States, if not in the world. The trial was begun May 20, 1881, and lasted one year.

Last winter Colonel Darling purchased the cow, paying for her \$2,000, but the trial was to be continued on, and completed in Barnes. It has been concluded, and we have the monthly record of milk and butter for the year. It aggregates 12,554 pounds of milk and 861 pounds of butter, leaving out the fractions. She has exceeded her former record by 105 pounds, and that of "Eurotas" by 73 pounds.

It took a trifle over 15 pounds of milk for one of butter, which showed great richness for so large a quantity. The average of milk per day for the year would be 34 lbs., and of butter, nearly 2 lbs. The cow last winter weighed 1,075 lbs., was healthy and robust looking, and was having the following daily rations: Two quarts of wheat shorts, three quarts of ground oats, and three pints of cornmeal twice a day, or thirteen pints in all. Besides, she had a peck of carrots per day, in their season, and of course the best quality of hay and straw for the straw that must be made on the animal system in the production of so large an amount of milk and butter, the quality of feed does not appear as at all excessive, and it was not designed to spoil the cow in the attempt to beat the world.

A RARE PATHEMONT.—A young man in Edinburgh, who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend, to recommend him to a family where he was a daily visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter, who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer said he had not exactly known, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young friend he asked him if he had any property at all.

"No," replied he.

"Well," said the lawyer, "would you suffer me to tell you what I have to say? I will give you twenty thousand pounds for it!"

"What an idea! Not for the world!"

"This really applied the lawyer; I had a reason for asking."

The next time he saw the girl's father he said, "I have inquired about the young man's circumstances. He has, indeed, no money, but he has a jewel for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered twenty thousand pounds."

"This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place though he is not the least in the world as often thought his head when he thought of the jewel."

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