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Continued Tale.

TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE;

OR, LIFE IN KENTUCKY.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

Continued from our last.

CHAPTER IV.

Continued.

THAT day Mr. Wilmot's eyes were not as handsome, nor his teeth as white as usual in the estimation of Julia, who often found herself wondering why he did not wear whiskers. That evening he called at Mrs. Crane's, and for the first time in her life, Julia was not much pleased to see him. He, however, rose ten per cent. in her estimation when she saw the familiar and cordial manner with which Dr. Lacey treated him. They talked as though they were old and dear friends.

After Mr. Wilmot had left, Dr. Lacey said, "Why, that Wilmot is a remarkably intelligent man and very agreeable." Then turning to Mrs. Carrington, he added, "Let me see, is he a teacher?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Carrington, "and these young ladies are his pupils, and report says he looks after the heart of one of them as well as the head."

"Well," continued he, "whichever one is favored with his preference should feel honored, for he is a capital fellow." Just then his eye fell upon an elegant piano which stood in the room, and he asked Mrs. Carrington to favor him with some music.

"Perhaps Miss Middleton will oblige you," said Mrs. Carrington, looking at Julia.

"Thank you," said Julia. "I am just taking lessons," so Mrs. Carrington sat down to the instrument, and as Julia saw how skilfully her white, jewelled fingers touched the keys, she resolved to spare no pains to become as fine a player as Mrs. Carrington, particularly as she saw that Dr. Lacey was very fond of music, and kept calling for piece after piece till the evening was somewhat advanced.

"You ought to play, golden locks," said he to Fanny, at the same time taking one of her long yellow curls in his hand.

"I am taking lessons," said Fanny, "but I make awkward work, for my fingers are all thumbs, as you might know by my dropping that four-timed pitchfork this morning!"

Dr. Lacey laughed heartily at this speech, and

called her an "original little piece," at the same time saying, "You remind me of my sister Anna."

"Where does she live?" asked Fanny.

Dr. Lacey sighed as he answered, "For three years she has lived in Heaven; three long years to us, who loved her so dearly."

Fanny observed that he seemed agitated while speaking of his sister, so she dared not ask him more about her, although she wished very much to do so. Perhaps he read her wishes in her face, for he went on to tell her more of his sister, who, he said, drooped day by day, and they took her to Cuba, but she daily grew worse, and often spoke of dying and of Heaven, and then one bright summer morning, she passed away from them, and they buried her under a group of dark orange trees. That night Fanny dreamed of sweet Anna Lacey, sleeping so quietly in her lone grave, far off beneath the orange trees of Cuba. Julia had dreams too, but of a different nature. In fancy she beheld Dr. Lacey at her feet, with his handsome person, princely fortune, and magnificent home near New Orleans, while off in the dim distance loomed up a dark coffin, in which was the cold, pale form of one whom she knew too well. Was her dream an omen of the coming future? We shall see.

Next morning just as the town clock rang out the hour of eight, a strange looking vehicle, to which was attached a remarkably poor looking horse, was seen picking its way through the upper part of Main Street, Frankfort. The driver of this establishment was a negro boy, whom we recognize as our friend Ike. He was taking it leisurely through the town, stopping before every large "smart" looking house to reconnoitre, and see if it resembled the one his master had described.

At last he was accosted by a young African, who called out, "Ho, thar, old boy! what you keepin' yer eyes peeled, and yer mouth open for? Is you catchin' flies?"

"No, sar," replied Ike. "I's tryin' to find Miss Crane's boardin' house."

"Oh yes; wail, it's up t'other way. You jist turn that ar old rackerbone of yours straight round, and tarn down that ar street, whar you see that steeples, and the fust house on the corner is Miss Crane's. But say, is you and thar ar quadruped, jist out of the ark?"

"I dun know nothin' 'bout yer ark," said Ike, whose Scripture knowledge was rather limited. "but I 'longs to Marster Josh, and I'm gon' to see Miss Fanny—and now I think of it, won't you ride?"

"Lord, no," said the negro, "I'm in a great