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Continued Tale.

## TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE;

OR, LIFE IN KENTUCKY.

BY MRS. MARY J. HULMES.

Continued from our last.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### MEETING OF THE BROTHERS.

JULIA'S first exclamation on waking next morning was, "I am glad I'm not expected to go home with uncle to-day, and see father make a precious fool of himself, as he surely will."

"How can you say so, Julia?" answered Fanny. "I wish I was going, for I think I could smooth father down a little, if he got to using too strong language."

"Nonsense, Fau," said Julia. "Why don't you confess that you wish to go because that handsome Cameron is going? Didn't I see how much he looked at you, and how you blushed too? But no matter. I would get him, if I were you!"

Julia was getting very generous, now that she thought herself sure of Dr. Lacey. Further remark from her, however, was prevented by the ringing of the breakfast bell.

"What shall I tell your parents?" said Mr. Middleton to his nieces, as he stood in the hall, waiting for the driver to open the carriage door and let down the steps.

Julia made no reply, but Fanny said, "Give them my love, and tell them I am getting better every day, and shall want to come home soon," and then she added, in a lower tone. "You will not laugh at father much, will you, or make fun of him either, if he does act oddly?"

"God bless you, sweet girl," said Mr. Middleton, stooping to kiss the innocent face which looked up into his, with so much earnestness. "For your sake, if for no other, your father shall not be laughed at."

As the carriage drove off, Julia turned to Fanny and said, "Won't they have fun, though, with the old man? I can fancy it all. Father's beard will probably be long enough to do up in papers, and it will be a miracle if he does not have on those horrid old bagging pants of his."

Fanny was only too fearful that 'twould all be as Julia predicted, but she made no answer, and soon returned to her room.

We will now follow the carriage, which, with

its load of gentlemen was proceeding rapidly towards the house of our friend Uncle Joshua. Mr. William Middleton, or Mr. Stafford, as you will call him for a time, seemed to grow excited as he approached nearer to a brother whose face he had not looked upon for more than twenty long years. "You boys," said he, speaking to his companions, Joshua concerning his parents and brothers, you too, must talk, or he will suspect I have some design in questioning him."

The gentlemen all promised to do their best, except Frank, who could promise nothing, because he knew nothing concerning the man they were going to visit. His curiosity, however, was roused, and forgetting the presence of Mr. William Middleton, he asked, "Do they keep the old fellow caged? And must we pay any thing for seeing him?"

These questions were greeted with a burst of laughter, and Raymond said, "No—admittance is free, but you'll be more amused to see him and hear him talk, than you would in visiting Barnum's Museum!"

By this time the carriage had entered the woods, and they soon came in sight of the house. Mr. Stafford leaned from the window, and said, "Is it possible that my brother, with all his wealth, lives in such a heathenish place as this!"

"When you see him," said Raymond, "you'll think the nest just suited to the bird."

They were now in the yard, which was so filled with farming utensils, that the driver found it difficult to effect a passage up to the door. The gentlemen were about concluding to alight where they were, when Mr. Middleton was heard calling out, "Ho, thar, driver, don't run agin that ox-cart; turn a leetle to the right, can't ye? Now be keerful and not run afoul of the plaguy lye leech! I b'lieve the niggers would move the old hut, Josh and all, into the yard, if they could only make a raise!"

Mr. Stafford and Frank looked eagerly out at the speaker, who fully realized Frank's idea of him. His beard was as long and black as a rapid growth of three weeks could make it. As Julia had feared, he was dressed in his favorite bagging pants, which hung loosely even 'round his huge proportions and looked as if fitted to some of his out buildings. It was very warm, and he wore neither coat nor vest, while his feet, whose dimensions we have mentioned before, were minus either shoes or stockings. He appeared in the doorway buttoning one of his suspenders. The truth was, he had spied the carriage in the distance, and as his linen was none the cleanest, he hastened to