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The Literary Echo.

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

Vol. I.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, December 1, 1874.

No. 11.

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 afool 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

change it, and was now putting the finishing touch to his toilet. When he caught sight of the occupants of the carriage, he thought to himself, "Thar's a heap on 'em. Nancy'll have to rout the whole gang of niggers, field hands and all, to huntin' hin's nests after eggs enough for dinner."

By this time the gentlemen had alighted, and Mr. Middleton went forward to receive them. "How d'ye do, how d'ye do?" said he, "I'm mighty glad you've come. I wish you'd brought the whole city."

"We came pretty near it, I think," said Mr. Miller, at the same time presenting Mr. Stafford and Mr. Cameron.

Mr. Middleton continued talking as if replying to Mr. Miller's first remark. "No consequence, no consequence, Mr. Stafford, Mr. Cameron, how are you? The more the merrier. I s'pose they've any,—but come in,—the house looks better inside than it does out." "Ho, Luce," continued he, "where the old boy is your mistress? Tell her thar's heaps of folks here, and mind tell Annt Judy to get us up a whalin' dinner."

Here he stopped to take breath a moment, and then proceeded. "You must excuse my rig, gentlemen, or rather, you must excuse what ain't rigged, mebby if I'd known all you city beggars were comin', I'd a kivered my bar feet."

"You go barefoot for comfort, I suppose," said Mr. Miller.

"Why, yes, mainly for that, I suppose," answered Mr. Middleton, "for I've got such fetched big corns on my feet, that I ain't going to be cramped with none of your toggery. My feet happen to be clean, for I washed 'em in the watering trough this mornin'. How d'ye leave my gals?"

"They are well," answered Mr. Miller, "or rather Julia is, and Fanny is improving every day."

"I've often wondered," said Mr. Middleton, "what 'twas ailed Sunshine when she was sick. She didn't seem to have no disease in particular, and I reckon nothin's on her mind, for all's straight between her and Dr. Lacey, as far as I know."

"Dr. Lacey," repeated Frank, without knowing what he said.

"Yes, Dr. Lacey; know him?" asked Mr. Middleton.

"No, sir," answered Frank, and Ashton rejoined, "S'imagin' he wishes Fanny had never known him."

Mr. Middleton turned, and for a moment regarded Frank intently. Frank stood the inspection manfully, and Mr. Middleton said, "You are from New York, hoy? I like New Yorkers, and if Sunshine wasn't done promised to Dr. Lacey and never had seen him, and I liked you, I'd as soon you'd have her as any body."

Mr. Stafford now said that he was acquainted with Dr. Lacey, and proceeded to speak of the pleasant time he had spent with him. This occupied time until the dinner was ready.

"Come, haul up," said Mr. Middleton, "haul up; we didn't expect so many to dinner, but the old table'll stretch, and you must sit clus; but don't none on you step on my corns, for thunder's sake!"

Frank thought if his host kept on talking, he

should not be able to eat for laughing, but the old man was just getting into the merits of the case!

When his guests were seated, he said to Mr. Stafford, "Your white neckcloth looks like you belong to the clergy. If you do, you can say a mighty short prar over the eggs and bacon, but Lord's sake be spry, for I'm blasted hungry!"

But for the remembrance of his promise to Fanny, Mr. Stafford would have screamed. It is needless to say that he declined his host's invitation, and the company began their dinner.

Suddenly Mr. Stafford asked if Mr. Middleton had any brothers.

"Yes,—no, or, that is, I had one once," answered Mr. Middleton, "but he's deader than a door nail afore this, I reckon."

"And what makes you think he is dead?" asked Stafford.

"When our old pap died, something in his will struck crossways in Bill's swaller, and he left college and put out to sea, and I hain't heard from him in fifteen years."

"Did he look like you?" said Raymond.

"He was four years younger than I," answered Mr. Middleton, "but no more like me than Sunshine's pet kitten is like our watch dog Tige." He was soft like in his ways, and took to book larnin' mightily, and I'm,—but every body knows what old Josh is. Hold on thar! Save the pieces!" said he to Frank, who, unable to constrain his mirth, had deluged his plate with coffee.

"Pray excuse me," said Frank, mortified beyond measure at his mishap.

His discomforture was, however, somewhat relieved by his companions, all of whom burst into a fit of laughter, in which Mr. Stafford heartily joined, forgetful of his promise to Fanny. By this time dinner was over, and the company repaired to the porch, where Ashton and Raymond betook themselves to their cigars, while Mr. Middleton puffed away at his old cob pipe.

Mr. Stafford at length resumed the dinner table conversation, by saying, "If I were you, Mr. Middleton, I would not give up my brother yet; 'Hope on, hope ever,' is my motto."

"Hope on," repeated Mr. Middleton. "I have hoped on till I'm tired on't, and yet by spells, I have dreams in which it seems like my brother was alive and had come back, and then my old guard shell of a heart gives a thunderin' thump and fetches me up wide awake. I hate dreams mightily, for it takes me an all fired while to get to sleep all over, and when I do, I hate to be waked up by a dream."

"I hope you'll live to see your brother, though," said Frank.

"No, I shan't," answered Mr. Middleton, again filling his cob pipe. "Every thing that I loved has always died."

"Have you lost many friends?" asked Mr. Stafford.

"Considerable many," said Mr. Middleton. "considerin' how few I ever had. First, thar was mother died, when Bill and I was little boys; I remember how he cried when we stood by her grave, and I was so feared Bill would bust his jacket open, that I whispered to him not to take on so, for I'd be his mother now. And then that night, which was the longest and darkest I ever

knew, we took turns rocking and singing to our little baby sister, just as we had seen mother do."

Here he stopped a moment, and Raymond, who was rather impatient, said, "Don't stop; go on."

The old man wiped his eyes, and said, "Heavens and arth, don't hurry a feller so, can't you let him wait till the big bumps gits out of his throat, or would you have me bellin' here like a calf?"

"Take your 'ime, Mr. Middleton," said Mr. Stafford, who was as much affected as his brother at the remembrance of that sad night, when he first felt what it was to be motherless.

After an instant Mr. Middleton continued, "Directly that sister got big enough, she was married and started to go to England, but the vessel went to smash and the crew went to the bottom. Poor gal, she always hated salt, but she's used to it by this time, I reckon. Then thar was pap died next, but he was old and ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{grave-headed} ~~and~~ ed and sick-hearted like, and wanted to go, but it made it jest as bad for me. Then thar was Bill."

Here Mr. Stafford moved his chair, so as to hide his face from the speaker, who continued, "I did think I might have one left, but 'twasn't to be. He went too, and Josh was left alone."

Mr. Middleton cleared his throat a little, refilled his cob pipe, and proceeded. "The Lord gin me two gals, and then he sent me as noble a boy as ever was, I don't care where t'other comes from. He wasn't mine, but I loved him all the same. You, Mr. Miller, knew him, but you didn't know, —no, nor begin to know, how old Josh loved him, and what a tremendous wrench it gin my old heart when I come home and found he was dead. But, Lord, hain't he got a fine grave stun though! You go to the Cimetry at Frankford, and you'll see it, right along side of Leftenant Carrington's, whose widow's a flirtin' with every body in creation any way, and Frankford sartin."

"I've now told you of all that's dead," continued he, striking the ashes out of his pipe and wiping it on his bagging trousers, "but I hain't told you yit what troubles me more than all. Thar's something haunts old Josh, that makes his heart stand still with mortal fear. Thar's Sunshine, dearer to her old pap than his own life. You've all seen her, and I reckon she's made some of your hearts ache; but something's come over her. She seems delicate like, and is 'adin' away."

Here two big tears, that couldn't be mistaken, rolled down Mr. Middleton's cheek, as he added emphatically, "and by Jehu, if Sunshine goes, old Josh'll bust up and go too!"

The winding up of Uncle Joshua's story, was so odd and unexpected, that all the gentlemen, Mr. Stafford included, laughed loudly.

"Taint no laughin' matter, boys," said Mr. Middleton, "and so you'll all think if you ever have a gal as sweet and lovin'-like as Sunshine."

Here Mr. Stafford said, "Your sister's name was Fanny, I believe."

"Yes, 'twas; who told you?" asked Mr. Middleton.

"No one I knew it myself," answered Mr. Stafford, looking his brother earnestly in the face.

Mr. Middleton seemed puzzled, and after closely scrutinizing Mr. Stafford's features, he said, "Confound it, am I in a nightmare? I thought for a minute, —but no, it can't be neither, for you've got too thunderin' black a hide to be Bill!"

Before Mr. Stafford replies to this remark he will take the reader to the kitchen, where a group of negroes are assembled round old Aunt Katy, and are listening with breathless interest to what she is saying. Aunt Katy was so infirm that she kept her bed for the greater part of the time, but on this day she was sitting up, and from her low cabin window had caught a view of the visitors as they alighted from the carriage. When Mr. Stafford appeared she half started from her chair and said aloud, "Who upon airth can that be, and whar have I seen him? Somewhar, I'm sartin."

It then occurred to her that she would go to the kitchen and inquire who "that tall darkish-looking geneleman was." Accordingly she hobbled out to make the inquiry. She was much disappointed when she heard the name. "No," said she, "'tain't nobody I ever knowed, and yet how 't long after 'em J. V. seen."

to herself, "Go way now; what makes me keep a thinkin' so of Marster William this mornin'?" "Pears like he keeps hauntin' me." Then rising she went to an old cupboard, and took from it a cracked earthen teapot. From this teapot she drew a piece of brown paper, and opening it, gazed fondly on a lock of soft brown hair.

"Bless the boy," said she, "I mind jest how he looked when I cut this har from his head, the very day his mother was buried. Poor Marster William," continued she, "most likely he's gone to 'tarnity 'fore this time."

As she said this, tears, which were none the less sincere because she who wept them belonged to Afric's sable race, fell upon the once bright but now faded lock of hair, which the faithful creature had for more than forty years preserved as a memento of him whom she had long since looked upon as dead, although she had never ceased to pray for him, and always ended her accustomed prayer, "Now I lay me ——" with the petition that "God would take care of Marster William and bring him home again." Who shall say that prayer was not answered?

Going back to her seat, she took up her knitting, and was soon living over the past, when she was young and dwelt with "the old folks at home." Suddenly there came from the house the sound of merry laughter. High above all the rest was a voice, whose clear, ringing tones made Katy start up so quickly that as she afterwards described it, "a sudden misery cotched her in the back, and pulled her down quicker." There was something in the sound of that laugh, which seemed to Katy like an echo of the past. "But," thought she, "I'm deaf like, and mebbly didn't hear straight. I'll go to the kitchen, agin and hark."

In a few moments she was in the kitchen and dropping down on the meal chest as the first seat handy, she said, "Ho, Judy, is you noticed the strange gentleman's laugh?"

"I hain't noticed nothing," answered Judy, who chanced to be out of sorts, because, as she said, "the white folks had done et up every atom of egg; they didn't even leave her the yaller of one!"

"Well, suthin in his laugh kerried me back to the old plantation in Carlina, and I b'lieve, between you and me, Judy, that Marster William's here," said Katy.

"Marster William, Marster William, what

nirth do you mean?" asked Judy, forgetting the eggs in her surprise.

At the mention of "Marster William," who was looked upon as a great man, but a dead one, the little negroes gathered round, and one of them, our friend Bobaway, said, "Oh, Laddy, I hope 'tis Marster William, for Marster Josh'll be so tickled that he won't keer if we don't do notnin' for a week; and I needn't milk the little red heifer nuther! Oh, good, good!"

"You go along you Bob," said Aunt Judy, seizing a lock of his wool between her thumb and finger, "let me catch you not milkin' the heifer, and I'll crack you."

Again there was the sound of laughter, and this time Judy dropped her dish-cloth, while Katy sprang up saying, "'Tis, I know 'tis, any ways I'll walk round thar as if for a little airin', and I can see for myself."

Accordingly old Katy appeared round the corner of the door or his color. The moment Mr. Stafford's eye rested on his old nurse, he knew her. Twenty years had not changed her as much as it had him. Starting up he exclaimed, "Katy, dear old mammy Katy," while she uttered a wild, exultant cry of joy, and springing forward threw her thin, shrivelled arms round his neck, exclaiming, "My darling boy, my sweet Marster William. I knowed 'twas you. I knowed your voice. You are alive, I've seen you, and now old Katy's ready to die."

White as ashes grew the face of Uncle Joshua. The truth had flashed upon him, and almost rendered him powerless. Pale and motionless he sat, until William freeing himself from Aunt Katy, came forward and said, "Joshua, I am William, your brother; don't you know me?"

Then the floodgates of Uncle Joshua's heart seemed unlocked, and the long, fervent embrace, which followed between the rough old man and his newly found brother, made more than one of the lookers-on turn away his face, lest his companions should detect the moisture in his eyes, which seriously threatened to assume the form of tears.

When the first joy and surprise of the unexpected meeting was over, Mr. Joshua Middleton said, as if apologizing for his emotion, "I'm dumbless afeared, Bill, that I acted mighty baby like, but hang me if I could help it. Such a day as this I never expected to see, and yet I have lain awake o'nights thinkin mebbly you'd come back. But such ideas didn't last long, and I soon gave you up as a goner."

"That jest what I never did," said Aunt Katy, who still stood near.

In the excitement of the moment, she had forgotten that she had long thought of "Marster William" as dead; she continued, "A heap of prars I said for him, and its chiefly owin' to them prars, I reckon, that he's done fished up out o' the sea."

"I've never been in the sea yet, Aunt Katy," said Mr. Middleton, desirous of removing from Aunt Katy's mind the fancy that any special miracle had been wrought in his behalf.

"Whar in fury have you been, and what's the reason you hain't write these dozen years? Come, give us the history of your carrin's on," said Mr. Joshua Middleton.

"Not now," answered his brother. "Let us wait until evening, and then you shall hear my adventures; now let me pay my respects to your wife."

While he was introducing himself to Mrs. Middleton, Katy went back to the kitchen, whither the news had preceded her, causing Bob in his joy to turn several summersets. In the last of these, he was very unfortunate for his heels, in their descent, chanced to hit and overturn a churn full of buttermilk! When Aunt Katy entered, she found Bob bemoaning the back ache, which his mother had unsparingly given him! Aunt Judy herself, having cleared away the buttermilk, by sweeping it out of doors, was waiting eagerly to know, "if Marster William done axed arter her."

"Why, no, Judy," said Katy, somewhat elated because she had been first to recognize and welcome the stranger. "Why, no, I can't say he did, and 'tain't nateral like that he should sot so much store by you as by me. Ain't I got twenty years the start on you, and didn't I nuss him, and arter his mother died, didn't I larn him all his manners?"

Aunt Judy was on the point of crying, when who should come in but "Marster William" himself. "I am told," said he, "that Judy is here, Judy, that I used to play with."

"Lor bless you, Marster William," exclaimed Judy, at the same time covering his hand with tears and kisses, "I's Judy, I is, I know'd you hadn't done forgot me."

"Oh, no, Judy," said he, "I have not forgotten one of you, but I did not know whether you were living or not, so I did not bring you presents, but I'll get you something in a few days. Meantime take this," said he, slipping a silver dollar into the hands of Aunt Katy and Aunt Judy, each of whom showered upon him so many blessings and "thankies" that he was glad to leave the kitchen and return to his companions, who were talking to Uncle Joshua without getting any definite answer.

His brother's sudden return had operated strangely upon him, and for a time he seemed to be in a kind of trance. He would draw his chair up closely to William, and, after gazing intently at him for a time, would pass his large rough hand over his hair, muttering to himself, "Yes it is Bill, and no mistake, but who'd a thought it!"

At last rousing himself, he turned to his other guests, and said, "You mustn't think hard on me, if I ain't as peart and talkin' like for a spell; Bill's comin' home has kinder overset the old man, and I'm thinkin' of the past when we was little boys and lived at home on pap's old plantation afore any of us was dead."

The young gentlemen readily excused the old man's silence, and when the slanting beams of the setting sun betokened the approach of night, they all with the exception of Ashton, began to speak of returning home. Mr. Middleton urged them to stay, saying, "What's the use of goin'?" Nancy's got beds enough, I reckon, and will be right glad of a chance to show her new calico kiverlids, and besides we are goin' to have some briled hen in the morning, so stay."

But as the next day was the Sabbath, the gentlemen declined the invitation, and bidding their host "good-bye," they were soon on their way

homeward, each declaring that he had seldom spent a pleasanter day. As they can undoubtedly find their way to Frankfort without our assistance, we will remain at Uncle Joshua's together with Mr. William Middleton and Mr. Ashton. The latter felt as if he had suddenly found an old friend, and as nothing of importance required his presence at home, he decided to remain where he was until Monday.

That evening, after everything was "put to rights," and Mr. Middleton had yelled out his usual amount of orders, he returned to the porch, where his brother and Ashton were still seated. Lighting his old cob pipe, he said, "Come, Bill, Nancy'll fetch out her rockin' cheer and knittin' work, and we'll hear the story of your doin's in that heathenish land, but be kinder short, for pears like I'd lived a year to-day, and I feel mighty like goin' to sleep."

After a moment's silence Mr. Middleton commented: "I shall not attempt to justify myself for running away as I did, and yet I cannot say that I have ever seriously regretted visiting those countries, which I shall never look upon again. I think I wrote to you, Joshua, that I took passage in the ship *Santiago*, which was bound to the East Indies. Never shall I forget the feeling of loneliness which crept over me, on the night when I first entered the city of Calcutta, and I felt that I was indeed alone in a foreign land, and that more than an ocean's breadth rolled between me and my childhood's home. But it was then useless to dwell upon the past. I had my fortune to make, and I began to look about for some employment. At last I chanced to fall in with an intelligent Spaniard, Signor de Castello. He was a wealthy merchant, and for several years had resided in Calcutta. As he spoke the English language fluently, I found no trouble in making his acquaintance. He seemed pleased with me, and offered me the situation of clerk in his counting-room. I accepted his offer, and also became an inmate of his dwelling, which was adorned with every conceivable luxury. His family consisted of himself and his daughter, Inez."

At the mention of Inez, Ashton half-started from his chair, but immediately reseating himself, listened while Mr. Middleton proceeded: "I will not attempt to describe Inez, for I am too old now to even feel young again, by picturing to your imagination the beauty of that fair Spaniard. I will only say that I never saw one whose style of beauty would begin to compare with hers, until I beheld my niece, Julia."

"Lord knows, I hope she wan't like Tempest," said Uncle Joshua, at the same time relieving his mouth of its overflowing contents.

"I do not know whether she were or not," answered Mr. Middleton, "I only know that Inez seemed too beautiful, too gentle, for one to suspect that treachery lurked beneath the soft glance of her dark eyes. I know not why it was, but Castello, from the first seemed to entertain for me a strong friendship, and at last, I fully believe the affection he felt for me, was second only to what he felt for his daughter. But he could not remain with us, and in eighteen months after I first knew him, he took one of the fevers common to that sultry climate, and in the course of a few days he was dead. I wrote to you of his death, but I did

not tell you that he left a will, in which all his immense wealth was equally divided between myself and Inez. He did not express his desire that we should marry, but I understood it so, and thenceforth looked upon Inez as belonging exclusively to myself."

"You didn't marry her, though, I take it," said Joshua, making a thrust at an enormous mosquito, which had unceremoniously alighted upon his brawny foot.

"No," answered William, "I did not marry her, but t'was not my fault. She played me false. Six months after her father's death we were to be married. The evening previous to our wedding arrived. I was perfectly happy, but Inez seemed low-spirited, and when I inquired the cause she answered, "Nothing, except a little nervous excitement." I readily believed her: but when the morning came the cause of her low spirits was explained. The bird had flown, with a young Englishman, Sir Arthur Effingham, who had been a frequent guest at my house."

"That was one of Tempest's capers to a dot," said Uncle Joshua. "but go on, Bill, and tell us whether the disappointment killed you or not."

So William proceeded: "Instead of my bride, I found a note from Inez, in which she asked pardon for what she had done, saying she had long loved Sir Arthur, but did not dare to tell me so. They were going to England, whither she wished me to send a part of her portion, as her husband was not wealthy. I understood Inez's character perfectly, and could readily see that she preferred a titled, but poor Englishman, to a wealthy, but plain American, so I gave her up quietly."

"And was mighty lucky to get shut of her so," interrupted Joshua.

"From that time," continued William, "I gave up all thoughts of marriage, and devoted myself to increasing my wealth, and spending it for my own comfort and the good of others. Twelve years ago I chanced to go on board the English vessel *Delphine*, and there I found our friend Ashton."

"Look at him, for gracious sake," said Uncle Joshua, pointing towards Ashton. "Why Ashton. "Why, man, you are as white as one of Judy's biscuits; what ails you?"

"Nothing," answered Ashton, who really was much affected by Mr. Middleton's narrative; but he said, "I am only thinking of the long, weary days I passed in the *Delphine* before Mr. Middleton kindly cared for me."

This seemed quite natural, and Mr. Middleton continued: "Ashton was wasted to a mere skeleton by ship fever, and my heart yearned towards him. Perhaps I felt a stronger sympathy for him when I learned that he was an American. He, like myself, had run away. The vessel, in which he had embarked, had been wrecked, and he, with two others, were saved in a small boat. For days they floated over the broad expanse of waters, until at length the *Delphine* picked them up, and brought them to India. I had Ashton removed to my own house, but as soon as he recovered, he took French leave of me. From that time I lived alone. I wrote to you frequently, but got no answer. My letters must have been lost, but I then concluded you were dead. At last I began to have such an ardent desire to tread my native

soil once more that I disposed of my property and set out for home, so here I am and have told you my history; what do you think of it?"

There was no answer save the sound of heavy breathing; Uncle Joshua had probably got to sleep "all over." The cessation of his brother's voice awoke him, and rubbing his eyes he said, "Yes, yes, Ashton, had the ship fever. I hope he can't give it now, for I'm mortal feared on't."

Ashton assured him there was no danger, and then, turning to William, said, "Have you ever heard from Inez?"

"Yes," said Mr. Middleton. "About a year after her marriage, I heard of the birth of a daughter, whom she called Inez Middleton. I have heard from them once or twice since, but not recently."

After a moment's silence, Ashton, with some hesitation, said, "If I mistake not, I know Inez Effingham well."

"You know Inez, my Inez,—where,—how,—tell me all," said Mr. Middleton, grasping Ashton's hand as if a new link were suddenly added to the chain of friendship, which already bound them together.

"You probably remember," said Ashton, "that when I left you so suddenly, there was an American vessel in port. I was anxious to return home, but fancied you would oppose it, so I left you without a word, and went on board the ship. During the voyage, I found that one of the crew was from my own native town. I eagerly inquired after my parents and the little sister Nellie, whom you so often heard me mention; judge of my feelings when told that they were all dead. In the agony of the moment I attempted to throw myself overboard, but was prevented. From that time all desire to return was gone, and when at last we stopped at one of the ports in England, I left the vessel, determining to try my fortune in the mother country."

"But Inez," said Mr. Middleton, "What of Inez?"

"I will tell you," answered Ashton. "After remaining in England some years, I became acquainted with her father, Sir Arthur Effingham, who lived about forty miles from London. He invited me to visit his house, and there I first saw Inez and her mother. To know Inez was to love her, but I could not hope to win the haughty Englishman's daughter, and besides she was so young that I did not believe I had made any impression upon her. But encouraged by Lady Effingham, I at length ventured to ask Inez of her father. I did not wish to marry her then, as she was only fourteen, but her father spurned me with contempt, and bade me never again enter his house. I obeyed, but tried many times to procure an interview with Inez. I succeeded, and told her I was about to leave England for America, but should never forget her. I would not suffer her to bind herself to me by any promise, but expressed my belief that at some future time she would be mine. It is three years since we parted. I came immediately to America, but I could not bear to return to my old home and see it occupied by others, so I wandered this way, and at last settled in Frankfort as a merchant."

Here he stopped, and Mr. Middleton said, "You have not told me of the mother. Does she still live?"

Ashton answered, "She was living when I left England, but Inez has since written me of her death."

"That will do, Ashton; that will do. I do not wish to hear any more now," said William.

While Mr. Middleton and Ashton were relating their adventures, Aunt Katy was busily engaged in superintending the arrangement of "Marster William's" sleeping room. Mrs. Middleton had bidden Judy to see that every thing was put in order, but Aunt Katy seemed to think nothing would be done right unless she had an oversight of it. So she was walking back and forth, consulting with Judy a little, and ordering her a good deal.

"Now, Judy," said she, "hain't you no more ideas of illegance than to push the bedstead smack up agin' the clarbuds; jest pull it out a foot or two, as old Miss used to do."

Judy complied with her request, and she continued; "Lordy sakes,—don't Miss Nancy know no better than to put Marster William to sleep in sich coarse sheets," at the same time casting a rueful glance at the linen which Judy had put upon the bed. "You set down, Judy," said Aunt Katy, "and I'll tend to the bed myself."

So saying she hobbled off to her cabin, and opening her "old red chist," drew from it a pair of half worn, but very fine linen sheets. These she shook most lustily in order to free them from the rose leaves, lavender sprigs, and tobacco, which she had placed between their folds. With the former she thought to perfume them, while the latter was put there for the purpose of keeping out moths. The old creature had heard that tobacco was good to keep moths from woollen, and she knew of no reason why it would not answer every purpose for linen.

"Thar," said she, on returning to the house, "these begins to look a leetle like Marster William. They was gin to me by old marster, jest afore he died. They 'longed to old miss, and if any one on us could read, I reckon we should find her name on 'em somewhar writ in brawdery."

When the bed and room were adjusted to her satisfaction, she went down to the kitchen and took a seat there. Here Aunt Judy found her about ten o'clock that night.

"What on airth you sittin' here for?" said she.

"Oh, I's only waitin' till Marster William gets a little used to his room, afore I axes him how he likes it, and does he want any thing."

Accordingly not long after Aunt Katy stole up stairs and opening the door, called out. "Ho, Marster William, does you want any thing, and is you got enough kiver?"

But "Marster William's" senses were too soundly locked in sleep to heed the faithful creature, and after standing still a moment, she said to herself, "I'm mighty feared he'll catch cold."

So back she went to her cabin, and from the same "red chist" took a many colored patch-work quilt. This she carried to the house and spread carefully over Mr. Middleton, saying, "He won't be none too comfortable, and in the mornin' he'll see it, and I'll tell him how I done pieced it and quilted it my own self."

The consequence of this extra covering was, that Mr. Middleton awoke in the night, with the impression that he was being suffocated in the

hot climate of Calcutta! He did not know that she, to whom he was indebted for his warm birth, was now sleeping quietly, dreaming "how tickled Marster William would be when he knew she had lent him her spar sheets and bed-quilt!"

To be Continued.

Varities.

An Explanation of the Letter G.

Some years ago a flashily dressed individual made his appearance one evening in the reception room at the Masonic Temple in Boston, and intimated his desire to visit the Lodge then in session. It so happened that a well-known Brother was sitting near the door chatting with the Tyler and keeping his weather eye open for imposters, in accordance with a habit he had acquired from many years experience in keeping watch over the strong box of the Grand Lodge. He greeted the new comer cordially, and invited him to be seated until a committee should come out and examine him.

"Oh! it is no matter about that. I am all right," said the applicant, making strange passes with his hands and curious contortions of his visage.

"Oh! yes," said Brother Mac, "I've no doubt of that, but they always examine strangers who desire to visit the Lodge. It is a mere matter of form, you know."

"Well, I am ready for them," said the visitor confidently.

"Certainly," said the watchful Brother, "you are all right. I should know that at a glance. By the way, that's a very handsome breast-pin you have," said he, examining with great interest a huge gilt letter G, which the visitor had conspicuously displayed on his shirt bosom.

"Ya-as, that's a Masonic pin," replied the wearer, puffing out his breast.

"Indeed? Letter G? Well, now, what does that mean?"

"Letter G! Why that stands for *Gerusalem*—a sorter headquarters for us Masons, you know."

The committee found their work had been performed, and used the letter G rather freely. They advised the visitor "to get up and git."

MAKE YOUR MARK.

From the creation of man to the present day, where the beacon light of civilization has entered, men have always striven to gain names which will shine on history's golden page.

To do this they have burned at the stake beautiful women, thrown into the darkest dungeons innocent men. Children have been snatched from the breasts of fond mothers and butchered before their eyes. Towns have been burned, fields of waving grain consumed by angry flames. Our "fertile valleys and rock-ribbed hills" have been deluged in blood. Men have rushed wildly into battle and destroyed their opponents.

But for what were all these crimes and destructions? To increase the civilization of the world? To lead men to the throne of grace? No. But to make the world admire them. To make them the object of eulogy—the occupants of pedestals, that

the people might bow to them and even worship them.

If in the quarry, shop, or schoolroom, opponents hedge your way, struggle manfully and well; let no obstacles oppose you, for a shield of truth never fell by its foe's weapons.

The lion is king of beasts on account of his strength; so is he who strives to make himself, not by slaughter but by work, the champion of the world.

Let us work boldly while in youth's sweet embrace, for after manhood comes old age. Like young David when he was about to approach the "giant in battle," have faith in God. When this is done and earth has passed away, we will have made our mark in the great book of life, as having worked faithfully unto the end.

UNWELCOME SYMPATHY.

A Vienna paper relates an amusing incident which occurred to a great lady just recovered from a long and severe illness. Seated in her boudoir she was looking over the cards of condolence that had been left for her while ill. Among the names of counts, barons, and other aristocratic sympathisers emblazoned with coronets and coats of arms, she came across a simple card with the plain inscription "Hermann Berger." In vain the lady asked who Hermann Berger was. None of her servants could give her any information than that the individual was a remarkably handsome young man. The lady's curiosity became excited, and she gave orders to admit the person if he should call again. The order was punctually obeyed, and on the next day she received a really charming young man; dressed in exquisite style, who evidently appeared greatly embarrassed at the honor of a tete-a-tete with the still charming, though somewhat faded beauty. "I can hardly find words," said the lady, with a blush, "to thank you for the sympathy you have manifested for a stranger." "I beg your pardon, gracious lady," stammered the dandy, "but I am the agent for Messrs. A. B., the undertakers!"

TAKING IT COOLY.

A New York exchange describes the following incident:—Recently a lady, while riding in an omnibus, became aware that the "gentleman" on her right was feeling for her pocket under her cloak. For a moment a cold shiver passed through her, but as it was broad day-light, and as there were evidently many persons in the omnibus to whom she might apply for protection, she took courage, and recollecting that in the dress she wore her pocket had, much to her annoyance been sewed on the wrong side of the skirt, concluded to sit still and wait the course of events. After having been sufficiently entertained by the vain effort of her neighbor to find her pocket, she turned to him and said quietly, "My pocket is on the other side, sir." The man immediately jumped up, pulled the strap, and disappeared with most amazing rapidity, the contemptuous coolness of the lady having been altogether too much for his artistic nerves to stand.

Everything in its time is easy.

finished Story.

THE TRAPPER'S STORY.

AN ADVENTURE IN OHIO.

It might be about ten years ago that I started on a trapping expedition in Ohio, with an old trapper called Benson, for the twofold purpose of trapping and of killing every red man who should be so unfortunate as to fall under the reach of our rifles. We carried with us thirty traps, which were all new and in excellent order. We followed Mill Creek until we came to where Sharonville now stands, without seeing a sufficient amount of game to justify the expediency of setting our traps, therefore we continued southwards until we reached the River Mirami, where we were more fortunate. Here we unpacked our traps, built a log cabin, and set to work trapping in earnest.

It was about this time that the Indians living in Ohio were beginning to evince some alarm at the rapid increase of population within the territory claimed by them as their hunting-ground. They had already shown their dislike to the whites, and a sanguinary war might be said to have commenced, which was carried on with equal hatred by both parties. It mattered not with Benson and myself whether peace or war existed, as we were constantly engaged in hostilities with them.

It was now necessary that one of us should procure game, as our stock was daily becoming less. The lot fell to me; and supplying myself with ammunition, I sallied forth one afternoon on my journey. It was a lonely day; the sun shone brightly, dispelling the few clouds that floated in the sky, and the birds sang sweetly from every bush.

Finding no game, I continued my course southwards in the direction of a large wood, where I was confident of finding deer. A walk of a couple of miles brought me to this place. After examining the flint, and looking to the priming of my rifle, I cautiously advanced in sight of the wood, but, to my mortification, saw no deer. I took a circuitous route, and came in view of it at the north side, but with no better luck. I now had no alternative but to return back empty-handed, or to wait patiently until a better opportunity presented itself. I chose the latter; and laying my rifle by my side, I concealed myself in some thick bushes to await the return of the deer, which I knew would soon arrive.

While thus watching, my ears were assailed by the hoot of an owl. A moment afterwards it was answered by a similar noise which appeared to come from an opposite direction. Now, there was nothing, in reality, very strange in this, but to me it portended evil. Nor was I mistaken, for presently the head of an Indian peered above the cliff overhead, and his body was immediately presented to view. My determination was soon formed. Raising my rifle to my shoulder, I took aim and fired. I had the satisfaction of seeing him, with a loud yell, tumble down the cliff into the woods below. But there was no time for delay. Already his companions sprang down the cliff, and aided by the smoke of my rifle which hovered about me, were rapidly advancing.

With a yell of defiance, I dashed off for the thickest part of the wood, hoping to elude them.

But with savage tact they tried to head me off, leaving me but one avenue to escape. I ran for the river; and reaching it several rods in advance, with my rifle poised with one hand above my head, I swam with the other. When I was about half across, the savages reached the bank, and a score of bullets came whistling about my head, one of which passed so near as to splash the water in my face. Nothing daunted I kept onward, and reached the shore a great distance in advance, the human blood-hounds in hot pursuit.

I dashed up the bank, shaking my rifle at them; and yelling a defiance in their teeth, I sprang into the bushes and exerted every muscle. Like hounds they still pursued; and I discovered that they were steadily gaining upon me. My powder and my rifle were still dry, and I managed, while running, with great difficulty to reload. One of the savages in particular outstripped the rest, and was rapidly approaching me. I resolved to check his career. Turning suddenly round, much to his surprise, I took aim at him and fired, with a high bound in the air, he fell dead to the ground. A loud yell of vengeance now filled the air, proclaiming that his death had been witnessed by his companions.

I still kept onward, and directed my course to a dark grove to the left. Night now set in, which greatly involved me. By degrees the yells of the Indians grow less and less distinct, and finally died away altogether. I continued my course for a short distance further, and then sank exhausted on the ground.

How long I remained there I know not; but I was suddenly startled by a loud noise, as if some person was endeavouring to make his way through the underbrush; and presently a black figure appeared to view, which, by the glaring eyes and lazy gait, I knew to be a bear. Instinctively I clutched my rifle; but recollecting that it was unloaded, I drew my knife and prepared for the worst. He evidently smelt mischief, for he made for the spot where I lay concealed. I instantly arose, and put myself in an attitude to receive his assault. When within a few feet he raised himself upon his hind legs and advanced towards me with a growl. Not liking this, I retreated; but in my haste I unfortunately tripped backwards over an old log, and fell heavily to the ground. Before I could arise he was upon me, and had buried his sharp teeth in my arm. Though suffering intense pain, my presence of mind did not forsake me. I managed to free my right arm; and raising the knife aloft, with a quick, downward blow I buried it in his side. The jaws slowly relaxed their hold, and he fell back dead.

Faint by the loss of blood, I managed to crawl to a brook close by and wash my wounds. Then I laid down and soon fell asleep.

I awoke early the next day, feeling much refreshed, and continued my course to the cabin. But when about half-way there, I suddenly recollected that I had forgotten my rifle. This was an alarming discovery! It was an instrument of superior workmanship and finish, and moreover a present from a friend; and I resolved not to lose it. Accordingly I retraced my steps, and about noon reached the spot of my last adventure, but failed to discover the rifle.

While searching for it, utterly regardless of surrounding dangers, a bullet from a rifle passed through the back of my hunting-shirt, and so near my back as to tear some of the flesh. The thought of an Indian gaining the least advantage over me fired my soul; and with drawn knife I rushed to the spot where he was concealed. Contrary to my expectation, he emerged from the bushes, and brandishing his tomahawk, advanced to meet me. He did not throw his tomahawk until he discovered that I was determined to fight hand to hand; and then he despatched it so awkwardly that it flew several feet from me, and lodged in a neighbouring tree. Then, with a yell, he threw away the rifle and fled.

Not caring to pursue him, I satisfied myself with hurling the tomahawk after him, which lent speed to his flight. Then, securing the rifle, which I found to be mine, I turned my steps again to the cabin, which, it may be said, I reached without further adventure.

A QUEER COURTSHIP.

BY T. O. RAYMOND.

It was a wild winter's night, and we, six in number, were seated around a genial bright fire in my uncle's cosy sitting-room. We had come from our homes to spend Christmas with him, and a merry time we had passed. Christmas had gone, and our visit had been protracted far beyond our original intentions.

Uncle Richard and his wife, Aunt Jenny, were great favorites with us. They had no children of their own, and were always glad to have any young people visit them, and happy enough were we to avail ourselves of the privilege.

On the night in question, after tea was finished, we were gathered in the sitting-room. Aunt Jenny was sitting by the table on which rested the lamp, sewing, and Uncle Richard was gazing abstractedly into the fire, and listening to the storm as it howled around the house, and shook it to its foundation.

"What a fearful night," said Aunt Jenny, after a long silence. "I was thinking just now how we should make it pleasant for you, my dears. What shall we do?"

"I have it," said I, quickly, "Uncle Richard shall tell us a story."

"A story," said my uncle, looking up from the fire, "I am afraid I shall have to refuse you, Nellie, I have no talent for story telling."

"We can't let you off," I exclaimed. "A story we must have, uncle. Tell us one of your own adventures. You know you have been a perfect Sinbad in adventures."

Uncle Richard scratched his head, and laughed.

"How would you like a love story?" he asked.

"The very thing. Let us have one, by all means," was the unanimous reply.

"Well, then," he said, with a comical glance at Aunt Jenny, "I'll tell you how I won my wife."

"Now, Richard—" began Aunt Jenny, blushing.

"Never mind, my dear," said my uncle, "it will interest them, and," he added, with a laugh, "it may give them some hints by which they may profit hereafter."

Uncle Richard stirred the fire, and then settling comfortably in his chair, told us his story.

"You must know, my dear children, that when I was a young man I was what is generally termed 'very fast.' I don't think I was as bad as many young men, or even as the majority of them; but nevertheless I was looked upon by good, steady people, as a dangerous companion for their sons. I was not long in acquiring this reputation, and it clung to me long after I deserved it. I began to mend my ways when I was about twenty-five, but I was more than thirty before I got credit for being a better man, and it was during this time that I first met your aunt. It was a case of love at first sight; something, by the way, of which you young ladies are fond of hearing, but which I am powerless to explain. It was real, honest, true love, though, and she was worthy of it."

Uncle Richard's eyes wandered to where his wife was sitting, and meeting there an answering smile, wandered back to the fire, and he went on.

"We first met at a party, and after that very frequently. I determined to be a better man, and to fit myself for the new life to which I aspired. Jenny saw my efforts and encouraged them. Her father, however, did not believe in my good intentions, and when he found I wanted to marry his daughter, was very severe on me. I had a hard time with him before I was married, but after I became his son-in-law, I never had a better, truer friend. The old man is gone now, and I hope he is happy.

"The old gentleman had been a soldier in the war of 1812, and had carried his military discipline into his family, where he was very strict. He was, in addition to this, an elder in the Presbyterian church, and was not at all disposed to regard any shortcomings with leniency. One morning I was sitting in my office, getting ready to go into court, when I walked old Major Shorter.

"Good morning, major," said I, "take a seat."

"He returned my greeting, and took the chair to which I pointed. He sat there for at least five minutes, regarding me with a fixedness that made me feel uncomfortable. When he had finished his inspection he placed his stick in front of him, and leaning his chin on it, looked at me and said in an abrupt manner:

"Richard Sturgis, I have called this morning on a matter which is unpleasant to me, and which we had better settle at once. Tell me frankly what is your motive in visiting my daughter so frequently?"

"To be frank with you, Major Shorter," I replied, boldly, "I am very anxious to make her my wife."

"Humph!" muttered the old man, shortly, "I thought so. I suppose you intended to speak to me about this matter?"

"I did sir, but not for some time yet."

"Well, then, you may save yourself any further trouble about it, for I'll give you my answer now. You can't have her."

"I rose to my feet in astonishment."

"I suspected your motives," continued Major Shorter, "and I thought it best to come here and let you understand the matter before it is too late. I love my daughter, Mr. Sturgis, and I have no idea of seeing her ruin her happiness by marrying a dissipated man."

"I assured him that I had abandoned my old habits and was leading a new life, but it was in vain; the old man would not believe me, and our interview ended in a quarrel and my being forbidden his house. I had certainly made a bad beginning, but I was by no means discouraged. I had said nothing to Jenny about the state of my feelings, and I determined to do so at once. I had an engagement to meet her at a friend's and accompany her home that evening. During the walk, I addressed her and was accepted. I told her all that had passed between her father and myself, and she, dear girl, was indignant at her father's course. It was plain that I could not visit her at home as usual, and we set to work to devise a plan for our future meetings. The major was a regular attendant on the Wednesday night prayer meetings of his church, and was generally absent about two hours. Besides meeting at the houses of our friends, we agreed that I should visit her at home while her father was absent at prayer meeting.

"This plan worked admirably for a while, but, like everything human, broke down at last. One night Jenny and I were cosily chatting in the parlor, when we heard the rattle of a latch key in the front door. Jenny sprang up in alarm.

"'There's papa,' she exclaimed, 'what shall we do? You can't get through the back way, and he is at the front door.'

"My first impulse was to rush by the major, and upset him if he got in my way; but a moment's reflection convinced me that this would never do, and just then I heard the front door closed and locked. My resolution was taken in a moment.

"'Open the parlor door,' I said to Jenny, in a whisper, 'and to do nothing to arouse his suspicion.'

"Jenny opened the door, and I placed myself behind it. As I did so, the major entered the room. I trembled in every joint; if he should shut the door I should be discovered. I had not thought of this when I selected my place of concealment.

"'Shut the door, Jenny,' said the major, as he came in.

"'O no, papa,' she exclaimed, hurriedly, 'it's so warm in here that I want the air;' and she pushed the door back so far that she nearly crushed me.

"'Warm!' said the old man, sharply, 'warm! You must be dreaming. It is freezing out of doors.'

"'I'm gone' I thought, and I prepared myself for a scuffle.

"'However,' said the major, 'it may be warm here, for you have a terrible fire in that stove. You may leave the door open.'

"A load was taken from my mind. The old man sat in the parlor for at least half an hour, and that time he devoted to abusing me, and telling Jenny about my impudence in wanting to marry her. Sometimes I was indignant at the injustice of his remarks, but as a general thing I could scarcely restrain my laughter. My position was a trying one. I was compelled to get up as close to the wall as possible, in order to avoid attracting the major's attention, and to breathe as lightly as I could. The cold draught which came in through the crack of the door produced a constant inclination to cough, and I was in moral dread lest I should yield to it and betray myself. The half

hour seemed to me like thirty years instead of so many minutes, and I was elated beyond description when I at last saw the old man get up and leave the room. As he went out he closed the door after him, and as we heard him ascending the stairs to his chamber, Jenny and I broke into a hearty laugh.

"'You are safe for the present,' she said, 'but you must go away at once. It will not be prudent to let you out at the front door, as papa will hear us, so you must go out at the window.'

"The window was raised softly, and giving Jenny a kiss, I sprang from it. I had scarcely touched the ground when I was seized by the collar, and a rough voice demanded to know why I had left the house in that way. Looking up I found myself in the hands of a watchman. While I was hesitating what to say, Jenny, who had heard the question, said to the watchman:

"'It's all right, policeman; the front door-key has been misplaced, and the gentleman had to leave the house through the window.'

"'Who are you?' asked the watchman.

"'I am Miss Shorter,' she replied, 'and the gentleman is Mr. Sturgis, a friend of my father.'

"'If you say so, miss, I suppose it's all right,' said the watchman, releasing me, 'but,' he muttered, as he turned away, 'it's very queer to do business in that style.'

"The next morning, before I left my office, I received a visit from Major Shorter. Declining my offer of a seat, the old man came up in front of my desk, and looking me straight in the face, said, sharply:

"'Richard Sturgis, you were in my house last night. I'm sorry I did not know it, for I would have given the punishment your impudence deserved.'

"I began to explain the matter, but he cut me short.

"'Never mind,' he said 'it's over now, and it can't be helped. Don't try it again, for I warn you I shall be on the watch for you.'

"He turned abruptly and left me. I certainly felt rather sheepish, but I determined not to be outdone. I was determined to marry Jenny, and he was resolved that I should not, and from all appearances, the struggle bade fair to be a hard one.

"For several days I did my best to get a message to Jenny, but failed. At last I hit upon a plan of communication. Major Shorter's house was built directly on the street, and as he had forbidden me to darken his doors, I resolved to make use of his windows, which, as somebody very justly remarks, 'are just as good as doors, provided they have no nails in them to tear your breeches.' On the next Sunday night I stationed myself in the shadow of the doorway of the church, and as Jenny came by, accompanied by her father, I managed to slip a note in her hand. In it I revealed my plan to her, and as she passed out of church, a bright look which she gave me signified her willingness to adopt it.

"Every evening after this, at dusk, when I passed Major Shorter's house, I found one of the parlor windows slightly raised, and Jenny sitting by it, hidden in the heavy curtain. I would slip into her hand a note with which I had provided myself before leaving home, receive one in return,

press her hand and be off before her father could see me. This continued for about three weeks, when it was broken up by a rather unpleasant occurrence.

"One evening I had gone with my note as usual, and had placed my hand in through the window, when it was suddenly seized in a vice-like grasp, and the old major thundered, as he threw up the window:

"Now, you scoundrel, I've got you, have I? I'll make you remember me, you impudent villain."

"And with that he almost crushed my hand. I yelled with pain.

"It hurts, does it?" growled the old man, savagely. "Not so soft and tender as the hand you expected to squeeze, you villain."

"Before this I had been too much surprised to speak; now I cried out, angrily;

"Let my hand alone, Major Shorter. What right right have you to treat me in this manner?"

"Right!" he shouted, "right! Zounds, sir, what right have you to stick your hand in at my window? I've a notion to have you arrested as a thief."

"Take care, sir," I exclaimed, trying to wrench my hand from him. "You may regret this."

"Wait till I get out there, and I'll make you regret it."

"He released my hand, and started to come out after me, but I did not wait for him. I had no desire to get into a fuss with him, so I took to my heels.

"The next day I received a note from the major. It was short and sweet, and something to this effect:

"SIR:—You are an impudent blackguard. In chasing you last night I fell and hurt my leg, which prevents me from seeing you this morning. I write now to inform you that if I catch you lurking around my house again, I shall certainly shoot you.

"Very respectfully yours,
JOHN SHORTER."

"This letter, especially after my experience of the previous night, made me feel very uncomfortable, but I consoled myself with the reflection that you must catch a man before you can hang him. I set to work to devise another plan, and when I had arranged it to my satisfaction, communicated it to Jenny by slipping a note into her hand at church.

"In the rear of Major Shorter's dwelling was an alley. The back building extended to this alley, and in the second story was a window overlooking it. I asked Jenny in my note to tie her letters to a string and lower them from this window, after dark; I would then get them, and tie my letters to the string in return. This plan worked admirably for a while, but, like the other, was not to last long. One evening I had just tied my letter to the string, when I was startled by a loud 'bang' from the window above, and a smarting in my hands. Away I sped, followed by another report. I heard the old man shouting after me, but did not wait to hear what he had to say. When I got home I examined my hands, which smarted painfully, but the wounds were very slight; the major had evidently loaded his gun with salt, which, while it was quite painful at

first, was not dangerous. I was sorely tempted to retaliate upon him, and give him a thrashing, but the reflection that such a course might lose me Jenny, determined me to take it as quietly as possible. I encountered the major on the street the next day, but although he called to me that he wished to see me I avoided him. I had had enough of him for some time to come.

"I did not see or hear from Jenny for at least a month after this. At last I received a note from her one morning, telling me to come to the house that night, that her father had left the city, and would not return until the next day.

"When night came I hastened to the house, and was met by Jenny at the door. I spent a pleasant evening with her, and was rising to go away, when we heard the front door open.

"O dear, there's papa now. What shall we do?" exclaimed Jenny, in alarm.

"We had no time to lose, so I told her to be quiet, and concealed myself behind the sofa.

"The major came in directly after, and seeing Jenny's anxious and flurried look, at once suspected the cause of it. He seated himself on the sofa behind which I was concealed, and I heard him give an angry grunt. It was clear my presence was known to him.

"Jenny, dear," he said, "go into the kitchen and tell Tom to bring us a bucket of hot water."

"Shall I tell him to take it up to your room, papa?" asked Jenny, tremulously.

"No dear, tell him to bring it here."

"In the parlor, papa?"—she began. He cut her short, and replied, sharply:

"Yes, in the parlor. Tell him to be quick about it. Go along, girl. What are you hesitating about?"

"Jenny left the room, and as she went out I heard her crying. I was confident that the old man wanted to scald me, and I had no idea of waiting quietly for him to do so. Still it was no easy matter to retreat. I glanced up over the sofa, to take a look at the state of affairs. The major was sitting with his back to me, and his face to the door through which Jenny had disappeared. He knew well where I was concealed, but he paid no attention to me, so sure was he that he had me in his clutches. My position was desperate, and so was the resolution I formed.

"While his back was still turned to me I sprang to my feet, and giving the sofa a push, sent the major rolling over on the floor, and before he could regain his feet, I had passed through the parlor door and locked it on the outside. Calling to Jenny to come and release her father, I left the house and returned home.

"Feeling assured that the Major would call on me in no very amiable mood the next morning, I left town to avoid seeing him. When I returned, I learned that he had been to my office, and had vowed vengeance against me. I continued to keep out of his way, however, until his wrath subsided, for it was not to my interest to meet him.

"After this I did not see Jenny for a long time. At last, I could stand the separation no longer, so I wrote to Jenny to stay at home the next Sunday morning, and I would see her while her father was at church.

"On the appointed day I was at the house, fully intending to go away before the major should re-

turn. Unfortunately, however, I overstayed my time, as usual, and the major came in so suddenly that he cut off my retreat. It was useless to attempt to hide in the parlor, for he knew my tricks too well by this time, so I hurried out of the door leading to the back part of the house, and seeing the door to the cellar open, boited into it. I was too late, however. The major saw me as I went into the cellar. I had hardly got down the stairs when he came to the door.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis," said he, "so you are here again."

"It seems so, sir," I replied, not knowing what else to say.

"How long do you expect to stay?" he asked.

"I was about to go as you came in," I said. "I may as well do so now."

"Not yet," he said, sharply. "You seem so fond of my house that I'll give you more of it than you bargained for. I warrant you, however, you'll not find my cellar as comfortable as my parlor."

"With this he turned off and looked the door on me. I looked around the cellar for some other mode of egress, but could find none. It was a close, well-built cellar, lighted by only one grated window. It was clean and well arranged, but quite cold. Finding that I had no means of escape, I sented myself on a box and tried to make the best of my condition. In a short time I discovered that the major's stock of wine was stored in the cellar. Selecting a bottle of prime old Port, I took out the stopper with my knife, and paid my respects to it. I had no idea how long I was to be kept there.

"About four o'clock in the afternoon the door at the head of the steps opened, and Major Shorter made his appearance.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis," said he, mockingly, "how do you like your quarters?"

"Very much, sir," I replied, with an air of unconcern. "I say, major, this is capital old Port you have here."

"Thunder!" shouted the major, "you have not been to my wine, have you?"

"I have taken that liberty, to relieve the monotony of my position," I answered, laughing.

"You have the advantage of me there," said the major, after a pause. "You are not worth a

bottle of good Port. Come up, and I'll let you go home."

"I assure you I am very well satisfied, sir," I replied.

"Come up, and be off from here, I say," exclaimed the old man, angrily.

"I went up stairs, carrying with me the bottle from which I had been drinking. As I reached the head of the stairs, the old man broke into a laugh.

"You've been too much for me to-day, Sturgis," he said. "Go home now, and don't repeat your visit."

"I went out of the house, and returned home. A few days after this I received a note from Jenny, telling me that her father was about to take her to Europe, with the hope of getting rid of me. This brought matters to a crisis, and we determined to set aside her father's unjust opposition, and take the responsibility of marrying.

"Everything was in readiness. The carriage was at the cross street near Jenny's home, and I was waiting near the door for her. She came out soon, and we hurried to the carriage. It was quite dark when we got there, and helping Jenny into it, I ordered the driver to take us to the Rev. Mr.——'s house. I had hardly gotten into the carriage, when some one on the front seat, whom I did not notice before, said, quietly;

"Upon my life, this is cool."

"Jenny gave a scream of alarm, and I recognized the voice of Major Shorter. He had discovered our plans, and had taken his seat in the carriage for the purpose of thwarting them."

"And so you two fools are going to be married, and without my consent?"

"You have unjustly withheld it, Major Shorter, I said, and we have determined to act for ourselves. You have no right to act towards us from such groundless prejudices."

"I expected an angry retort, but the old man spoke very mildly when he replied.

"I have been thinking during the last half hour, Mr. Sturgis," he said, "that I have not acted right about this matter. I will be just towards you. Get out now, and let the carriage take us home and come to see me in the morning. I promise you, you shall have no cause to complain of me."

"He held out his hand to me:

I took it most gladly, and bidding both parties 'good night,' left the carriage.

"The next day I called on the major, and before I left him we arranged matters to our entire satisfaction. He agreed to put me on probation for six months more, and promised that if at the end of that time I was steady and deserving, Jenny should be my wife. I passed the ordeal, married Jenny, and never had a better friend than her father proved. This, dears, is how I won my wife. No doubt you think it rather a queer courtship: and so it was, so it was; but it brought me a dear, good wife."

Uncle Richard fell to poking the fire again, and we all listened to the storm once more.

Receipts for the LITERARY ECHO.

All Subscriptions of One Dollar, will be duly acknowledged in this column.

W. W. Lord,	Charlottetown,
F. A. Douse,	do.
James Heartz,	do.
M. Somers,	do.
Mrs. J. Knight,	Souris East,
J. O. Morrow,	do.
P. McLaughlan,	do.
Robert Wyand,	Cavendish,
Wm. McCallum,	Brackley Point,
Miss Rebecca Dingwell,	Morrell,
Mrs. James Scott,	Montreal,
R. F. Irving,	St. John, N. B.

To be continued in our next.

New Advertisements this Issue.

Richard Bagnal & Bros. To Inland Farmers.
 Brecken & Fitzgerald. Money to lend.
 D. H. McKinnon, Broadway.
 McEachern & Co., Italian Warehouse.

MARRIAGES.

At the residence of R. P. Grant, of Pictou, N. S., by the Rev. Alexander Ross, the Rev. Thomas Cumming, of Stellarton, to Miss Lily McNair, of Quebec.

At the Manse, by the Rev. Thomas Duncan, Mr. James Thomas Cousins, Stanley Bridge, to Miss Ann Louisa Gillis, North Rustico.

At St. Dunstan's Cathedral, by the Very Rev. Dr. McDonald, D. D., Mr. Maurice Blake, of the firm of Blake Bros., to Miss Johanna Grimes, both of this city.

At New Glasgow, N. S., by the Rev. George Walker, at the residence of the bride's father, Hillside Cottage, Mr. James Eastwood, to Mary, third daughter of Mr. William McIntosh.

DEATHS.

In Charlottetown, Charles, aged 13 days, infant son of Peter and Catherine Halloran,

Select Poetry.

NOCTURNE.

BY G. A. BAKER, JR.

Summer is over; Autumn leaves are falling,
 Gold ground-work fire-encased by the sun;
 The sighing tree-tops, the cicada calling,
 Chime us to heart-sung vespers:
 The fresh, green sod is dead, by dry leaves hidden,
 They rustle sadly in the gentle breeze,
 As old associations, all unbidden,
 Stir in our hearts the withered memories.
 Light fades away, the stars show in the azure,
 With all the eyes undimmed by tears,
 Unchanged, unchangeable, like God's good pleasure,
 The same through all our weary, work-worn years.
 They tell us our advancing earth is leaving
 The stars it knew of old, and in their place
 New constellations rise: is death be-reaving
 The old earth too of each familiar face?
 Loved faces fade, until we all grow fonder
 Of their world than our own, which can but seem
 Like some great haunted mansion, and we wonder
 Which is the waking life and which the dream.
 Dead forms are near us in our long probation,
 Dead lips breathe kisses on our sleep-sealed eyes,
 Dead hands restrain us in the sore temptation,
 And smooth the path whereon our souls must rise.

THE SUNNY SIDE.

The sunny side, the sunny side—
 Let's always look upon it:
 'Tis better far to banish care,
 Than sadly to muse on it.
 Do not sit down with folded hands
 And always be repining,
 But when beneath the darkest cloud
 Think of its silver lining.
 Then work and pray, and don't give way
 To every little sorrow:
 Bear bravely on, your troubles will
 Be lighter found to-morrow.

'Tis not the grief that wounds us, but
 The way in which we take it;
 Then upward look, and bear in mind,
 The world is what we make it
 For all around, work may be found—
 Work that is urgent, pressing:
 Let's do our best, and leave the rest,
 And we shall have God's blessing.
 So anxious care and black despair
 Cast to the winds of heaven,
 And always to the sunny side,
 Let all our thoughts be given.

Curiosities.

MOTHER SRIPTON'S PROPHECY.

Here is Mother Skipton's prophecy, word for word, as copied from the records of the British Museum. This good lady lived and flourished as long ago as 1040, and the Museum contains several editions of her "Prophecies"—one made in 1663, another in 1667, still a later one printed at Newcastle in 1775, and the last one a reprint dated 1870, from which we copy the following:
 A house of glass shall come to pass
 In England—but, alas!
 War will follow with the work
 In the land of the Pagan and Turk:
 And state and state, in fierce strife,
 Will seek each others' life.
 But when the North shall divide the South,
 An eagle shall build in the lion's mouth.
 Carriages without horses shall go,
 And accidents fill the world with woe:
 Primrose Hill in London shall be,
 And in its centre a Bishop's See.
 Around the world thoughts shall fly,
 In the twinkling of an eye.
 Water shall yet more wonders do,
 Now strange, shall yet be true.
 The world upside down shall be;
 And gold found at the root of a tree.
 Through hills man shall ride,
 And no horse or ass walk by his side.
 Under water men shall walk,
 Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
 In the air men shall be seen,
 In white and black and green.
 Iron in the water shall float,
 As easy as a wooden boat
 Gold shall be found, and found
 In a land that's not now known.
 Fire and water shall more wonders do,
 England shall at last admit a Jew,
 The Jew that was held in scorn
 Shall of a Christian be born, and born.
 Three times three shall lovely France
 Be led to dance a bloody dance,
 Before her people shall be free

Three tyrant rulers shall she see;
 Three times the people rule alone:
 Three times the people's hope shall come:
 Three rulers 'n succession see,
 Each spring from different dynasty.
 Then shall the worse fight be done,
 England and France shall be as one.
 All England's sons that plough the land
 Shall be seen book in hand.
 Learning shall so ebb and flow;
 The poor shall more wisdom know.
 The world to an end shall come
 In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

THE MAN OF DESTINY.

Figures cannot lie. The votes of the French people had elected Louis Napoleon Emperor; but all are not aware that the figures representing the vote form the French word *empereur*. Trace on a thin sheet of paper the figures 7119796, the affirmative vote—and on the same line, divided by a perpendicular mark a little longer than the figure six—the negative vote 1119. Look on the reverse side of the paper toward the light, and you have the magical result.

DIVIDING ONE'S TIME.

Some one has discovered, that the word time, when artificially transposed, or metagrammatized, will form the following words: Meti, emit, item, and if the fore-named word and its anagrams, be placed in the following quadratic position, they will form what may be termed an anagrammatic palindrome:

T I M E
 I T E M
 M E T I
 E M I T

This is the only word in the English language that can be thus arranged; and the different transposition thereof are all at the same time Latin words. These words in English as well as in Latin, may be read upwards or downwards. The English words, time, item, meti, and emit, are mentioned above; and the Latin ones—time, signifies fear thou; item, likewise; meti, to be measured; and emit, he buys.

"Well, Pa, Jim didn't quite kill you with the brickbat, did he?" "No; but I wish he had." "Why so?" "So that I could have seen him hung, the villain."

COMMERCIAL COLLEGE!!

WELSH & OWEN'S Building, Queen Street, Charlottetown.

EATON, FRAZEE & REAGH, Proprietors.

Designed to Educate Young Men for Business.

BOOK-KEEPING, in all its Branches, both by Single and Double Entry, and Collateral Subjects, thoroughly taught, and practically applied, by means of a complete course of Actual Business, engaged in by all the Students.

Particular attention given to Banking, Arithmetic, Business Correspondence, Spelling, &c.

Having obtained the necessary Instruments,

TELEGRAPHY WILL BE TAUGHT HEREAFTER, IN ADDITION

To the other branches. Eaton & Frazee's Arithmetic (revised edition.) Eaton & Frazee's Book-keeping and Blanks to accompany the same, constantly on hand—a liberal discount to the Trade.

Hours—9½ a. m., to 12 noon; and from 2 to 4; and 7½ to 9½ p. m.

Circulars containing full particulars will be sent free to any address, on application to

T. B. REAGH, Principal.

Charlottetown, August 1, 1874.

W. S. MCKELVEY,
SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER.
The latest styles of Driving Harness, constantly on hand.
Grafton Street, Charlottetown.
October 1, 1874. 3m

BOOTS AND SHOES.
An assortment, suitable for the Season, always on hand at
WM. F. MORRIS',
54 Prince Street.
Ch'town, Sept. 15, 1874. 1f

W. W. WELLNER,
IMPORTER OF AND DEALER IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY
AND
ELECTRO PLATED WARE.
No. 81 North side Queen Sq. Ch. town.
July 1, 1874. 6m

G. C. CARMAN,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND
MANUFACTURER'S AGENT.
AGENT FOR
The original and only genuine
CUCUMBER WOOD PUMPS.
GLINES' SLATE ROOFING PAINT.
(Fireproof & Waterproof.)
CANE FIRE COMPARTMENT'S, ROSIN-SIZED,
Sheathing and Carpet Felts,
Leather and Rubber Belting,
Hose, &c.
EMERY WHEELS & GRINDERS.
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
AND
PRODUCTS.
All business entrusted to my care, will receive prompt and careful attention. Correspondence solicited.
No. 11 Exchange Building, Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.
July 1, 1874. 6m

FREEHOLD FARM
ON LOT 44
FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale all the right title, and interest in the Farm lately owned by John Kichham, situate on Township No. forty-four, at the head of Souris River, consisting of fifty acres. The said farm is conveniently situate to School House, Grist and Saw Mills, and is worthy the attention of those who require a nice Farm. Title good and terms easy.

WM. D. STEWART.
Ch. Town, Sep. 1, 1874. 1f

MACGOWAN & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS, GENERAL AGENTS,
BROKERS and
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
W. S. MACGOWAN. B. MACGOWAN.
Reference,—Merchants Bank of P. E. I.
No. 39 Water Street, Charlottetown.
July 1, 1874. 6m

KEITH & MCGREGOR'S
STAR
CLOTHING HOUSE!!!
IMPORTERS OF
FOREIGN and DOMESTIC
CLOTHES,
GENTS'
FURNISHING GOODS IN
ENGLISH & AMERICAN
R. R. Bags, Satchels, Rubber Coats,
Leggings, Umbrellas, &c. &c.
READY-MADE
CLOTHING.
Latest Styles and Prices,
to Suit All.
Garments made to order, at short notice and Satisfaction Guaranteed in all Cases.
TERMS, CASH.
No. 59 South side Queen Sq Ch. town
July 1 1874. 1f

FOR LADIES!!

BEST KID GLOVES known
ROULLONS
First Choice Seamless Josephine
KID GLOVES,
SINGLE BUTTON, \$1.00.
DOUBLE BUTTON, \$1.10.
FRENCH PERRON, Kid Gloves.
ROBERT ORR & Co.
Ch. Town, Oct. 15, 1874. 1f

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
That the Cheapest
ORGANS
AND
PIANOS,
Are always
ON SALE,
And to be had at
HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,
SOUTH SIDE QUEEN SQUARE.
Nov. 16, 1874. 1f

ROCKLIN HOUSE,
53 KENT STREET.
SIMON D. FRASER,
Proprietor.
Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated at reasonable rates.
Ch. Town, Nov. 16, 1874. 3mpd

CHAMBER SUITS.
CHAMBER SUITS in Walnut, Chestnut, with Walnut Trimming, and Painted Suits made, and warranted to please.
E. G. STAIR.
Ch'town, Nov. 16, 1874. 1f

Cabinet Factory!

THE Subscriber, thankful for past favors, begs leave to notify his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand and will make to order at the shortest notice

FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS.

The very best
CHAIRS
on hand—in Double and Single BACK.

Large and Small **ROCKERS**.
Cane and Wood seat **CHAIRS**.
Childrens' Chairs, Office Stools, &c., &c.,
in Cane and Wood.

Also, the very Best Office Chair made,
Called the
"BOSTON OFFICE CHAIR,"

Just the Chair for Lawyers, Merchants,
and others who have considerable
writing; it is a Spring Seat and
Revolving Chair, very
Comfortable.

PARLOR & CHAMBER SUITS,
made to order in a superior manner.

Please call and see my new
and elegant designs of

PARLOR SUITS.

THE AMERICAN

SHOW CASE FACTORY



The **SHOW CASES** made by the Subscriber, give satisfaction to all who have them. They are the best and cheapest. Please send in your orders.

A Choice Assortment of
PICTURE MOULDING,
In Walnut and Gilt, on hand, which
will be made up **CHEAP**.

Also, pretty Little Pictures for sale.

E. D. STAIR,

No. 51 Great Geo. Street.
Charlottetown, Nov. 2, 1874

STEAM

FURNITURE FACTORY, SYDNEY STREET.

THE Subscribers would inform their Patrons, that having

Suitable Machinery & Good Workmen,
are prepared to furnish Customers
with all kinds of

HOUSEHOLD, SHOP & OFFICE

FURNITURE,

well made and at the Lowest Prices.

We manufacture the strongest

KITCHEN CHAIRS

in the City.

PICTURE FRAMES & PICTURES,

in great variety.

PAINTING & GILDING,

at shortest notice.

FERGUSON & FINLEY.

Sydney Street, next door to Rankin
Housc. Nov. 16, 1874.

E. MACDOUGALL,

81 Great George Street,

WOULD announce to his Customers, that he has laid in a large supply of

**GROCERIES, LIQUORS,
GLASS AND EARTHENWARE,
&C., &C., &C.**

He will furnish to order

CHEAP FOR CASH,
the following superior articles, viz :

Flour, Tea, Tobacco, Sugar,
Molasses, Soap, Pickles, Spices, &c.

Lamps and Lamp Fixings.

A few dozen English and
American Champaigne and Wine
Glasses.

Also, a few barrels of
AMERICAN KEROSENE OIL,
120 Fire Test.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

Choice Liquors always on hand.

EWEN MACDOUGALL.

Nov. 16, 1874.

STOVES!

BOOTS & SHOES!

HATS & CAPS!

READYMADE CLOTHING,
&c., &c., &c.

JUST received at the
"SOUTHPORT STORE,"

a good assortment of Stoves, in Niagara,
Waterloo, National and Magician,
Cooks; Coral, Model, Organ and Ben
Franklin, Parlors. Box Ironsides and
Farmers' Boilers, Stovepipe, &c., &c.

Boots & Shoes,

A large assortment in Mens', Womens',
Boys' and Childrens'.

Hats & Caps, In great variety.

Readymade Clothing.

A splendid assortment, suitable to all.

The above seasonable goods, together
with a choice lot of Groceries, Dry
Goods, Hardware, &c., &c., &c., are
offered to the public at prices which
cannot fail to please.

Thankful for past favors, I would
solicit a continuance.

HENRY BEER.

Southport, Nov. 16, 1874. 3i

NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS!

THE Subscriber would beg leave to
inform his friends and the public
generally, that he has just opened a
first-class

GROCERY & PROVISION STORE,

where he will keep constantly on hand
every article required for the poor man's
use. On the arrival of the barque
Hoselle, from London, England, he will
have, if not the very best, as good Black
and Green **TEAS** as can be had in this
city. Wholesale and Retail, at No. 94,
Queen Street, opposite the residence of
Dr. J. T. JENKINS.

F. H. CAMPBELL.

Ch'town, Nov. 16, 1874. 4in

EDUCATIONAL.

THE Board of Education under the
authority of the Common School
Act, and No. 2 of the Board's Regula-
tions, has prescribed the following text-
books to be used in all the Public
Schools in this Island, viz : The

ROYAL READERS,

published by T. Nelson & Sons; edited
by Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., and the

CANADIAN ARITHMETIC,

elementary and advanced, Other School
Books previously authorized, may be
used temporarily until otherwise order-
ed by the Board.

DONALD McNEILL,
Education Office, } Sec'y.
Ch'town, Nov. 16, 1874. } 4in

A PROCLAMATION!!!

BROADWAY.
BROADWAY.
BROADWAY.
BROADWAY.



BROADWAY.
BROADWAY.
BROADWAY.
BROADWAY.

GENTLEMEN—Be it known to the inhabitants of Prince Edward Island that the

NEW YORK CLOTHING EMPORIUM, BROADWAY.

Still exists, and is this season prepared to furnish

ALL KINDS OF CLOTHING CHEAP.

Gentlemen, this is the Tenth time that I have addressed you respecting the advantage you all receive by patronizing my

CLOTHING EMPORIUM,

and would inform you that I am better prepared this season to give you the

FINEST AND BEST GOODS,

AND THE MOST FASHIONABLE GARMENTS,

And the Handsomest **FITTING CLOTHING** on the Island. My **STOCK** of

FURNISHING GOODS

are all of the latest and most improved styles.

MY HATS, CAPS, COLLARS, NECKTIES, GLOVES, BRACES,

FANCY SHIRTS, WHITE SHIRTS, & UNDERCLOTHING, &c.

are the latest and best in Charlottetown. Just have a look at them and you

will buy My

OVERCOATS

are of all Colors, Shades and textures, made up Fashionable & My

JACKETS

are really beautiful.

My **PANTS** are cut in Magnificent style, suitable for the season,

JAQUETAQUE

and cheap. They were all very good before, but they eclipse everything now. My Stock of

Cloths, Beavers, Doeskins, Buckskins,

Devions, Bedford Cords, Tweed Trowserings,

Diagonals, Checks, Diamond Worsteds, &c., &c.

Surpass in neatness and durability any stock of the kind ever brought into

Charlottetown. Say to a call before purchasing elsewhere.

I can suit you

D. H. MACKINNON.

No. 21 Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

December 1, 1874.

New Advertisements.

MONEY TO LEND!

MONEY to Lend on the security of Real Estate. Apply to
BRECKEN & FITZGERALD.
Dec 1, 1874. 2i

TO INLAND FARMERS!!

THE Subscribers having entered into contracts with parties for the supply of Twenty Thousand Tons of Mussel Mud at Kensington, Milford, Tracadie and some other stations on line of Railway convenient to Mussel Beds, they will be prepared to deliver by train at all inland stations, any required quantity of this valuable fertilizer, at moderate rates, probably ranging from fifty to ninety cents per ton, according to the distance required to be transported by the Railway.

Those Farmers who, by their distance from the Mussel Beds, have hitherto been totally deprived of this boon, or who have supplied their wants by laboriously hauling by team many weary miles, will now be placed on an equal footing with their more fortunate fellows, and will enjoy all the advantages of shore Farmers, as the trains of Mussel Mud will be delivered at a day's notice, at any required points, during the months of January, February and March, in order that the transport from thence to the fields may be made on the snow at small cost and without injuring the land.

Please send in your orders, stating quantity, place and date, required, as the larger the operations the cheaper the fertilizer can be furnished.

We will also be glad to receive proposals from parties who are out-fitted for raising Mussel Mud, either for delivering it from the digger or at the nearest station, stating price ton and quantity per month.

RICHARD BAGNAL & BROS.

Harold Grove, P. E. Island,
Dec. 1, 1874. 3i

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE,

QUEEN STREET.

JUST RECEIVED from London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and elsewhere large additions to our Stock of excellent

Wines, Liquors & Groceries,

which we offer for sale at lowest possible prices.

MACLEACHERN & CO.

Dec. 1, 1874. 4i

GEORGE P. TANTON, PHOTOGRAPHER.

Photography in all its branches executed in the best style.

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