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No. 14.

WHICH IS HE ?

BARONET OR BUTLER.

ROMANCE OF THE DAY.



CHAPTER IV.

AFTER DINNER.

"I love the twilight—your eyes grow softer then."

DINNER was over at the Hall, and the dining-room, in its lining of dark oak, glistened in the light of the wax candles that shone upon the polished walls and twinkled on the plate-adorned table.

The table groaned beneath the weight of silver and gold cups, and flagons, and various articles of plate; the boar's head, the family crest, graven on each. Sir Harry was particular about what he ate and drank, too, and was wont to enquire minutely into the turn of a plover's egg, or the browning of a *pate fois de gras*.

As for Roderick, a plain joint would please him as well as anything, and he would send his plate up for another cut off the huge ribs of beef with the greatest hardihood, and declining the messes with an air that had a great deal of John-Bull-contempt for French flimsies in it.

Sir Harry talked little, and Lady Mary not very much, so that the whole conversation fell between Rod and Ida Valor, who ate little, and seemed more interested in the flowers that rose beside her plate, than in the dinner, or the slight conversation that fluttered wearily between Roderick and his father.

Sir Harry's anger had somewhat blown over since the morning, but there was a slight stiffness in his manner and a curtness in his speech which showed that the fire was not extinguished, but smouldering.

Rod talked as usual. He was quick to forget, and his wildness had but little vice in it, and was patient of reproof. He had quite forgotten the mare.

When Lady Mary rose, and Roderick opened the door to allow the two ladies to pass into their elysium, the drawing room, Sir Harry settled himself in his chair, uttered the magic words—

"The port, Wilson," and, looking up, said, "Roderick, drink a glass of wine with me to-night, will you? I wish to speak with you."

"With pleasure, sir," replied Roderick, re-seating himself.

Sir Harry filled his glass, pushed the bottle to his son, and motioned the butler from the room.

"Roderick," he commenced, "some time ago you expressed a wish to go into the army."

Roderick nodded, and sipped his port attentively.

"Have you still that wish?"

Roderick looked up enquiringly.

"Well, I don't know, sir," he said, hesitatingly, leaning back in his chair, and eyeing the epergne thoughtfully.

"You don't know?" retorted Sir Harry, sharply. "Have you altered your mind, may I ask?"

"Scarcely," replied Roderick. "I have not thought about it at all since I expressed that wish. I should like to go into the army as well as anywhere else, I think," he said carelessly.

"That is all right, then," said Sir Harry, shortly. "I have purchased you a commission."

Roderick looked up with some surprise.

"How long ago, sir?" he asked.

"Well, I am wrong, perhaps, in saying that I have already obtained one. The fact is, Sir Robert has gone to London to see after it."

"Then I may have to leave Edgcombe immediately, sir?" asked Roderick, with a slight frown.

"I can't say," said Sir Harry. "How can I? You will not be sorry to go, I suppose? There has been very little amusement for you, except that which you have made," and his lips curled into a sneer, that Roderick saw and resented.

"I shall be sorry to leave the Hall, sir," he said, quietly, "but I shall be ready to join a regiment whenever it is necessary."

"That is well," said Sir Harry, taking no notice of the first part of his reply. "I shall allow you what I consider a liberal income for a young man, and you will not find me unjust in the matter of any necessary extra expense, but—I will have no bills, remember, or any pieces of extravagance like these lately brought before my notice. Edgcombe has had too many spendthrifts, and wild, free fools already, without your adding to the list."

Roderick's face clouded, and his brows bent, but he said nothing, and Sir Harry replenished his glass, and pushed the bottle again.

"When did you hear from Arthur Thussington last?" he said.

"About a month since, sir," Roderick replied.

Arthur Thussington stood next to Rod as regards the Edgcombe estate.

"He's doing good," Harry said, turning to the net, who seemed Ishmaelitish in his desire to turn his hand against every man that evening.

"Reading for the law," I think he said, answered Rod.

"Reading for the law!" repeated Sir Harry, sarcastically. A very profitable employment, no doubt. Well, he'll make a lawyer, perhaps, better than anything else. He's sharper than most of the family.

"He seems a good sort of fellow," said Roderick, boldly.

"It all depends upon what you consider a good fellow," retorted Sir Harry. "It seems to me

that it is very easy to be a good fellow now-a-days. One need only be able to color meerschaums, talk a hideous slang that no gentleman can understand, and sneer at a woman to win the title. It used to be different in the old times."

Roderick laughed shortly.

"I think you said the times were altered, this morning, sir," he replied, eyeing the epergne again with a flash of the eyes.

"They are, indeed, sir," said Sir Harry, sharply, rising at the same moment, and Roderick, emptying his glass, followed his father into the drawing-room.

Lady Mary was comfortably ensconced in an easy chair, whose light blue satin and gold embroidery well set off her delicate features.

Ida Valor was standing by the oriel window watching the sunset and holding a volume of Tennyson open between her finger and thumb—strictly "bill-picketed" markers he ever had!—the wax tapers of candle. Sir Harry absorbed gas. A soft and mellow light upon the magnificent apartment, and set the diamonds glistening in Ida's hair. Roderick's hair twinkling until they rivalled her eyes.

She looked over her shoulder as the gentlemen came in.

"Sir Harry, do come and look at this hound, it has got shut in the kennel, and looks so miserable and abject as ever," poor thing!"

Ida's face was lit up with a smile that grew into a frown when he saw that one of the hounds had been hit up among his feet. "How work!" and was running over the beds when occasional looks of anxiety and considerably regarding the plants.

"I thought that Summers," he said, angrily, "this is the third time that the dogs have ruined the roses. There look down upon that standard."

Hearing his voice raised angrily, Rod sauntered up the window. His hands placed behind his back, his well-proportioned frame showing to advantage in his black evening dress.

"A Be-Be!" he exclaimed, "there's Ted in the nursery," and commenced opening the window.

"Ted?" repeated the baronet, casting upon him a sharp look, "why that's that dog of yours, Roderick," he said, frowning. "May I beg of you to request Summers to keep him in the stable? The hound is ruining the flowers."

"I can't do that," Summers said, still Rod, quietly, throwing open the window, and stepping on to the balcony. "I took him for a run and forgot to fasten him up."

"I might have guessed it," he said, sharply, walking to the bell.

"I shall have got him before Summers can get round," and he laid his hand upon the balcony.

"Oh, Rod," exclaimed Miss Valor, in a low voice, stepping forward anxiously, "you are not going to jump over?"

"Not exactly, cling and drop," replied Rod, with an easy smile, and stepping over the same instant, he clung and dropped, as he had promised. Over and the next moment had unfastened the wire gate and whistled the dog away.

Lady Edgcombe, who had hastened to the window, sighed anxiously: "Rod will break his neck some day," she said, piteously, "he is so wild."

"Wild, madam!" retorted Sir Harry, "he is a fool!"

Lady Edgcombe flushed timidly and sank into the chair again, saying nothing, and Ida turned sharply, and shot a glance of reproach at the baronet, but likewise said nothing, contenting herself with leaning over the balcony and shuddering at the drop which the "fool" had made so light of. In a few minutes Rod re-entered the room with a smile upon his face.

"Not much harm done, my lady," he said. "She will not break out again, sir," he added to Sir Harry.

"I am glad to hear it," was the curt response, and Roderick, with a contraction of the eyebrows, walked over to his cousin.

"Sing, Rod, dear," said his mother.

He looked at the piano, lazily.

"Yes, do," said his cousin, in a low voice.

"No, I won't now, until after you have sung."

"Will you sing then?" she said, gliding from his side slowly; he nodded, and she went to the piano, and sang one of Moore's melodies.

Now it was singular that Rod, who was so ignorant, so confoundedly stupid in everything else, should have the gift of music in the high degree he had. He could play with a skill and feeling that nearly approached perfection. His voice, too, was inexpressibly beautiful, and often, those who had heard him sing, would wonder that a gift so generally confined to the mild and gentle among men, should have been bestowed upon the youth whose wildness and strength were by-words wherever his name was known.

"Now, come," said his cousin, walking towards him, and he sauntered to the piano, and seating himself carelessly, almost half sideways, struck the notes and commenced that beautiful song of the Laureates—Home she brought her warrior dead."

His mother's eyes filled with tears that dried up in a glance of love and pride, and Ida Valor's face grew flushed, then pale, and her eyes large and moist, as his voice dwelt upon the words and filled the room with its exquisite music.

Sir Harry had left the room. Rod turned round upon the music stool, and then rose.

"Thanks, Rod, dear," said his mother, laying her hand upon his arm, and stroking it fondly as he passed. His cousin said nothing.

"Are you really grateful, mother?" he said, with a quizzing smile. She nodded.

"Then don't ask me to sing again," he said, "for I'm lazy to-night." He looked round, and added, "If Sir Harry were here he would say that was nothing unusual."

And laughing at his mother's, "Oly Bbd!" he made for the window again. And as he did so, a carriage came in sight, rolling along the drive a little distance from the house.

"There is the carriage coming for me, said Ida Valor. "Thank you for that song," she said, in a quiet voice that spoke more than a thousand gushings.

"Are you really grateful?" he asked, repeating his question in a voice as low as her own.

She looked up without replying.

"Yes? Then, if you are not too tired, let me walk home with you."

"I am not too tired," she said, dropping her eyes beneath his gaze, "but you—"

"Could walk to Land's End and back," he said, finishing her question with a smile and a flash of his dark eyes that brought the roses for a second to the lovely face beside him.

CHAPTER V.

RODERICK GROWS BLOQUENT.

"This bud of love, by Summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

"Good night, good night, parting in such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow."

Roderick could see the bronze of Ida's hair as it it were sunlight, so clearly and powerfully did the moon shine upon them as they started on their way to the Vale.

"Are you well wrapped up?" asked Roderick, drawing her thin shawl more closely round her.

"Well wrapped up!" she repeated with a sunny laugh; "and the night so hot that the trees wish themselves without leaves!"

"It is hot!" assented Roderick, lifting his hat and shaking his hair; "but I'm always anxious about woman at night, Ida. You've been sitting in the drawing-room in a low dress, and now you turn out in the open air with no extra covering but a loose shawl and a flimsy piece of muslin underneath, that I could blow to the end of the earth with a single puff."

The girl laughed.

"What do you know about ladies' dresses?" she said, looking up at him with a slight blush, and a trembling in her dark eyes.

"Nothing," said Roderick, with a smile, "and less of women themselves," he added, "Do you know, Ida, you puzzle me; I watch your face sometimes for half an hour together, and I can never tell whether you are joking or in earnest. Sometimes when you say something very seriously, I think— Ah, now she is in earnest, but the next moment your face breaks into a smile, and your eyes dance, and I give it up as a waste of time to try and make you out," and he laughed his short laugh, which was echoed by the silvery one of the girl's.

"You think me frivolous?" she said, looking at him with anything but a frivolous look.

Rod stopped short, and laying his hand upon her arm, looked down into her eyes.

They had halted in the midst of a clump of trees, through which the full moon shone in threads of silver, touching them and bathing itself in a clear stream that ran through the vale and laddled at their feet.

"Cousin Ida," he said, "I think you perfect!" She flushed and tried to smile—

"Ah, Rod, you do know little of women indeed!" she said, with a poor attempt at raillery.

"I know very little of anything," he said, gravely, "but I know enough to feel that."

She turned her face away from his dark, earnest eyes, and looked down at the stream.

For a few moments they remained silent, the youth's hand still clasping the girl's arm, the moon lighting up her beautiful face with a softened light that rendered it most tenderly lovely.

"Hark," she said, "it is striking ten—we must go, mamma will be anxious."

"Stay a few moments longer, Ida," said Rod, his hand tightening upon her arm. "Lady Valor would trust you with me although I am only a boy."

She looked up at him with a glance of reproach, and then felt her eyes riveted to his; they were dark and beautiful as hers, and shining with a light that made her heart throb fast with a feeling she did not understand.

"Besides," he added, "this is perhaps the last time you will walk through the woods with me."

She started a little, and her eyes opened with surprise, and certainly not pleasure; but she answered, with a shy little laugh—

"You mean that you are so tired of this one that you will take care the carriage is kept for the future?"

"No I don't," said Rod, with a slight frown. "You know I don't. I mean that I shall leave the Hall soon, perhaps to-morrow, at a moment's notice. Sir Harry has purchased me a commission."

The girl's face flushed, and then went pale, but she turned her face away, and looked at the stream.

"So—so soon?" she said, in a low voice.

"Yes," said Roderick, "and Sir Harry would say, 'The sooner the better.'"

She looked up at him for an instant with a glance of reproach.

"It is true," he said, "and my fault too," he added. "Sir Harry is tired of my racketting, and I am tired of his lecturing. I should be glad to leave the Hall, cousin Ida, but for my mother, for, excepting old Leo, she is the only one who cares for me, but—" and he stopped.

"But?" asked Ida's eyes.

He took her other hand and held her at arm's length, looking down into her eyes, eagerly.

"But for leaving you, Ida!—You don't care," he went on in a low voice, and hurriedly. "You will miss me for a day, until some other fellow as stupid as I am comes for you to laugh at—but I— Oh! Ida, I love you, and it makes me feel broken-hearted to go away for years—perhaps for ever—who knows!"

The girl's face kept its calmness for a moment bravely, then the perfect lips quivered, and broke into a sob, the deep eyes filled with tears, and the lovely head drooped like a broken lily.

Rod's hands trembled, and his eyes blazed as, his breath coming fast and hot, he caught her trembling frame to his breast.

"Why, Ida!" he said, "are you so sorry I am going?"

She said never a word, only the white fingers caught at the edge of his waistcoat and clung there.

"Ida!" he breathed. "Do you care for me? Oh, you can't: I'm so ignorant, so stupid, so wild, and you are so lovely, so clever, so perfect! You can't care for me, I won't believe it unless you say so!" And his voice, always musical, trembled like the soft notes of a harp.

"Ida! I have loved you ever since the time I used to carry you in my arms round the field; I love you dearly, Ida: tell me you give me all my love back! Tell me."

The white hand stole from his breast round his neck, and the beautiful lips murmured—

"Rod, Rod! I have loved you always!"

He strained her in his strong arms, and poured a storm of kisses upon her lips and hair.

"Ida!" he breathed, passionately, as if the name had all worth having in heaven and earth.

"Rod!" she breathed in answer, laying her head against his throbbing heart, and kissing silently the black cloth that covered it with all her soul on her lips.

* * * * *

"And you are going?" she said, sorrowfully.

"Yes!" he replied, smothering a sigh by kissing her hair. "You will think of me, Ida, darling, will you not? I turn over a new leaf from to-night, dearest—quite a new life. I've done with the old wildness, and will be as steady as even Sir Harry could wish. You believe me, Ida?"

And he looked into her loving eyes.

"Yes," she repeated, in a low voice, "I believe you, Rod."

"You shall not be disappointed, my darling!" he said. "Oh, I wish I were a poor man that I might work for you! I wish I could win money and a great name, Ida, darling, and lay them at your sweet feet. Ah, how proud I should be! and you would love me better than, darling, for you would respect me. But what can I do? Nothing. The old Hall and all the estates come to me, though not for many, many years, I hope; and all the money will drop into my hands without me stretching them out, even. If I were poor! Ah, you should see, Ida, I would cut my way to wealth and fame; I would struggle and strive, putting aside every guinea for my Ida—for my darling. I would wear your name in my heart as my knight-forefathers wore their love's name emblazoned on their shields, and would take it for my battle cry. Ida! I would rather die for you than lead this miserable, idle life your love makes me ashamed of. I would go to the diggings and dig in the cold and heat, I would tend sheep in the backwoods, fight in the hot rays of an Indian sun, do anything gladly, to make you love me more, and render me less unworthy your slightest smile!"

"Hush!" she said, looking up at his eager face, lit up with the sunlight of strength and nobility, with frightened eyes. "Don't talk so, Rod!" she cried, in a low voice. "You must never leave me like that! I love you with all my heart; I—I cannot love you more! You frighten me when you talk of Australia and India. I—Oh, Rod!"

And she burst into tears, and clung to him with a storm of smiles and sobs.

"How foolish of me! I could not bear to think of your going so far from me! As if you were going! and you are not, Rod! Rod!"

He took her face in his two hands and kissed it with passionate delight

"No, no, darling; I will never go away so far from you; I will see you often—often, and you shall love me always—always! for ever! though I have done nothing to deserve you, my beautiful angel!"

And the soft summer breeze caught up the low-breathed words, and stored them up in memory's garner-house, to blow them, years hence, in a bitter, stormy blast across the heart of the girl who listened to them now with bated breath and love-dimmed eyes.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEREIN A WOMAN DIES, AND AN OATH IS BORN.

"Sow thick the seeds of hate
For others reap the harvest."

In the dimmest part of dismal East London, in the most squalid of its squalid dens, a woman lay dying. The window, thick with a year's dust and grime, and half darkened by a filthy gown hung across its dirty square, let in a few dismal streaks of the sunlight to fall, pityingly and shudderingly, upon the wretched bed and its burden. Standing beside the dying woman, and looking down upon her wan face with stern, sorrow-working face and tightly-folded arms, was a man in the dress of a dockyard-laborer. He was young, about twenty-two years, and his frame, strongly built, and drawn up to its full height with the calmness of despair, had an air almost of high birth.

The eyes, too, shadowed by thick, dark brows, as they rested with agonized intensity upon the still form upon the bed, had a light and expression in them strangely like that which shone in the dark eyes of the portraits that glimmered dimly in the gallery of Edgecombe Hall.

For several minutes the dying woman lay silently and patiently waiting for the messenger of rest, and the still figure of the man watching and sorrowing; then, suddenly, the woman's face clouded, and her lips moved. The man stooped down.

"Guy!" she breathed, in so low a voice that he had to strain his ears to catch it.

"I am here, mother," he answered, in a broken voice.

"Raise me a little, Guy," she said. The man took her in his strong arms, as if she had been a child, and laid her head against his breast. The dying mother looked up at his sternly-set face, and then at the dim window. "Guy," she said, "I shan't last long."

His eyes filled, but he said nothing.

"I want to tell you—you something before I—I go."

He nodded. He could not trust himself to speak.

"Something I have been going to tell you all—
all my life—"

He looked at her eagerly, and his pale face turned white.

"Oh, Guy, Guy!" gasped the woman. "you have been a good son to me, and God will bless you for it; a good son—a good son."

The man's tears fell upon her face.

"No, no, mother," he said, hoarsely.

"You cleaved to me, though he who should have succoured me left me to die!" and her eyes lit up with a fire, not extinguished even by the near approach of death.

To be continued.

TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE;

OR, LIFE IN KENTUCKY.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

Continued from our last.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Let us now transport our readers to the elegant residence of Judge Fulton, which was situated upon Fifth Avenue. Stanton, with his fair bride, had returned from visiting his parents near Geneva, and now in the large parlors of Judge Fulton, they were receiving the congratulations of their friends, whose number each moment increased, until the rooms were filled to overflowing. Frank and his party had not yet arrived. He designed to be late, for he well knew his mother and sister would not be early, and he wished to give them the full benefit of Fanny's introduction into the drawing-room.

But a part of his scheme was frustrated, for his mother, who was suffering with a violent headache, was obliged to remain above stairs for a time, and Gertrude alone witnessed her brother's triumph. She was standing near Mr. and Mrs. Stanton, carelessly twirling a costly bouquet, which one of her obsequious beaux had given her, when she overheard Nellie saying to her husband, "I do hope she will come, for I am all impatience to see one whom you have praised till I am half jealous."

Gertrude wondered much whom Mrs. Stanton could mean, but her wonder soon ceased, for there was a stir at the door. The crowd around it fell back as Frank Cameron walked proudly into the room, bearing upon his arm Fanny Middleton. Her fame had preceded her, for many of those present had learned that a Kentucky belle and heiress was stopping at the Astor, and would be present at the party. As she advanced into the room, Gertrude felt, rather than heard the murmur of admiration which ran round the room, and her quick ear caught the words, "Yes, that's she; that's the heiress; that's Miss Middleton from Frankfort."

Gladly would Gertrude have escaped her brother's eye, which instantly sought her out; but she felt unable to move, and stood watching the animated face and graceful manners of Fanny, who, in being presented to Mrs. Fulton and Stanton passed near her. Every article of Fanny's dress was noted, and an estimate made as to its probable cost. "She must be wealthy," thought she, "or she could not dress so expensively." Suddenly one of Gertrude's acquaintances touched her elbow and said, "Come, Miss Cameron, do gratify our curiosity and tell us about this Kentucky belle. Of course you know her, as she is attended by your brother."

Deeply mortified, Gertrude was obliged to confess that she had no acquaintance with her. "That's strange," said the lady. "We all supposed she stopped at your father's with your cousin."

A new idea entered Gertrude's mind, and instead of replying to this last remark, she said, "I shall know her well, though, for Frank has proposed to her."

"Did she accept him?" asked the lady, eagerly. "Of course," was Gertrude's haughty answer. "Do you think he would offer himself unless sure of success?"

Ten minutes more, and dozens of persons were gossiping about the engagement between Frank Cameron and the beautiful Kentuckian. Scores of questions were poured in upon Gertrude relative to her future sister-in-law, but none of them could she answer. Vexed at her own ignorance, she ran up stairs to her mother, whom she told to "come down immediately and see what tools they had made of them-selves."

"Why, what is the matter, child?" said Mrs. Cameron, alarmed at Gertrude's excited looks and manners.

"All the city are ready to fall down and worship this Fanny Middleton, whom we have treated with such neglect," said Gertrude, and then she added what was of more consequence than all the rest, "Why, mother, she is the most elegantly dressed lady in the room!"

In a moment Mrs. Cameron was descending the broad staircase. There was the sound of the piano and some one singing. Gertrude pressed forward until she caught sight of the singer, then pulling her mother's sleeve, she whispered, "This way, mother; that is Miss Middleton playing."

Mrs. Cameron's first emotion on beholding Fanny and the flattering attentions she every where received, was one of intense mortification, to think she had not been first to notice and chaperone her. "I will, however, make all possible amends now," thought she, and finding Frank, she desired for herself and Gertrude an introduction to Miss Middleton; but Frank did not feel disposed to grant his mother's request immediately, and he said, "Pardon me, mother, but you see Miss Middleton is very much engaged at present with some of her friends, so you must wait awhile."

Mrs. Cameron was too proud to ask any one else to introduce her, and it seemed that she and Gertrude were not likely to make Fanny's acquaintance at all. Towards the close of the party, however, Frank thought proper to introduce them. Mrs. Cameron determined to do her best, and she overwhelmed Fanny with so much flattery, that the poor girl longed for some way of escape, thinking to herself, "Is it possible that Frank Cameron's mother is such a silly woman?" Once Mrs. Cameron went so far as to hint the probability that Miss Middleton would one day be her daughter!

"What can she possibly mean?" thought Fanny; at the same time gracefully excusing herself, she ran up stairs after her hat and shawl, as Kate had signified her intention of returning home. But Mrs. Cameron was not to be thus foiled. She started in pursuit, and reaching the bonnet-room as soon as Fanny, insisted that she and Kate should stop with her during the remainder of her stay in the city. As Frank soon appeared and joined his entreaties with those of his mother, Fanny said she would do just as Mrs. Miller thought proper. Kate, who had expected a similar denouement, expressed her perfect willingness to visit at her uncle's.

Accordingly the next morning they left their rooms at the Astor House and repaired to Mrs.

Cameron's, where they were most affectionately received by Mrs. Cameron and Gertrude. And now commenced a series of *tautologism* which was vastly amusing to their acquaintances, many of whom had witnessed Mrs. Cameron's manners at the party, and had since learned a part of the story. It was strange how soon Mrs. Cameron and Gertrude discovered how many fine qualities Fanny possessed. Even the "odious scarecrow of a father" was transformed into an "odd old gentleman," and in speaking of him to one of her acquaintances, Mrs. Cameron said "he was a very generous, wealthy, but eccentric old man and was one of the first citizens in Frankfort." The good lady forgot that Uncle Joshua did not reside in Frankfort, but twelve miles from that city! Her word, however, was not questioned, for of course she would know all about the family of her son's intended wife.

Meantime the report of Frank's engagement was circulating freely, and the whole matter would undoubtedly have been arranged, marriage ceremony and all, had not Frank put an end to the matter, by utterly denying the story. Some young gentlemen were one morning congratulating him on his future prospects, and declaring their intention of going to Kentucky, if there were any more Fannys there, when Frank asked upon whose authority they were repeating a story for which there was no foundation.

"Why," answered one of them, "my sister heard it from your sister Gertrude."

"From Gertrude?" said Frank in amazement, "from Gertrude! Well, I cannot answer for what Gertrude says, but I assure you I am not engaged to Miss Middleton, and never have been."

This was in the morning, and that evening when Frank entered the sitting-room where his mother and sister were, they beset him to know why he had denied his engagement with Fanny.

"Because," said he, rather indignantly, "there is no engagement between us."

"Oh, Frank," said Gertrude, "you told us so."

"I never told you so," answered he, rather warmly. "I told you I had proposed, and I *did* propose, and was refused."

"But why didn't you tell us?" continued Gertrude.

"Because you didn't ask me," replied Frank. "You supposed of course none could refuse me, so jumped at conclusions and have got yourself into a fine spot."

There was no need of telling this, for Mrs. Cameron readily saw it and went off into a fit of hysterics, while Gertrude burst into tears.

"What a strange girl you are!" said Frank. "Once you cried because you thought I was engaged to Fanny, and now you cry because I am not." So saying he gave a low mocking whistle and left his mother and sister to console themselves as best they could.

We will not weary the reader by repeating the conversation between Gertrude and her mother. We will only say that Mrs. Cameron decided to go as soon as possible to Saratoga, "and when once there," said she, "I will use all my influence with Miss Middleton; nay, if necessary, I will even beg of her to marry Frank, for I know she likes him."

Gertrude was delighted with this idea. She

had forgotten how determined she once was not to visit Saratoga with Fanny Middleton. Next morning Mrs. Cameron proposed to her guests that as the weather was getting warm, they should start directly for the Springs. The visitors of course could make no objection, and as Mr. and Mrs. Stanton, who were to accompany them, also acquiesced in the plan, two days more found our friends at Saratoga, together with crowds more of the fashionable from the north, south, east and west.

On the first day of their arrival, Fanny noticed seated opposite her at the dinner-table, a dark-eyed, sprightly looking girl whose eyes so constantly met hers, that at last both blushed, and the stranger girl half smiled. By her side sat a gentleman, who Fanny concluded was the young lady's brother. Something in their appearance interested Fanny, and she could not help thinking that they were from the South. That evening as she was walking alone upon the piazza, she was suddenly joined by the unknown lady, who accosted her with, "Pardon me, but am I not speaking to Miss Middleton from Kentucky?"

Fanny was too much surprised to answer immediately, but soon recovering her self-possession, she answered, "You are, but I have not the pleasure of knowing you."

"I presume not," said the lady. "We have never met before, and yet I knew you instantly."

"Know me! how?" asked Fanny.

"From description," replied the lady. "You have been so accurately described to me by our mutual friend Miss Woodburn, of New Orleans, that I could not mistake you."

"Florence Woodburn! New Orleans!" exclaimed Fanny. "And are you from New Orleans, and do you know Florence, and have you seen Julia?"

To all these questions the stranger answered "Yes," continuing, "and now let me introduce myself. I am Lida Gibson, but I might as well be Julia Smith for any idea my name will convey. However, I am from New Orleans, and know Florence and your uncle William well. Just before I left the city, I made your sister's acquaintance. When she learned I was coming this way, she said I might possibly see you, and made me the bearer of many messages of love."

Fanny had never heard of Lida Gibson, but it was sufficient that she knew her uncle and Julia, so her hand was immediately offered, and the remainder of the evening the two young girls promenaded the piazza arm in arm, talking of their distant homes and absent friends.

"Where did you see Julia?" asked Fanny.

"Your uncle's house was not quite ready, consequently he and Julia were spending a few days at the residence of Dr. Lacey," answered Lida.

"Dr. Lacey!" said Fanny, in some surprise. "Lida at Dr. Lacey's?"

"Yes, why not?" said Lida, laughing merrily at Fanny's manner. "There is nothing improper about that, for Dr. Lacey's father was then absent, and his mother, for the time, staid with her son. I fancied it was not at all unpleasant either to Dr. Lacey or Julia, that they were thus thrown together, and I should not wonder if the Doctor should one day call you *sister*!"

Lida Gibson, whom our readers will recollect as having met at Mabel Mortimer's party in New

Orleans, was a thoughtless, but kind-hearted girl, and never felt happier than when employed in canvassing matches. On the morning when the Cameron party arrived at the Springs, she had sent her brother to learn the names of the newcomers. On his return he mentioned Fanny Middleton as one of the new arrivals, so 'twas not surprising that Lida should so readily recognize her.

A few days passed on Lida too heard of the supposed engagement between Fanny and Frank Cameron, and for once kept silent upon the subject, at least in Fanny's presence. Nearly as she loved to discuss such matters, she felt there was something in the character of her new friend which forbade an approach to any thing like jesting about so personal an affair as one's own engagement. She, however, fully believed the report; for every thing she saw tended to confirm it, and she was anxious to return home, that she might carry the important news to Julia and Dr. Tacey. Poor Fanny! The clouds were gathering darkly about her, but she, all unconscious of this consequence, talked, laughed, roiled and sang with Frank, never thinking that she was thus confirming Lida in a belief, which would tend to remove Dr. Tacey farther and farther from her. Could Lida have heard a conversation, which, one evening, took place between Mrs. Cameron and Fanny, different, very different would have been the report which she carried back.

One evening as Fanny, Lida, and Gertrude were walking upon the piazza a servant came, saying that Mrs. Cameron desired to see Miss Middleton in her room. Fanny immediately obeyed the summons, and as soon as she had gone, Lida laughingly congratulated Gertrude upon the prospect of having so pleasant a sister. Gertrude smilingly received Miss Gibson's congratulations, "for," thought she, "even if Fanny does not marry Frank, Miss Gibson will probably never know it, as she is to leave in a few days."

Let us now with Fanny repair to Mrs. Cameron's room, but not like her, wondering *why* she was sent for. We well know why, and consequently are prepared for the look of mingled indignation and astonishment, which appeared on Fanny's face when she learned that Mrs. Cameron was pleading the cause of her son! Fanny answered, "Madam, I have always entertained the highest respect for your son, but I must confess it is lessened if it is with his knowledge you are thus speaking to me."

Mrs. Cameron, who had intimated that it was at Frank's request that she should intercede for him, now saw her mistake, and declared Frank was ignorant of the whole. Mrs. Cameron tried by every means in her power to persuade Fanny into compliance with her wishes, but Fanny repeated her firm answer, "I cannot, Mrs. Cameron, I cannot marry Frank. I acknowledge I like him as I would a brother. Further remonstrance is useless, nor I shall never marry him."

"And why not?" asked Mrs. Cameron. "Do you love another? Are you engaged to another?" "I cannot answer these questions," said Fanny. "Frank knows my reason and has my permission to give it to you." Then rising, she added, "I suppose our conference is now ended, and with your leave I will retire."

Mrs. Cameron nodded her head in assent, and Fanny left the room. A moment after she quitted the apartment, Gertrude entered, all impatience to know her mother's success.

"Buffed, buffed," was Mrs. Cameron's reply to her interrogatories. "I can do nothing with her. She is stubborn, and we shall have to conjure up some reason why the engagement was broken off, or run the risk of being laughed at among our circle in New York."

A few days after this Lida Gibson started for the south, promising Fanny that she would see Julia after her return home. Ere long Mrs. Cameron too was seized with a desire to return to the city, and accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Cameron, Frank and Gertrude were soon in New York.

Soon after their return, Mrs. Cameron, said, speaking of Fanny, "that 'twas doubtful whether Frank would marry her or not. She was so young, and had too many suitors in Kentucky, that she would probably soon forget him, and for her part was pleased enough to have it so!"

CHAPTER XIX.

AN ECLIPSE—LOVE NOT DEAD.

Summer was gone, and the first bright sunny days of autumn had come.

Again in Kate Wilnot's home, were tears wept and blessings breathed, as Mr. and Mrs. Wilnot bade farewell to their "children," as they called the individuals who were that morning to start for their home in Kentucky.

"God bless you, Kate," said Mrs. Wilnot, as she kissed her only child. Then turning to Fanny she said, "And you, my other daughter, you have my earnest prayers for your happiness."

Mr. Wilnot could not speak, but his feelings were not less deep, as he embraced his child and shook the hands of Mr. Miller and Fanny. Old Hector, too, seemed to cling more closely to Fanny. He would look up in her face and howl as if he knew she was leaving him forever. "Fare thee well!" said Fanny, and do you, I beg to love me so well?" then kneeling by him, she drew from her neck a locket, in which was a miniature of herself. To this she attached a blue ribbon, which she fastened around Hector's neck, saying, "I cannot stay with you, Hector, but you shall have my likeness." Afterward, when strangers visited the house, and marvelled at Hector's singular neck-gear, they were shown the sweet face, which looked forth from the golden casing, and were told the story of the young girl, who once had been like sunshine in the life of Wilnot's home.

Mr. Miller was not willing that Fanny should leave New York without having visited Niagara. Accordingly they stopped at the Park, and were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Stanton and Fanny, the latter of whom was desirous of seeing Fanny as long as possible. He accompanied them to Buffalo, and staid upon the boat which was to bear them away until the last bell rang. As he was leaving them, Kate asked if they were taking anything of his with them. "Yes, everything," he answered. Soon the steamer was moving over the water of Lake Erie. On the upper deck our Kentucky friends were waving their handkerchiefs to Frank, who stood upon the wharf as long as one

bright-haired girl could be distinguished by the light of the moon.

In a few days Mr. Middleton folded to his bosom his Sunshine, now more precious than ever, because as he said, "He'd lain awake a heap o' nights, worrin' about her. The dogs had howled, the death watches had ticked in the wall, and everything had carried on t'other side up, ever since she'd been gone. But look, Nancy," continued he to his wife, "she's fatten' up right smart. Her journey has done her a heap of good, and I'm glad I let her go."

The blacks crowded round, delighted to welcome their young mistress, who had a kind word and some little gift for each. Particularly were Aunt Katy and Judy pleased with the present of a tasty lace cap, whose value was increased from the fact that they were bought in New York city. In these simple creatures' estimation, New York and Frankfort were the largest places in the world? "I s'pose," said Aunt Katy, "that this New York is nigh three times as large as Frankfort?"

"Three times as large!" repeated Fanny, "Why yes, Katy, forty times as large."

From that time Aunt Katy looked upon Fanny as one not long for this world! "Tain't in natur," said she, "that she should stay long. Allus was peart like and forrud, and now has been ridin' in the railroad all over the airth, and hain't got lost nuther, besides a sailin' along in the steam engine over the salt water."

It was marvellous how much Fanny had seen, and when she told the wonder-stricken negroes of Niagara, their amazement knew no bounds. Our friend Bobaway did not fail to ease himself by a round of somersets, his manner of expressing surprise or pleasure. At the same time he whispered to Luce, that "He's mistaken if Miss Fanny wan't telling 'em a stretch this time," for which declaration, Luce rewarded him with a box on the ear, saying, "Is you no better manners than to 'cuse white folks of lying? Miss Fanny never'd got as well as she is, if she'd picked up a mess of lies to tell us."

Fanny's health was much improved, and for a day or two she bounded about the house and grounds as lightly as she had done in childhood. Mr. Middleton noticed the change, and was delighted. "I b'lieve she's forgettin' that paltry Doctor," said he, but he was wrong.

The third day after her return she was relating to her parents an account of her journey, when Ike entered the room. He had been sent to the post office, and now came up to Fanny, saying, "ere, I done got this air," handing her a letter, which she saw was from her sister. Taking it, she said, "A letter from Julia. It is a long time since I have heard from her." Then breaking the seal she read it.

Gradually there stole over her face a look of despair,—but she finished the letter, and then passing it to her father, said, "Read it; it concerns us all," and then she went to her own room, leaving her father to read and swear over it at his leisure. That he did so no one will doubt when they learn its contents.

The first page was filled with assurances of love; the second congratulated Fanny upon her engagement with Frank, but chided her for suffering Liza Gibson to be the bearer of the news. "Why

did you not write to me yourself?" said she; "that is the way I should do, and to prove my words, you will see how confiding I am." Then followed the intelligence that Dr. Lacey had offered his heart and hand, and had been accepted. You will not wonder at it," she wrote, "for I have always loved him. I was greatly surprised, when he told me he always preferred me to you, but was prevented from telling me so by my silly engagement with Mr. Wilmot and my supposed affection for him." The letter ended by saying that Dr. Lacey would accompany her home some time in October, when their marriage would probably take place. There was also a P.S. in which Julia wrote, "Do, Fan, use your influence with the old man, and make him fix up the infernal old castle. I'd as soon be married in the horse barn as there."

This was the letter which affected Fanny so, and called all of Uncle Joshua's biggest oaths into use. Mrs. Middleton tried to calm him, and reminded him of his promise not to swear. "I know I promised not to swear, and for better than two months I hain't swore," said he, "but I can't help it now. I know'd 'twould be so when I let Tempest go to Orleans. But he'll run himself into a hornet's nest."

"Why, then, do you rave so?" asked Mrs. Middleton.

"Because, when I let Tempest go, I'd no idea Sunshine cared for him. If I had, I'd have slung a halter round Tempest's neck and tied her up in the hoss barn she likes so well!"

"Then you intend to give your consent?" said Mrs. Middleton.

"Consent! Who's asked my consent?" replied he, "and 'tain't likely they will nuther; if I should refuse, Tempest wouldn't mind clamberin' out of the chimbley to run away, and the Doctor has showed himself jest as mean. No;—he may have her, for all of Josh. But, what's that about this Cameron. I hope 'tis so, but I'm mighty feared it ain't. Sunshine can't love two at a time."

While Mr. Middleton was expending his fury, Fanny was in her room, struggling to subdue the bitter feelings in her heart. Until now she had not been aware how much she loved Dr. Lacey. True, she had said it was impossible she could ever marry him; and she had believed she was trying to forget him; but ever in her heart she had cherished a half-formed belief that all would yet be well, and when she refused the noble, generous heart, which Frank Cameron laid at her feet, it was with a vague hope that Dr. Lacey would yet be hers. But now every hope was gone. 'Twas fearful,—the tide of sorrow which swept over the young girl, but amid the passion a still, small voice, whispering of one who loves with more than earthly love, who never proves faithless,—never fails. Fanny listened to the Spirit's pleadings, and resolved that henceforth she would seek to place her affections, where "there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

The week following the receipt of Julia's letter Mr. Middleton had business in Frankfort. Fanny accompanied him; the morning after her arrival she and Mr. Stanton were walking upon the balcony at Mrs. Crane's when they were joined by Ashton, who had just returned from New Orleans.

He had been a frequent visitor there. There was to him something very fascinating about Stanton's fair bride, and yet he always felt uneasy when with her, for her manners and appearance reminded him of the past, but in what way he could not tell.

This morning the mystery was explained. Soon after his appearance, Nellie pointed to a gentleman, who was crossing the street and inquired his name. On being told, she replied, "He looks very much like a Mr. Barnard, I used to know years ago in ——," mentioning the town where she was born.

"Used to know where?" asked Ashton.

Nellie repeated the name, and Ashton said, "Why, that's my native town, and I know Mr. Barnard well." Then as if the light of a revelation fell upon him, he added, "And your name, too, was Nellie Ashton? I once had a sister Nellie, on whose rosy cheeks I dropped a tear the night I ran away to sea. Can it be that you are that Nellie?"

A few moments more sufficed for them to discover what we have long surmised, viz., that Henry Ashton and Nellie Stanton were brother and sister. The surprise of their recognition is better imagined than described. We will only say that when Stanton, on his return from the office, stepped out upon the balcony in quest of his wife, he was greatly shocked at beholding her in Ashton's arms, and his amazement was increased, when he saw that she not only suffered his caresses, but also returned them in a manner highly displeasing to the young husband. Fanny soon explained all, and Stanton gladly received Ashton as a newly found brother.

To be Continued.

Finished Story.

THE WIFE'S SECRET.

I HEARD a woman scream—not angrily and fiercely, but with the low, long cry of sudden pain. It was midnight. I had been with a fellow-clerk to the theatre, and parted from him a few moments before. The play, I remember, was the "Lady of Lyons;" and my mind was full of its tenderness and beauty, when the scream banished all other thoughts away.

For a moment, I stood quite still. No one was in sight. Not a figure moved amid the shadows, to the right or the left. It was a long, still row of genteel private dwellings; and nearly all the windows were dark, save one, where there seemed to be a party.

The scream came from a spot close at hand. I walked on a few steps, and saw nothing. I retraced my path. At the corner burnt a gas-lamp; and by its light, I saw lying across the curbstone a prostrate figure—that of a woman. I stooped over her. "Are you hurt?" I asked.

She only moaned a little. I strove to raise her. Then she spoke.

"Go away," she said. "Please go away, and leave me."

"If you are injured, I must stay and help you," I said—for the voice was that of a well-bred person, despite its pain.

"Don't touch me—let me lie here," said she. "Please—oh, please—go away!"

"Are you afraid of me?" I asked. "I only mean to be kind to you. Where do you live?"

At that, she laughed a faint, miserable laugh. "I have no home in the wide world," she said—"no home this side of heaven."

Until now she had been lying with her face hidden in her arm. Now, I raised her. A face, dead-white, but marvellously lovely, met my eyes. I saw that the dress she wore was plain, but good. She was neither a beggar nor a vile creature of the streets—I saw that at once.

I saw, too, that her injuries must be very great, and that she was faint unto death.

"You should have help," I said. "What can I do for you?"

She looked at me in a sort of passionate despair. "If you really want to serve me, let me die," she said. "I have nothing to live for—no home—no friend."

Then something prompted me to say, "I will be your friend—trust me;" and the words sounded solemn to my ear as an oath.

I think she did not hear them, for before they were uttered she had fainted in my arms. I carried her towards the yet open door of a chemist's shop, and told my story to the master and his assistant. They looked at her.

The chemist unfastened her cloak.

"Good heavens!" he cried; "she has been stabbed, or has stabbed herself! Her dress is soaked with blood."

And there, so near the heart that it seemed strange that it should have been missed, was indeed a terrible wound.

"She'll scarcely get over it," said the chemist. "We must get her into the hospital as soon as we can. It's an awkward sort of affair. Some poor lost creature, I suppose." And I flushed hotly.

"Look at her pure face," I said. "She is a lady."

The chemist smiled; the assistant sneered.

"You are very young," said the former. "Ladies are not stabbed at street corners at midnight, as a general thing. Paul, call a policeman."

And the policeman came, and helped us.

At dawn, the woman was still living, and in the hospital.

By noon, she had given the surgeon her name—Grace Lambert.

She was about twenty. Her language was perfect, her person that of a well-bred lady; and she would tell nothing of her history or of the cause of her wound. Her only answer in reply to questions tending to the discovery of her family, was that she had not a friend upon earth.

I had said I would be a friend to her. I had said it very solemnly and I meant to keep my pledge. I knew, although I would have told no one the truth, that I was in love with her. Caution would have said, "Avoid her." I acted on impulse. I visited her as a friend when they thought her dying. When she had recovered, I sought an interview with her.

I looked into the pure and lustrous face, and told her that I loved her.

"Will you be my wife?" I said. "You are friendless. Henceforth, you will have a friend true to you until death."

She turned from me, and burst into tears.

"Look at me, and answer me, Grace!" I said, as I caught her hand.

"Thief she looked me in the face.

"You must be very good yourself to trust another so," she said. "You know nothing of me."

"I know——" I began.

"You know nothing," she said; "and I will never tell the truth to any one. I have done nothing very wrong myself; but my past life is my secret. I must go my way, you yours. In after years you will thank me for saying so. What happiness could a man know whose wife is a mystery to him? I would not wrong you by accepting your offer."

So she left me. But I did not lose sight of her. She sought work in a factory, and lived upon the meagre pittance thus earned. Often I met her. Often, as I marked the life she led, I felt sure that there could be nothing in her pure life to make a husband blush; and twice within two years I offered her my hand, again. Still she refused it. Still she refused even to receive me as a guest, and left me always at her humble door. But I knew she did not hate me. Her beauty and her goodness seemed more perfect to me with every day. I looked at no other woman—I cared for no other's smiles.

At last, in the third year of our acquaintance, I saw a change come over her. It began with the reading of an Australian newspaper. Her face altered; there was hope in it. Her manner grew more gentle towards me. She blushed when I looked at her. She would not meet my eyes. It seemed to me that I found in these things the noted admission that a woman gives of love. I tried my fate again. This time she did not refuse me. She promised to be my wife, and we were married a week after. I had no relatives to question or find fault with me; and I took my wife proudly home to our pretty little dwelling, and was happy without alloy for the first time in our existence.

Happy as mortal man could be. She was the sweetest wife in Christendom—domestic, loving, anxious to please. My friends envied me. She won all hearts to her at once. My tenderness of her and my pride in her were equal. I never asked her of her past life. I waited until she chose to tell me. If she never chose, I was content.

So a year passed, and a babe was given to us—a delicate, beautiful little creature, like its mother in feature. We had been so happy before, that this new drop of sweetness seemed to fill our cup to overflowing. We were like two children in our glee. When I came home at evening, I always saw her holding our darling at the window, waiting for my coming. Soon the little creature knew me, and could say *Papa*.

Then, one day, my wife said to me, "Henry, I have never told you my story. I am so happy now that I can bear to speak of it. You shall know all to night."

She smiled upon me as she spoke, and I knew well that she had no guilty confession to make. I kissed her.

"As you please," said I; "I trust you perfectly." And so I left her, smiling, and holding her babe to see "Papa."

I came home earlier that evening than usual. But no one was watching at me from the window. I entered the house; no one came to meet me. It was the first time such a thing had happened. I opened the door of the sitting-room hastily, and stepped in. The gas was not lit; but against the bright background of the fire I saw Grace crouched low, holding her babe against her bosom, rocking to and fro, and weeping softly.

"Grace!" I cried, in terror;—"Grace, what has happened?"

She did not look at me; but, lifting her hand, pointed to something in the shadow. The gesture was so full of horror that I turned cold with terror. I hastily struck a match and lit the gas. Then the dark, indistinct form in the corner resolved itself into the burly figure of a prodigal and debased man, who sat upon a sofa with a defiant air, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon me.

"Who are you?" I cried. "What do you want here. Have you dared to harm or terrify my wife?"

He stared at me in deadly.

"If you mean the woman there," he said, "she is my wife! I am Luke Lambert!"

"Grace!" I cried; "Grace, speak; tell me he lies!"

"He tells the truth," said my wife, not looking at me. "I thought him dead before I married you. Oh, Henry, Henry! I told you you should know all to night. It was prophecy. I was his wife once. What a life I led—what an awful life! At last he robbed me, and stabbed me, and flung me from a cliff to die upon the pavement, that he might be rid of me. I had money of my own; that was all he cared for. I saw his death in a paper, and I thought myself free. Oh, Henry, don't speak to me—don't come near me! Oh, me! oh, me!"

"Darling," I cried, "this man has no power over you! You are my wife!"

But she sobbed; "Oh, no, no! I am lost! I am ruined! Forgive me! forgive me!"

I turned upon the man.

"Leave this house!" I cried. "Leave it or die——"

He pulled a pistol from his pocket.

"No! without her," he said. "She's my wife! At least, I must be paid to go."

"Name your price," I said.

But Grace gave a low moan.

"All the money in the world cannot make me what I was this morning," she said. "I am not your wife, but he! Ah, me! ah, me! if I were only dead!"

Then she glided from the room. The man attempted to follow her; I grappled with him and was rolled upon the floor. In the struggle the pistol went off, and the charge that it contained entered my shoulder.

The wound was severe. I lost conscious almost at once. When I recovered, Grace was gone.

She had left her babe in its cradle, and pinned on its bosom was this note:—

"OH, HENRY—MY DARLING HENRY,—

"My heart is broken. I have left you—left you for ever. I am not your wife now—I have never been. But I thought him dead. Oh! believe me,

I thought him dead. I will never speak to him or see him; but, all the same, I am his wife. I must hide my shame from all who know me. It could never be the same again, even were we rid of him, and he would always haunt us. I know him well.

You would lose respect for me, and I for myself. Let our parting comfort you a little, and forget your wretched

"Grace."

She was gone, and I sought her vainly. I grew old before my time. My heart was well nigh broken. Only to win her back and die upon her bosom would have been bliss too great for words.

But I lived without her for days, and weeks, and months. I advertised—I employed detectives; no trace remained of her.

If I could have believed that she had gone with that man I should have taken my own life. But she had said she would not, and she had never uttered an untrue word to me.

My babe was two years old, and I had begun to think Grace dead, when one day the head of our firm thought fit to employ me in a certain negotiation. Goods of a peculiar quality were to be ordered at a certain factory; a man who understood directions perfectly could only give the orders and do well for those who ordered. I accepted the embassy at once, of course, and travelled by rail to the mills. It was an uninteresting place, with wasted land about it, and a beggarly village set at hand. I saw the manufacturer, and when my business with him was concluded, he gave me a glass of wine and a biscuit.

"Come through the factory," he said, when we had set our glasses down. "It is worth seeing."

It was. As I looked over the busy scene, and saw hundreds of men and women at work, and heard the steady beat of the machinery, I acknowledged that. But suddenly I was spellbound, my eyes riveted upon one figure standing with its back towards me. A woman, coarsely dressed, but graceful beyond expression. The figure and the carriage of the head were those of my wife. She turned; the face was hers also. Our eyes met. I was at her side in a moment. "I have found you!" I almost sobbed. "Oh, Grace, I have found you!"

But she put me back.

"Henry," she said, in a solemn tone, "don't make my duty harder. I am doing right; I know it. While he lives, I am not your wife!"

"You will kill me, Grace," I said.

"I suffer also," she sighed. "Leave me, Henry." I dared not disobey her. Maddened by my woe.

I turned away, and somehow gained the factory door. Outside stood a bloated, brutal looking man. As his hand clasped my arm, I knew him to be Grace's husband.

"You've been there," he said. "I've watched you; but you can't cheat me. I'll be paid, or I'll tell the whole world she belongs to me. I'll let her know it. I'm going in. I've been on the watch for you both."

Her words, "While he lives, I am not your wife," came back to me. For the moment, murder was in my heart. But, thank heaven, I resisted the temptation.

"Don't trouble her, or you will rue it!" I whispered.

But he answered, "You'll stand by wash hus-

band and wife, will you? I don't care for the door. He was intoxicated. I saw him reel as he walked. To save Grace from insult or injury, I followed.

He went before me, muttering drunken threats. The factory girls shrank away as he passed them. Men started forward to stop him. Suddenly, a horrible cry rang through the factory. Every woman seemed to have screamed at one moment.

Somebody was lifted amidst wheels and bands, and whirled wildly overhead. There was a sudden rush. The machinery stopped with a heavy clang. A crowd surrounded something. I stepped forward.

The men were placing an object upon the floor—a body mangled and crushed out of all human likeness—the body of the man who had called my Grace his wife. In his drunken blubbiness, he had walked into the iron clutch of the machinery, and so met his awful death. The life that stood between us was over. She was mine.

I lifted her fainting form from the floor and bore her from the room. I said to the manufacturer, "She is my wife" and left him to wonder as he chose. The awful breaking of the barrier between us made no difference to my happiness. It was not the merry lightness of heart that would be clouded, but a solemn awe-stricken thankfulness.

That night, I stood by my own fire-side, and found it home again; for I saw my babe once more upon its mother's breast, and knew that Grace was mine until death parted us.

And we are not severed yet. Heaven has made our days long in the land which it has given us, and we are happy in our age as in our youth.

The Literary Echo
Charlotte Town, P. E. Island, January 15, 1875.

WANT FREE.—Dorsey & Jost are selling at a great reduction in price, a lot of Ladies' Felt Slippers, and Men's and Boys' Moose Skin Moccasins.—3i.

We have received Hurvick's P. E. Island Almanac for 1875, containing the usual Calendar for the coming twelve months. It has also the Tariff, Postal arrangements, and the customary lists of Clergymen, Magistrates, Lawyers, Government Officials, Societies, &c., &c., &c. The work is issued from the printing establishment of Bremner Bros. and is for sale, wholesale and retail, by the publisher, Queen Square.

Our subscribers will please remember that a second half-year of the Echo commenced with this month, and we would feel very much obliged if the small sum required from each would be paid us in advance. Although the heaps of snow which fell during the last few weeks prevented many of our friends from visiting our santiam with the cash, mails are conveyed from one part of the Island to the other, and may be made available in our case.

Select Poetry.

THE BABY.

BY VERNE LEE.

Wonderful little baby,
Sitting on mother's knee,
Clasping the tiny fingers,
Screaming with childish glee!
What causes the baby's laughter?
What does the little one see?

Do you think you could believe me
If the sober truth I speak?
Would you really take it in earnest,
Or only think it a joke,
If I told you the cause of his laughter
Was only a wreath of smoke?

Close by his side sits Grandpa,
With his wonderful pipe of clay,
And baby is laughing and crowing
As he puffs the smoke away,
And trying, with eager fingers,
To grasp it in his play.

And we smile at his childish folly,
Little thinking that we,
In some of our undertakings
Are little wiser than he,
And often mistake for substance
The shadows our eyes may see.

IN QUIET DAYS.

The dying year grows strangely mild:
Now in the hazy Autumn weather
My heart is like a happy child,
And life and I, friends reconciled,
Go over the hills together.

My peaceful days run sweet, and still
As waters slipping over sand,
Seeking the shadows of free will
To gather tenderer lights than fill
Day's over-lavish hand.

The Summer wood with music rings;
The singer's is a troubled breast;
I am no more the bird that sings,
But that which broods with folded wings
Upon its quiet nest.

O fairest month of all the year!
O sweetest days in life! they meet:
Within, without, is Autumn: here,
September there, September here,
So tranquil and so sweet.

Oft have I watch'd all night with grief,
All night with joy; and which is best?
Ah! both were sharp, and both were
brief:

My heart was like a wind-blown leaf,
I give them both for nought.

Fair Quiet, close to Joy allied,
But loving shadier walks to keep,
By day is ever at my side:
And all night long with me abide
Peace, and her sister, Sleep.

JOKERS' FEAST.

DON'T CROWD.

Don't crowd; this world is broad enough
For you as well as me;
The doors of art are open wide—
The realm of thought is free;
Of all earth's places you are right
To choose the best you can,
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man.

What matter though you scarce can
count
Your piles of golden ore,
While he can hardly strive to keep
Gaunt famine from the door?
Of willing hand and honest heart
Alone should man be proud;
Then give him all the room he needs,
And never try to crowd.

Don't crowd, proud Miss: your dainty
silk
Will glisten none the less
Because it comes in contact with
A beggar's tattered dress;
This lovely world was never made
For you and I alone;
A pauper has a right to tread
The pathway to a throne.

Don't crowd the good from out your
heart
By fostering all that's bad;
But give to every virtue room—
The best that may be had;
Give each his right, give each his room,
And never try to crowd.

Sparks of Wit.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

A man had better advertise
himself than wait and let the
sheriff do it for him.

Extremes meet. Civilisation
and barbarism come together.
Savage Indians and fashionable
ladies paint their faces.

The last comet was a good deal
like the productions of some of
our voluminous story-writers—a
long tail from a small head.

An Irish knight was once dis-
puting with a French courtier, as
to the age and standing of their
families, when the latter, as a
finisher to the argument, said,
that his ancestors were in the
ark with Noah. "That is nothing,"
said the Hibernian, "for at the
debauch my forefathers were cru-
ising about in a boat of their own."

This line is set up without spaces.

One of the miseries of human
life is going to dine with your
friend upon the strength of a
general invitation, and finding,
by the countenance of his wife,
that you had much better have
waited for a particular one.

APT QUESTION.—A friend of
ours was coming to New York
from Albany, and just opposite
to him in the car sat a lady and
her child, the latter a beautiful
little girl, with wonderfully bright
eyes and a sweet winsome face—
the very picture, in miniature, of
her mother. She attracted much
attention, and won many smiles
and tender glances, as she moved
about the seat. An elderly gentle-
man walking through the car,
looked into the witching thing's
eyes, and was fascinated at once.
Stopping, he lovingly patted her
cheeks and asked:

"Won't you give me a kiss,
pretty one? I like to kiss little
girls."

She looked at him very archly
for an instant, and then propound-
ed the rather embarrassing
question.

"Wouldn't you rather kiss
mamma?"

THE WORKMAN AHEAD.—A
good story is told of a certain
prominent railway man of Phila-
delphia, who is equally renowned
for his ability to make and take
a joke. A railway employee,
whose home is in Avon, came on
Saturday night to ask for a pass
down to visit his family.

"You are in the employ of the
railroad?" inquired the gentle-
man alluded to.

"Yes."

"You receive your pay regular-
ly?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, suppose you were
working for a farmer instead of a
railroad, would you expect your
employer to hitch up his team
every Saturday night and carry
you home?"

This seemed a poser, but it
wasn't.

"No," said the man, promptly.

"I would not expect that; but
if the farmer had his team hitched
up, and was going my way, I
should call him a darn mean cuss
if he wouldn't let me ride."

Mr. Employee came out three
minutes afterwards with a pass
good for twelve months.

The Literary Echo.

The LITERARY Echo, is now published semi-monthly, on or about the 1st and 15th of every month, at One Dollar, (\$1.00.) per annum, invariably in advance. Address, (post-paid) the ROSS SISTERS, P. O. Box 299, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Business advertisements are published in the LITERARY Echo, at thirty cents, (\$0.30) per inch, for every insertion.

Discount on 3 mos. advts., 10 % cent.
do. 6 do. 15 do.
do. 12 do. 25 do.

Advertisements without special instructions, will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

Transient and Foreign advertisements must be paid in advance.

Patent Medicine and Quack advertisements will be charged double the above rates, without discount.

No free advertisements will be inserted.

Special notices of Patent Medicine and Quack advertisements, twenty-five cents, (\$0.25) per line, in advance. All others, twelve and a half cents, (\$0.12 1/2) per line.

Objectionable advertisements will not be inserted at any price.

Agents for the LITERARY ECHO.

Persons desirous of subscribing to the LITERARY Echo can order it through the following Agents, or direct from our office:—

- H A HARTVE, Queen Square, Ch'town.
- J A McLEOD & Co., Alberton.
- JAMES E. McDONALD, Cardigan Bridge.
- PETER NEWSOM, Crapaud.
- ARTHUR McEWEN, Clifton, New London.
- J. A. McKIE, French River, N. London.
- G. A. AITKEY, Georgetown.
- BAZILX DE ROUX, Miscouche.
- JAMES ROSS, Mount Stewart Bridge.
- W. S. CAIRNS, Murray Harbor South.
- CARTNEY McLURE, Murray River.
- RICHARD SMITH, Pownall, Lot 49.
- HON. H. BEER, Southport.
- C. C. CARLTON, Souris East.
- JORE TANTON, junr., Summerside.
- P. J. D. EDMONDS, Summerville.
- GEORGE O'NEILL, Vernon River.
- W. L. CAMPBELL, New Glasgow, N. S.
- JAMES McLEAN, Pictou, N. S.
- HECTOR McKENZIE, Stellarton, N. S.
- D. H. SMITH & Co., Truro, N. S.
- K. J. McKENZIE, Westville, N. S.
- G. B. IRVIE, Wine Harbor, N. S.

Receipts for the LITERARY ECHO.

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

- Matthew Allan, Charlottetown
- George Colville, do.
- Miss P. Moore, do.
- Thos. Merchant, do.
- Patrick Corrigan, do.
- O. Winkler, do.
- Charles Brewster, Georgetown

A. C. Muttart, Alberton.
John S. Hunter, do.
David Walsh, Cornwall.
Duncan Hyde, do.
Miss Arabella Lea, Tryon.
Neil Miller, Murray Harbor North.
Donald McKay, Wheatley River.
R. K. McKenzie, Flat River.
Miss Lottie J. Kennedy, B. Point Road.
To be continued in our next.

MARRIAGES.

At the residence of Mr. Pickard, by the Rev. Thomas Duncan, Mr. Malcolm McQueen, to Miss Sarah McKinnon, both of Charlottetown.

At Georgetown, by the Rev. P. Melville, M. A., Mr. John D. Campbell, of Georgetown, to Miss Ann M. Harris, of White Sands.

At the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Arthur F. Carr, A. M., Mr. Frederick Palmer, to Miss Mary Clarke, both of Hill's River, Cascompec.

At Ellerslie, Lot 12, by the Rev. Henry Crawford, Mr. Charles A. McGregor, son of Mr. John McGregor, of Lot 16, to Miss Margaret McDonald, daughter of Mr. William McDonald, Lot 12.

At the Manse, by the Rev. Thomas Duncan, Mr. Norman J. Campbell, Charlottetown, to Miss Emma H. Gillis, Murray Harbor Road.

At the Methodist Parsonage, Tryon, by the H. P. Cowperthwaite, Mr. Wm. Pooley, to Miss Mary E. Malone.

By the same, at the Parsonage, Mr. Colin McKay, to Miss Fanny Jane, eldest daughter of William Dawson, Esq., of Crapaud.

By the Rev. Isaac Murray, M. A., Mr. George E. Baker, of Miscouche, to Sophia J. Clarke, of Cavendish.

At Clide Cottage, New Glasgow, by Elder D. Crawford, Mr. Charles F. Simpson, of Cavendish, to Emmelinza, eldest daughter of Mr. John Wallace, Shubenacadie, N. S.

At the Manse, by the Rev. J. M. McLeod, Mr. John Rhodes Warren, to Miss Isabella Bernard, both of North Rustico.

By Rev. J. M. McLeod, Mr. Daniel Gillis, of Little Sands, to Emma Jane McDonald, of Whim Road.

DEATHS.

At Mill Cove, Donald MacIsaac, aged 41 years.

At her residence, Southport, Eliza, wife of Mr. Richard Kirvan, in the 46th year of her age.

At Brownston, Lot 49, Jessie, relict of the late Conrad Vickerson, in the 79th year of her age.

A sick man, slightly convalescing, was asked by a pious friend who his physician was. He replied: "Dr. Jones brought me through. "No, no," said his friend: "God brought you out of your illness, not the doctor." "Well, maybe he did, but I am certain the doctor will charge me for it."

One chief impediment to a "tip-top" wedding in Cincinnati is the church fee. The newest and most beautiful church makes out its bill thus: Item first, the gas bill, item second, the minister, organist, sexton, and usher fees; item third, covering carpets; item fourth, warming church; total \$200.

Some atrocious cynic says that going to be married is very much like going to be hanged, and observes that there is only the difference of an aspirate between the alter and the halter.

There is some nobleness about a goat which all boarders might imitate. He is not particular what he feeds upon.

Golden Sands.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scoffer and dumb to those who are mischievously inquisitive.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

We should not despair of the goodness of the world if we do not happen to see it immediately around us. The atmosphere is still blue, though so much of it as is inclosed in our apartments is colourless.

He that giveth good advice, builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example builds with the other; but he that gives good admonition and bad example, builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.

Let your wit rather serve you for a buckler to defend yourself, by a handsome reply, than the sword to wound others, though with ever so facetious reproach; remembering that a word cuts deeper than a sharper weapon, and the wound it makes is longer curing.

COMMERCIAL COLLEGE!!

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

EATON, FRAZEE & BEAGH, 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 8½ p.m.

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

T. B. BEAGH, Principal.

Charlottetown, August 1, 1874.

FOR LADIES!!

BEST KID GLOVES—known

ROULLONS

First Choice Seamless Josephine

KID GLOVES,

SINGLE BUTTON, \$1.00.

DOUBLE BUTTON, \$1.10.

FRENCH PEBBON, Kid Gloves.

ROBERT ORR & Co.

Ch. Town, Oct. 15, 1874. If

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE,

That the Cheapest

ORGANS

AND

PIANOS,

Are always

ON SALE,

And to be had at

MARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,

SIXTH SIDE QUEEN SQUARE.

Nov. 16, 1874. If

ROCKLIN HOUSE,

53 KENT STREET.

SIMON D. FRASER,

Proprietor.

Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated at reasonable rates.

Ch. Town, Nov. 16, 1874. If

CHAMBER SUITS.

CHAMBER SUITS, in Walnut Chestnut, with Walnut Trimming, and Painted Sets made, and warranted to please.

E. D. STAIR.

Ch. town, Nov. 16, 1874. If

KEITH & MCGREGOR'S

STAR

CLOTHING HOUSE!!!

IMPORTERS OF

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC

CLOTHES,

GENTS'

FURNISHING GOODS IN

ENGLISH & AMERICAN

H. B. 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. 58 South side Queen Sq. Ch. town July 1 1874. If

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A N assortment, suitable for the Season, always on hand at

WM. F. MORRIS.

53 Prince Street.

Ch. Town, Sept. 15, 1874. If

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 Kirkham, situate on Township No. forty-four, at the head of Souris River, consisting of City 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. If

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 House. Nov. 16, 1874. If

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.

MACEACHERN & CO.

Dec. 1, 1874. If

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,

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

Cloak, Beaver, Deerkins, Duckskins,

Deviens, Bedford Cord, Faced Trouserings,

Diagonals, Chees, Diamond Worsted, &c., &c.

Superior in worth and durability any stock of the kind ever brought into

Charlottetown. Give us a call before procuring elsewhere.

I can suit you.

D. H. MACKINNON.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island, December 1, 1874.

11

Cabinet Factory!

THE Subscriber, thankful for the 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. so in Cane and Wood.

Also, the very Best Office Chair and Called the

"BOSTON OFFICE CHAIR,"

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

comfortable.

PARLOR & CHAMBER SUITS,

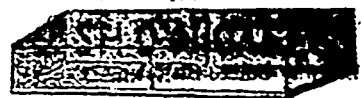
made to order in a superior manner.

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 MOLDING,

In Walnut and Gilt, on hand, which will be made up CHEAP.

Also, pretty little Pictures for sale

E. D. STAIR,

No. 31 Great Geo. Street

Charlottetown, Nov. 2, 1874

MASONIC TEA

AND

ENTERTAINMENT.

THE Annual Tea and Entertainment under the auspices of St. John's Lodge, No. 397, R. E., will be held

IN THE MARKET HALL,

ON

WEDNESDAY, January 27th.

Tea on the Tables at 6 o'clock, sharp.

The Committee will endeavor to make this the Tea and Entertainment of the season.

Tickets 50 cents each, to be obtained at the Drug Stores of Dr. Dodd and W. B. Watson; also, Bremner Bros., and from the following Committee:—

Bros. W. J. FRASER,	JOHN COLLINS,
WM. H. MCLAREN,	R. MCPHERSON,
D. SMALL,	T. MCLEAN,
D. T. JOHNSTON,	Geo. MILLNER, JR.

GEO. COOMBS, Sec'y. of Com.

Ch'town, Jan. 15, 1875.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**RAILWAY!****SPECIAL NOTICE.**

IN consequence of the continued severity of the weather, and unexpected difficulties in clearing the Track of snow drifts and ice, the Public are hereby informed, that the opening of the Railway, advertised to take place on Monday, the 4th inst., will be

POSTPONED UNTIL FURTHER**NOTICE!**

THOS. SWINYARD,

Commissioner, Acting for Dominion Government.

Railway Office, Ch'town,
Jan. 15, 1875.**'WE BLOOM AMIDST THE SNOW'**

PINE APPLES, Peaches, Pears, Green Peas, String Beans, Tomatoes, Jams, Jellies, Marmalade, Dessert Raisins, Figs, Currants, &c., &c., &c.

All at lowest prices at

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

Jan. 1, 1875.

2i

SHERWOOD CEMETERY.

THE Farm and Buildings connected with the above Cemetery, can now be ~~let~~ **let on lease**, for three years, at a reasonable rate.

For rent and conditions of lease, apply to

JOHN LEPAGE, Sec'y.

Jan. 1, 1875.

2i

MAYOR'S OFFICE,

JANUARY 14, 1875

HIS Worship the Mayor and Common Council have been pleased to confirm the appointment of Donald McKinnon, Esquire, to the office of Chief Engineer of the Fire Department of Charlottetown, in place of Thomas Alley, Esquire, resigned.

PETER MACGOWAN,

City Clerk.

January 15, 1875.

3i

REMOVAL**George L. Dogherty,**

In returning thanks to his numerous friends and patrons for past favors, begs to inform them that he has removed to his

NEW & COMMODIOUS PREMISES,

North Side King Street,

Nearly Opposite

WELSH & OWEN'S BRICK BUILDING,

WHERE,

With greatly increased facilities, and a full

Stock of Modern Furniture,

He is prepared to fill all orders entrusted to him, at short notice.

Having introduced steam power and wood-working machinery, he can produce Furniture second to none in the city, for quality and price.

Call and be convinced before purchasing elsewhere.

A Good Upholsterer Wanted.

Jan. 15, 1875.

3i

IMMEDIATE.

ALL parties indebted to **DAVISON & Co.**, late of Queen Square, are requested to make

Immediate Payment of the Same in Full.

All sums unpaid after the first of **JANUARY, 1875**, will certainly be handed over for collection.

Office, Kent Street, directly opposite North American Hotel.

DAVISON & CO.

Jan. 1, 1875.

2i

FAMOUS BRANDS,

IN Champagne, Moselle, Port, Sherry, Maderia, Brandy Whiskey, Gin, Jamaica, Brown Stout, Bass Ale, &c., &c.

MACEACHERN & CO.

Jan. 1, 1875.

2i

Selections.**PALACE OF THE KING OF ROME.**

Soon after the birth of the king of Rome, Napoleon contemplated erecting a palace for him upon the banks of the Seine, nearly opposite the bridge of Jena. The government accordingly attempted to purchase the houses situated upon the ground. They had obtained all except the dilapidated hut of a cooper, that was estimated to be worth about two hundred and fifty dollars. The owner, a mulish man, finding the possession of his hut to be quite essential to the plan, demanded two thousand dollars. The exorbitant demand was reported to the emperor. He replied, "It is exorbitant; but the poor man will be turned out of his home; pay it to him." The man, finding his demand so promptly acceded to, immediately declared, that upon further reflection, he could not afford to sell it for less than six thousand dollars. All expostulations were in vain. The architect again appealed to the emperor. "This fellow," said Napoleon, "trifles with us. But there is no help for it. We must pay the money. The cooper now increased his price to ten thousand dollars. The emperor, when informed of it, said, indignantly, "The man is a wretch. I will not purchase his house. It shall remain where it is, a monument of my respect of the laws." The plans of the architect were changed. The works were in progress at the time of Napoleon's overthrow. The poor cooper, finding himself in the midst of rubbish and building material, bitterly lamented his folly. The Bourbons, on their return to Paris, threw down the rising walls of the palace, and destroyed their foundations.

MASONIC COMMANDMENTS.—Practice charity; protect chastity; respect the ties of blood and friendship; face the proud in defence of the humble; kindly assist the feeble; guide the blind; feed the hungry; clothe the naked; raise up the down-trodden; be a father to the orphan; guard the altar; protect the government; love man; adore God.

Reasonable men are the best dictionaries of conversation.