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The Literary Echo.

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

Vol. I.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, November 16, 1874.

No. 10.

Continued Tale.

TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE;

OR, LIFE IN KENTUCKY.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

Continued from our last.

CHAPTER XIII.

TRUTHFULNESS AND DECEPTION.

In order to keep the threads of our narrative connected, it is necessary that we go back for a time, and again open the scene in Frankfort, on the 24th of March, several days after the party, at which Florence Woodburn met Fanny Middleton. Seated at her work-table, in one of the upper rooms of Mrs. Crane's boarding-house, is our old friend Kate Miller. Her dazzling beauty seems enhanced by the striking contrast between the clearness of her complexion and the sable hue of her robe.

On a low stool, at her feet, sits Fanny. Her head is resting on Mrs. Miller's lap, and she seems to be sleeping. She had been excused from school this afternoon, on account of a sick, nervous headache, to which she has recently been frequently subject. Finding the solitude of her own chamber rather irksome, she had sought Mrs. Miller's room, where she was ever a welcome visitor. To Kate she had imparted a knowledge of the letter she supposed Dr. Lacey had written.

Mrs. Miller's sympathy for her young friend was as deep and sincere as was her resentment against the supposed author of the letter. As yet she had kept Fanny's secret inviolate, and not even her husband had ever suspected the cause of Fanny's failing strength. But, this afternoon, as she looked on the fair girl's sad, white face, which seemed to grow whiter and thinner each day, she felt her heart swell with indignation towards one who had wrought this fearful change. "Surely," thought she, "if Dr. Lacey could know the almost fatal consequences of his faithlessness, he would relent; and he must, he shall know it. I will tell Mr. Miller, and I know he will write immediately." Then came the thought that she had promised not to betray Fanny's confidence; but she did not despair of getting her consent, that Mr. Miller should know the secret.

For a time, Fanny slept on sweetly and quietly; then she moved uneasily in her slumber, and finally awoke.

"How is your head, now?" asked Mrs. Miller,

at the same time smoothing the disordered ringlets which lay in such profusion over her lap.

"Oh, much better," said Fanny. "I had a nice sleep, and such pleasant dreams, too."

"Did you dream of him?" said Mrs. Miller, in a low tone.

Quick as thought, the crimson tide stained Fanny's cheek and forehead, but she answered, somewhat bitterly, "Oh, no, no! I never dream of him now, and I am trying hard to forget him. I do not think I love him half as well now, as I once thought I did."

Poor little Fanny! How deceived she was! After a time, Mrs. Miller said, "Fanny, Mr. Miller seems anxious about your altered and languid appearance. May I not tell him the truth? He will sympathize with you as truly as I do; for he feels for you the affection of a brother."

At first Fanny objected. "I know," said she, "that Mr. Miller would only think me a weak, silly girl." Mrs. Miller, however, finally gained permission to tell every thing to her husband. "I know, though," persisted Fanny. "that he will laugh at me. You say he likes me: I know he did once; but, since the time he visited my father's more than a year ago, he has not treated me with the same confidence he did before. I never knew the reason, unless it was that foolish, romping mistake which I made, by riding into the school-house!"

With many tears and some laughing—for the remembrance of the exploit always excited her mirth—Fanny told a part of what we already know, concerning Mr. Miller's visit at her father's in the winter previous. She related the adventure of the sled ride, and said that the morning after she noticed a change in Mr. Miller's manner towards her. The unsuspecting girl little thought what was the true reason of that change.

While she was yet speaking, Mr. Miller entered the room. On seeing Fanny there, and weeping, he said: "What, Sunshine, in tears? This is hardly the remedy I would prescribe for headache. But come, Fanny, tell me what is the matter?"

"Oh, I cannot, I cannot!" said Fanny, and again she buried her face in Kate's lap.

Mr. Miller looked inquiringly at his wife, who had not yet ceased laughing at Fanny's ludicrous description of her sled-ride; but overcoming her merriment, she at length found voice to say, "Fanny is crying because she thinks you do not like her as well as you used to."

Kate had never dreamed that her husband had felt more than a brother's love for the weeping girl before her, and she did not know the pain her words inflicted on his noble heart. Neither did

she think there was the least ground for Fanny's supposition, and she desired her husband to say so.

"I cannot say so, and tell the truth," said Mr. Miller; "but I can assure you that Bill Jeffrey's sled had nothing to do with it."

"What was it, then?" asked Kate and Fanny both, in the same breath.

Mr. Miller drew Fanny towards him with the freedom of an elder brother, and in a low, earnest tone, said: "Did nothing else occur during my visit, which could have changed my opinion of you?"

Fanny lifted her large, blue eyes to Mr. Miller's face with so truthful, and wondering a gaze, that he was puzzled. "Can it be," thought he, "that I did not hear aright, that I was deceived? I will, at least, ask her how she spent that evening," so he said: "Fanny, do you remember where you were, or how you were occupied during the last evening of my stay at your father's?"

At first, Fanny seemed trying to recall the events of that night: then she said: "Oh, yes, I remember now perfectly well. You and Mr. Wilmot had letters to write, and went to your room early, while father and mother went to one of the neighbor's, leaving Julia and me alone in the sitting-room."

"Did you both remain in the sitting-room, during the evening?" continued Mr. Miller.

"Yes," said Fanny; "or, that is, I staid there all the time; but Julia was gone a long time, and when she returned she would not tell me where she had been."

"But were not you and Luce in your own room at all, that evening?" continued Mr. Miller.

"Luce!" said Fanny; "I do not remember having seen her once that night; neither was I in my own room until bed-time."

There was so much frankness and apparent truth in Fanny's face and manner, that Mr. Miller never for a moment doubted her. His first feeling was one of intense happiness, at finding that Fanny was, indeed, all he had once fancied her to be. Back through the channels of his heart rolled, for an instant, the full tide of his once secretly nurtured affection for her. It was for an instant, however; for, one look at the beautiful Kate, convinced him that the love he once bore the gentle, timid girl at his side, was nought, when compared with the deep, ardent affection which he now felt for his own cherished wife. "Fanny," said he, "I have wronged you in thought, but never in word or deed, to my knowledge. I was, however, grossly deceived, although I can see no object for the deception."

"What can you mean?" asked Kate, rather anxiously. "Do explain yourself, and not deal in mysteries any longer. What dreadful thing did you imagine Fanny had done?—set the stables on fire, or abused the blacks—which?"

Mr. Miller did not immediately answer; and Fanny said: "Come, Mr. Miller, it is not fair to suspect of something evil and not tell what it is."

"I will tell you," said Mr. Miller; and, in a few words as possible, he repeated to Fanny the conversation which he had overheard, between Luce and herself, as he supposed.

When he finished speaking, both Kate and Fanny were silent for a moment; then Kate said: "It was Julia, I know it was. Did you never

notice how much alike their voices are? And, besides, I once heard Julia lay a wager with Mr. Raymond that she could imitate her sister's voice so exactly, that one, not seeing her, would be thoroughly deceived."

"Oh, Mrs. Miller," said Fanny, "it cannot be! Why should Julia do so wicked a thing? And yet I now remember that when I was sick, Luce came to me one night and asked me to forgive her for everything bad she had ever done to me. I assured her I knew of nothing to forgive; and then she cried, and said I did not know all she did about her wickedness. She must have referred to that night. I can forgive her; for she is a poor ignorant girl, and much afraid of Julia. But how could my own sister do me so great a wrong, and what could have been her object?"

Here Fanny burst into tears, while Kate gave vent to her indignation by expressing her opinion pretty freely of Miss Julia.

"I can see," said she, "what Julia's object was. I fancy she was always fearful lest my brother should like Fanny the best; and she probably took this method to make you both think meanly of Fanny."

"Your idea is, probably, the correct one," said Mr. Miller, who would have added more; but Kate interrupted him by saying, "Yes, I think I understood it all now. Julia is, probably, at the foundation of Dr. Lacey's neglect. Most likely she's been writing him some base falsehood."

"Dr. Lacey's neglect!" repeated Mr. Miller. "What do you mean?"

Kate commenced an explanation, but Fanny started up, saying: "Please, Mrs. Miller, wait until I am gone."

She then quitted the apartment, and sought her own room, of which Julia had been sole occupant for more than an hour. On her return from school, this hopeful young lady was pleased to find her sister absent. Seating herself near the window, with paper and pencil, she began the composition of that letter, which, as we have seen, widened the breach between Dr. Lacey and Fanny. This unhallowed work cost her a world of pains. Many times were the lines crossed out and rewritten, before they quite suited her. The letter was but half completed, when Fanny was heard coming slowly through the window out upon the balcony, and by the time Fanny reached the room, she was seated at the furthest end of the verandah, busily engaged with her forgery.

When she at last returned to her room, and tried to converse with her sister, she observed that Fanny shrank from her approach and that she had been weeping. In a very ironical tone Julia said, "What now is the matter? I declare, Fan, I believe you are a perfect little simpleton. I wouldn't be such a cry-baby, any way; and make so much fuss about one good-for-nothing Doctor."

Fanny replied very calmly, and without once taking her eyes from her sister's face, "If you think I have been crying about Dr. Lacey, you are mistaken."

"Pray what did you cry for?" said Julia, laughingly. "Did somebody look sideways at you, or omit to call you by some pet baby name?"

"I cried," said Fanny, "because I feared you had been acting very wickedly towards me."

In an instant Julia's assurance left her. The

bright color forsook her cheek, which became perfectly white. Fanny noticed the change, and it confirmed her fears. She did not know that the circumstances to which she alluded had long since faded from Julia's memory, and that her present agitation arose from the fear that she might have been detected in her work of deception, and that, after all, she might be foiled and entangled in her own meshes. A glance of intense anger flashed from her large black eye, as she muttered between her closed teeth: "Has the wretch dared to betray me!"

Fanny supposed she referred to Luce; and her first feeling was to save the helpless servant girl from Julia's displeasure; so she said, "Do not condemn Luce; she did not tell me. I received my information from our teacher, Mr. Miller."

"Luce! Mr. Miller! What do you mean!" asked Julia, her eyes lessening to their usual size, and the color again coming to her cheeks and lips. This sudden change in her sister's appearance puzzled Fanny; but she proceeded to relate what she had just heard from Mr. Miller. Julia was so much relieved to find her fears unfounded, and her darling secret safe, that she burst into a loud laugh, which was continued for some time. During this fit of laughter, she was determining whether it were best to confess the whole, and seem sorry for it, or to strenuously deny it. Finally, she decided on the former, but resolved not to give the right reason for her conduct; so she said, with an air of great penitence: "Yes, Fanny, I am guilty, and I am glad you know it, too. I have been on the point of acknowledging it to you many times, but shame kept me silent."

"How could you do it, and what did you do it for?" asked Fanny.

Julia replied, "Truth compels me to say that I feared your influence over Mr. Wilmot. I knew how much he admired amiability in females, and I wished to make him think you were no more amiable than other people."

"And yet you say you never cared for his love," continued Fanny.

Miss Julia was getting cornered; but her evil genius did not forsake her, and she answered, "True, I did not care much for him; but I felt flattered with his attention, and I ardently desired to have any person prefer me to you. I know it was wicked in me to do what I did; but you will forgive me will you not? and I will promise never again to act deceitfully towards you."

Always sincere in what she said herself, Fanny could not think her sister otherwise; so her hand was extended in token of forgiveness. Julia took it, and, raising it to her lips, kept it there for an instant, in order to conceal the treacherous smile of exultation which played round her mouth. "I shall yet triumph," thought she, and, in the exuberance of her joy, she kissed again the soft hand which she held in her grasp. Could Fanny have looked into the heart of her sister, and beheld all its dark designs, she would have fled from her presence as from a poisonous serpent. But, though she was deceived, there was one, the All-seeing One, whose eye was ever upon the sinful girl; and though, for a while she seemed to prosper, the same mighty Power so ordered it, that after a time, she who had sown the tempest reaped the whirlwind; and the clouds which hung

so heavy and dark around the pathway of her innocent victim, afterwards burst with terrific violence, upon her own head.

We will now return to Mrs. Miller, whom we left relating to her husband the supposed neglect of Dr. Lacey. She finished her narrative by saying, "I cannot help thinking that, by some means, Julia is at the foundation of all this mischief. You and Dr. Lacey were good friends; suppose you write to him, and then we shall at least know the truth of the matter."

"Yes, I will," said Mr. Miller; "I will write to-morrow."

"But why not write to-night?" asked Kate, who was in a hurry.

"Because," answered Mr. Miller, "I shall be engaged to-night, and to-morrow will just do as well."

Kate could not help feeling that, possibly, "to-morrow" might do as well; but she said no more on the subject, and waited patiently for the morrow, when, true to his promise, her husband commenced the important letter. We have said that Mr. Miller had never liked Julia. In his letter, however, he spoke as favorably of her as he could; but he told how basely she had once deceived himself and Mr. Wilmot, with regard to Fanny, and also hinted his own and his wife's suspicion, that, in some way or other, Julia was connected with Dr. Lacey's long silence, as well as with the heartless letter which Fanny had received from New Orleans.

"Yes, this will do," said Kate, as she read what her husband had written. "But," she added, "I cannot help feeling sorry that it was not sent yesterday."

"O, Kate," said Mr. Miller, gayly, "your anxiety for Fanny has made you nervous, and now you are almost superstitious. One day can make no possible difference in the result of this letter."

Afterwards, when it was too late, he learned how much difference the delay of one day caused. By its means, that letter which would have set all aright, was sent in the same package with Julia's amiable production, and as we have seen, was not received by its owner, but safely stowed away in a cigar box, under ground.

Soon after Mr. Miller deposited his letter in the post-office, a young girl, closely veiled, entered the same building, and looked anxiously around her until her eye fell upon her accomplice, Mr. Dunn. That worthy young man instantly came forward, grinning and bowing, and almost upsetting another clerk, who was also hastening to wait upon the beautiful Miss Middleton.

"Good morning, Miss Julia!" said Mr. Dunn; "glad to see you. Fine morning."

Julia did not deign to reply, for Mr. Dunn's familiarity was exceedingly disgusting to her. She, however, handed him her letter, which he looked at in some surprise, and said, in a low tone, "From Fanny, or you?"

"From me; and send it," answered Julia, at the same time managing to slip an eagle into the hands of the honest clerk.

Leaving the office the young lady proceeded homeward, thinking to herself, "There, that will settle him, I hope. I am getting on swimmingly."

When Mr. Miller entered his room, on his re-

turn from the office, Kate said, "In the course of two weeks, you or Fanny, or both, will hear from Dr. Lacey."

"Do not be too sanguine, Katie," answered Mr. Miller; "you may be disappointed."

"Well," continued Kate, "if he pays no attention to your letter, I shall be satisfied that he really is undeserving of Fanny's esteem. 'I'll not tell her that you have written, for fear of the consequence.'"

So days came and went, week followed week, in rapid succession, until five weeks were numbered with the past since Mr. Miller's letter had been dispatched. Kate had waited and watched until her sanguine nature had ceased to hope; for there had come no tidings from the far off Crescent City, and both she and her husband had unwillingly come to the conclusion that Dr. Lacey was really false. Kate manifested her disappointment by an increased tenderness of manner towards Fanny, whom she sincerely loved, and by a more gracious deportment towards Julia, whom she began to fear she had wronged by suspecting her of being accessory to Dr. Lacey's conduct.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MAY QUEEN.—UNCLE WILLIAM.

It was now the first day of May, and as it was also Fanny's seventeenth birthday, her school companions determined to celebrate it by a May party, of which Fanny was unanimously chosen queen. The fete took place in a handsome grove, on a hill-side, which overlooks the city of Frankfort. All of Mr. Miller's pupils were present, together with most of their parents and many of their friends. Mrs. Miller had taken great pains that Fanny should be arrayed becomingly for the occasion, and many and flattering were the compliments paid to the youthful queen, who indeed looked bewitchingly beautiful.

Her dress was a white muslin, festooned with wild flowers, some of which were fastened here and there by a pearl or brilliant. The gayety of the little party was at its height, and when Fanny, gracefully kneeling, received upon her head the crown, and was proclaimed "Queen of the May," a strange voice called out in loud musical tones, "Vive la Reine." The whole company instantly caught up the words, and "Long live the Queen," was echoed and re-echoed on all sides.

When the tumult had somewhat subsided, the eyes of those present were turned towards the spot whence the words "Vive la Reine" had proceeded. Leaning against one of the tall shade trees were two gentlemen, who had joined them unobserved. The elder of the strangers was a middle aged man, in whose black eyes, and dark complexion, we recognize the Mr. Middleton whom we left with Dr. Lacey in New Orleans. His companion was many years younger, and there was something in his appearance which instantly interested and attracted the notice of strangers. There was a nobleness in the intellectual cast of his high, white forehead, round which his rich brown hair lay in thick masses as if unwilling to part with the curls which must have been natural to it in childhood.

No sooner did Kate's eye fall upon the young man, than she darted forward with a cry of recog-

niton and exclaimed, "Why, Frank Cameron, how came you here?"

But before he answers Kate's question, we will introduce him to our readers. Frank Cameron was a cousin of Kate Wilmot. His father, who was a lawyer by profession, had amassed a large fortune, on the interest of which he was now living in elegant style in the city of New York. Frank, who was the eldest child, had chosen the profession of his father, contrary to the wishes of his proud lady mother, who looked upon all professions as too plebeian to suit her ideas of gentility. This aristocratic lady had forgotten the time, when, with blue cotton umbrella and thick india-rubbers, she had plodded through the mud and water of the streets in Albany, giving music lessons for her own and widowed mother's maintenance. One of her pupils was Kate Wilmot's mother, Lucy Cameron. While giving lessons to her, she first met Lucy's brother, Arthur Cameron, who afterwards became her husband. He was attracted by her extreme beauty, and his admiration was increased on learning her praiseworthy efforts to maintain herself and mother. They were married, and with increasing years came increasing wealth, until at length Mr. Cameron was a millionaire and retired from business.

As riches increased, so did Mrs. Cameron's proud spirit, until she came to look upon herself as somewhat above the common order of her fellow-beings. She endeavored to instil her ideas of exclusiveness into the minds of her children. With her daughter Gertrude, she succeeded admirably, and by the time that young lady had reached her eighteenth year, she fancied herself a kind of queen to whom all must pay homage. But Frank the poor mother found perfectly incorrigible. He was too much like his father to think himself better than his neighbor on account of his wealth. Poor Mrs. Cameron had long given him up, only asking him as a favor that he would not disgrace his family by marrying the washerwoman's daughter. So Frank promised he would not, unless perchance he should fall in love with her, "and then," said he, with a wicked twinkle of his handsome hazel eyes, "then, my dear Mrs. Cameron, I cannot be answerable for consequences."

He had always greatly admired his cousin Kate, and often horrified his mother by declaring that if Kate were not his cousin, he would surely marry her. "Thank fortune, then, that she is so near a relative! for now you will not stoop to marry a music teacher," said Mrs. Cameron.

The old rognish expression danced in Frank's eye, as he said, "Most noble mother Adelaide, will you not tell me whether it wrenched father's back much, when he stooped to a music teacher?"

The highly indignant lady was silent, for Frank had a way of reminding her of the past, which she did not quite relish; so she let him alone, secretly praying that he would not make a fool of himself in his choice of a wife. He bade her be easy on that point, for 'twasn't likely he would ever marry, for he probably would never find a wife who would suit him.

Such was Frank Cameron. Business for his father had taken him to Louisville, and he determined to visit his cousin Kate, ere he returned home. He took passage in the *Blue Wing*, on board of which was Mr. Middleton, who soon made

his acquaintance. As they were bound for the same place, they kept together, and on reaching Frankfort, went immediately to Mrs. Crane's, where they were entertained by Mrs. Carrington, who wondered much who the distinguished looking strangers could be. Concluding that the older one must of course be married, she turned her attention to Frank, who was much amused at her airs and coquettish manners. He had inquired for Mrs. Miller, and at length Mrs. Carrington asked if she were an acquaintance of his.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Frank, with great gravity, "she is my wife's cousin."

In an instant Mrs. Carrington's coquetry vanished, and rising upon her dignity, she soon gave the gentlemen directions where to find the May party. As they were proceeding thither, Mr. Middleton said, "Why, Cameron, I understood you to say upon the boat, that you were not married?"

"Neither am I," answered Frank. "I merely wished to get a dissolving view of that lady's manoeuvres. Besides, I was actually afraid of being annihilated by her eyes and smiles. I'll manage to let her know that you are marketable, and then she'll turn her artillery towards you."

"But was it quite right," said Mr. Middleton, "to give her a wrong impression?"

"No, I suppose not," answered Frank. "But if I ever marry, Kate will be my wife's cousin."

By this time they had reached the entrance of the grove, and caught a sight of the fair queen. "The fates protect me!" said Frank, suddenly stopping, and planting himself against a tree. "It would be suicide to advance another step. And she is your niece, you say. Pray intercede for me, or in less than a month I shall be making faces through the iron grating of some mad-house."

Mr. Middleton did not reply. His eyes were riveted on Fanny, whose face and figure recalled to his remembrance his only sister, who was the playmate of his childish years. Many long years had rolled away, since that bright summer morning, when with a sad heart he bade adieu to that sister, who, a young happy bride, was leaving her native land for a home on a foreign shore. Weeks passed, and there came intelligence that the ill-fated vessel in which she embarked was a total wreck. Among the lost were his sister and her husband, who now slept quietly beneath the surf of the Atlantic.

Fanny so strongly resembled her aunt, that 'twas not strange Mr. Middleton for an instant fancied he again looked on the features of his long lost sister. But the illusion soon vanished, and when Kate bounded forward and saluted her cousin, his eye was wandering over the group of young girls in quest of his other niece. He, however, looked in vain. Julia was not there. When urged to attend the party, she had tossed her head in scorn, saying that she unfortunately had no taste for child's play. She preferred remaining at home, where she could spend her time profitably. Oh, Julia! Julia! it is a pity you did not dare assign your true reason for absenting yourself from the party. Of this reason we will speak hereafter. We are not quite through with the May party.

We left Kate interrogating her cousin as to how he chanced to be there, and the remainder of the

company looking in wonder upon the strangers, who seemed so suddenly to have dropped into their midst. After Frank had answered his cousin's questions, he introduced his companion, and said, "He has two nieces here, I believe. He has recognized one of them in your charming Queen. Will you please point out the other, and then introduce him?"

"I am sorry to say Julia is not present," answered Kate. "But come with me, Mr. Middleton," continued she, "and I will present you to Fanny." Then turning to Frank, she added, "I remember you to be a woman hater, master Frank, so you can remain where you are."

"I'd laugh to see myself doing it," answered Frank, as he followed his gay cousin to the spot where Fanny was standing. All eyes were upon them, while Kate introduced the tall, distinguished looking gentleman to Fanny as her uncle.

"My uncle!" said Fanny, in some surprise; "My uncle!"

A slight shade of disappointment was visible on Mr. Middleton's face, as he took the offered hand of his niece, but he said, "Yes, your uncle. Did you never hear your father speak of his brother Bill?"

"Oh, yes, yes," said Fanny, joyfully. "I do know you now. You are my uncle William, from the Indies. Father will be delighted to see you, for he has long feared you were dead." At the same time the affectionate girl again took her uncle's hand and raised it to her lips.

The tears started to Mr. Middleton's eyes, but hastily dashing them away, he said, "I suppose the fair Queen Fanny knows that bad bills always return?"

Fanny replied by again kissing the sunburned hand of her uncle. "King Ferdinand!" thought Frank, "I'd endure the rack for the sake of being in the old fellow's boots." Frank had been standing near Fanny, fixing upon her a gaze so intensely earnest, that when she at last raised her eyes to his, she blushed deeply, for there was no mistaking the look of deep admiration with which he regarded her.

Kate immediately introduced him. Fanny received him very politely, and said playfully, "I was in hopes, Mr. Cameron, that you would prove to be my cousin."

Mr. Middleton instantly answered, "No, dear Fanny, he is not your cousin; but he seems very desirous of being my nephew."

Fanny did not apply this to herself, but answered very demurely, "I don't know what he'll do, Uncle. You'll have to talk the matter over with sister Julia, who unfortunately is not here."

"You are a modest little puss," said Mr. Middleton. "But do you give up every thing so quietly to Julia?"

Fanny answered somewhat sadly, "I've nothing to give."

Here Mr. Miller joined them, and said it was time to make preparations for returning home. Accordingly in a short time the company were dispersing. When our party reached Mrs. Crane's, Fanny went directly to Julia, whom she found most becomingly dressed, apparently anxiously awaiting her return.

That excellent young lady had heard from Mrs. Carrington of the strangers' visit, and as she was

impatience to know who they were, she had dispatched a negro girl to reconnoitre and report. The girl soon came back, her eyes projecting like coffee saucers, and the little braided tags of her hair seemingly standing upright.

"Oh, Miss Julia!" said she, "that 'ar tall, yaller man, done shook hands 'long of Miss Fanny, who kissed him, and called him Uncle William. She said how he done been with the Injuns."

"*Her Uncle William!*" repeated Julia, in amazement. "And who is the other one? His son?"

"Yes, reckon so," said the negro. "They done call him Mr. Camel, or Camlet, or suthin. I tell you he's han'some; and I reckon he's tuk with Miss Fanny. Jiminy hocake! ain't she pooty? She looked a heap han'somer than you—no, I don't mean so—I axes pardon again." And the negro bobbed out of the door, just in time to dodge a ball of soap, which Julia hurled at her head.

"It's of no use fretting so," said Mrs. Carrington, who was present. "The young man is married, for he spoke of his wife."

Julia did not answer, and Mrs. Carrington soon after left the room. When she was gone, Julia muttered to herself, "Uncle William, from the Indies; rich as Croesus, of course. What a fool I was not to go to the party. Most likely, Fanny has won his good graces by this time. However, I'll dress myself and surprise him with my beauty, if nothing else."

Accordingly, the next hour was spent decorating her person, and when Fanny came for her, she was ready to make an assault upon the good opinion of her rich India uncle. Not a thing out of place, from the shining braids of her dark hair to the tiny slipper on her delicate foot.

Fanny's first exclamation on entering the room, was, "How beautiful you look, Julia! It is exceedingly fortunate that you are dressed so becomingly; for, will you believe it, Uncle William is down stairs!"

"Is it possible?" said Julia, affecting much surprise.

"Yes," answered Fanny. "You know father thinks him dead. But come, he is anxious to see you."

Julia arose to go with her sister, and said, "Isn't there a young man with him?"

"How did you know that?" asked Fanny, in some astonishment.

"I saw them from the window," was Julia's ready reply.

Fanny did not think of doubting her sister, and she answered, "It is a Mr. Cameron. He is a cousin to Mrs. Miller."

By this time they had reached the parlor, which was open. Here Julia thought proper to be seized with a fit of modest diffidence, and hesitated a moment before entering the room. Her uncle, however, immediately came forward, and relieved her from all embarrassment, by saying, "And this, I suppose, is Julia. My brother is a happy man to be father of two such charming girls."

Julia received him graciously, but rather haughtily offered him her cold, white hand. "I will not kiss him," thought she; "Fanny did that. It's too childish. I'll be more dignified."

Could she have known the contrast which her uncle was drawing between her own and Fanny's

reception of him, she would not have felt much flattered; but, before her uncle had time to say anything further, Fanny introduced her to Frank, whose keen eye had read her character at a glance, and read it aright, too. His ideas and words were after the following fashion:

"Pshaw! what a bundle of pride and stuck-up-ishness! She's handsome, though, but isn't to be named the same day with Fanny."—"How do you do, Miss Middleton?"—"What an affected little curtsy!"—"Hope to see you well, ma'am." "I'd laugh to see her trip and fall flat."

Such were Frank's thoughts while undergoing the ceremony of an introduction to Julia, who never for a moment doubted she was making an impression upon the handsome young stranger, his supposed wife to the contrary notwithstanding. The introductions being over, Julia seated herself on the sofa, while Fanny took a seat on a low ottoman near her uncle, but partially behind him. She had chosen this place, because she fancied it would screen her somewhat from Frank's eyes, which she felt, rather than saw, were fixed upon her constantly.

During the conversation which followed, Julia, as if by mere accident, mentioned New Orleans. She was anxious to know whether her uncle saw or heard of Dr. Lacey. Her curiosity was soon gratified; for, at the mention of New Orleans Mr. Middleton, as if suddenly recollecting himself, turning to Fanny, "I saw two of your acquaintances in New Orleans, and one of them gave me a most glowing description of you."

"I wonder if it were a gentleman," thought Frank.

Julia's thoughts were similar, and she bit her lip, while Fanny's cheek glowed with unwonted brilliancy, as she quietly asked, "Pray, who was it, Uncle?"

"It was Miss Woodburn, who praised you so highly," answered Mr. Middleton.

Julia immediately asked, "And who was the other acquaintance?"

"Dr. Lacey," answered her uncle. "I spent three weeks at his house."

Without knowing it, Fanny drew nearer to her uncle, and laid her hand on his. He seemed dearer to her from the fact that he had spent so much time with one whose image was ever before her, and whom she vainly fancied she was trying to forget.

Frank noticed Fanny's manner and interpreted it according to his fears. "There's mischief here," thought he. "I hope this Doctor lives in a good locality for yellow fever."

"Is Dr. Lacey about to be married?" asked Julia.

"Married," repeated Mr. Middleton; "I should say matrimony was very far from his thoughts, at present. I fancied he had met with some disappointment, and I sometimes feared lest the fair deceitful one were one of my nieces. Can any one set me right on the subject?"

Mr. Middleton had no idea how painfully his words affected her who sat by his side, and looked up so imploringly in his face, as if begging him to stop. There was an embarrassing silence, which Julia broke by saying, "While Dr. Lacey was here, he and Fanny got up a flirtation; but nothing serious will result from it, I reckon."

"It's Fanny's own fault, then, I imagine," said Mr. Middleton, laying his hand on the head which had drooped lower and lower, until at last it rested heavily upon his knee.

Fanny made no reply; but, when she lifted up her head, there was something so sad in the expression of her face, that Mr. Middleton immediately surmised that there was, or had been, something between Dr. Lacey and Fanny more serious than a mere flirtation; so he very kindly changed the conversation, which now turned upon different subjects, until the supper-bell rang out its summons, when they all repaired to the dining-room.

At the supper-table Mr. Middleton and Frank were introduced to Mrs. Carrington, Mr. Stanton, and Raymond. Mrs. Carrington acknowledged her introduction to Cameron merely by a haughty, disdainful bow. She had learned from Kate that he was not married; and, feeling indignant at the deception he attempted to practice upon her, she resolved to treat him with contempt. Accordingly, although seated opposite him, she deigned him neither look nor word, but divided her time between laughing and coquetting with Raymond, and trying the power of her charms upon Mr. Middleton, who, she had been told, was a bachelor, and possessed of unbounded wealth. With the old Indian, however, she made but little headway; and Frank was right when he thought, "You'll get tired of that play, madam; the game is too old to be caught with chaff. With Raymond she succeeded better. He was delighted with her unusually flattering notice; and ere supper was over, he had, in Frank's estimation, made a perfect fool of himself.

Frank's intention was, however, soon diverted towards Mr. Middleton, who said, speaking to Stanton, "Were it not for your name and glasses, I should address you as Dr. Lacey. Are you related to him?"

Stanton replied, "Yes, sir; he is my cousin. I think I must resemble him, as I have been told so, frequently."

Mr. Middleton then spoke of Dr. Lacey in the highest terms of commendation, and concluded his remarks by saying, "I have recently purchased a residence, near Lake Pontchartrain, and I am beating up recruits to spend the summer there with me. I am sure of Dr. Lacey, Miss Woodburn, and her cousin, Miss Mortimer. My nieces I shall take back with me, any way; and shall be happy to prevail on you, Mr. Stanton, to accompany me also."

Stanton thanked him for his kind invitation, but at the same time declined it, saying that business would call him to New York in the autumn. The deep blush which accompanied these words caused Raymond to burst into a laugh. Mr. Middleton looked inquiringly at him, and he said, "Pardon me, for laughing; I was thinking of the important business which calls Bob to New York."

"Nothing bad, I hope?" said Mr. Middleton.

"Nothing worse than going for a wife," answered Raymond. "He is not suited with Kentucky girls, but must needs plod back to New York."

"If appearances do not deceive, you, at least, seem likely to be suited by a Kentuckian," replied Mr. Middleton, at the same time turning his black eyes on Mrs. Carrington, with something of a quizzical expression.

Raymond colored. He did not know how this speech would be received by the fair lady. She soon satisfied him, however; for tossing her head proudly, she said, "As far as my experience goes, New Yorkers are more easily suited than Kentuckians; at least I find them generally to be exceedingly disagreeable."

"I am afraid some of them are so easily suited that they catch a *Tartar* sometimes," said Frank, whose feelings were roused at hearing this rude speech.

Mrs. Carrington gave him a look which she meant should say, "I wonder what you think you are. I'd thank you to mind your own business."

But Frank thought he was minding his own business; for he was looking at Fanny, who had not taken her eyes from her plate since her uncle had proposed taking herself and Julia to New Orleans. Her first feeling was one of joy. She would go, for she would then see Dr. Lacey; but the next thought was, "No, I will not. He has spurned me, and why should I put myself in his way?"

Julia's feelings were different. She could scarcely conceal her delight. Her artful mind took in the future at a glance. She felt sure that Fanny would not go; but she would, and could thus make Dr. Lacey believe that she, of all others, was just suited for him. Here we may as well give Julia's real reason for absenting herself from the May party. She had begun to fear that all her fine scheming might come to nought; for in all probability Dr. Lacey would not return to Kentucky for a long time. What could she do? She would write him a letter in her own name. In it she would modestly express her opinion of Fanny's conduct; sympathize with him in his disappointment and end by inviting him to Frankfort, saying she hoped he would not absent himself from his friends on Fanny's account; for there were many who would welcome him back to Kentucky with pleasure. It was for the sake of manufacturing this letter that Julia had remained at home. But now there was no need of sending it, for she was going to New Orleans herself. Her joy was complete; and from that time she looked upon Dr. Lacey as belonging exclusively to herself. She would win him. He would yet be hers.

On returning to the parlor after supper, she seated herself close to her uncle, upon whom she lavished so many caresses that he wondered what had come over her, and began to think that he was mistaken in supposing her to be cold-hearted and indifferent to him. As he looked at her beautiful, animated face, and the sparkling brilliancy of her eyes, he felt a moment's vanity in thinking how proud he should be to introduce her as his niece among the fashionables of New Orleans.

During the evening Mr. Ashton called. He had heard of the arrival of Mr. Middleton from the Indies, and he had his own particular reason for wishing to see him. Soon after entering the room, he addressed Mr. Middleton, saying, "Were you in Calcutta twelve years ago?"

"Yes, sir; I was there twenty years ago," answered Mr. Middleton.

"Do you remember transacting business with the captain of the English vessel *Delphine*?"

Mr. Middleton thought a moment, and then

answered, "I remember that vessel and its captain, well."

"And do you remember a poor cabin boy, who was sick and worn out with ship fever?" continued Mr. Ashton.

"Oh, yes, yes; I remember him well," said Mr. Middleton. "I had him removed to my own house, and nursed him until he was nearly well; and then, he one night ran away from me. I have never heard from him since; but there was an American vessel anchored near the shore, and always supposed he went on board and sailed for home. I would give much to know what became of him."

"He stands before you," said Mr. Ashton rising and grasping Mr. Middleton's hand. "He is here to thank you for your kindness, and is both able and willing to repay you for the care you took of him who was alone and friendless in a distant land."

"Can it be," said Mr. Middleton, with much emotion, "that you really are Henry Ashton? I should never have recognized you."

"I presume not," answered Ashton. "Twelve years have transformed the pale, emaciated youth into the tall, full-grown man. But I should have known you any where."

Here Raymond called out, "Why, Ashton, have you been to the Indies? Why did you never tell us?"

"Because," replied Ashton, "there was so much of home-sickness and suffering attending that voyage to India, that I never like to speak of it." Then turning to Mr. Middleton, he said, "I have met your brother often, but never suspected him to be a relative of yours. Have you seen him yet?"

"I have not," answered Mr. Middleton. "I intend visiting him to-morrow, and shall be glad to take as many of you with me as are willing to go. I wish to be introduced to him as a Mr. Stafford from New Orleans."

After some further conversation, it was arranged that Mr. Miller, Ashton, Stanton, Raymond, and Cameron, should accompany Mr. Middleton on his projected visit to his brother. Soon after Mr. Ashton departed for his boarding place, and the remainder of the company separated for the night.

To be Continued.

Varities.

REMARKABLE MASONIC INCIDENT.

The first Masonic funeral that ever occurred in California took place in 1849, and was performed over a brother found drowned in the Bay of San Francisco. An account of the ceremonies states that on the body of the deceased was found a silver mark of a Mason, upon which were engraved the initials of his name. A little further investigation revealed to the beholder the most singular exhibition of Masonic emblems that was ever drawn by the ingenuity of man upon the human skin. There is nothing in the history of traditions of Freemasonry equal to it. Beautifully dotted on his left arm in red and blue ink, which time could not efface, appeared all the emblems of the entire apprenticeship. There were the Holy Bible, square and com-

pass, the twenty-four-inch gauge and common gavel. There were also the ground-floor of King Solomon's Temple, the indented tessel which surrounds it, and the blazing star in the centre. On his right arm, and artistically executed in the same indelible liquid, were the emblems pertaining to the fellowcraft's degree—viz., the square, the level, and the plumb. There were also the five columns representing the five orders of architecture—the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite.

In removing his garments from his body, the trowel presented itself, with all the other tools of operative masonry. Over his heart was the pot of incense. On other parts of his body were the beehive, the book of constitutions, guarded by the tyler's sword pointing to a naked heart; the All-Seeing Eye, the anchor and ark, the hour-glass, the scythe, the forty-seventh problem of Euclid, the sun, moon, stars, and comets; the three steps, which are emblematical of youth, manhood, and age. Admirably executed was the weeping virgin, reclining on a broken column, upon which lay the book of constitutions. In her left hand she held the pot of incense, the Masonic emblem of a pure heart; and in her right hand a sprig of Acacia, the emblem of the immortality of the soul.

Immediately behind her stood winged Time, with his scythe by his side, which cuts the brittle thread of life, and the hour-glass at his feet, which is ever reminding us that our lives are withering away. The withered and attenuated fingers of the Destroyer were placed amid the long and flowing ringlets of the disconsolate mourner. Thus were striking emblems of mortality and immortality blended in one pictorial representation.

It was a spectacle such as Masons never saw before, and in all probability such as the fraternity will never witness again. The brother's name was never known.

Dr. Humphrey was once seated in a stage-coach, when a gentleman and lady, on their bridal tour, wished to be accommodated with seats inside. There being but one vacant seat, the newly married pair were subjected to a separation, unless some passenger relinquished his place. This no one seemed disposed to do, when the doctor mounted the outside, insisted upon the gentleman's occupying his seat with his bride. Subsequently the doctor was collecting funds for the college over which he presided, and was presented with a handsome donation from the stranger he had met in the stage-coach, with the remark that he knew nothing of Dr. Humphrey, or Amherst College, save that its President was a *gentleman*.

The origin of the phrase, "Mind your P's and Q's," is not generally known. In ale-houses where chalk scores were formerly marked upon the wall, it was customary to put these initial letters at the head of every man's account, to show the number of pints and quarts for which he owed; and when one was indulging too freely in drink, a friend would touch him on the shoulder, and point to the score on the wall, saying, "John, mind your P's and Q's." That is, notice the pints and quarts now charged against you, and cease drinking.

Little opportunities should be improved.

Finished Story.

THE MONOMANIAC.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

MR. COTTON TOMKINS was a thin, tall, nervous gentleman. He had an uneasy, restless eye, which could never fix itself long at a time upon any given object. There were deep care-lines written upon his forehead, and the facial muscles seemed to have undergone some extraordinary elongating process, imparting a dejected and unhappy expression to the visago. To walk about his apartment and utter continual complaints and wailings, appeared to be the only employment of Cotton Tomkins.

He was sick—Cotton was—but nobody knew what ailed him—nobody had ever known, nor was anybody likely to. It was evidently a deep-seated complaint; but neither Mr. Tomkins nor the doctor could tell what induced it, or at what particular time it commenced. Some uncharitable people thought that Madam Hypochondriasis had got hold of him, and did not mean to relinquish her grasp. It happened that Tomkins had an excellent wife—a patient, kind, good, considerate soul, who bore all her husband's waywardness (for he was a little wayward sometimes, we fear) without murmuring.

Our subject was a man of considerable property, could afford to be ill as long as he pleased, and had a right to make everybody miserable about him. He never left his room, for he imagined that a little air blowing upon him would have a dreadful effect on his delicate organization; and in fact Mr. Tomkins fully believed that the pure breezes of heaven that often sighed at his window-panes, were unfriendly and intrusive visitants, which would, if admitted, fill his whole corporeal being, with horrible aches and racking pains. Every crevice must be stopped, bits of cotton wool must be stuffed about the sashes, doors must be closed, for fear his sleepless enemy—the free air—should find him.

A great many times in the course of his existence, had Tomkins wished that there had never been any winds or zephyrs, including everything in this idea between the strongest hurricane and the lightest air that ever stirred a leaf. He did not want noise of any kind around him; the sound of laughter and of cheerful voices was discord dire to his sensitive ears. To see other people happy, aggravated all his complaints; it was mockery of his misery.

"Strange," he said, "that people did not know any better than to laugh so merrily when he was so wretched; singular that people had no respect for his feelings; extraordinary that he should be so cut off from human sympathy; marvellous that a single pulse could beat hopefully when he was plunged into an abyss of despair."

Tomkins often requested his wife not to make a Babel of his house; he wished her to insist upon the servants speaking in whispers; the cook must not rattle the stew-pans; the chamber-maid must not make a turmoil with her brushes and brooms; the milkman and baker must be prevented from coming round the house with such impetuosity;

they must not thunder upon the doors, nor slam the gates after them.

"Mrs. Cotton Tomkins!" he exclaimed, at one time, "if you have the slightest desire to prolong my precarious existence, be good enough to take off those abominable boots. What business have women to wear boots in *his* house!"

"They are nothing but French slippers, Mr. Tomkins."

"French slippers indeed! You make as much noise getting about the house as a captain of dragoons, booted and spurred! You can not tell how susceptible I am to anything discordant. My nature is naturally so harmonious, that I seem wholly unfitted to live among common mortals, it was an unkind destiny that placed me in conjunction with such harsh and uncongenial elements. I ought to have lived on the sunniest side of the moon, or on some other planet where there is less antagonism and more concord."

"Perhaps you are a little nervous, Mr. Tomkins."

"Well, I must say I never heard of a greater absurdity! I wonder what will come next? If there is anything I have not got, it is *nervous irritability*. You might accuse me of almost anything else with less injustice. There, you have left the door open! I can feel a strong current of air coming in here upon me!"

"It is only ajar a little."

"Just hear the woman!" cried Mr. Tomkins, trying to get up a shiver, which threatened to be a failure. "If there is a person about my house who is regardless of my comfort, it is certainly you, Mrs. Tomkins. What are you going to do with your shawl and bonnet?"

"I am going out to get the air."

"Most astonishing! you make me shudder. Is not *air* the enemy of the whole human family? Is it not killing me by inches? Am I not continually trying to keep it away from me? If I can live without *air*, can't you? *Air* indeed! it is only an excuse to get away from your sick and suffering husband!"

"I believe air would do *you* good; it is one of the most important elements in life."

"Well, Mrs. Tomkins, is there anything more that you can say that is absolutely monstrous? I should not wonder if you would not insist upon my leaving this apartment, where I have taken so much pains to fortify myself against the enemy! It would not be at all strange, if you should order the servants to take me out by main strength. I am glad I have got a hope beyond this world; I am really!" And Mr. Tomkins sighed mournfully, rubbed his hands thoughtfully, and walked the room with the air of a person who knows that he has been shamefully abused.

At that instant the swinging of a window blind was heard.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with the tone and gesture of a tragic actor. "That detestable blind is creaking again! There are nothing here but frightful sounds from morning till night. Run immediately and tell Thomas to nail that back with three large spikes; I will fasten it if it takes all my property. And tell Jane to come in and make a little more fire."

"The room is uncomfortably warm, now, Mr. Tomkins."

"I beg you, madam, to remember that I am sick,

and you are in robust health!" retorted the husband, with dignity. "It appears to me that you never had an ache or a pain in your life."

"Women bear pain better than men."

"Unparalleled egotism! unfounded assumption! deduction without premises! Women never could bear pain! Just shut a woman up *here*, and see how long she'd live!"

"I fear she wouldn't live a great while in such a close atmosphere as this. I believe that pure air and proper exercise would do you more good than anything else."

"Mrs. Tomkins," said her husband, in a hollow voice, "I am rapidly sinking. I shall soon leave these scenes to return no more; and then you will think of all your unkindness to me; you will accuse yourself of facilitating the catastrophe."

Mr. Tomkins paused a moment, and elevating his finger, added solemnly: "There is a country where there is no air!"

The wife meekly observed that she shouldn't want to live there.

"Nor creaking blinds!" resumed Mr. Tomkins, sardonically; "nor boisterous servants, rattling windows, nor unnatural wives!"

At that interesting crisis, Mr. Tomkins was interrupted by the entrance of the cook, who brought him the following edibles: one sirloin steak, four large potatoes, four hard-boiled eggs, several slices of tongue, a plate of toast, and a bowl of chocolate.

"My appetite is fast failing. Jane, you must be more particular about preparing my food. This chocolate is just like dish water, and this beef is tough as sole-leather! I dare say you bribed the market-man to bring me the worst piece he had in his stall; it is a part of the system of annoyances which you have adopted to hurry me out of existence," continued the invalid, making a violent assault upon the articles mentioned.

"Doctor Drugem said you must not eat so hearty, the last time he was here," observed the wife, gently.

"It is perfectly understood by me, that Doctor Drugem wants to starve me to death; I have been conscious of his designs from the commencement. Life is indeed a dreadful burden when everybody is leagued against one. Job's afflictions were nothing to mine. It is well for you all, that I am of a gentle and docile disposition. Jane, bring some more chocolate, and be careful to close the door after you. This toast is as tasteless as sawdust, and these eggs are by no means fresh. Mrs. Tomkins, I wish you would not look at me in *that* way! You seem to begrudge me every mouthful I swallow; was it not bought with my money? you can not get round that, any way. Money is the root of all evil, and I suppose you are anxious to get entire control of my property: but I have made up my mind to leave it to some benevolent institution. You will not wear mourning long, I dare say; they will be crocodile tears that you will shed! What a farce your widow's weeds will be!"

Various were the expedients adopted from time to time to get Mr. Tomkins into the open air. It was very easy to predict what the result would be, were he permitted to remain shut up in his room, eating voraciously, taking no exercise, and nursing his own eccentric and melancholy fancies. No man could live long in such a manner, and under such conditions. God made the human lungs to

be the receptacles of pure air, and the limbs for purposes of locomotion.

But this was no part of Mr. Tomkin's philosophy; his morbid imagination converted the most health-giving agencies into destroying monsters. One day Doctor Drugem entered his room, accompanied by three strangers. By his order they brought a strange looking machine, and placed it in the centre of the room. Mrs. Tomkins came in also, bringing a bucket in her hands.

"Mr. Tomkins," said Dr. Drugem, in a grave and impressive tone, "for the last forty-eight hours I have been reflecting on your case. So deep and earnest have been my investigations, that I have denied myself food and sleep. But I have worked out the problem at last; I can cure you."

"How are you going to do it, doctor?" asked the sick man, in a faint voice, casting a suspicious look at the nondescript machine, and at the bucket which his wife was still holding.

"Our plan is very simple. I find there is an inflammatory diathesis about the catarrhus membranes of the mucilaginous cerebella, coupled with a deuteropatha of the universal marasmus, and a nervo-typhoid tendency to a diabolico vesication through an extraversion, also, a protenatural precipitation of heterogangliate narcotic virus into the diodonocephalous cellular tissues."

The doctor breathed, and the invalid groaned in view of his accumulated disorders.

"I find," continued Esculapius, more impressively, "also, an accelerated action transversely of the vertical eclectic compound forces of the conglomerate fallopian gland, which threatens, eventually, to destroy the visceral gastric functions, and produce an inturgescence which will cause a sudden collapse of all the cutaneous vessels; consequently, under these circumstances, it is imperatively necessary to bleed copiously. Dr. Harts-horn," he added, turning to one of the parties alluded to, "have you the lancet?"

"I have," said the person addressed, producing a large instrument employed for the purpose of bleeding horses.

"Do you use such an instrument?" inquired Tomkins, uneasily.

"I do on extraordinary occasions. I shall proceed to make four incisions; one in each arm, and one in each foot."

"But I have no blood to spare!" responded Cotton Tomkins.

"My dear friend," resumed Doctor Drugem, "believe me, that it is *blood* and *air* that are literally killing you. If we can once get the blood out of your system, and the air out of your lungs, decided results will follow. The first indication of cure, we shall accomplish by bleeding; the second, by submitting you to a *powerful pressure* in that machine."

"I'll never submit to that!" exclaimed Tomkins.

"Ah, sir, we love you too well to permit you to have your own way. You have employed me to care you, and I mean to do so. Air and blood, you know, are the great enemies of humanity."

"It is absurd, ridiculous! you'll kill me!" retorted the patient, impatiently.

"Tomkins," rejoined the inexorable Drugem, with some severity of manner, "we are acting rationally, and by the consent of your family. Submit yourself like a man. We will commence

with your right arm. Hartshorn, this way; Doctors Henbane and Digitalis, be ready to assist. He may struggle some, and it is well to be prepared for any emergency."

"Good heavens, doctor! You must be mad! I'll never permit myself to be murdered in this way. Begone—leave the house instantly!" cried our invalid, wildly.

Doctor Drugem turned to his companions, and said in a low voice, but yet sufficiently loud for his patient to hear:

"We must not humor his whims in the least. Perhaps you had better roll up your coat sleeves, gentlemen. Doctor Hartshorn, how much pressure do you think we can get on that machine?"

"About as much as would be exerted by a two horse power steam-engine," was the whispered reply, which did not fail to reach the ears of Tomkins.

The parties rolled up their sleeves, and turned back their wrist-bands. All these proceedings the patient beheld with dilated eyes and cheeks paled with fear. He perceived that all their movements were grave and methodical, and felt fully persuaded that they intended to carry their plan into effect.

"I can't live without blood!" he stammered, rising from the easy chair in which he was seated.

"Nonsense! you can live without blood just as well as without air; they are both accomplices to your misery. Advance, gentlemen, and seize him firmly."

"I warn you that I will fight! I will resist this barbarity to the last!" continued the patient, retreating as his persecutors approached.

The firm of Drugem, Hartshorn & Company moved towards their victim with determined looks; but the terrors of the machine, the instrument that gleamed in the hand of Doctor Hartshorn, the bucket, etc., had struck a terror to the soul of Tomkins, which made him desparate. In defiance of his old enemy, the air, he gathered up all his physical forces, and made a clean leap through a window, carrying with him the sash and glass in one general crash.

"Out, and after him!" shouted Drugem, at the top of his voice. "Head him off—don't let him escape, for your lives!" And the parties followed the unfortunate invalid, pell-mell.

But Cotton Tomkins was not to be outdone; feeling morally certain that death was behind him, he exerted himself wonderfully, and, followed by the doctor and his associates, together with Thomas, in hot pursuit, ran with a speed which would have done credit to any one who ever contended for a prize at the Olympic games. He leaped fences, forded a stream of considerable depth, ran across two intervening fields, and was finally lost to view in a piece of woods.

After remaining in the woods till night, he cautiously crept forth, and sought shelter at a neighbor's house. The anger and excitement of the proceeding gave a salutary reaction to the system. He discovered that *air* would not kill him, and that he was able to take most violent exercise with impunity. He had made such an exhibition of activity before his neighbors, that he was ashamed to return to his former habits. It was a long time before he could forgive Doctor Drugem; and not till he had experienced fully the benefits of his singular proceedings, could be

induced to think of him with any kind of complacency. But finally reason triumphed, and he discovered that *air* was as necessary as blood, and exercise as much called for by nature as either.

Mr. Tomkins is now a healthy and rational man; but never likes to hear any reference to phlebotomy, or that strange machine which was intended to cut off his supply of oxygen.

Miscellany.

A DOGMATIC MINISTER.

A minister in one of our churches, while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of his members, an old widow lady, who lived near the road where he was travelling. The old lady had just been making sausages, and she felt very proud of them, they were so plump, round, and sweet. Of course she insisted on her minister taking some of the links home to his family. He objected on account of not having his portmanteau along with him.—The objection was soon overruled, and the old lady, after wrapping them up in a rag, carefully placed a bundle in the pocket of the preacher's capacious great-coat. Thus equipped he started for the funeral. While attending the solemn ceremonies of the grave, some hungry dogs scented the sausages, and were not long in tracking them to the pocket of the good man's over-coat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking the whelps away. The obsequies of the grave completed the minister and congregation repassed into the church, where the funeral discourse was to be preached. After the sermon was finished, the minister halted to make some remarks to the congregation, when a brother, who wanted to have an appointment given out, ascended the steps of the pulpit, and gave the minister's coat a hitch to get his attention. The divine, thinking it a dog having designs upon his pocket, raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent the good brother sprawling down the steps. "You will excuse me brethren and sisters," said the minister confusedly, and without looking at the work he had done, "for I could not avoid it. I have sausages in my pockets, and that dog has been trying to grab them ever since he came upon the premises."

Mr. Solly, the eminent writer on diseases of the brain, says in a late lecture to medical students, on that frightful and formidable malady, softening of the brain, "I would caution you, as students, from excesses in tobacco and smoking, and I would advise you to disabuse your patients' minds of the idea that it harmless. I have had a large experience of brain disease, and I am now satisfied that smoking is a most noxious habit. I know no other cause or agent that so much tends to bring on functional disease, and through this, in the end, to lead to organic disease of the brain, as the excessive use of tobacco."

Let the counsel of thine own heart stand; for there is no man more faithful unto thee than it. For a man's mind is sometimes wont to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above in a high tower.

Sparks of Wit.

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

When Jonah's fellow passengers pitched him overboard they evidently regarded him as neither prophet nor loss.

I would say to all young men: marry your second wife first, and keep out of debt by all means, even if you have to borrow the money to do it with.

The enterprising vagabond who is organizing a brass band of twenty women, says that if they learn half as many "airs" as they put on, the experiment cannot fail to be a success!

A NEW WAY TO POP IT.—"Won't you take half of this apple?" said a pretty damsel. No, I thank you, I would prefer a better half." She blushed and referred him to papa.

The excitement of getting married threw an Indiana young lady into convulsions and she died, and yet people will persist in getting married. It beats all how reckless they can be.

A Little Rock editor is pathetic about the loss of exchanges, and says that anybody may steal his wardrobe, eat his luncheon, or take his empty pocket book, if only his exchanges can be spared.

Abe Lincoln's wife says Mrs. Hopkins told her that she heard Sam Grub's wife say that John Harris's wife told her that Granny Smith heard that it was no doubt that Widow Baker said that Capt. Wood's wife thought that Col. Lane's wife believed and Mrs. Lane reckoned positively that Peter Dunhany's wife had told Nell Cusdudger that her aunt had declared to the world that it was generally believed that Mother Parker had said in plain terms that she heard Betsy Cook say that her sister Polly had said that it was well-known in the neighborhood that Mistress Slough had caught Marm Jones in saying that in her opinion it was a matter of fact of great public interest that Dan Ladd had said Eben Dodge told him that Billy Rob had said that Bill Matthews did say that Canterbury intimated that Joe Leavitt whispered that any one caught telling this shall pay the drinks for the crowd.

A family consisting of man and wife and two daughters, all of whom suffer from an obliquity of vision, are popularly known as the "squintette."

A Brooklyn widow, impressed with the importance of physical training but feeling too poor to join a gymnasium class, does just as well by kicking her husband down stairs every night and knocking him along the hall into the back yard.

A wag, with the word "whoa," brought a horse driven by a young man to a dead stop. "That's a fine beast of yours," says the wag. "Yes, a pretty good sort of an animal, but he has one fault. He was once owned by a butcher, and is sure to stop whenever he hears a calf bleat."

A medical advertisement is headed "Looks like a miracle! A Young Man Made to Walk in Five Minutes?" But Augustus thinks that is no great miracle compared to his experience the other evening when he went to see his girl. The old man came in and made him walk in less than one minute.

A clergyman who owned a farm, found his ploughman sitting on the plough resting his horses. Quoth the clergyman:—"John wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a good stub-scythe here and be cutting a few bushes along the fence while the horses are resting a short time. Quoth John:—"Wouldn't it be well sir, for you to have a pot of potatoes in the pulpit, and when they are singing, peel them awhile to be ready for the pot."

Liszt, the celebrated pianist, fell in love with a jeweller's daughter. A Prague journal thus describes the courtship:—"One morning the jeweller, coming to the point with German frankness, said to Liszt, 'How do you like my daughter?' 'She is an angel.' 'What do you think of marriage?' 'I think so well of it that I have the greatest possible inclination to it.' 'What would you say to a fortune of three million francs?' 'I would willingly accept it.' 'Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you; you please my daughter; her fortune is ready—be my son-in-law!' 'With all my heart.' The marriage was celebrated the following week."

Selections.

When to be Idle.

There are undoubtedly seasons and periods when it is wise to wait—when it is not worth while to commence any undertaking great or small. There are studies which it is not worth a man's while to take up, pursuits which it is not worth his while to follow, minutes and half-hours which it is not worth while to fill with an occupation. No doubt we have all our peculiar notions on this head. It does not seem to us worth while to read at dinner time, or out of doors, or to set one's self to learn a language in recurring spare moments; these acts come under the same category of virtues with the old housewife's economy of time which makes her sit up in bed to knit stockings in the dark, or re-thread her needle, at infinite expense of time and eyesight, to save an inch of cotton. There are a vast number of small industries that are not worth the while of a man with one settled occupation which engages a fair portion of his time. We have not much faith in the achievements done in odd minutes. We believe there is usually more loss than gain by them, and that manners and conversation both suffer where there is this trick of thinking it worth while to pull out some implement of labor—pen, pencil, or needle—at times when other people are content to seem unemployed, and are only busy in being agreeable and placing themselves at the service of their company. Nothing ministers so much to impatience as these habits. It is an evidence of thorough self-mastery when a man who knows how to use time has the sense to recognise when time is not worth using in any definite, ostensible way.

Can a man be so age-stricken that no faintest sunshine of his youth may revisit him once a year? It is impossible. The moss on our time-worn mansion brightens into beauty; the good old pastor, who once dwelt here, renewed his prime and regained his boyhood in the genial breezes of his ninetieth spring. Alas! for the worn and heavy soul, if, whether in youth or age, it has outlived its privilege of springtime sprightliness!

THE LITERARY ECHO.

Golden Sauds.

As bees fly on wings to garden-flowers, so do children flee to mild and sunny spots.

In maliciously pointing out the faults of another person, you only excite him to the discovery of your own.

It is with sentiment in the police world as it is with honour among the pedants—a thousand imaginary beauties are discovered for want of taste to point out real ones.

It is not high crimes, such as robbery and murder, which destroy the peace of society. The village gossip, family quarrels, jealousies, and bickerings between neighbors, meddlesomeness, and tattling are the worms which eat into all social happiness.

As we stand by the seashore, and watch the huge tides come in, we retreat, thinking we shall be overwhelmed; soon, however, they flow back. So with the waves of trouble in the world, they threaten us, but a firm resistance makes them break at our feet.

There were four good habits a wise man earnestly recommendod in his counsels, and which he considered to be essentially necessary for the management of temporal concerns; and these are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and despatch. Without the first of these time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall.

MANLINESS.—Learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the peril of ridicule. You can no more exercise your reason, if you live in perfect dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life, if you live in constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make it a point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously and grandly, as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.

Discretion shall preserve thee.

Great wickedness and great self-righteousness are often found united in the same persons and communities.

A man who strives earnestly and perseveringly to convince others, at least convinces us that he is convinced himself.

Do nothing that thou wouldst not have God see done. Desire nothing which will wrong thy profession to ask, or God's honor to grant.

Four things are grievously empty: A head without brains, a wit without judgment, a heart without honesty and a purse without money.

Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness.

A girl hearing the lady of the house at dinner ask her husband to bring Dombey and Son with him when he came home to tea, laid two extra plates on the supper table for the supposed visitors.

In general, every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

Small acts of kindness, how pleasant and desirable do they make life! Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is brushed away, when the heart is sad, and despondency sits at the entrance to the soul, a trifling kindness drives away despair, and makes the path cheerful and pleasant.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false; the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humor of those with whom the party converses. False modesty avoids everything that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general, undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence.

Select Po!!

GOLD.

Gold lurks in every aim of li.

It sways the lofty and the low
And shrouds beneath its sable
Each aspiration high and holight,
For it we utter earnest prayers,
And solemn vows are mad
broken,
And beauty barter's truth and honor
And bitter, scathing words are

Gold cannot add one hour of links
Or buy love's holiest caresses
It cannot stay the silver streak
Time blends with beauty's auburn
tresses;

Is cannot bring the loved one back,
So rudely torn from our embrace;
It cannot smooth the wrinkled brow
Scored deep with grief's relentless
traces.

Gold cannot bring youth's ruddy glow
Back to the cheek of fading beauty;
It cannot hush the still, small voice
That hints of long neglected duty;
It cannot heal the broken heart,
Throbbing with some unbounded
sorrow;
For words that wring the soul to-day,
Gold cannot bring relief to-morrow.

Then let us spurn the glittering bribe,
Nor breathe for it one sigh of sorrow;
Gold can at last but gild the bier,
Or buy the pall that want must borrow;

The lowliest heart in all the land
Is rich beyond all golden treasure,
If truth and virtue, hand in hand,
Have been through life its rule and
measure.

WORK.

Work while the arm is young and strong,

The pulse is high, the eye is bright,
The nerves are firm; then work with might,
For the end will come. 'Twill not be long!

Work with the brain while the mind is clear,

"Let your light shine" on the blinded eyes
Of error that's stalking in tears and sighs;

Let Truth divine ever foremost appear.

Work while the heart is warm and pure,
The soul unscarred by festering care,
Love God, men, things, while you are here;

Heart-works the longest will endure.

Literary Echo.

The Literary Echo, is now published weekly, on or about the 1st and 15th of every month, at One Dollar per annum, invariably in advance. A little extra, (post-paid) the Reader is requested to send to the Editor, Box 299, Charlottetown.

Who gives pleasure for the LITERARY ECHO. Evidences desirous of subscribing to the Literary Echo can order it through any of our Advertising Agents, or direct from the Editor:—
 MARRIAGE, Queen Square, Ch'town.
 KEEP COD & Co., Alberton.
 McEwen, Cardigan Bridge.
 McEwen, Crapaud.
 McEwen, Clifton, New London.
 McKie, French River, N. London.
 McEwen, Georgetown.
 McEwen, Miscouche.
 James Ross, Mount Stewart Bridge.
 Cartney McLure, Murray River.
 Richard Smith, Pownal, Lot 49.
 Hon. H. Beer, Southport.
 C. C. Carlton, Souris East.
 John 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.
 E. J. McKenzie, Westville, N. S.
 G. B. Irwin, Wine Harbor, N. S.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

Discount on 3 mos. adverts, 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, (\$0.125) per line.

Objectionable advertisements will not be inserted at any price.

Receipts for the LITERARY ECHO.

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

Charles McFarlane, Charlottetown.
 George Hendry, do.
 Samuel Lowe, do.
 T. R. Calbeck, do.
 Albert Hertz, do.
 William Brundage, do.
 Miss Bell Nicholson, do.
 Mrs. F. Saunders, do.
 Robert Duncan, do.
 Andrew Stiggins, do.
 Richard Pickard, do.

Aaron Collett, Crapaud,
 W. S. Cairns, Murray Harbor South,
 Silas Wonnacott, Princetown Road,
 Miss Sarah Green, Summerside,
 Malcolm Matheson, Stanley Bridge.

To be continued in our next.

New Advertisements this Issue.

H. A. Harvie, Organs and Pianos.
 E. McEachen, Public Lands.
 S. D. Fraser, Rocklin House.
 Ferguson & Findly, Furniture Factory,
 Ewen MacDougall, Groceries, &c.
 Donald McNeill, Educational,
 F. H. Campbell, New Store.
 Henry Beer, Stoves, &c.
 E. D. Stair, Chamber Suits.

MARRIAGES.

At Vernon River, by the Rev. James Phelan, Mr. John Walsh, of this city, to Miss Mary Haley, daughter of Mr. John Haley, Lot 49.

In Quincey, Mass., Sept. 28th, at St. John's Church, by the Rev. Francis A. Frigugliette, Mr. George C. Martin, of Boston, to Annie M. Johnston, daughter of John Johnston, P. E. I.

At Old Cambridge, (near Boston, Mass.), by Rev. Mr. Chase, the Rev. E. Scamell, to Miss Annabella DeWolf Lane, daughter of Samuel Lane, Esq., Mount Melick, Lot 49.

At the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. V. Jost, Edwin W. Taylor, Esq., Watchmaker & Jeweller, to Miss Isabel Annie Hutchison, both of Charlottetown.

At Alberton, by Rev. L. S. Johnson, Mr. John Boulter, of Lot 8, to Miss Sarah Ann McArthur, of Lot 7.

At St. Dunstan's Cathedral, by Rev. M. McMillan, Mr. Martin O'Brien, of Charlottetown, to Miss Carrie McAdam, of Savage Harbor.

At the Wesleyan Parsonage, Tryon, by the Rev. H. P. Cowperthwaite, Mr. Josiah Howatt, of Tryon, to Miss Jane West, of Bedeque.

In Charlottetown, by the Rev. George Webber, Mr. John Diamond, to Miss Elizabeth Diamond, of Wisconsin, U.S.

DEATHS.

At Charlottetown, of congestion of the brain, Ernest, only child of Donald and Fanny Currie, aged 1 year and 3 months.

At Lot 49, Mrs. Ann Buchanan, widow of the late John Nelson Buchanan, of that place.

At Strathalbyn, Lot 67, Catherine, the beloved wife of Angus Gillis in the 29th year of her age.

At Belle Creek, Catherine McDonald, the wife of Donald Matheson, aged 67 years.

At St. Mary's Hospital, of the Sisters of Mercy, in Brooklyn City, New York, of consumption, Cecily, youngest daughter of the late Roderick McDonald, of Vernon River, in the 32nd year of her age.

At St. Andrew's, Patrick Griffin, Esq., aged 74.

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,

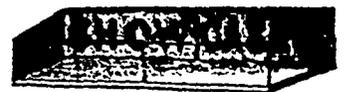
made to order in a superior manner.

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

COMMERCIAL COLLEGE!!

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

EATON, FRAZEE & LEAGH, 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.

New Advertisements.

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. tf

UNION HOUSE,

CORNER OF KING & QUEEN STREETS,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Travellers Accomodated on Reasonable Terms.

BEDEQUE **O**YSTERS and Refreshments in first class style, at short notice DAY or NIGHT. Best quality of Wine, Liquor, Ale & Cordials.

A first-class Hair-dressing Saloon in connection.

A large and well selected stock of Meerschaum, Briar and Fancy Pipes, imported direct from the manufacturers. Pipe fixings of every description, Cigars, Cigarettes and Cheroots. Fourteen brands Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Tobacco Pouches, Razors, Straps, Brushes, Soaps, &c., which are offered Wholesale or Retail CHEAP for Cash only.

A call respectfully solicited, satisfaction guaranteed.

Oysters sold by the Quart or Bushel.

CHAS. OTTO WINKLER,

Proprietor.

"Union House," Oct. 1, 1874. 4in

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.

A N assortment, suitable for the Season, always on hand at W.M. F. MORRIS', 54 Prince Street. Ch'town, Sept. 15, 1874. tf.

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 FIBRE COMPANY'S, ROBIN-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 Kickham, 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. tf

MACCOWAN & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS, GENERAL AGENTS, BROKERS and COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

W. S. MACCOWAN. B. MACCOWAN. 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

CLOTHS,

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. 58 South side Queen Sq. Ch. town July 1 1874. tf

New Advertisements.

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. tf

E. MACDOUGALL,

31 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 Champagne 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. tf

New Advertisements.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE Board of Education under the authority of the Common School Act, and No. 2 of the Board's Regulations, has prescribed the following textbooks 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 ordered by the Board.

DONALD McNEILL,

Education Office, } Sec'y.
Ch'town, Nov. 16, 1874. } lin

PUBLIC LANDS

Notice to Purchasers of Government Lands on Township Nos.

51, 58, 59, 60, 62, 63 and 64.

THE Commissioner of Public Lands will attend at the following places on the days hereunder mentioned for the receipt of amounts due on Public Lands' Sales, or otherwise, viz :

On Tuesday, the 24th November inst. at Mr. Kennedy's, Wood Islands.

On Thursday and Friday, the 26th and 27th at Cartney McClure's, Murray River Mills.

On Monday 30th and Tuesday the 1st December next, at P. Gaul's, Esquire, Montague Bridge.

On Wednesday, the 2nd December, at Mr. Finlay's, New Perth.

All persons in arrear of instalments on account of Public Lands' Sales and rent, are hereby required to take notice that unless payment be made to the Commissioner on or before the end of the current year, proceedings will be forthwith taken for the immediate recovery of the same.

E. McEACHEN, Commissioner.

Land Office, Nov. 16, 1874. till 1st dec

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. tf

New Advertisements.

ROCKLIN HOUSE,

53 KENT STREET.

SIMON D. FRASER,

Proprietor.

Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated at reasonable rates.

Ch. Town, Nov. 16, 1874. 3mpd

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 *Moselle*; 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

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; Corn, 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

CHAMBER SUITS.

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

E. G. STAIR.

Ch'town, Nov. 16, 1874. tf