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LOCAL MARKETS.

CHARLOTTETOWN MARKETS.

Table listing market prices for various goods including Beef, Mutton, Cattle, Butter, Eggs, Flour, and other commodities.

SUMMERSIDE MARKET

Table listing market prices for various goods including Beef, Mutton, Cattle, Butter, Eggs, Flour, and other commodities.

GEORGETOWN MARKETS

Table listing market prices for various goods including Herring, Hake, Halibut, Cod, and other commodities.

EBEN HOLDEN

By IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER X - Continued.

"Don't never want to rattle with no bear," he added, "but hams is too scarce here 'n the woods 't hev 'em tuck away 'fore yo know the taste 'em. I ain't never been hard on bears. Don't seldom ever set no traps, an' I ain't shot a bear for more'n ten year. But they've got 't be decent. If any bear steals my vittles he's goin' 't git cuffed hard."

Ab's tongue had limbered up at last. His pipe was well-a-going, and he seemed to have struck an easy grade. There was a tone of injury and aggrievement in his talk of the bear's ingratitude. He smiled over his whittling as we laughed heartily at the droll effect of it all.

"D'y'e ever hear 't the wild man 'at roams round 'n these woods?" he asked. "Never did," said Uncle Eb.

"I've seen 'im more times 'n ye could shake a stick at," said Ab, crossing his legs comfortably and spitting into the fire. "Kind 'o think he's the same man folks tells 'o down 'n Paradise valley there—'at goes round 'n the clearin' 'after bedtime."

"The night man?" I exclaimed. "Guess that's what they call 'im," said Ab. "Curus man! Sometimes I've heerd a good squint 'at 'im off 'n the woods. He's wilder 'n a deer, an' I've seen 'im jump over logs half as high as this shanty just as easy as ye'd hop a twig. Tried 't foller 'im once or twice, but twin 'o use. He's quicker 'n a will cat."

"What kind of a lookin' man is he?" Tip Taylor asked.

"Great, big, broad shouldered feller," said Ab. "Six feet tall if he's an inch. Had a kind of a deerskin jacket on when I seen 'im an' breeches an' moccasins made 'o some kind 'o hide. I recollect 'one day I was over on the ridge two mile or more from the Stillwater, goin' south. I seen 'im git 'in a drink at the spring there in the burnt timber. An' if I ain't mistaken there was a real live panther playin' round 'im. If 'twan't a panther 'twas pesky nigh it. I can tell ye. The critter see me first and drew up 's back. Then the man got up quicker 'n a flash. Soon 's he see me, Jeemimee, didn't they move! Never see no human critter run as he did! A big tree hed fell 'cross a lot 'o brush right 'n his path. I'll be god dunned if 'twan't higher 'n my head! But he cleared it just as easy as a grasshopper 'd go over a straw. I'd like 't know where he comes from, god dunned if I wouldn't. He's the conraderst queerest animal 'n these woods."

Ab emphasized this lucid view of the night man by an animated movement of his fist that held the big hunting knife with which he whittled. Then he emptied his pipe and began cutting more tobacco.

"Some says 'e 's a ghost," said Tip Taylor, splitting his sentence with a yawn, as he lay on a buffalo robe in the shanty.

"Shucks an' shoerings!" said Ab. "He looks too nat'ral. Don't believe no ghost ever wore whiskers an' long hair like his'n. The den't hol' 't reason."

This remark was followed by dead silence. Tip seemed to lack both courage and information with which to prolong the argument.

Gerald had long been asleep, and we were now alone with Uncle Eb. He went out to look after the horses that were tethered near us. Ab rose, looked up through the tree tops, ventured a guess about the weather and strode off into the darkness.

We were five days in camp, hunting, fishing, fighting flies and picking blueberries. Gerald's cough had not improved at all; it was, if anything, a bit worse than it had been, and the worry of that had clouded our holiday. We were not in high spirit when finally we decided to break camp the next afternoon.

Tip had a everything ready for our journey home. Each day Gerald had grown paler and thinner. As we wrapped him in a shawl and tenderly helped him into the wagon I read his doom in his face. We saw so much of that kind of thing in our stern climate we knew what it meant. Our fun was over. We sat in silence, speeding down the long hills in the fading light of the afternoon. Those few solemn hours in which I heard only the wagon's rumble and the sweet calls of the whippoorwill—waves of music on a sea of silence—started me in a way of thought which has led me high and low these many years and still invites me. The day was near its end when we got to the first big clearing. From the top of a high hill we could see above the far forest the red rim of the setting sun, big with winding from the skirts of day, that was now dying off the tree tops in the west.

We stopped to feed the horses and to take a bit of jerked venison, wrapped ourselves warmer, for it was now dusk and chilly, and went on again. The road went mostly downhill going out of the woods and we could make good time. It was near midnight when we drove in at our gate. There was a light in the sitting room, and Uncle Eb and I went in with Gerald at once. Elizabeth Brower knelt at the feet of her son, unbuttoned his coat and took off his muffer, while neither spoke nor uttered any sound. But her mother and son felt and understood and were silent. The ancient law of God that rends asunder and makes havoc of our plans bore heavy on them in that moment, I have no doubt, but neither murmured. Uncle Eb began to pump vigorously at the elstern, while David fussed with the fire. We were all quaking inwardly, but neither betrayed a sign of it. It is a way the Puritan has of suffering. His emotions are like the deep undercurrents of the sea."

CHAPTER XII. IN October following the events of the last chapter Gerald died of consumption, having borne a lingering illness with great fortitude. I had come with a homeless orphan in a basket and who with the God given eloquence of childhood had brought them to take me to their hearts, and the old man that was with me as well, was now the only son left to Elizabeth and David Brower. There were those who called it folly at the time they took us in. I have heard, but he who shall read this history to the end shall see how that kind of folly may profit one or even many here in this hard world.

It was a gloomy summer for all of us. The industry and patience with which Hope bore her trial night and day is the sweetest recollection of my youth. It brought to her young face a tender sobriety of womanhood, a subtle change of expression that made her all the more dear to me. Every day, rain or shine, the old doctor had come to visit his patient, sometimes sitting an hour and gazing thoughtfully in his face, occasionally asking a question or telling a quaint anecdote. And then came the end.

The sky was cold and gray in the late autumn, and the leaves were drifted deep in the edge of the woodlands when Hope and I went away to school together at Hillsborough. Uncle Eb drove us to our boarding place in town. When we bade him goodbye and saw him driving away alone in the wagon we hardly dared look at each other for the tears in our eyes.

David Brower had taken board for us at the house of one Solomon Rollin, universally known as Cooky Rollin. That was one of the first things I learned at the academy. It seemed that many years ago he had taken his girl to a dance and offered her in lieu of supper cookies that he had thoughtfully brought with him. Thus cheaply he had come to lifelong distinction.

"You know Rollin's ancient history, don't you?" the young man asked who sat with me at school that first day.

"Have it at home," I answered. "It's in five volumes."

"I mean the history of Sol Rollin, the man you are boarding with," said he, smiling at me, and then he told the story of the cookies.

The principal of the Hillsborough academy was a big, brawny bachelor of Scotch descent, with a stern face and cold, gray, glaring eyes. When he stood towering above us on his platform in the main room of the building where I sat there was an alertness in his figure and a look of responsibility in his face that reminded me of the pictures of Napoleon at Waterloo. He always carried a stout ruler that had belonged to a slunk of every mischievous boy in school. As he stood by the line that came marching in to payers every morning he would frequently pull out a boy, administer a loud smack or two, shake him violently and force him into a seat.

The day I began my studies at the academy I saw him put two dents in the wall with the heels of a young man who had failed in his algebra. To a bashful and sensitive youth just out of a country home the sight of such violence was appalling. My first talk with him, however, renewed my courage. He had heard I was a good scholar, and talked with me in a friendly way about my plans. Both Hope and I were under him in algebra and Latin. I well remember my first error in his class. I had misquoted a Latin sentence. He looked at me, as a smile and a sneer crowding each other for possession of his face. In a loud, jeering tone he cried, "Mirabile dictu!"

I looked at him, in doubt of his meaning.

"Mirabile dictu!" he shouted, his tongue trilling the error.

I corrected my error.

"Perfect!" he cried again. "Pter pulchre! Next!"

He never went further than that with me in the way of correction. My size and my skill as a wrestler, that shortly insured for me the respect of the boys, helped me to win the esteem of the master. I learned my lessons and kept out of mischief. But others of equal proficiency were not so fortunate. He was apt to be hard on a light man who could be handled without overexertion.

Uncle Eb came in to see me one day and sat awhile with me in my seat. While he was there the master took a boy by the collar, and almost literally hoisted the blackboard with him. There was a great clatter of heels for a moment. Uncle Eb went away shortly and was at Sol Rollin's when I came to dinner.

"Powerful man, ain't he?" said Uncle Eb.

"Rather," I said.

"Turned that boy into a regular horse nidle," he remarked. "Must ave unsot his reason?"

"Necessery!" I said.

"Reminds me of the time 'at Tip Taylor got his tooth pulled," said he. "Shook 'im up so 'at he thought he'd had his neck put out of joint."

TO BE CONTINUED.

CALENDAR FOR JULY, 1905.

Calendar table showing moon phases, sunrise, sunset, and other astronomical data for July 1905.

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