

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE AND NEWS.

Vol. 4. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, November 26, 1868. No. 9.

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BY **JOSEPH BERTRAM,**
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of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

Almanac for November, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 7th day, 9h. 34m. evening, N. E.
New Moon, 14th day, 6h. 43m., morning, S.
First Qtr. 23rd day, 2h. 34m., morning, E.
Full Moon, 29th day, 8h. 48m., morning, W.

DAY	WEEK	rise	sets	sun	sun's	moon's	long.
P. M.		h m	h m	h m	fast	dec.	
1	Sun	4 46	42 16	18 37	30	1	56
2	Mon	47	40 15	19 56	29	6	53
3	Tues	49	37 16	19 12	14	7	46
4	Wed	50	36 16	18 33	8	2	48
5	Thurs	52	34 16	16 51	9	9	42
6	Frid	53	33 16	13 9	57	40	33
7	Sat	55	31 16	10 27	40	11	45
8	Sun	56	29 16	8 45	6	53	34
9	Mon	57	29 16	0 2 15	0	53	9
10	Tues	58	27 15	54 19	7	2	58
11	Wed	59	26 15	47 35	4	3	25
12	Thurs	2	25 15	39 51	5	6	27
13	Frid	3	25 15	30 7 53	5	4	21
14	Sat	5	23 15	51 23	3	1	18
15	Sun	7	22 15	70 38	5	5	15
16	Mon	8	21 14	58 53	4	8	13
17	Tues	9	20 14	46 8 27	7	30	11
18	Wed	10	19 14	33 29	4	3	9
19	Thurs	12	18 14	20 32	4	9	6
20	Frid	14	17 14	5 50	17	10	3
21	Sat	15	16 13	50 3 31	11	19	1
22	Sun	17	16 13	34 16 22	9	8	59
23	Mon	18	15 13	17 28	5	11	57
24	Tues	20	15 12	59 40 58	1	14	55
25	Wed	23	14 12	41 52	4	1	51
26	Thurs	24	14 12	21 4	0	12	50
27	Frid	25	13 12	2 14	5	18	48
28	Sat	26	12 11	41 25	3	16	46
29	Sun	26	12 11	20 35	2	5	46
30	Mon	27	12 10	58 45	1	5	45

Summerside Markets.
Nov. 26, 1868.

Oats per bush	24 7d a 2s 8d
Potatoes per bush	13 3d a 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	15d a 16d
Lard per lb	10d a 11d
Tallow per lb	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	9d a 10d
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Hides per lb	4d
Mackerel per doz	24 a 3s
Codfish per qt	4d a 5d
Pork per lb by carcass	4d a 5d
Flour per cwt	45s a 50s
Oatmeal per cwt	16s a 18s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Business Cards.
BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.
President—HON. DANIEL BREXAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CENDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

UNION BANK.
Grosvenor St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown.
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.
Discount Days—Wednesdays & Saturdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

SUMMERSIDE BANK.
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.
President—HON. JOHN R. GARDNER.
Cashier—E. L. LYBARD, Esquire.
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Notes for Discount must be in before 11 o'clock on discount days.
Hours of Business—10 a. m., to 1 p. m. from 2 p. m. to 4 p. m.

DR. J. N. FULLER,
Graduate of Bellevue Hospital,
Medical College, N. Y.
Office in the residence of Rev. Mr. Desbriay, on Water Street—directly opposite the Establishment of J. L. Holman, Esq.
All calls promptly attended to.
Summerside, October 15, 1868.

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.

DR. J. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—AT THE SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE,
next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1865.

Business Cards.
R. & W. T. HUNT,
Commission Merchants,
GENERAL AGENTS AND
AUCTIONEERS.
SALESROOM AND OFFICE
Head of Queen's Wharf.
(Opposite the Store of Wm. T. Hunt & Co.)
Summerside, P. E. Island.
April 2 1868 1y

J. H. ALLEN,
Commission Merchant,
And Dealer in Irons, and
MARKET STREET,
St. John, N. B.
Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
May 9, 1868.

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Authorized Auctioneer,
GENERAL AGENT, &c.,
TRYON, P. E. I.
June 27, 1867.

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island
WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside, P. E. Island
Jan. 21, 1868.

C. L. RICHARDS,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
British & Foreign Groceries.
1, Head North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, N. B. - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1867.
WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND

HANFORD BROTHERS,
Successors to Thomas Hanford,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Chas. U. Hanford, Fred S. Hanford
North British and Mercantile
INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND LIFE.
Established 1809.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
HEAD OFFICES:
EDINBURGH & LONDON.
G. W. DEBLOIS,
Agent at Charlottetown.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1868—1y

A. W. ANDRES,
Marble Worker,
Point Du Chene, Shediac N. B.
MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVE-
STONES, &c., &c.
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE con-
stantly on hand.
Can furnish Gravestones and Monuments at a
less price than any other establishment in
the Province, and pay a duty besides.
ORDERS can be left at BERTRAM'S Book
Store and at D. ESMAN'S, Esq., Summerside,
or sent to
A. W. ANDRES,
Point Du Chene, June 11th, 1868.

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,
No. 9, King Square,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
THE subscriber having thoroughly refitted
and enlarged his HOTEL and STORE, is
now prepared to accommodate Permanent and
Transient Boarders on the most reasonable
terms.
ALSO, in connection, a GROCERY STORE,
where every article required for house use
may be had.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

ROCKLIN HOUSE,
Kent Street, Charlottetown,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will
find the above House to give satisfaction.
Ch'town, June 13, 1868.

Business Cards.
The Canada
Life Assurance Company
Established 1817.
Incorporated under Special Act of Parliament.
Manager—A. G. Ramsay, F. I. A.
HEAD OFFICE HAMILTON, ONTARIO.
Capital—One Million Dollars!

HALIFAX, N. S.
Honorary Directors:
The Hon Edward Kenny,
The Hon S. L. Shannon,
The Hon John W. Ritchie,
William Hare, Esq.
Medical Adviser—W. J. Almon, Esq. M D
Agent—M B Almon, Junr.

AIN'T JOHN, N. B.
Honorary Directors:
John V. Thurgar, Esq—Rev Wm Scovil, A M
Alex. Jardine, Esq—John Boyd, Esq
Charles Merritt, Esq.
Medical Advisers—Drs. Harding & McLaren
Agent—James G Forbes.

The Terms and conditions of Assurance of
this old established Company, are as liberal
and unrestricted as those of other good com-
panies, and the rates which are founded on
the higher interest obtainable in Canada than
in Great Britain, are lower than those of
British and American Offices.
Endowment Policies payable during life-
time of assured Policies payable during a
LIMITED NUMBER OF YEARS.
Liberal regulations as to foreign residence,
travel and occupation.
AGENTS FOR P. E. ISLAND.
Charlottetown—W. D. STEWART,
Summerside—J. BERTRAM,
Medical Adviser—F. D. BEER, M. D.

Tables of Rates for the more general forms
of Life Assurance, and every information may
be obtained at any of the Agencies, which are
established on the Island.
J. W. MARLING,
General Agent.
October 29, '68 3m

New England Self-Acting
HAND LOOM!
Just what every Farmer Requires.
WILL weave from 15 to 30 yards per day.
Any style of goods required.
A dozen different twills can be woven upon the
same warp. Also
Seamless Bags,
AND CLOTH, DOUBLE-WIDTH.
Can weave a web six feet ten inches wide.
Also, winds its own quills; and while it
weaves one quill it winds another. Can also
be folded together and taken through a com-
mon door with the web in. The whole
operation is performed by turning an easy
crank, and can be operated by a BOY or
GIRL, ten or twelve years of age.
S. WELLS & CO.,
General Agents, No. 113, Federal Street,
Portland, Me. Also Agents for the LAMB
& BUCKROPER FAMILY KNITTING MA-
CHINE (SEND FOR A CIRCULAR).
October 22, '68. 1y

HALL'S
Threshing Machines,
AND OTHER
Farming Implements.
FARMERS wanting the very best THRESH-
ING MACHINES, such as will enable them to
get their grain threshed early for market
made of the best material, having the latest im-
provement, and much superior to the old style,
will find them at the Establishment of the Sub-
scribers.
FARMERS having Moving Machines out of order
and wanting them refitted and thoroughly re-
paired, can have it done at Hall's Establishment.
FARMERS wanting a good set of FANNERS
that will raise the wind, can purchase them
cheap at Hall's Establishment. In fact Farmers
can obtain at Hall's Establishment every Farming
Implement required on a farm—even a
Mowing Machine
itself, as one is now being manufactured, and can
be inspected at Hall's Establishment.
Carts, Trucks, &c. on hand, and repairs at short-
notice.
IRON TURNING, such as axles, mill work
and every other description, done to order.
THOMAS HALL,
Summerside, July 2, 1868.

Invitation to Shipbuilders!
3000 BLOCKS,
NOW READY FOR SALE
AT COSTIN'S BLOCK SHOP,
SUMMERSIDE!
THE subscriber begs leave to direct the
attention of SHIP BUILDERS and
SHIP OWNERS, to his BLOCK SHOP,
where he has now, and will constantly keep
on hand, a large lot of BLOCKS, of all sizes,
which will be sold at the lowest Island prices,
and 25 PER CENT. OFF FOR CASH!
Remember those are not the Blocks you
read about which have no Bushing in the
Shaft, and 2 Bivets where 3 is required.
Parties purchasing Blocks should always
drive out the pins and examine the inside,
as many vessels have been lost in consequence
of bad Blocks.
The fastest vessels that ever sailed from
this Island were furnished with Blocks from
the subscribers' Factory, (the New Dominion,
Undine, Zuleika, Kewadin, and others.)
ALSO—Ships Wheels, finished with neat-
ness and made substantial. Deck Plugs,
Pumps, &c., &c.
Reference can be made to Hon. J. C. Pope,
John Yeo, Esq., and Capt. Richards.
JOHN COSTIN.
Feb. 27, 1868. 1y

James Greenough,
FLOUR
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street - - - BOSTON.
October 4, 1868. 1y

POETRY.
"ASPIRATIONS."
Oh, the gloom of the Hereafter!
Of the great and awful Future!
Of Eternity's great ocean,
Moaning, beating, sadly breaking
On the wreck strewn shores of Time!
Far out on the boundless ocean,
Out among its rolling billows,
Is a mystic, magic island,
Home of joy, and love, and treasure;
Whither goes the dreaming poet,
Whither goes the burning lover,
Goes the man who longs for riches;
Goes the man who hopes for honor,
Goes the man aspirant for Fame—
There they find unbounded treasure;
Treasure more than heart can claim

From the forests of the island
Builds each one for him a vessel—
From the golden-stranded island
Freights his vessel to his liking.
Forth from this dim shadow island
Sail these vessels which are hopeful,
Hopes of Joy and Love and Riches,
Hopes of Fame, Renown, and Greatness;
Borne by winds of Fate and Fortune,
Many sink beneath the waters;
Weakly built or over loaded,
Few are they who land in safety,
For this ocean of the future
Is enveloped in mist and darkness;
There are shoals around them lurking,
Nightly whirlpools to engulf them,
Deadly rocks beneath the surface,
And they sail where winds may drive them,
Land where they are cast by Fortune.

Oh, the gloom of the Hereafter!
Of the great and awful Future!
Of Eternity's great ocean,
Beating, moaning, sadly breaking
On the wreck-strewn shores of Time!
Strewn with wrecks of cherished longings,
Hopes of hearts now still forever.

Select Literature.
ROSE TERRACE;
OR,
The Trail of the Serpent.
BY A. D. ENGLISH.
LIFE'S first recollections are very pleas-
ant ones. I think few children are more
uniformly happy than I was as a child, and
I look back, even now, with regret, to the
golden hours of that long-ago time when
sporting for days together with the birds,
butterflies and flowers which lingered
around my beautiful home, not that I
would go back to that period and live again
the years intervening between then and
now; ah, no! I think few of us would, in
our later years, wish to live again the life
almost over, unless we might improve it
at our will—re-act our destiny, as it were,
through the crucible of a dearly-bought
experience.

We lived, papa, mama, and I, in a pret-
ty villa situated in the extreme suburbs of
crowded London, where not a breath of
the tainted city air, or a murmur of the
selfish city language, came to disturb my
peace. I say my peace, because I was the
only one of our little family who knew
nought of the busy town so near me in
reality, and yet so far from me in thought;
papa and mama went there often, but
never allowed me to accompany them; so,
as I have said, I was left with my birds
and butterflies, and my dear nurse, Sally.
Rose Terrace was the name of our home,
and when I say it embodied its title I shall
have described it sufficiently. Within its
walls everything beautiful in Art was col-
lected; rare paintings and graceful statu-
ary were met with at every turn; without,
Nature's beauties had command supreme;
and Art and Nature joined hand in hand
to make Rose Terrace a very Eden.

I have stated that we three lived there,
yet I can scarcely say so with truth, for
papa was never at home oftener than twice
a week—sometimes not even so often—and
then he frequently left us the same day.
He was a tall, grand-looking man, with a
profusion of light hair and Saxon-blue
eyes, and a proud dignity of manner which
never subsided save to my mama. Me, he
seldom noticed beyond smoothing my
curls—they were always in a state of en-
tangled disorder at such times, to poor
nurse Sally's dismay—and calling me a
pretty child; sometimes, too, he would
give me a yellow coin, of which I neither
knew the name or use, but which Sally
knew was a sovereign; and when I went to
church with her the next Sunday, we al-
ways put it in the poor-box.

I never saw mama but once a day; she
rang for me and her coffee together, at
nine o'clock every morning, and, fresh
from Sally's careful hands, I would enter
her presence to find her reclining languid-
ly on a lounge, clad in a charming wrap-
per with strong coffee on a light-stand be-
side her, and a pamphlet in her hand; for
years I never saw mama in any attitude
but this, save as she passed me in the gar-
den walk on her way to the carriage, which
took her, every morning at ten, to the
city, from whence she never returned, Sally
said, till midnight. Like papa, she sel-
dom noticed me much, and seemed to re-
quest my presence once a day rather from
a sense of duty than any pleasure she de-
rived from my society; but, as I was allow-
ed to sit quietly at her feet, and watch
every expression of her beautiful face, I
was content.

She was very lovely—not at all like papa,
but possessing an oriental style of beauty,
most fascinating to me; she was a perfect
brunette, tall, and rather voluptuously
shaped. I remember, when I was little
more than a wee tottler, standing before
the great mirror in the long drawing-room,
and gazing discontentedly at my yellow
hair, china-blue eyes, and pigmy form. I
was, always a little, puny thing, and am so
still, though not quite so small as I was
then.

I think it must be plain to you that I
knew very little parental care, and, in-
deed, had it not been for nurse Sally,
I might, and probably would, have been sad-
ly neglected; but she supplied the place of
father and mother both, and won my truest

love. She was devoted to her bairnie, as,
in her Scotch way, she always called me,
though I sometimes thought, with a child's
quick observation, that she disliked my
papa and mama. Indeed, she often said to
me—
"Ah, bairnie, if I loved you less, this
house, though so large a place, would not
hold me. For I nae like the doings here—
it's not what I've been used to."
And then she would shake her head
ominously, in a way invariably impressing
me with a large idea of her superiority to
everybody at Rose Terrace.

I must here explain what honest Sally
meant by "doings." Once a week mama
had a reception, as she called it, but which
Sally said was a "supper." On such oc-
casions the sounds of merriment would
reach me in my little bed, and once, im-
pelled by childish curiosity, I slipped cau-
tiously down stairs in my night-dress,
hoping that I might, unobserved peep into
the brilliantly-lighted dining-hall. Sally
caught me on the way, and I shall never
forget her look of horror as she lifted me
in her arms and carried me back to my
room.

"Eh, bairnie!" she cri'd, "do you want
to eat h your death o' cold? To think, now,
that you should go toddling over the cold
marble floor with these bare little footies!
Shame on you, lassie!"
And then she sat beside me, and sang
old Scotch songs in a crooning, monotonous
tone, until I dropped quietly asleep.
My papa was seldom present at these
noisy assemblies, and by no means ap-
proved of them, Sally said; but mama
was a willful soul and had her own way in
this as in everything, to her final injury; for,
as time went on, papa's visits to Rose Ter-
race were fewer than ever, and I noticed that
mama grew fretted, and her temper more
uncertain daily.

When about eight years old I was one
day sent for from the drawing room. It
was Sunday, and my parents were both at
home. The unusual summons threw me
into quite a panic for a moment, but I soon
put on a bold face and sought their pre-
sence. So quietly did I slip into the apart-
ment that I remained for a short time un-
observed by both. Mama was lying on
a sofa, her face buried in her hands, and
sobbing passionately; while papa stood at
a little distance, looking very pale, but
very stern.

"I have warned you that it would come
to this, Marguerite," he was saying. "I
have ceased to place any dependence upon
your promises—an conviction that you are
beyond cure. 'Tis best that we should
part."
"You are heartless—cruel!" mama
responded in broken tones. "You never
loved me as I love you, Egbert, or you
could not calmly come to this decision."
Instinct taught me that their words were
not intended for my ear, and I stepped
toward—
"Mamma, I am here."
She started, and uncovered her face to
look searchingly into mine, while papa laid
a hand on my shoulder and drew me to-
wards him; but my childish nature was up
in arms against him for having caused
mama's tears, and I repulsed the usual
caress.

"Ah?" he said, quietly, as if comment-
ing upon some open remark I had made.
"Well, 'tis better so. Now, Lillian, I want
you to give me your attention for a few
moments, and try to understand what I am
going to say."
A lecture was one of Sally's most care-
fully taught lessons, and I went straight to
him as he desired.
"I am going away, little one," he com-
menced, very kindly, "away from Rose
Terrace, and will never see you nor ma-
ma again. You must be a good child to
your mama, and whatever happens do
your duty to her. From this time forth
this house and all it contains, with its gar-
dens surrounding it, is yours, together
with an income sufficient to defray all
household expenses. Most of the old ser-
vants will remain, and I have employed a
quiet, respectable lady for your governess;
you must go to her for advice if you re-
quire it, and in any great emergency, she
can write to me. Your mama is quite
independent of me—husb, Marguerite,"
he commanded, as mama, with a passion-
ate exclamation, raised her head as if to
object to this last assertion, "do not con-
tinue the child by opposite statements. You
understand me, Lillian?"
"Yes, papa."
"That is well. And you will try to act
like a thorough little business-woman,
and, as soon as you are able, acquaint
yourself with everything necessary for
you to know of your pecuniary affairs?"
"I will do my best, papa."
"There spoke my own little girl. Now
kiss me good-bye, love, and run away to
your play."

He spoke so lightly and carelessly, that,
young as I was, I would have died rather
than allow the sob which almost stifled
me to rise into sound. I raised my quiv-
ering lips bravely to his, and then turned
to leave him.
"Wait a moment my little Spartan," he
said half-smiling at my ill-concealed strug-
gle. Here, take these, and let them com-
fort you for papa's loss. Now, one more
kiss—that's a heroine!—good-bye."

He had given me half a dozen gold and
silver coins by way of solace; they burnt
my hand even as his words had burnt my
heart when he so calmly cast me from his
side.
As I passed mama on my way to the
door a simple impulse caused me to kneel
and kiss her hand. She had ceased sob-
bing, and lay quite still. I meant no
harm; but she snatched the beautiful
hand away and gave me a quick push.
"Little usurper!" she exclaimed.
"I did not understand the meaning of
the word, then, but papa did, for he said,
sternly, 'For shame, Marguerite!' I in-
ferred, however, from her manner, that
she was displeased with me, and, over-
come by this last calamity, I ran from the
room, and never stopped until I found my-
self in Nurse Sally's faithful arms.

It was some time before I could make
her understand, through my sobs, what
the matter was. When I succeeded in
doing so, she drew me still closer to her.
"My poor, wee bairnie!"
And that is all she ever said on that sub-
ject.
That evening I walked out with Sally;
to divert my mind from my grief she had
dressed me in a gaily-embroidered frock,

with pelisse to match, and a white hat with
long pink plumes. Child-like, I was much
pleased with the finery they were all mam-
ma's gifts, and she, being fond of bright
colors, would have had me always arrayed
like a peacock, Sally said, but papa de-
sired me to dress very plainly. However,
this evening we departed from the usual
rule, to my great delight.
We walked slowly towards the city, my
spirits rising with every step's distance
from home.
"Sally, will you take me to London,
some day?"
"To London, bairnie? Why, what
would such a little midge as you do in the
great city?"
"See all the sights, to be sure, and all
the gay people. Sally! see that beautiful
carriage coming this way! It is far pret-
tier than papa's! And what a beautiful lady
—and there are two dear little girls—why,
I think they are going to stop! see how
they look at us!"

My exclamations were cut short by the
sudden halting of the carriage! I so much
admired, and in another moment one of
the footmen approached us, bowing obs-
equiously.
"Pardon, ma madam, if I intrude, but
my mistress, attracted by the beauty of
this charming young lady, begs that you
will bring her to the carriage."
Sally, as naturally at enmity with all
people personally unknown to her, and the
glibly-spoken message did not produce
the effect probably intended. She looked
grimly down upon the ambassador.
"Who might be your mistress, young
man?"
The "young man," looking much in-
sulted at being addressed by his right title,
answered grandly.
"Lady Trevanion, of Trevanion Park,"
and as he spoke he bowed to the lady he
named, who watched us with evident in-
terest.

"Then tell Lady Trevanion, of Treva-
nion Park," said Sally, with spiteful em-
phasis, "that Miss Melville, of Rose Ter-
race is not commonly exhibited on the
king's highway. Stand out of my way,
young man, 'Come bairnie.'"
"And, dragging me, much shocked at
my kind nurse's rudeness after her, Sally
walked rapidly back in the direction of
Rose Terrace.

"Why, Sally," I remonstrated, when
her slackened speed gave me breath, "I'm
sure the lady was very kind, and I should
have been pleased to speak with her.
Why wouldn't you let me?"
"I had my own reasons, bairnie," she
briefly replied, and little more was said
until we reached home.
With the fickleness of childhood my
grief of the morning was quite subdued by
the evening, and my last waking thoughts
were of the beautiful lady who smiled so
sweetly upon me from her elegant carriage.
"She never would have noticed me if I
had not worn my pink plumes," I thought
"I shall never go abroad without them,
after this, whatever Sally may say!"
To be Continued.

THE UBSIDENCE OF HAWAII
The Honolulu correspondent of the New
York Tribune, writing on the 19th August
last before he could have known of the
earthquakes in South America, from the
13th to the 16th of that month, says, "It
is believed that Hawaii is sinking into the
ocean. Ever since June last unusually
high tides have prevailed along the south-
ern and eastern shores, and it is now evi-
dent that the island has sunk a few feet
on its southern shores, and a few inches
on the east and north. At Hawaii there
has been noticed a continued succession
of volcanic waves which cannot be ac-
counted for. The first of these waves was
observed at Honolulu on the night of the
13th August, and at almost the same mo-
ment it was noticed 200 miles to the south-
east. They were more powerful at those
parts of Hawaii which are nearest to the
South American coast. They rolled in at
the rate of three or four per hour for four
days. They were not like the sweep of
the furious breakers that lashed the shores
during the April eruptions, but appeared
to be effects of some gigantic oscillation
across the Pacific. The speed of tidal
movements through earthquakes is very
great. The earthquake wave of April 20
was transmitted from Hawaii to Mexico,
California and Oregon, a distance of
3,000 to 5,000 miles in five hours. On 23d
of December, 1854, a similar wave was
transmitted across the entire breadth of the
Pacific Ocean, from Japan to California,
in twelve hours and thirty-eight minutes—
These facts convey a very impressive idea
of the tremendous power required to dis-