



# NOTHING.

## A SOUTHERN STORY OF ANTE BELLUM DAYS.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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### CHAPTER III

Her preparations were still incomplete when Eben put his shining face through the open window nearest to the roller towel, which was just then in active service.

"Short lowance of time for grub, Becky. How come you to forget us? Never knowed you do it before."

"I've been flustered all mornin, Eben—at least ever since Dan fetched the mail home."

"Mail? Anything wrong with Strong?"

"Strong's all right, for anything I know to the contrary. It's about Liza, old man."

"Well?"

There was a sharp note of anxiety in the loud, fresh voice. Strong and Eliza were the objects about which all the family pride and homage revolved.

"She's sent her picture home, Eben. Here it is. What do you think of it?"

With gingerly deference the overseer took the imperial photograph into his freshly scoured hands, first making sure

when the eight day clock culminated.

"Thar. Leave it thar till the boys come in and make 'em guess who it is. I'm bound to eat and out."

"Where are the boys, father?"

"Down in the new cut. Seth said he'd rather finish that bit o' fence while he was down thar than t' hafter go back t'morrow, and Charlie's turned in t' help him. It ain't likely they'll get through before sundown."

He dragged a chair to the table. It grated harshly across the bare floor. Mrs. Martin disappeared with the coffee-pot. She went to put it on the kitchen stove. The boys liked their strong black fluid hot. Eben was cutting a liberal wedge out of the circular pone of egg bread when she got back. He accosted her with a full mouth.

"You ain't never explained yet what you meant by us doin Liza a wrong. I thought we was givin her the bes' chance in the world. Mrs. Strong said we didn't have no right to deny her the blessin's of a good education."

"Mrs. Strong! That's just it. Mrs. Strong! She's been ruinin the big house and the governor and the boys and the yard hands so long that she can't keep her finger out of anybody's pie."

"You sound sorter snappish, Becky. You know they set a heap of store by book learnin up at the gov'nor's, and our girl was uncommon bright and purty. It was a sorter freak of nature our havin such a child given to us, with her yellow curls and her great big eyes and little hands and feet."

"Strong is just as good lookin in his way."

"And I don't think it's for us to complain when the governor's kep' Strong at Shingleton college these years at his own cost."

"That is because Strong is named for him, and he wants the respectability of the name kep' up. But Strong and Eliza is two different people, Eben, and I'm not sayin college is goin to harm our boy. He's got his way to make in the world, and all three of the boys can't oversee for Adrien when the governor's gone. Strong don't expect to come home and spend the rest of his days starin out at them niggers' cabins, listenin to that everlastin slambang in the blacksmith's shop, and at a lot of mules switchin the flies off close to our very bedroom windows. Sometimes it sorter grates even on me, old man, specially if I've just come back from the big house, where it's all so different, but I've got used to it, and she's been out of it now for eight blessed years. And there, Eben, I done wrong in lettin Mrs. Strong send her all poor Gabriella's fine clothes and things."

"Gabriella was dead. She didn't want the frippery no longer."

"Yes, I reckon I knowed that as well as you do. But it has helped to spoil our Liza. She's got on a silk dress right there in that picture now, Eben. She used to say when she was a little girl that she loved to hear Mrs. Strong's silk dresses go swish swish along the hall at the big house. I remember that very dress. It's a little blue and white check silk with lace—real lace, old man—in the throat and sleeves. I don't think she'll care to hear it go swish swish over these rough plank floors, Martin, do you?"

She caught her breath and went on more anxiously: "And then, Eben, the worst wrong of all I've done her was lettin Mrs. Strong do all the letter writin, and when she comes home her mother—her own mother'll be the worse shock of all to her, old man." The words culminated in a hard, dry sob.

"But somehow when her first letter came home, lookin so sweet and clean and prim, I just couldn't bear to send her back one of my awful scrawls, and when Mrs. Strong said it sorter comforted her by makin her feel as if she was writin to her own Gabriella, I just let things go on, never lookin far enough ahead to see the time when the child would get through school and hafter come home. And now, Eben, she'll find out what a cheat I am. I almost wish she did not hafter come back at all."

"Don't say that, Becky. She oughter be a real comfort to you when me and the boys has to leave you by yourself so much. She'll get used to things little by little."

"Duke's fitter company for me than that slim, dainty thing, Eben. I'm goin to be afraid of her. She won't fit in here, Eben. Never, never, never! And if she don't reproach us in words she will in her heart. She'll pine away here, Martin."

(To be Continued.)

"Fleetwood," 235, stands at Andrew Doyle's stables, Grafton Street, every Friday. Balance of time at Albert Craswell's, Rustico. In breeding and in individuality this grand horse is not surpassed on the Island and Mr. Craswell expects to give him a mark of 226 or better this fall like he gave his brother Shaver last fall. Breeders should see "Fleetwood."

151 21 d 21w.



"You rung that bell like you was in a hurry."

by passing the backs of them carefully down his trousers legs, that no moisture could possibly cling to them. His wife stood silently at his elbow, gazing wistfully at the white throated, delicately featured face of the disconcerting picture. The overseer's long and silent inspection culminated in a prolonged whistle of amazement.

"That our girl! That our little Eliza I used to take afield on the pommel of my saddle? You're foolin me, Becky! Why, this here's the picture of a queen. She looks like a young empress."

"She does, indeed. That's what's pesterin me."

"Pesterin you?"

"Yes. What are we goin to do with a queen in this hôle, Martin? Look at that slim white neck of hers and that round bit of a waist. She's a lady, Eben, from them purty waves fallin over her forehead down to the tips of her toes, which we can't see in the picture."

Eben was still studying the fair, unfamiliar face of his only daughter. The sweet, serious eyes looked at him unsmilingly. They did not know each other—that burly man and dainty girl.

"I hope she won't be too fine for the home that's been good enough for her mother all these years," Eben said gently.

"Her and me are cut out by different patterns, Eben. She ain't goin to fit in here. It'll be a shock to her, old man, a positive shock. We've done wrong more than once by our own daughter, Martin, and I'm just in a tremble all over since I've seen what she's growed up to be."

"Done wrong? How do you make that out?"

He placed the photograph conspicuously on the dining room mantelpiece, lodging it on, top the wooden turrets in

## SAVE THE MOTHERS

Dodd's Kidney Pills Their Only Safety in Female Diseases.

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Pure Spices are Profitable

But bad spice is acominable. This is a truism that no competent housekeeper should forget. Half the trouble of cooking is past if you get the right brand of Spice, and while there are many that are fairly good, it is always safest to take one which is invariably uniform. That one is

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at prices so low that you cannot help purchasing when you see the quality and finish of the following every day wares.

- Print Cotton at 9 to 16c per yard.
- Gingham, from 5c to 15c, grand value.
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- Towelings from 4c to 8c per yard.
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- Side Board Covers, regular price 40 50, 60, now selling at 20c, 25c, 30c.
- Dress Lengths, former price \$16.00 to \$24.00, now \$12.00, 10.00, 8.00, 5.00 and 3.00.
- All wool Colored Dress Goods from 18c to 38c per yd
- Black Dress Goods at 25c to 85c per yd.
- Plain China Silk at 10c, 15c and 20c per yd,
- Braid, suitable for trimmings, selling at half price, former price 6, 10 and 20c, now 3; 5 and 10c.
- Black and Colored Satteens—10c and 12c, former price 20c and 25c.
- Ladies Handkerchiefs plain and hemstitch going at 4c each
- Ladies Emb. Hkfs going at 10c worth 20c.
- Ladies Linen Hkfs selling at 20c, former price 40c
- Ladies Cotton Gloves a snap at 5c per pair.
- Ladies Gloves white a black silk, 25c and 50c per pair
- Hose Supporters, children's at 10c to 20c,
- Colored Velvet 25c per yd, black velvet from 80c up
- Ladies Parasols from 50c up, worth double the money
- Ladies' Undervests, all sizes from 10c to 30c,
- Ladies' Hose from 12c to 35c per pair.
- Children's Hose—10c, 15c and 18c per pair.
- Dress Muslin—7c, 10c, 12c worth double the money.

The above prices hold good every day of the week.

# W. D. MACKAY

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made of different makers parts.

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in mattresses. In fact we have sold more this spring than we ever did in the same time. There must be a reason for that, and we think it is this: We have handled only the best grades, and have asked only poor grade prices. When comparing ours with others, note PARTICULARLY the difference in quality of ticking and the general appearance and just here we would like to call your attention to our pillows. We have all grades, from 60c up.

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We have sold more in the past six years than any house in P. E. Island.

## FENNELL & CHANDLER.

## DOMINION OF CANADA. PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. In Chancery

In the matter of the Charlottetown Gas Light Company and the Distribution of its Assets among the Shareholders.

To Reverend Ralph Brecken, of Sackville, New Brunswick, Executor of the late Ralph Brecken; Edgar Hubert Beer, of Charlottetown, Executor of George H. Beer; Frank D. Beer, of Charlottetown, Medical Doctor; Edward Bayfield, of Charlottetown, Executor and Trustee of Henry W. Bayfield; Andrew A. McDonald, of Charlottetown, Executor of Owen Connolly; Francis L. Escard, of Charlottetown, Representative of the Estate of the late Charles Hensley; Henry S. Lordly, of Charlottetown; Hugh Monaghan, of Charlottetown; Thomas Handrahan, of Charlottetown, Trustee for Fanny Leigh; and William A. Weeks, the younger, of Charlottetown, Executor of the late William Weeks, AND OTHER Shareholders in the said Company, AND TO ALL REPRESENTATIVES, AGENTS of and TRUSTEES for deceased or absent Shareholders:

These are to require you and each of you and all and every other person or persons interested, or claiming to be interested in the said Company, as Shareholder or Representative, Agent, Trustee or Agent or Shareholders, to appear before me, Rowen Robert Fitzgerald, Vice Chancellor, in Charlottetown, at the Court of the Vice Chancellor, on Thursday, the Twenty-eighth day of July next, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause why an account should not be taken of the affairs of the Company, and of its debts, property and assets, and why a sum of money now in the hands of the directors, the proceeds of the sale of property of the said Company, and all other the assets of the said Company hereafter to be realized, should not be divided among the shareholders and others interested therein, or having claims thereto, as soon as can be, and why a decree should not be made declaring the rights of shareholders between themselves and their respective rights, and directing the mode of dividing and paying out such assets among shareholders and creditors of the company, and the payment of costs incident to the said proceedings. All persons interested are hereby notified that a decree to be made in the premises shall be final, and that all persons not making claim at the time and place aforesaid shall be barred from any right or claim not allowed by such decree. You are further notified that a petition has been filed by the directors of the said Company with the Registrar of the Court of Chancery in Charlottetown setting forth the names of shareholders and their respective shares as far as known, and other facts in connection with the affairs of the Company pursuant to the Act of the Legislature, intitled "An Act to Facilitate the Liquidation of the Affairs of the Charlottetown Gas Light Company." You and each of you are further notified that in default of your appearance at the time and place aforesaid the hearing of the matter of said petition will proceed, and a decision will be made by which you will be as effectually bound as if you had appeared.

Dated at Charlottetown this Eighteenth day of June, A. D. 1898.

(Sgd) R. E. FITZGERALD, Vice Chancellor.

H. JAMES PALMER, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Solicitor for said Company.

TO LET.—The brick store on Upper Queen Street lately occupied by Miller Bros & Co. session on the 24th August, apply to Mary Ann Oiler, Kent Street.

LONDON HOUSE