Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 3. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, August 20, 1868. No. 46.

THE
Summerside Journal,
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
THURSDAY EVENING,
BY
JOSEPH BERTRAM,
AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

TERMS:

1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 3d.
" " half advance, 7s. 6d.
" " at the end of year 9s.

Persons getting up CLUBS of TEN Subscribers will be entitled to the JOURNAL for one year.

ADVERTISEMENTS
inserted at moderate rates and in good style.

SPECIAL AGREEMENTS may be made on reasonable terms for a whole, a half, or quarter column, or by the year.

Job Printing
of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL Office.

Almanac for August, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 8d day, 7h 39m. morn. b. the hzn.
Last Qtr., 11th day, 8h. 15m., morn. bearing E.
New Moon, 18th day, 12h. 59m., morn. b. hzn
First Qtr. 24th day, 8h. 34m., eve. bearing W.

D. MON.	DAY WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	Sun slow clock	sun's dec. north	moon sets	days len.
		h m	h m	m s		h m	h m
1	Sat	4 47	7 25	6 2	17 54	3 17	14 36
2	Sun	48	24	5 57	17 38	rises	35
3	Mo	49	23	5 53	17 23	7 26	34
4	Tue	50	22	5 47	17 7	7 59	32
5	Wed	51	21	5 41	16 50	8 26	30
6	Thu	52	19	5 35	16 34	8 56	27
7	Fri	4 53	7 17	5 27	16 17	9 21	24
8	Sat	54	15	5 20	16 0	9 49	21
9	Sun	55	14	5 11	15 43	10 17	14 19
10	Mo	56	13	5 3	15 25	10 50	17
11	Tue	57	11	4 53	15 7	11 23	14
12	Wed	59	10	4 43	14 49	morn	11
13	Thu	5 0	9	4 33	14 31	0 6	9
14	Fri	1	7	4 22	14 12	1 0	6
15	Sat	2	7 5	4 10	13 54	2 0	3
16	Sun	3	4	3 58	13 35	3 5	1
17	Mo	4	2	3 46	13 16	sets.	13 58
18	Tue	5	0	3 33	13 56	7 26	55
19	Wed	6	6 58	3 19	12 36	8 2	52
20	Thu	7	57	3 5	12 17	8 36	50
21	Fri	5 8	56	2 51	11 57	9 6	48
22	Sat	9	54	2 36	11 36	9 43	46
23	Sun	10	52	2 20	11 16	10 16	42
24	Mo	12	50	2 4	10 56	10 53	38
25	Tue	13	49	1 48	10 35	11 36	36
26	Wed	14	6 47	1 31	10 14	morn	13 33
27	Thu	15	45	1 14	9 53	0 24	39
28	Fri	5 17	43	0 57	9 32	1 6	26
29	Sat	18	41	0 39	9 10	2 2	23
30	Sun	19	39	0 21	8 49	2 54	20
31	Mo	20	37	0 2	8 27	3 48	16

Summerside Markets.

August 18.

Oats per bush	3s 6d
Potatoes (new) per bush	4s
Turnips per bush	1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	1s a 13d
Lard per lb	10d a 11d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	9d
Beef per lb	4d a 5d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	3½d a 5d
Flour per bbl	45s a 50s
Oatmeal per cwt.	18s a 20s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown
President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, 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.
Grafton 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. GARDINER.
Cashier—E. L. LYDIARD, 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. JARVIS
Has Removed His Residence to the House
(lately occupied by Mr McKinlay)
next to Thomas Hunt's, Esq., St Eleanor's. He may be consulted every forenoon at the Drug Store of W. T. HUNT & Co., Summerside.
Lt. Eleanor's, May 18, 1868.

KITSON CASEY, M.D.,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur
formerly Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, offers his professional services to the people of Summerside and vicinity. He can be consulted at his office, over the Store of Messrs Green & Schurman, in Summerside.
June 13, 1867. tf

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

Co-Partnership Notice.
THE Subscribers have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNIES-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of
ALLEY & DAVIES
OFFICE,—O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING, GREAT GEORGE STREET.
GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES
Charlottetown, Oct. 18, 1867 oct 24.

Business Cards.

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.

C. L. RICHARDS,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
British & Foreign Groceries.
1, Head North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1867. ly

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

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

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

WILLIAM BEARSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside, ---------- P. E. Island
Jan. 21, 1868.

James Greenough,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant.
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street - - - - BOSTON

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

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.
Charlottetown, - - - - - P. E. Island

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.

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

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug 9, 1866

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

Barber Shop!
THE subscriber respectfully announces to the people of Summerside, and the public in general, that he has opened a
BARBER SHOP!
on Water Street, in the room adjoining the Post Office, where he is prepared to do all work appertaining to his profession. Best assortment of
Hair Oils, Hair Restorers, Tooth Powders, Dyes, &c.,
always on hand on the most reasonable terms
Boxes CRYSTAL BLUE also for sale.
RAZORS carefully put in order.
CHAS. OTTO WINKLER.
Summerside, Jan 30, 1868.

POINT DU CHENE HOUSE.
THE subscriber would beg to call the attention of the travelling public to this well-known and favorite Hotel, situated at the Head of the Railway Wharf, at Point Du Chene, N. B.
Its advantages as a residence for parties in quest of health cannot be surpassed. The air is pure, bracing and invigorating, while there is every facility for deep sea bathing.
The trains for St. John leave the door twice every day. The charges will be found moderate, the table good; and the proprietor hopes by strict attention to the requirements of his customers, to ensure general satisfaction.
Passengers landing from the steamer in the morning can get breakfast before leaving in the 7 o'clock train.
PETER SCHURMAN, Proprietor.
P. S.—Being himself a P. E. Islander, the Proprietor would hereby respectfully request a share of the Island patronage.
Pt. Du Chene, june 18, '68. 3m

£3 17s. 6d.
The Celebrated Common sense Family Sewing Machine.
Improved and Perfected.
EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.
For eleganee of Finish it has no Rival, High Price or Low.
Simple, Durable, Compact, and Cheap.
The Celebrated Common Sense Family Sewing Machine is now presented to the public, with all the improvements that can well be combined in a Sewing machine. Great labor and pains have been bestowed to bring this Machine into the very highest circle in the scale of Sewing Machines. It is acknowledged by the best judges to stand entirely above and beyond any cheap Machine ever produced before.
It will sew anything that can be sewed on any high priced machine in the land, just as nicely and just as rapidly. It will sew from Swiss Muslin up to Bever Cloth, at the rate of twelve hundred stitches per minute.
This machine has a new style of feeding apparatus, which makes the Machine Self-guiding. The cloth, without the aid of either hand, will run nearly as true as when guided by Barnum's self sewer. This is an advantage not possessed by any other machine in the world, high price or low. This is one reason why this machine is so easily managed by children. A girl with one hand can use it more successfully than she could ordinary machines with two hands.
This Machine will Stitch, Hem, Fell, tuck, Quilt, Cord, Bind, Braid, and embroider in a most superior manner.
Printed Instructions, German or English, Screw Driver, Hammer, Oil Can, Four Needles, and Table Clamp, accompany each Machine without extra cost.
These Machines can be seen at Harvie's Book Store.
HENRY A. HARVIE,
Agent for P. E. Island.
June, 25 1868.—3m

P. E. ISLAND
Steam Navigation Co's.
STEAMERS,
"PRINCESS OF WALES" AND "HEATHER BELLE."
The Steamer "Princess of Wales"
WILL leave CHARLOTTETOWN for PICTOU every TUESDAY and THURSDAY morning at 5 a.m., in time for the morning train for Halifax.
Leaves PICTOU for CHARLOTTETOWN every TUESDAY and FRIDAY evening, after arrival of Train from Halifax.
Leaves PICTOU for PORT HOOD every THURSDAY morning at noon, immediately after arrival of Train from Halifax, returning to Pictou the following morning.
Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN every TUESDAY and FRIDAY night for SUMMERSIDE and SHEDIAC, at 7½ p.m. Will connect with Wednesday and Saturday morning's Train's.
Leaves SHEDIAC for SUMMERSIDE and CHARLOTTETOWN every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons, immediately after arrival of Train from St. John.
The Steamer "Heather Belle"
Leaves CHARLOTTETOWN at 3 a.m., every Saturday morning for PICTOU.
Leaves PICTOU at 9 a.m., same day, for MURRAY HARBOR, GEORGETOWN and SOURIS, remaining at either Souris or Georgetown over Sunday.
Leaves PICTOU every MONDAY for CHARLOTTETOWN, after arrival of Train from Halifax.

FARES:

Charlottetown to Pictou, or back,	£0	12	0
Pictou to Georgetown, "		0 9	0
" Port Hood, "		0 12	0
Ch'town to Summerside, "		0 9	0
" Shediac, "		0 18	0
" St. John, " $4.50 or	1	8	1½
" Eastport, " 6.00	1	17	6
" Portland, " 8.00	2	10	0
" Boston, " 9.00	2	16	3
" Halifax, " 4.00	1	4	0
" Port Hood, "	1	4	0
" Georgetown, "	0	9	0
" Souris, "	0	12	0

F. W. HALES, Sec'y.
May 21, 1868.

Wool! Wool!
THE STANFIELD WOOLEN MILLS at TRYON, having been thoroughly reconstructed and enlarged by additional machinery and Steam Power, will continue to manufacture Cloth from custom wool as heretofore, and at the usual rates. Having doubled their facilities for manufacturing, and procured skillful operatives for every department, the Company feel confident of giving their customers greater satisfaction generally, by manufacturing a better quality of Cloth, and making quicker returns for wool left with them. In addition to the various kinds of CLOTH previously made, they are manufacturing SEVERAL NEW STYLES FOR MEN'S WEAR, and full width Blanketing.
Wool, which must be clean washed, free of mats and coarse locks, and of good quality, may be left at Hon. H. J. Callbeck's, Charlottetown, or at the mill.
STANFIELD WOOLEN CO.
Tryon, May 14, 1868. [m21

POETRY.

DEEP-SEA SOUNDINGS.

Mariner, what of the deep?
This of the deep:
Twilight is there, and solemn, changeless calm.
Beauty is there, and tender healing balm—
Balm with no root in earth, or sea or air:
Poised by the finger of God it floateth free,
And, as it treadeth the waves, the sound doth rise.
Hither shall come no further sacrifice:
Never again the anguished clutch at life,
Never again great Love and death in strife;
He who hath suffered all need fear no more,
Quiet his portion now forevermore.

Mariner, what of the deep?
This of the deep:
Solitude dwells not there, though silence reign;
Mighty the brotherhood of loss and pain;
There is communion past the need of speech,
There is a love no words of love can reach;
Heavy the waves that superincumbent press,
But as we labor here with constant stress,
Hand doth hold out to hand, not help alone.
But the deep bliss of being fully known.
There are no kindred like the kin of sorrow;
There is no hope like those fear who no morrow.

Mariner, what of the deep?
This of the deep:
Though we have travelled past the line of day,
Glory of night doth light us on our way,
Radiance that comes we know not how or whence,
Rainbows without the rain, past duller sense,
Music of hidden reefs and waves long past,
Thunderous organ tones from far-off blast,
Harmony, victrix, throned in state sublime,
Couched on the wrecks be-gemmed with pearls of Time;
Never a wreck but brings some beauty here;
Down where the waves are stilled, the sea shines clear,
Deeper than life the plan of life doth lie,
He who knows all fears nought. Great death shall die.

Select Literature.

MY FIRST AND LAST GAME

[CONCLUDED.]

AT length, when morning had fairly dawned, I stole back to my hotel, jaded and worn, and crept to my restless bed After a feverish and uneasy slumber I awoke, and again prepared to renew my search. I visited the most wretched parts of the town, where want and vice stood forth in every shape. Faces pinched by famine flitted before me, but not hers—not the wasted but gentle features of that young, sleeping girl, who like a pitying angel had barred the door which led to my destruction. Where was she? Perhaps wee, ing by the side of some miserable pallet, her tears falling on the haggard cheeks of her dying mother—that mother for whom she had wandered forth on a bleak wintry night to solicit the charity of strangers. Pursued by these spectral fancies, I continued my search till past midnight, and then, fairly overcome by fatigue, I returned to my hotel.

A week elapsed, and every day my search had been renewed but all my efforts to discover the slightest trace of the young girl were unavaling. A feeling of hopeless despair took possession of my mind, and I began to fear my sin was destined to walk like a remorseless shadow forever beside me. In my extremity I applied to the police, but my description of the girl assimilated so closely to the usual appearance of mendicants, that their aid was valueless.

A month passed by, and the end of December was approaching. The winter had set in with unusual severity, and the earth was covered with snow. As I was walking through a remote street in the suburbs of the town, I paused to look over the low wall of a Protestant burying-ground. With a feeling of listless curiosity I was reading the inscriptions on the various headstones, when suddenly the chapel bell began to toll out its mourning peal. I opened the little gate, and passing through a small avenue of leafless trees, walked amongst the graves. The rays of the wintry sun glittered on the snowy mounds, sprinkling them with a gem-like brightness. The burial ground was large and densely strewn with its human harvest. At length I came upon a new made grave, dug in a solitary corner, where the earth lay flat around, with the exception of one lonely hillock. There was a shadowy gloom about the spot, even the snow that lay there, seemed to have lost its whiteness, and in some places had drifted away, leaving dark, vendureless patches.

The chapel bell was tolling its last summons as I reached the grave and looked into its narrow abyss. An irresistible desire to see the coffined form lowered into its last resting-place, took possession of me. Why, I wondered, had that secluded spot been chosen, away even from the companionship of death? Was this a human weed, unworthy to perish beside those other human flowers? A thousand questioning thoughts crept into my brain, when I was abruptly started from my reverie by the solemn voice of the clergyman reading the funeral service. Looking round my eyes fell on a plain coffin, borne along the winding pathway leading to the chapel. One young girl, miserably clad, was the sole weeping mourner. At a slow measured pace the little procession reached the grave, and the rude, undecorated shell was lowered into the vault. As I watched the small, slender form, quivering under its crushing weight of anguish, it recurred to my mind that that form was familiar to me.

At length the ceremony was over, and the clergymen and bearers retired from the scene, leaving the wretched mourner still standing by the grave. After a pause she knelt down, and then the hood that had partially concealed her face fell back. As I caught a glimpse of its wan outline, fringed with a few scant tresses of golden hair, I no longer doubted that it was the face of the poor girl for whom I had been so anxiously seeking. Was that the mother, I mused, of whom she had murmured in her dream on that fatal night, and who now lay cold and still in that narrow gap of earth? If so, how much had the ruthless act that robbed her of that piece of gold to answer for! That little coin might have spared the mother's life to the lonely orphan, or at least have shed a transient gleam of comfort into their wretched home.

With difficulty I conquered the impulse to steal beside her with some whispered word of solace, but her grief seemed so sacred, so pure, that I dared not intrude upon it, lest I should profane it. When her prayer was ended she rose; and then, as she cast a wild, farewell look into the grave, a low, smothered sob broke from her lips, and thrilled through the wintry air. Slowly turning away, instead of taking the path leading from the burial ground, she bent her footsteps to the one lonely mound a few paces distant from the open grave. Again her grief was hushed in silent prayer, again the pale, pinched face was raised towards heaven. Did those two graves then contain the dear ones whose smiles had once given joy to her childhood, robbed poverty of its sting, and given an envious splendor of affection to the chilling abode of want? At length she rose again, and with a heavy, reluctant step, glided away. I was about to follow her, when some inexplicable fancy impelled me to look once more into the open grave. The sexton was already preparing to fill it up as I neared its brink. Looking down into its narrow vortex, a shuddering sense of horror darted through my frame as I read the inscription on the coffin-lid:

"JANE STORNAWAY,"
Died December 19, 185—.
AGED 21."

The earth seemed for a moment to slide from under me, and surrounding objects grew suddenly dark. Collecting every energy, I quickly recovered myself, and hurrying rapidly in the direction taken by the solitary mourner, I soon caught a glimpse of her through the avenue of leafless trees. Keeping at a guarded distance I followed on her track, with the sternest, hardest conflict warring at my heart that I had ever felt. Jane Stornaway dead! I mechanically repeated the words with an utter insensibility of their meaning. I seemed like one walking in a dream, and grew unconscious of the passing realities of life.

After traversing a network of by-streets and lanes, the young girl entered a small court, and ascended a spiral staircase, leading to the upper story of an humble lodging-house; before she could reach the door my hand was on her shoulder, and as I drew the hood back from her head, my glance fell on the pale, worn, yet still beautiful face of Eda.

"Have you forgotten me?" I asked, in answer to her questioning gaze.

"I do not know you, sir," she sighed, with a wistful shake of the head.

"Not know me, Eda?" I cried, "not know Hugh Stanebright?"

A sudden cry escaped her, and the next moment her slender form lay rigid and inanimate in my arms.

How much, how very much the sweet face had changed! The roundness and bloom had shrunk and faded, the joy was gone, and a stony whiteness had deadened its radiance.

She lay several minutes senseless in my arms; at length, when she recovered, she nestled her golden head upon my breast, and clung to me, as it she feared I should abandon or reproach her.

"Eda," I whispered, and I felt my words choking me, and my mouth tremulous and quivering, "I know where Jane is?"

"In Heaven, Hugh!" was her meek response. "Death has kindly taken her from this miserable world."

"And your mother?" I asked, after a pause.

Without answering my inquiry, she opened the door and drew me after her. We passed along a dark, close passage, and entered a mean, low-pitched room. The few scanty articles of furniture had the dejected appearance of poverty in its most wretched form. A glimmering beam of the wintry sun shot through a small casement, aslant and pale, on a narrow truckle bed.

"There is my mother, Hugh," she whispered, while she pointed to the white, haggard face upon the pillows.

I approached the bed, and bent over the shrunken figure.

"Hugh Stanebright," said my aunt feebly, and recognizing me at the first glance, "what fatal chance has guided you here?"

"No chance," I replied; "the will of Providence alone. I am here to save you."

"Too late, too late!" she murmured. "Eda may be saved; but I am dying."

I lost no time in sending for the most skillful physician that could be found, by whose advice she was at once removed from the stifling atmosphere of that wretched abode to a pleasant lodging, which I procured in the suburbs. Every delicacy or comfort that even the doctor or herself fancied might be of service was instantly procured, and before many days had passed her health began to return.

One night a profound and heavy slumber into which my aunt had fallen, released Eda for a short time from her ever-watchful duty, and she had stolen softly into the sitting-room where I was seated. The blinds were closed, and the tastefully furnished apartment was cheerfully lighted. She was beginning to look like the Eda of former days, only more reserved, more shy, with a pensive gentleness in her voice and manner. Her dress, too, of deepest mourning, lent a sadder aspect to her figure, and her features were assuming a fuller roundness.

"Eda," I said, after a pause, as she sat looking thoughtfully into the pleasant fire, "I want you to answer me a few questions."

"Any questions, cousin, you choose to ask," she replied, as she turned her grateful eyes to me.

"How long has your father been dead?"

"Six months, Hugh," she replied.

"Had these terrible privations overcome you previous to that event?" I continued.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Before we left England my father disposed of his pension for a certain sum, I do not know the exact amount and after a short residence in Paris he brought us to Baden-Baden. He became an habitual frequenter of the gaming-houses, and returned home one night penniless. From that time our miserable struggles commenced. Day by day we sank lower and lower into the abyss of poverty; Jane—dear, noble-hearted Jane—put aside all her pride, and tried to obtain a few pupils for instruction in music, but my father's evil reputation as a gambler was noised abroad, and nobody would employ her. She then tried embroidery and needle work, and but for her exertions we must have starved. It may be wrong, Hugh, for a child to speak reproachfully of a father, but that detestable vice had become a part of his very nature, and every coin that could be wrung from my sister's hard earnings was taken to gratify it. You never knew my father, cousin?" she inquired, somewhat abruptly.

"Never," I replied.

"Ah," she sighed, "I can remember him strong, and almost as youthful-looking as you are now. And," she added bitterly, "I can too vividly remember him a degraded, abject wreck; his manhood lost, his name a by-word, and his presence a contempt. Oh, Hugh," she cried, "never, never let that fatal vice sully your soul. It is covered with a moral leprosy which nothing can cleanse."

"He died repentant, I hope," I said, in a comforting tone.

She shuddered, and pressed her hands convulsively over her cheeks, as if to shut from her view some appalling spectre.

"He died by his own hand, Hugh!"

The words came in a low, plaintive strain of bitterest anguish. I sprang to her, and drew her sobbing face to my bosom, trying to soothe and calm her.

"I never saw dear Jane smile after," she resumed; "all her hope, all her bravery of spirit went suddenly out from her. Day by day her face paled, and her strength drooped."

"Did she ever speak of me, Eda?" I inquired.

"Daily, hourly, almost, until that terrible event, but never after—never even to the last," replied Eda. "The memory of that shame seemed to blacken her whole life, overshadowing every speck of brightness, whether belonging to the past, or tinting the future with its rays. Her strength wasted away, and she could no longer sit at her drudging toil; then we felt want in its most ghastly form. One bleak night in November we had been without food, without fire, for nearly two days. My mother and Jane were both very ill. I watched them fall into a short slumber, and then stole forth into the streets to beg."

"Eda," I interrupted. "I saw you on that night."

"Saw me?" she exclaimed.

"But did not recognize you," I continued. "You were sent forth by a kind Providence to be my guardian angel."

I then recounted to her all that had occurred to me on that fatal night, and told her how the coin I had abstracted from her hand had retrieved my fortune and saved me from ruin.

My aunt's recovery was slow and wavering. Spring was beautifying the earth with a new garment before she was able to leave her room. At length, however, the physician's skill and careful nursing prevailed, and she was pronounced convalescent.

It was some time in June that preparations were made for our return to Hallurton. I had frequently written to my mother, informing her of my aunt's illness, and all the afflictions which had befallen the family, with the exception of their poverty, and that I kept a secret.

The day preceding our departure from Baden-Baden, I called at an earlier hour than usual, and found Eda attired for walking.

"I am glad you are come, Hugh," she said; "I am now waiting for you to fulfill your long deferred promise."

It was to visit Jane's and her father's graves; I had given orders to have them seperately enclosed within an iron railing, and over Jane's grave was raised a chastely carved monument in marble, and the little banked-up hillock was fringed by rows of Summer flours. A plain headstone, bearing his name and the date of his death, indicated the resting-place of her father. Eda's eyes were brimming with grateful tears as she gazed in wondering silence on the changed aspect of the place. "Hugh," she said, "I cannot conceive a nobler act than this. You have indeed a generous heart. How Jane would have loved you!"

The next day we were on our way to Hallurton, and before the end of the week we were all seated once more in the old dining-room at the Elms.

Memory still lingers over those bright Summer evenings; my mother with some quaint embroidery upon her lap, her sister with a world of meek patience in her gentle face, and Eda, halt sitting, halt reclining by her side, with still a glittering remnant of her old joyous playfulness beaming in her voice and laugh and features. Then it was that a new love began to shape itself in my heart, picturing a cloudless future, illumined by those twin blessings, peace and happiness.

The autumn leaves were strewing the garden pathways, and the evening sunshine was playing among the flowers, as Eda and I stole from the house and bent our footsteps towards the old fountain. The bloom and freshness of maidhood's ripened spring glittered in her sweet face, the harsh lines which the evil days of old had indented there, had vanished, and she now stood forth a graceful type of woman's rarest beauty.

"Eda," I began, pausing beside the fountain, "I cannot offer you the first bright love of my heart; that was given years ago to Jane; but if you can accept the peaceful affection which time can never change, it is yours now and forever."

She lifted her eyes from the ground, and threw their fearless, loving light straight into mine as she gave me her outstretched hand.

"A few months longer, Hugh, for the bruises to heal," said Eda, "and then—"

"You will be mine?" I said, filling up the trembling pause.

"Wholly yours," she whispered.

Years have flown away since then; but our wedded happiness has never known a shade, and the bright faces of merry children make unclouded summer in our home at the Elms. To these dear children the story of the sleeping mendicant and the stolen coin has often been repeated, to teach them to shun the baneful vice of gambling.

THE FENIANS.—The "Supreme Council of the Irish Republic," in the proclamation they have posted up all over Ireland and England, announce as the objects for which they have been elected, three things, the most sensible that have yet been broached