

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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BY **JOSEPH BERTRAM**
AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

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

Summerside Markets.
SUMMERSIDE, June 13, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s 6d a 2s 10d
Barley per bush	3s 8s 6d
Potatoes per bush	2s 2s 3d
Turnips per bush	1s 1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	10d a 1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	6d a 7d
Beef per lb	4d a 6d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4d
Geese each	none
Flour per bbl	60s a 65s
Oatmeal per cwt.	18s a 20s
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Straw per cwt.	1s 6d
Pine Boards	10s
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Business Cards.

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Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

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(next door to the Hon. Joseph Hensley's.)
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Jan. 17, 1867. ly

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AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug. 9, 1866 ly

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October 12, 1865.

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October 12, 1865.

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Business Cards.

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British & Foreign Groceries
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Dec. 6, 1866. ly

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Stalls 107 and 109.
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No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street - - - BOSTON.

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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, 1867.

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AND
Commission Merchant,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Nov 1, 1867

JOHN S. O'NEILL,
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P. E. Island Produce.
"LESTER HOUSE,"
No. 65 Charlotte St., South Side King Square,
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N.B.—Consignments solicited, and all orders will receive prompt attention. [May 9.]

KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.
Flour, Produce, Leather,
AND GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
MONTREAL, - - - C. E.

The most careful attention given to the execution of orders for Flour, Grain, Seeds, Provisions, Leather, Hides, Coal Oil, and general Merchandise. Freight secured and Insurances effected at lowest current rates. Merchants in the Lower Provinces will find it to their interest to forward their orders for Flour to us for execution, as an extensive acquaintance with Western Millers, and as Agents for some of the most popular Brands in Canada, we can with safety assure them of every satisfaction.
Remittances against orders when not otherwise provided for, may be made with Sterling Exchange, or Gold Drafts on New York. Drafts on New York being worth usually and to a 4 per cent more than on Boston.
Every information as to the state of the market, present and prospective, given when required.
Consignments of Fish, Coal Oil, &c., carefully realized, and returns made with the utmost promptitude, or applied according to the wish of consignors.
Charges only made for actual disbursements and commissions not over those of responsible Houses in the line. Unquestionable references given when required.

KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.
503 St. Paul Street,
Montreal, C. E.
February 7, 1867.

Archibald McKay.
MONCTON, N. B.,
CONTRACTOR AND AGENT FOR THE PURCHASE AND SALE OF
Ships Timber, Masts, Plank, House Frames,
and LUMBER of all dimensions and descriptions.
Orders for early shipment will receive prompt attention.
Feb. 14, 1867. Ex. 3m.

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
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Charlottetown, - - - P. E. Island

H. J. RICHARDSON,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
Auctioneer.
Dealer in Flour, Groceries, and Dry Goods.
Water Street, - - - Summerside.

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

NOTICE!
ALL PERSONS whose accounts have been rendered during the past month, will please call and pay or remit amount due, immediately.
JOSEPH BERTRAM.
Summerside, April 18th, 1867.

Business Cards.

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,
No. 9 King Square, St. John, N. B.
Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.

In connection with the above the subscribers have opened a
First Class Grocery Store
where they will keep constantly on hand, Flour, Corn Meal, Provisions, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, and all articles usually kept in a Grocery Store.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
May 30, 1867.—ly

North American Hotel,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.
JOHN MURPHY, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find good accommodation.
Good Stables in connection with the Hotel, and a careful Hostler always in attendance.
Ch'town, Feb. 14, 1867. tf

THOMAS FRIZZEL,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
WATER STREET,
opposite Colin McLennan's Store.
Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.
Summerside, June 6, 1867 ly

DANIEL D. CROW,
Clock & Watch Repairer,
HEAD OF CENTER STREET,
Summerside, - - - P. E. I.
All orders punctually attended to.
June 6, 1867. 3m

R. M. GIBSON,
PAINTER AND GILDER.
HAVING worked several Seasons under the instructions of some of the most popular Painters in the United States and British Provinces, wishes to announce to the public that he has opened a PAINT SHOP, and commenced in that line of trade, at SUMMERSIDE, where he is prepared to execute all kinds of Plain and Ornamental House and Sign

PAINTING.
Ceilings and Walls painted and decorated in Oil and Fresco, Graining, Paper hanging and Glazing done to please the employer. Ceilings whitened with neatness and despatch.
All orders left at the Commercial Hotel, Central St., next door to Bertram's Book Store, will receive prompt attention, and be done at moderate rates.
Summerside, April 11, 1867. 6m

JAMES L. WEATHERBY,
PAINTER,
SUMMERSIDE, - - - P. E. ISLAND.
PLAIN, ORNAMENTAL, HOUSE & SIGN
PAINTING, GRAINING, PAPER
HANGING, &c., &c., &c.
Done in the latest and most improved manner.
All orders, both in Town and Country promptly attended to.
March 21st, 1867.

A. C. MORRISON.
Late of New Brunswick,
RESPECTFULLY announces to the inhabitants of Summerside, and the surrounding country, that he is prepared to execute
PAINTING,
in almost every style of the Art, viz: Plain and Ornamental Lettering, Gilding, Bronzing and Shading, Velvet, Oriental, Green and Crayon, (Black & Color'd) Painting on Canvas, Penciling and Etching, &c., &c., &c.
Carrage Stripping and Ornamenting, Graining in Oil and Distemper, Oak, Butternut, Walnut, Satin Wood, Maple, Banyan and Mahogany, Staining in its various branches.
All work done promptly and at very reasonable rates. Orders left with T. B. HALL, will receive careful attention.
Summerside, April 4, 1867. tf

Carriage Factory!!
Head of Queen Street,
CHARLOTTETOWN.

THE Subscribers beg leave to acquaint the public that, having entered into a Co-Partnership, they are prepared to execute all orders in the
CARRIAGE, SLEIGH,
OR
Blacksmith Business,
and having each had considerable experience, they are able to turn out a FIRST CLASS
Carriage or Sleigh.
Repairing of all kinds, together with all other work appertaining to their line of business, will be attended to.
Send in your orders immediately
PROUD & MCCOUBREY.
Queen Street, Charlottetown.
Jan. 10, 1867. ly

Saddle and Harness Shop.
THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of NEW LONDON and surrounding places, that he has
Opened a Saddle Shop at
Clifton, New London,
where he hopes, by strict and particular attention to his business, and moderate charges, to merit a share of public patronage.
JAS. SENCABAUGH.
Clifton, New London,
Oct. 25, 1860.—t.

Job Printing of every description done with neatness and despatch at the
JOURNAL OFFICE.

POETRY.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.
France and gaunt is the hungry wolf,
And he utters a savage growl,
When forth from his secret lair he starts
Through the forest wilds to prowl;
And the echoes answer the dreary sound
From the lonely rocks and cave around.

Sharp and white are his gleaming teeth,
And his yellow eyeballs glow
Like coals of fire through the darkness round,
And his step is soft and low—
A stealthy step that you scarce can hear
Hath the hungry wolf when he draweth near.

In the silent hours of the night he comes
To the fold where are gathered the sheep;
A famished flock from their hidden lairs,
When the shepherd is fast asleep;
And his faithful dogs are overpowered,
The meek ewes slain and their lambs devoured.

Afar where the settler's cabin stands,
On the edge of the forest draw,
When hunger hath made the gaunt wolf bold,
He will oftentimes draw near,
And howl through the long and dismal night
For the settler's babes that cry with fright.

Yet not in his distant forest haunts
May the wolf alone be found,
But abroad in the city's crowded streets,
Where fashion and wealth abound,
In the hollow visage, half starved and lean,
A startling likeness to him is seen.

And the work-girl, high in her garret room,
As she toils with bended head,
And her golden and band and seam,
Plies faster her needle and thread,
Let the hungry wolf should come once more
With his stealthy tread to her chamber door.

And the beggar-child in her squalid rags,
And naked, shoeless feet,
Hears the cry of wolf in the sound of wheels,
And the clamor of the street;
And at night lies down in her narrow place
In the grim old monster's lean embrace.

Select Literature.
THE BEAUTIFUL SUICIDE.
A TALE OF WOMAN'S FOLLY.

I was travelling in Italy in the year - - - and had letters of introduction to several good families in different parts of the country. Among the rest was one to the Marquis of Spezzia, who had at one time lived about three years in England, as a Minister from the Court of Florence. On his return he had gone to Milan, where I had expected to find him; but on inquiring for him in that city, I found that he had since inherited some property in Tuscany, and was living in the Via Chibbellina, in Florence. On my arrival in the capital of Tuscany, I went to a hotel on the Lung Arno, and in the evening proceeded to deliver my letters. The Palazzo Spezzia was a very handsome building, surrounding a quadrangle. In fact, all that side of the street is built in the same manner, with houses fit for princes, and very often beggars living in them. The Marquis, indeed, was not reputed so poor as many of the Italian nobility; but yet not rich enough to occupy the whole of so large a building. He consequently reserved to himself the first floor (the second as they call it there) and let the rest of the house to an English family, more noble by name than by nature.

To make my tale clear, I may as well say, that this family consisted of a younger brother of Lord Conway, as I shall call him (though that was not his name), his wife and two or three young children. The whole of the Conway family had made themselves somewhat notorious for looseness of morals; but I never heard this gentleman particularly ill-spoken of; and his wife, though apparently caring very little about her husband's conduct, was without reproach in regard to her own. He was a man of thirty-three or thirty-four at this time, tolerably well looking, though not remarkably so, but with a sleepy blue eye, and quiet, insinuating manner, which I have often remarked in men more successful than scrupulous in the pursuit of pleasure. I had met him once or twice in London, and always looked upon him as the best of his family.

But let me return to my tale. On mounting the stairs from the great entrance, under what they would call the porticochere in France, I found a pair of enormous doors, with a bell handle hanging from a long thick wire, and, on my ringing, one valve of these doors was opened by a black-looking Italian servant, who admitted me into a great hall, round the top of which ran a gallery, ornamented with twelve very well executed marble statues, and serving as a communication from one side of the house to the other, without passing the entrance staircase, which might be considered as almost a part of the street. In this large hall, almost big enough to contain a modern house, I was left by the servant, while he went past to ask if his master would receive me; and the blinds being all shut, with but a faint light without, there was something ghastly and sinister in the aspect of the place, with the white statues gleaming like ghosts above, that marked my first steps into the Piazza Spezzia with a feeling akin to awe. I stood still, with my arms folded on my breast, gazing round me; but I had hardly been there a minute, when I heard steps apparently approaching, and I fancied it was the servant returning, but no door opened.

Soon a sound of murmuring voices succeeded—voices apparently in low and earnest conversation—and the eye, guided by the ear, turned toward the gallery,

where, in the spectre-like gloom, I saw two figures slowly pass along from one side of the house to the other. They were those of a man and woman; but no feature could I distinguish, and even the outline of the form of each was faint and indistinct. They were in very lover-like proximity, however, and I could see that the lady, whoever she was, must be tall and commanding in person, while the man, who seemed to have his arm around her waist, was hardly, if at all, above the middle height. The murmured words reached my ears as vague and indefinite sounds; but still, the two speakers did not apparently know that any one was there below; for they paused for a few moments in the middle of the gallery, and were only scared away, I believe, by the sudden appearance of a light.

This time it was the servant who appeared; but he came lighting in the Marquis himself, who welcomed me with great hospitality, and a warmth of manner not usual in the Italian nobility. He had been under great obligations, he said, to the friend who introduced me, and he was delighted to have the opportunity, if not to return his kindness, to show his sense of it in some degree. He led me into his own little library, or study, where I found he had surrounded himself with objects of vertu—which are equal to Paradise in the eyes of an Italian—and after sitting chatting for some time over old scenes and remembrances, he begged the pleasure of introducing me to his daughters. In the salon to which he led me, we found the one young lady present, a dark-eyed beautiful girl, of perhaps nineteen, very delicately formed, and small in her proportions. The Marquis asked where her sister was, and she replied, somewhat languidly, she did not know; but being introduced, and comfortably seated I soon contrived to rouse her from her sort of apathetic mood. She spoke English almost as her native language, and my Italian being villainously bad, the conversation was speedily carried on in no other tongue but my own. I never met with any other Italian but herself who had a real heartfelt fondness for England. Its often weeping skies themselves she loved, and described how delighted she would be sometimes to drive out in a spring-shower, when the drops were mingled with sunshine, and the whole earth put on a joyful freshness of aspect, which it rarely, if ever, knows in Italy. She had, in short, become completely imbued with the spirit of rural English life, which requires early initiation and long habit, I believe, for its full appreciation. Sympathies were speedily awakened, and, while I did full justice to her own beautiful country, I was very much charmed at the rarity of finding an Italian do justice to mine.

Her father mingled in the conversation, but I thought, with some constraint. Something seemed to embarrass and preoccupy him; but at length the door opened, and a tall, marvelously handsome girl entered, perhaps two or three years older than the other. Her whole countenance was queen-like and majestic, notwithstanding a somewhat flushed and agitated look, and her figure was remarkably fine. But I could not help thinking that there was a remarkable resemblance between that figure and one of the two phantoms which had passed along the gallery to the hall.

This was the eldest daughter of the Marquis, and she received me with a distant staidness which soon made me fall back upon the conversation of her sister. The elder did not seem at all displeased at being left to her own thoughts, and I remained more than an hour in very agreeable conversation with Signora Beatrice and her father, while the other labored through a small portion of some lady's ornamental-work, seeming to exert herself very diligently, and yet make small progress. I then took my leave; but the Marquis came to call upon me on the following day, bearing with him an invitation to dinner, and did all he could to show kind and hospitable attention to a stranger. In short, I almost became domesticated in the family. Every day some expedition was proposed, something to be done, something to be seen, and the time glided away very pleasantly and very swiftly. My new friend had an excellent knowledge and appreciation of art, and took care that I should see all the marvels of the pencil or the chisel which the city of Florence contains, nor were any objects of interest in the neighborhood omitted, nor any historical monuments. But as I am not writing a guide-book, I must omit all details, dwelling merely upon that which affected me as a man, rather than as a man of taste. Often, when we went forth for a stroll through the city, or passed the morning at the Petti, or in the great gallery, we were accompanied by Beatrice, though her stately sister generally thought fit to remain at home on these occasions. When we made any more distant expeditions, however, sometimes spending one or two or more days out of Florence, Signora Narcissa always accompanied us, evidently greatly against her will, and she was not a personage at all to conceal her distaste for anything that did not please her. She contrived to diminish our enjoyment very greatly; sometimes by petulant sallies, which I wondered that her father bore with patience; sometimes by a cold, sauntering sort of indifference, still more provoking.

I had hardly been in Florence a fortnight, however, before I began to gain some insight into the cause of her conduct. At first it came as a mere suspicion, very painful; but not definite. Mr. Conway was frequently of our parties—Mrs. Conway rarely; and I remarked two things which soon led me right to distressing conclusions. Our English acquaintance never in the presence of her father paid any very great marked attention to the beautiful Narcissa; but when the Marquis himself was absent, even for a moment, he was sure to be at her side, with his soft and somewhat sleepy manner, and low toned musical voice. At other times, an occasional low-spoken word, a glance of quick intelligence, or a look of tender meaning, were the only signs of concealed intimacy between them. This was what first roused doubts in my mind. The second thing was that whenever Conway was of the party, the young lady was perfectly gay and cheerful. Combining these facts with the glimpse I had obtained of them in the gallery on my first visit, I could not help believing that there was a

better understanding between them than was consistent with her safety and his position. I was still, as it were, a stranger, although intimacy had rapidly grown up between myself and the Marquis of Spezzia. It was the friendship of feeling, but not of years; and such affections of the mind are like things formed in clay, or cast in iron, and they require time to cool and harden them. I liked him much. Thin and pale, and anxious-looking as he was, there was something exceedingly prepossessing in his countenance. His conduct through life had been irreproachable, and he had too many enthusiasms to be a very accomplished sinner. Sentiments spoken or written often deceive us, for where there is deliberation there is art; but where sentiments are accidentally discovered, or instincts suddenly betrayed, there is less chance of a keen observer being deceived. Still the date of our friendship was very late, and I did not feel myself justified in calling the father's notice to the danger of his daughter, feeling the difficulty increased perhaps by a belief that he might have averted the peril. The standard of morality is not very high in Italy, it is true, and we find few in that land who can even conceive its being placed so high as in England; but yet, many a chance word and casual observation showed that my Italian friend deeply regretted the very general depravity of morals which prevailed in his own country. Still I hesitated—still I thought I might be mistaken—still I considered delicacy and prudence perhaps more than justice and right. Let me confess the whole truth, however, while I am telling this dark tale. The beauty and the grace, the gentleness and the frankness of Beatrice di Spezzia had produced upon me an impression not easily to be shaken off; and, not knowing what might be the result if I ventured to call her father's attention to her sister's conduct toward Mr. Conway, my hesitation was increased by consideration for her. I must not say that I was actually in love with her. She was a great deal younger than I was—some ten or twelve years at least—and I was still in that stage of passion wherein the dreams of Plato become tangible realities, and we fancy that something deeper, though colder than love, can exist between two persons of different sexes, even in the early spring of life. A little incident may have had some share in determining my conduct. The Marquis had a villa on the slope of the Appennines, a little below the small hotel of Three Masks, and not very far distant from the village of Gherini. The summer was coming on. The family were soon about to remove thither from Florence, and we all went out for a few days in the fine spring time, to see arrangements made and order some repairs. The house was not in the best order; but the weather was summer-like and serene, and the greater part of our time was past out of doors. Our party consisted of the Marquis, his two daughters and myself, and Mr. Conway and his wife had not been invited. Monsieur di Spazzia had a notion of laying out a garden near the villa in the English style; but I easily showed a man of his real taste that, when done, it would not harmonize at all with the character of the building and the scene, and he applied himself to finish and restore a handsome but formal Italian garden laid out by some former proprietor. He was thus occupied a great part of each day. Narcissa was in one of her dull and solitary moods, and remained all the morning in her own chamber. Beatrice went out with me—not to any distance from the house, but to a little spot just below the plain of the garden, where we were within some eighty or a hundred yards of the spot where her father sat, superintending the labors of his workmen. I had taken a book of English poems, to beguile my dull moments pleasantly, and it was very pleasant and sweet to hear that beautiful girl syllable the lines of English verse, with a strong Italian accent, but a full appreciation of the words. It was a very difficult thing, in such a scene and such a moment, to avoid what is called falling in love, and, indeed, I did not try it very much; for I was my own master, and there was no law against my picking up a gem wherever I might find one. I had done reading a passage, and dropped the book upon my knee, to dwell upon the thoughts which the poet suggested. Beatrice was sitting a little farther down, with her head leaning back against the bank, and her beautiful small feet crossed over each other, when, suddenly, I saw something move slowly through the low myrtles which carpeted that part of the ground, and a moment after, a snake of that species called the black viper—the most venomous in Italy—raised its head, close by her feet, as if surprised and irritated by the obstacles in its way, and about to bite her. I rose instantly, took one step forward, and at the second, set the heel of my boot upon the reptile's head.

"What is the matter?" she cried, seeing me press my foot hard to the sand.
"Only a viper," I answered; and then without meaning any particular allusion, I added, "I really know not whether it was most rash or reasonable to kill him thus at your very feet, where, if I had missed my lead, he might have stung you."

"Oh, right, right," she exclaimed, eagerly; but then she rose and clasped her hands together, saying, after a pause: "It is always right to set your foot upon a serpent's head—doubtless you have saved my life."
She spoke very slowly and earnestly; but the next moment she resumed an easier if not lighter tone, explained to me that the creature lying there was exceedingly poisonous, and that she had often known domestic animals and even young children die from the bite; but all my common-places could not obliterate from my mind the earnestness with which she had said: "It is always right to set your foot upon a serpent's head." I fancied I could hardly doubt that those words had some latent meaning, and the suddenness with which she changed her tone only served to confirm the impression.

I resolved to watch more closely than ever, and I thought to have an opportunity that very day, for Mr. Conway rode out, just to see how his friend, the Marquis, was going on, he said. To my surprise, and not greatly to my satisfaction, his attentions were now turned toward Beatrice. There were the same quiet low-toned