Summerside Journal.
AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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THE
Summerside Journal,
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Almanac for July, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Quarter, 1st day, 8h. 34m. evening, N.E
New Moon, 9th day, 9h. 25m, morning, S. E.
First Quarter, 16th day, 2h. 35m. morn. N.W
Last Quarter, 31st day, 0h. 54m. evening, W.

D. of MON.	DAY of WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	sun fast clock	sun's dec. north	moon rises	LENG. DAYS.
		h m	h m	m s		h m	h m
1	Thurs	4 18	7 49	3 31	6 22	morn	15 31
2	Frid	19	49	3 42	2 2	0 7	30
3	Sat	20	49	3 54	57 18	0 32	29
4	Sun	4 21	7 48	4 4	52 10	1 0	15 28
5	Mon	21	48	4 15	46 38	1 39	27
6	Tues	21	48	4 25	40 42	2 9	27
7	Wed	22	84	4 35	34 22	2 45	26
8	Thurs	23	48	4 45	27 39	3 34	25
9	Frid	24	47	4 54	20 33	sets	24
10	Sat	24	47	5 3	13 4	8 43	23
11	Sun	4 25	7 46	5 11	5 12	9 37	15 21
12	Mon	29	46	5 16	56 57	10 4	20
13	Tues	27	45	5 26	48 19	10 38	18
14	Wed	28	44	5 33	39 19	11 7	19
15	Thurs	29	44	5 39	29 57	11 38	15
16	Frid	30	43	5 45	20 18	morn	13
17	Sat	31	42	5 50	10 7	0 9	11
18	Sun	4 32	7 41	5 55	59 40	0 42	15 9
19	Mon	33	40	5 59	48 52	1 18	7
20	Tues	34	39	6 3	37 42	2 0	5
21	Wed	35	38	6 6	26 11	2 50	3
22	Thurs	36	37	6 9	14 21	3 38	2
23	Frid	37	36	6 10	2 9	rises	14 59
24	Sat	38	35	6 12	49 38	8 20	57
25	Sun	4 39	7 34	6 13	36 47	8 53	14 55
26	Mon	40	33	6 13	23 36	9 20	53
27	Tues	41	32	6 12	10 5	9 57	51
28	Wed	42	31	6 11	56 17	10 8	14 49
29	Thurs	44	29	6 10	42 8	10 35	46
30	Frid	45	28	6 8	27 43	11 0	43
31	Sat	46	27	6 5	12 59	11 30	41

Summerside Markets.

July 8, 1869.

Beef per lb	5d a 6d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Oats per bush	3s
Potatoes per bush	1s a 1s 3d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb	11d a 12d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	8d a 9d
Hides per lb	4½d
Mackerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	18s a 19s
Pork per lb by carcass	4d a 6d
Flour per bbl	35s a 40s
Island Flour per cwt	18s to 19s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 17s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

Ch. Town, July 8, 1869.

Beef per lb	4½d a 8d
Mutton per lb	4d a 7d
Pork per lb., by carcass,	5d a 8d
Ham per lb	7d a 8d
Geese	none
Fowels	1s a 1s 6d
Ducks each	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Flour per 100 lbs	20s a 21s
Oatmeal per 100	18s a 19s
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	2d a 2½d
Codfish per quintal	18s a 20s
Butter per lb,	18d a 19d
Do. by the tub,	1s 3d a 1s 4d
Cheese	3d a 6d
Tallow	8d a 9d
Eggs per dozen	8d a 9d
Potatoes per bushel	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Barley " "	5s
Oats	3s a 3s 3d
Hay per ton	70s a 75s
Hides per lb	4d
Sheepskins each	4s a 4s 6d
Spruce Boards per 100 ft.	4s a 4s 6d
Hemlock " "	3s 6d a 4s

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.
President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—Fom 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—JAMES L. HOLMAN, ESQ.
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.

CASH FOR EGGS!

THE highest price, in Cash, will be paid for EGGS, at the EUREKA HOUSE.
C. C. GARDINER.
Summerside, April 15, 1869.

Business Cards.

FOUNTAIN HOUSE!
North side King Square, (next to Park Hotel)
ST. JOHN, N. B.
JAMES W. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

THE Proprietor of the above HOTEL takes this opportunity to return thanks for the liberal patronage hitherto received, and most respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

This HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, and commands a view of King Square, and other parts of the City.

In connection with the Hotel, is GOOD STABLING, and a careful Hostler in attendance. Parties coming from Prince Edward Island with horses will find this establishment the most comfortable in the City, and a person always at the Cars on their arrival.
St. John, Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL.
NO. 9, KING SQUARE,
SAINT 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

Point Du Chene House!

THE Subscriber would beg to call the attention of the traveling 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 subscriber hopes by strict attention to the requirements of his customers, to ensure general satisfaction.
PETER SCHURMAN, Proprietor.

P. S.—Being himself a P. E. Islander, the subscriber would hereby respectfully request a share of the Island patronage.
Pt. Du Chene, May 13, '69. 3m

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.

Mr. W. H. POPE

BEGS to inform the public that he has resumed the practice of the Law.
OFFICE—A few doors below the Bank of Prince Edward Island.
Charlottetown, March 18, 1869.

THOMAS KELLY,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND

JAMES GREENOUGH,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant,
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street --------BOSTON
Jany. 1, 1869. 1y

KERSHAW & EDWARD'S
IMPROVED PATENT
Non-conducting and Vaporising
Fire and Burgler Proof
SAFES.
MANUFACTURERS OF
BANK VAULTS, BURGLAR PROOF VAULT DOORS, IRON VAULT DOORS, PATENT COMBINATION BANK LOCKS, DEED BOXES, PATENT JAIL LOCKS & CELL DOORS, &c. &c.

THOS. FULLER, Travelling Agent. Montreal. Dec 15, '68 | DAVID STARR & Sons, Agents, Halifax. y

BOOT & SHOE ESTABLISHMENT.

THE subscriber begs leave to acquaint the inhabitants of SUMMERSIDE and the country generally, that he has commenced his business of **Boot & Shoe Making,** in the Shop next door to O. O'Neill's, near the Wesleyan Church. He trusts that by strict attention to business and good work to give general satisfaction and merit a share of public patronage.
WILLIAM CLARK.
Summerside, April 22, 1869.

THE GENUINE
COMMON SENSE
Family Sewing Machine!
FOR
£3 5S. 0d.,
AT
HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,
Charlottetown, and PRINCE COUNTY BOOKSTORE, Summerside.
June 4, 1869.

THOMAS HALL

IS NOW PREPARED, with the assistance of the STEAM POWER, to furnish any number of
THRESHING MACHINES,
of the most improved kind.
Iron Turning, Wood do., Carts, Trucks, &c., &c.,
manufactured, together with
All other Work in his branch of trade
Every Machine warranted to do good work.
THOMAS HALL.
Summerside, May 20, 1869.—tf.

Job Printing done neatly and with despatch, at the Journal Office.

Business Cards.

HANFORD BROTHERS,
Successors to Thomas Hanford,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
CHAS. U. HANFORD. FRED. S. HANFORD

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.

ROBERT GORDON,
AUCTIONEER
AND
LAND BROKER,
Alberton,.....P. E. Island
REFEREES:
Hon. Judge Young—Charlottetown.
Hon. G. W. Howlan—Alberton.
Mr. Joseph Bertram—Summerside.
Alberton, May 13, 1869. 1y

REUBEN TUPLIN,
Commission Merchant,
AUCTIONEER,
And General Agent.
Margate.....P. E. Island.
REFERENCES:
Hon. D. Brennan, Ch. Town. R. T. Holman, Summerside.
April 22, 1869. pat. pro. 6m

WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside,----------P E. Island

R. & W. T. HUNT,
Commission Merchants,
GENERAL AGENTS AND
AUCTIONEERS.
SALESROOM AND OFFICE
Head Queen's Wharf, Summerside, P. E. I.
(opposite the Store of W. T. Hunt & Co.)
April 2, 1869. 1y

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND GENERAL AGENTS.
BANK BUILDING, - - QUEEN STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

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

E. F. PURDY'S
NEW
Marble and Freestone
ESTABLISHMENT,
(NEXT DOOR TO BEER AND SONS')
KING SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
All orders punctually attended to.
Call and See!
Jan 7, '69 1y

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.

REMOVAL!

DOCTOR FULLER
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACOUCHEUR
RESIDENCE AND OFFICE ON
Central Street,.....Summerside.
(Directly opposite the Summerside Bank)
Summerside, may 13, 1869.

CARD.

DR. DODD may again be consulted, at his old residence, in MARGATE, NEW LONDON.
April 15, 1869.— pro 3m.

DR. J. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1868.

DR. JARVIS

Has REMOVED his Residence to SUMMERSIDE, next door to the Rev. Mr. Frame's, on Central Street.
He can be consulted at his residence or at Hunt & Co's Drug Store, at all times.
Summerside, June 3, 1869.

POETRY.

[FOR THE JOURNAL.]

FORGIVE THY BROTHER.

Forgive thy brother! though he may
Have caused thine aching heart
To throb in sorrow and dismay,
And feel affliction's dart;
Thy love may win him back again,
Thy smile may end the strife;
Thy cheering words may soothe the pain
Which now would cloud thy life.

Forgive thy brother! thou perchance
May need forgiveness too,
When grief thy sorrows would enhance,
And woes thy pathway strew;
Do not retain thy hatred, then,
Thou knowest not the joy
Which would o'erflow his soul again,
And ease the heavy sigh.

Forgive thy brother! whilst thou may,
Thy mild forgiveness show
'Ere death shall summon thee away,
And lay thy body low;
So shall thy life in harmony
Pass peacefully away,
And evermore thine eyes shall see
The joys of wisdom's way.

Forgive thy brother! yes, in love,
Forgive the erring one,
So shall thou meet in joy above,
When life's short work is done;
Then shalt thou gaze upon the Lamb
Who hath forgiven thee,
And dwell on yonder Canaan's plain,
Throughout Eternity.

THEO. LEONARD CHAPPELL,
Summerside, July 2nd, 1869.

Select Literature.

Pierre, The Charcoal-Burner.

CHAPTER I.

The charcoal-burners are a very strange race. They live apart among the woods, in huts which are roughly put together, and rarely mixing with the denizens of town or village, they seem, by their wild ways, to be a link between the old savage times and the modern days of civilization. They are a solitary people, pursuing their calling in the loneliest glades of the forest, never seeking to change their manners and modes of living, never assimilating themselves to the refinments, the religion, or the culture around them. Some say they never go to Mass, and all their baptisms (if any) and their marriages are settled by laws of their own. At all events, they marry only among themselves; the reason, perhaps, being, that to the rest of the community they are pariahs, with whom a man would be ashamed to connect himself.

Awful tales have reached my ears of the savagery of the charcoal-burners.

"Their children are as untaught and wild as young wolves," said one. "They attend no school, they go to no church."

"Their dwellings are foul with smoke and dirt," cried another. "No doors, no windows, no chimney, and as to water, they can't understand the use of it. In fact, they live like savages."

"But they must come to market sometimes," I observed mildly. "And they must buy clothes."

"Clothes? I don't think the little ones in the huts trouble themselves much with clothes. And as to provisions, they are brought from the villages as seldom as possible; then usually one of their men comes with a cart and pony, and procures enough for all."

"And why do they live such a strange life? I asked.

"I don't know. They have always done it. They lived like that hundreds of years ago, and they live so still."

This was the answer I invariably received. No one seemed to possess any deeper knowledge; so I was fain to put up with the scanty information I could get. And, indeed, this is all I know of the charcoal-burners to this day, for their huts lay so far in the recesses of the forests, that I never found time to pay them a visit, and prove, by the evidence of my own senses, whether the strange tales told me of their savage lives were too highly colored or not.

I could fancy that in the lonly glades of that great wooded belt, which stretches into the Black Forest, a race of men might grow savage. And finding themselves despised and shunned, they might learn, on their side, to contemn the civilization and the religion of those who scorned them. But would this make them wicked? Surely, in the green, quiet cloisters of the wood, in the long, leafy naves of this great temple, in its shadowy and arched chair, the human soul was more attuned to worship the holy and the pure than in the festering city, where sin walks unabashed, insolent, showy, and loud.

"You wanted to see a charcoal-burner," said Madame Rodiere to us one morning, "Well, here comes the charrette of Pierre, the charcoal-burner. Now you can talk to him, monsieur, if you will."

I ran out into the road, and followed the wheels of the cart till they stopped at the grocer's door. Then a tall, spare man, with iron-grey hair, sprang to the ground, and entered the shop. His face was hard and bronzed, the features good, the eyes piercing, the cheeks thin and hollow, the mouth firm, and grave to such a firm degree that it seemed never to have smiled. It was this which gave to his face a peculiarity so remarkable, that I could not refrain from watching him almost rudely. He took no notice, however, of my steady gaze, as, with a singular display of memory, he enumerated the puzzling articles required by the community, whose commissioner he was. For all these things he had a pile of little packets, each containing money, and to my surprize, he made no single error either in the reckoning of this, or in the name of the person to whom it belonged.

"I am astonished you should trouble yourself to remember all this," said I.

"Why not write it down?"

"Monsieur, I cannot write," returned the charcoal-burner, gravely. "We cannot learn writing in the woods; we must trust to our memories. And the memory of a charcoal-burner is good," he added.

He said this with a sudden flash in his fierce eyes, while there fell on his face an expression of hate and suffering indescribable.

"That man has a history, and a strange one," I thought, as I watched the shadow of a pain come over his hard features, and leave them as composed and passionless as before.

"How old should you think Pierre to be?" asked the grocer, in his usual mincing voice, as the charcoal-burner strode away to help Adolphe, the shopman, to stow the packages in the cart.

"I should think him between fifty and sixty," I answered.

The grocer chuckled with delight at this reply.

"Why ten years ago," he cried, "there wasn't a handsomer young fellow in the woods than Pierre. At the utmost he is not more than thirty-four."

I was so astonished, that I could only turn my eyes in bewilderment on the worn, hard face, whose aged lines of care and sorrow seemed utterly to belie the grocer's words.

"Ah," said he, "you may well look surprised, but I tell you the exact truth. That man has not seen more than thirty-four years of life—a hard, strange life, and it has made him what you see him. In fact, he has never smiled since."

"Since what? since when?" I cried, half angrily.

"Since the murder, Of course you know all the story, monsieur?"

"Of course, I know nothing," I answered. "You Ardennais are the most extravigant people on the face of the earth. No sooner does a stranger come among you than you talk to him as if he knew all your village gossip since the days of St. Hupert."

"Monsieur is half right there. But I thought Madame Rodiere had told you the story of poor Emiline's death,' said the grocer.

"I would rather hear it from Pierre, himself," said I, "if, as I suppose, the story is connected with him."

"Hush, here he comes!" cried the grocer, "will you take a glass of *pekie* (the Ardennes *genievre*)" "Monsieur knows I never drink aught but water," returned the man, taking up his last packets from the counter.

"This gentleman prays you to drink a health with him, and tell him how it is your face looks so old, when you are still young. Why, Pierre, he has just guessed your age at sixty."

We all smiled except the charcoal-burner, whose harsh face seemed to grow a shade older as he listened.

"I am little used to talking," he said, "especially in houses. Out in the woods I might tell the story, if the gentleman is not afraid to come."

"I am not afraid, Pierre," I answered.

"We charcoal-burners are a wild lot," he continued, "and I should be sorry to tell a tale before them; but anywhere beneath the trees in quiet, I might, in my rough way, draw you out a shadow of the truth—only a shadow at the best, for words don't tell sufferings."

"I will meet you where you please," I cried, eagerly. "The lonelier the spot, the better I shall like it."

"I'm watching a pile of burning wood in the forest, near the old cross in the Bastoigne road," he answered, "and it any day, for a week to come, monsieur will travel that way and blow his horn" (travellers and sportsmen carry horns in their pockets, to blow if lost—"I shall hear it, and I will make my way through the trees, and bring you to the spot."

"I will come on Monday, Pierre," I said, "at two o'clock."

He bowed to me, without a word more, and departed.

"An uncouth man," said the grocer; "but there—I wonder if he is alive or in his senses. Far less than he has sufferrd would make a lunatic of me."

I would not be inherited into asking questions, so I bought a bundle of cigars, and bade the smirking grocer good-day.

CHAPTER II.

Through what wonderful green glades I passed! What cool arcades, and lofty arches, rooted with fluttering leaves, soft shiding, shadowy, bathing the eye in delicious rest, and filling every scene with beauty! For a true and noble temple, commend me to the woods. What cathedral can equal this avenue of elms? What tracery in stone, carved by the most cunning, can rival this tret-work of leaf and light above my head? And as for music and for prayer—on every side I hear going up to the summer sky sounds that speak of joy and praise.

Down in a little glen, where the trees grew thick and tall, shutting out the sun, and the loneliness was so intense that the voice grew hushed, and the heart seemed stirred with memories of other worlds, I heard in broken phrases uncouth and roughly-spoken, the story of Pierre, the Charcoal-burner.

"I am the poorest man alive," said Pierre; "in all the world there's none poorer or rougher. In saying I'm a charcoal burner, all's said in one word. I'm an outcast of the woods, and I know it, and I never trouble a town, for there I feel myself alone—not tuned, as it were, to the tone about me. Here 'tis different; my spirit does not jar with these trees and rocks, these long-stretching shadows and tantastic lights, these wild cries of bird and beast, and this mysterious moan, which comes at times upon the wind's breath, shaking the forest with the wail of some unspeakable sorrow. No; I love the wild, free woods; and she loved the forest, too, with all her heart. There wasn't a sound in it she couldn't tell and interpret, from the song of the nightingale down to the weakest cry of the small insect on the grass.

"People said she was ignorant. She could't read and write; she couln't say a 'Pater' in Latin to save her life; she was ignorant and untaught as a bird or beast. I've heard the townfolks say this of her often, and I've smiled, and wished they were out in the woods with us for awhile.

"Ignorant, was she? Why, she knew every tree that grows; she knew every herb that springs out of the grass; she could tell you where the freshet water ran, and the greenest cresses grew. There wasn't a healing leaf in the woods that she hadn't learned to understand; and if you did but hurt your finger, she would spring aside and come back smiling, with some sweet-smelling remedy in her pretty hand.

"Then the flowers! There was no eye like hers for flowers. She knew them all, and never gathered them as town-folks do, to throw away when they faded. No; she dried them in the sun, and kept them for the sick in winter. The rose and gilly-flower for colds, the lime-blossoms for fever. Ah, what a store she gathered every summer! And with what wreathes and posies she decked out our little hut!

"We were brought up together, sir, so I know what I am saying when I tell you she was not ignorant. But, like us all, she had no town-learning; her only books were the forest and the sky; but out of these she got a wisdom that might have put learned men to shame."

Pierre paused here, and his eyes looked out far away beneath the green glades, as though he saw there some sight that filled his soul with the unutterable longing of sorrow.

"Down there, at that old gnarled tree, she used to meet me every day. Sometimes, at sunset, I think I see her still; but I know it is only fancy. If I were a townsman, taught out of books, these fancies would not come upon me strong as they do now. But I don't wish them away. No; it does me good to fancy I see her

"I wish you could see her, sir, as I do now. I am so afraid, as you listen to my poor talk, you will think her rude and rough like me. You will think, because she was a charcoal-burner's daughter, and because she loved such a man as I am, that her ways were like my ways; but I tell you, no. It is not in me to have such thoughts as she had, and put them in such noble words—words, that had a music and a measure in them, like the winds have on a stormy night. And it is not in me to learn the things from the sky, and herd, and tree, that she learnt. Every little leaf and flower-cup told her its secret, and the stars, as they look down on her, breathed into her soul such thoughts of an infinite love, of an ever-yearning pity, and eternal glory, that my heart would stop beating as I listened to her.

"Was she beautiful? you ask. I don't know, sir. Her face was not like any face I have heard called beautiful in town and villages; but once, in a picture, I saw a face like hers. It was the picture of a woman in the wilderness, weeping, as she lay on the ground, with her hand resting on a book."

"Mary Magdalene," said I.

"It might be, sir. But her name, you know, was Elmire. I've made the woods ring with her name many a time in the old joyous days; and in the sad times since, I've whispered to myself in prison, in such bitterness as few men know. You wouldn't think, sir, that she was a girl, whom a wicked man would dare to love in a wicked way; yet that misery came to her. If you were to climb to the top of that green knoll and look westward over the sloping trees, you'd see the smoke of the village where he lived. I never go there now. The sight of the place would set my brain on fire.

"He was a farmer's son, well to do. A coarse, drunken brute, vile and cruel as a wolf, but clever, so the schoolmaster said and rich, as all the world knew. And, you see, she was only a charcoal-burner's daughter, an outcast, ignorant as a bird, and wilder. She never went to mass, she never came to confess, she never joined a procession, she never danced at a village *fete*, she could neither read nor write, and in all her life she had never seen a town, So she was too far beneath him to be thought of as a wife; she was even in his eyes so low, that he kept his base love a secret from all his neighbors.

"But he crept into the wood, and came upon her in lonely places, and insulted her with hot words of passion. Or he stole upon her unawares, when she sat at work beneath the trees, and fawned and cringed for a word from her. Or he threatened, and frightened her, when she came into the village for flax and wool. All things, all ways, he tried, and he gained only her quiet scorn, and her untold loathing.

"We wild children of the woods have an instinct, which warns us of a hurtful reptile or a poisonous plant, and thus we avoid them, though we know not their names, and though we could not, in our ignorance, utter our reason for our fears. So with her; she hated this man from the first, and one day in our wanderings, she told me she thought he would kill her, as a snake or wolf might when hungry, or angry. I laughed at this.

"He dare not lift his hand against thee, Elmire," I said. "He is a coward, and he knows that I should kill him it he did but touch you."

"Indeed, my anger burned so fiercely against the villian that Elmire had with difficulty kept us from blows. But for her prayers and tears, I would have rid her path of him long before. There was another hindrance, too—her father. With him lay all the root of this misery. He was a drunkard, and for drink he was willing even to sell his daughter. He was lost, swallowed up in that one vice; reason, affection, conscience, all drowned in it. He was so weak beneath its sway, that he fell into the pit-fall laid before him, as a blind beast would.

"Luc Leroy had but to say, "Here's a drink for thee, Pere Martin," and forthwith he would answer with a cunning leer:

"Elmire is down in the dell yonder, or she has gone to the old cross to-day.

"And grappling the bottle for which he had sold his child's peace, he would depart, muttering and chuckling with drunken glee.

"To save this miserable wretch from my contempt, Elmire bore all this, and held her peace. I guessed some of it; I never guessed the whole till too late.

"Look yonder, monsieur, down that deep, narrow pathway, where the trees arch over head so closely that the sunlight does but sprinkle sparingly the ground beneath. Do you see, high up on the tallest tree, a white cross cut in the bark? That sign, cut by these hands, is a sign of one of the foulest murders ever done in this land. There is not a lonlier spot in all the forest than the little glade that lies beneath that tree.

"It is autumn now, and the leaves are spare; but in summer the tiny pathway you see yonder is covered up with foliage and long grass, so rank that only a forester's eye can trace the track. And scarce