

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 4.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, June 17, 1869.

No. 38.

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

TERMS:

1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 3d.
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Almanac for June, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Qtr., 2d day, 8h. 9m. morning, S. E.
New Moon, 9th day, 11h. 40m., evening, N.
First Qtr., 16th day, 10h. 3m., evening, S. W.
Full Moon, 23rd day, 9h. 26m., evening, S. E.

DAY	SUN	SUN	SUN	MOON	MOON	MOON	MOON		
WEEK	rises	sets	clock	north	rises	sets	DEGREES		
1 Tues	4 17	37 2	28	6 7	0 21	15	20		
2 Wed	17 38	2 19	13	59	0 49	21	24		
3 Thurs	16 39	2 9	21	27	1 15	23	26		
4 Frid	16 40	1 59	28	31	1 40	24	27		
5 Sat	16 41	1 49	35	33	2 10	25	28		
6 Sun	15 42	1 38	41	30	2 30	15	27		
7 Mon	14 43	1 27	47	24	3 0	28	29		
8 Tues	14 43	1 16	52	55	3 32	29	30		
9 Wed	14 44	1 4	57	59	4 0	30	31		
10 Thurs	14 45	0 52	2	42	sets	31	32		
11 Frid	14 45	0 40	6	58	9	32	33		
12 Sat	13 46	0 28	10	51	10	2	33		
13 Sun	4 13	46 0	15	14	19	40	15	33	
14 Mon	13 47	0 3	17	23	11	27	34	34	
15 Tues	13 47	slow	20	2	12	34	34	34	
16 Wed	13 47	0 23	22	17	0	4	34	34	
17 Thurs	13 48	0 36	24	6	1	34	34	34	
18 Frid	13 48	0 49	25	31	1	5	36	36	
19 Sat	13 49	1 1	21	31	1	35	36	36	
20 Sun	4 18	49 1	14	27	17	2	36	36	
21 Mon	13 50	1 27	27	17	2	41	37	37	
22 Tues	14 55	1 40	27	3	2	39	37	37	
23 Wed	14 49	1 53	26	23	3	36	36	36	
24 Thurs	15 49	2 6	25	19	8	20	35	35	
25 Frid	15 49	2 18	23	50	9	9	34	34	
26 Sat	16 49	2 31	21	57	9	2	34	34	
27 Sun	4 17	49 3	45	19	29	10	22	15	33
28 Mon	17 49	2 56	16	50	5	32	32	32	
29 Tues	17 49	3 8	13	49	11	17	32	32	
30 Wed	18 49	3 19	10	18	11	41	32	32	

Summerside Markets.

June 17, 1869.

Beef per lb	5d a 6d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Cats per bush	2s 3d a 2s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s a 1s 3d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	14d a 15d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	7d a 8d
Hides per lb	4d
Mackerel per doz	18s a 19s
Codfish per qt	4d a 6d
Pork per lb by carcass	3s a 40s
Flour per bbl	18s a 19s
Island Flour per cwt	16s a 17s
Oatmeal per cwt	50s a 60s
Hay per Ton	10s
Pine Boards	4s a 6s
Spruce Boards	4s a 6s

Charlottetown Markets.

Ch. Town, June 17, 1869.

Beef per lb	4d a 5d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Pork per lb, by carcass	5d a 5d
Ham per lb	7d a 8d
Geese	none
Fowls	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 2 1/2d
Codfish per quintal	18d a 19d
Butter per lb	1s 3d a 1s 4d
Do, by the tub,	3d a 6d
Cheese	8d a 9d
Eggs per dozen	8d a 9d
Potatoes per bushel	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Barley	5s
Oats	2s 3d a 2s 6d
Hay per ton	70s a 75s
Hides per lb	4s a 4s 6d
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 BREXAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDELL, 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—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.

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

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

REUBEN TUPLIN,
Commission Merchant,
AUCTIONEER,
And General Agent,
Margate, P. E. Island.

REFERENCES:
Hon. D. Brennan, R. T. Holman,
Ch. Town, Summerside.
April 22, 1869. pat. pro. 6m

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.

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

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

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

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

Point Du Chene House!
THE Subscriber would beg to call the at-
tention 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 moder-
ate, 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.
Et. 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.

Business Cards.

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. J. H. JAMESON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR
OFFICE at the residence of the Rev. W. W.
Colpitts, Margate.
December 3, 1868.

DR. JARVIS
Has REMOVED his Residence to SUM-
MERSIDE, 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.

REMOVAL!
DOCTOR FULLER
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR
RESIDENCE AND OFFICE
Central Street, Summerside.
(Directly opposite the Summerside Bank)
Summerside, May 13, 1869.

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

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 ly

A. W. ANDRES,
Marble Worker,
Point Du Chene, Shediac N. B.
MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVE-
STONES, &c., &c.
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE con-
stantly on hand.
Can furnish Gravestones and Monuments at a
less price than any other establishment in
the Provinces, and pay a tidy balance.
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.

North British and Mercantile
Insurance Company.
FIRE AND LIFE.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
CHIEF OFFICES:
64 Princes Street, Edinburgh.
61 Threadneedle Street, London.
Risks taken daily, in Town and Country, at
the office of the Agent, Reading room,
Building, Dorchester street.
G. W. DEBLOIS,
General Agent for P. E. Island,
Charlottetown, June 20, 1868.—1y*

Mr. W. H. POPE
DEGS to inform the public that he has re-
sumed 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.

KERSHAW & EDWARDS
IMPROVED PATENT
Non-conducting and Vaporising
Fire and Burglar 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, DAVID STARR & SONS,
Travelling Agent, Agents, Halifax,
Montreal, Dec 15, '68 y

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

Flour, Flour.
JUST received at the EUREKA HOUSE, a
quantity of the best
Canada Flour.
C. C. GARDINER.
Summerside, May 20, 1869.

POETRY.

THE PRINTER AT HOME.
A printer and his wife
Were sitting at their T,
Without domestic strife,
In wedded X T C;
"Dear Eam," the typo said—
Then paused and turned his I,
Snatched up a "slice" of bread,
And "cleared away" some "pi(e)"—
"Thou art a guiding"
Set up in [space] for me;
I love you better far
Than T" [capital black tea].
Then o'er his "battered form,"
She bent her sweet "Scotch face,"
And "pulled" a proof-kiss warm,
The whilst they ~ [two embrace].

Select Literature.

Drawn from the Life.
[FROM CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.]
UNDER this title, perhaps it may be per-
mitted to one who has lived long and seen
much to narrate certain experiences of
life, not indeed personal, but all well au-
thenticated, and which only do not deserve
the name of romances, because they hap-
pen to be matters of Fact. The age is
sceptical, and whereas at one time Legend,
in course of years, was wont to be be-
lieved in as Truth, so Truth, at present, in
less than a generation, is often regarded
as fiction. It is indeed probable that some
of that section of my readers, which, when
I belonged to it, was called "young peo-
ple," but which would now resent such a
term as an impertinence, may be inclined
to question my statements, and in that
case I shall be happy to furnish them with
names and dates; since, whatever I shall
here set down, I promise shall have actu-
ally occurred, and that within living mem-
ory, and will owe to me only its narra-
tive form. The incidents, however, will
be by no means selected on account of
their strangeness, but solely by reason of
their human interest; they may be terrible,
or humorous, or simply curious; the only
attribute common to them all will be that
they are True.

THE TOLLBAR.

Upon the road of real life, there was, at
one time, no object so familiar as the tur-
pike, although it is an institution that is
passing away from many districts, and in
London (save at the bridges) has alto-
gether disappeared. According (if we re-
member aright) to Mr. Samuel Weller, a
misanthrope, living in solitude, and taking
delight, on wet and snowy days, in seeing
the passengers through his Bar disengage
themselves from their warm wraps, and
tumble in their pockets with numbed hands
for the ticket or the money. Certainly,
many tollgates were placed in lonely spots
enough, and apparently set as far from
other human habitations as possible; and
such a one was Alford Gate, on the Great
North Road, and near the Border. It was
near nothing else: placed in the centre of
a bleak and treeless moor, and visible on
both sides for miles to the occupant of the
box-seat as the coach came spanking along
with its four bays or grays; or to the post-
boys, as they spurred their horses to the
gallop, for the occupants of the chaise be-
hind them were often in a hurry in that lo-
cality, it being but a stage or two from
Gretna Green. Except for such swift-
passing company as these, the turnpike
saw few visitors; and in winter-time, even
on such a highway, the traffic dwindled to
small proportions, and sometimes, when
the snow was deep, even ceased for a day
or two, so far as wheels were concerned,
at least. But still the horn would be
heard sounding cheerily over the white
waste of snow, and the guard of the mail,
in his scarlet coat, would go riding by with
the letter-bags as quickly as the "balling"
snow would permit him. The coach had
been obliged to stop at the wayside inn at
the other side of the moor; or perhaps,
even less fortunate, was, with its three re-
maining horses, stuck fast upon the road.
In such seasons, Alford Gate would be
lonesome indeed; and the two ancient
women who kept it (for there was no man)
found their position anything but agree-
able. They had, it is true, a good store
of provisions always laid up against such
occasions, and plenty of money accrued to
them at the same period, for they could
not go to the country-town to lodge it in
the bank. This last circumstance was a
source of well-founded apprehension to
them. Mrs. Alison, the widow of the late
tollkeeper, and who had, at his disease,
succeeded to "the trust," and her sister,
Ellen Bates, were both somewhat ancient
dames, and, of course, could not have de-
fended their little mansion against the at-
tack of a single robber; while their near-
est protector, Jacob Wright, the black-
smith, dwelt at least two miles away across
the moor. Often and often, had he and
his wife, over a dish of tea at the tollgate,
sympathised with these good ladies, and
done their best to comfort them after their
several fashions: the wife, by acknowledg-
ing the reasonableness of their apprehen-
sions, and dwelling upon its special points
of horror—the murder of both hostesses
(for instance), that would probably pre-
cede the spoliation of their dwelling—the
husband, by treating their fears as chimer-
ical, and even demonstrating to them how
all risk of loss might be avoided by intrus-
ting it all at money they took in the house
by day to the guard of the evening-mail for
deposit at Wellborough, the nearest coun-
try-town.

On a certain afternoon in early winter,
when Mr. and Mrs. Wright were thus partak-
ing of the hospitality of the sisters, the
conversation had especially run in this
particular groove; the snow, although not
deep, had already fallen in sufficient quan-
tities to keep from travelling all who were
not compelled to do so by necessity; and
the two poor women felt that their lone-
some season had set in, and were depressed
in spirits accordingly. There was a good
deal of money in the old tin case,
which was their strong-box, for the cold
and searching winds that had lately swept

the moor had kept both the good ladies
from going to Wellborough, and they now
bewailed this accumulation of wealth—
wealth, however, which was not their own,
or course, but that of the Turnpike Trust—
as likely to prove their destruction. Some
ill-looking fellows had slouched by the
gate that very morning, and one of them,
under pretence of wanting a glass of wa-
ter, had made his way into their dwelling.
"Then, send on the money, as I have
advised you fifty times before," quoth
honest Jacob, "by the next coach, and then
you will be easy in your mind."
"Ay, ay," said Mrs. Alison in her quer-
ring voice, "that is all very well, it we
could persuade wicked people that their
had been done. But when robbers are
disappointed of their booty, they are more
bloodily inclined than at any other time."
"And, of course," observed Ellen Bates,
"we had much rather lose our money—
and especially the Commissioners' money
—than our lives."

"Yes, indeed," assented well-meaning
Mrs. Wright, "though it is not even losing
one's life which may be the worst of it; for
did you not read in the newspaper only
last winter that some men with masks
broke into a lonely tollhouse, just such as
this might be, and put the poor tollkeeper
on the fire, and held him there, because he
would not tell them where the money was;
and they did not believe what was the
genuine truth, that it had been sent away
for safety."
"God's mercy, Mrs. Wright, you make
my flesh creep," shuddered Ellen Bates;
"and I do greatly wish—only I would
never leave my sister here alone—that I
was going home with you and your good
husband to-night."
"Come home with us, both of you, by all
means," exclaimed the blacksmith, with a
good humored laugh, "and leave the toll-
bar to take care of itself."
"Nay, that would be a pretty thing in-
deed," said the widow, gravely shaking her
head: "if we must be murdered, then we
must—or at least I must, for Ellen of course
is free to go if she chooses—but I will do
my duty by my employers, let what will
come of it."
"You're an honest woman," observed the
blacksmith approvingly; "and I hope
you'll never suffer for sticking to your
duty."
"Ah, she's a martyr to it, as I am
always telling her," remarked Ellen Bates.
"The times and times she gets up in the
middle of the night to put out the light,
and let folks pass; and perhaps only to
take a ticket from the last gate; and then,
after all, to be robbed by burglars—for
that's what'll be the end of it all, I feel
sure."

"And I must say I've got a feeling of
the same sort," added Mrs. Alison solemnly;
"I'm not a superstitious person, but that
idea has struck me of late, so as I
have turned icy cold with it a dozen times."
"And yet you have been here a many
years, ma'am," said the blacksmith cheerily—
"you and your poor husband as was—
without being molested in any way, and
far less put upon the fire yonder instead
of the kettle."
"Me and my husband has, but not me
and Ellen," answered the widow gloomily.
—Ah, Mrs. Wright, that's the great bless-
ing of a husband, believe me, and may you
never come to want it; he's such a preser-
vative against thieves. Oh, the many
times as I've roused up my my poor
William, and sent him all about our little
house here at night to look for 'em, which,
thank Heaven, they never did come! But
now—why, whenever we hear a noise—
Ellen and me—we can only hold our heads
under the blankets, and pray to Heaven
that nothing may come of it. As for firing
my poor dear William's pistol yonder, I
could not do it, even if it was loaded, which
it has not been ever since his death."

"But I see your doors and windows are
very well guarded," said the blacksmith,
still doing his best to reassure his hostess;
"and before any villain could make his
way through so much wood and iron, there
is no knowing what help may not come
along the road."
"Ah, but it's only our door and lower
windows that are safe, Mr. Wright," broke
in Ellen Bates; "and any wretch has but
to take the chicken-ladder from the yard,
and set it up against our bedroom window,
and he's in the house in two minutes."
"To be sure the villain might do that,"
said the blacksmith, in the tone of one con-
vinced against his will.

"Well, I do pity you both," observed Mrs.
Wright, in a tone of genuine commiseration.
"But it's getting near dusk, Jacob,
and high time for you and me to be going."
—And thanks, I am sure, to you Mrs. Al-
son, and to you, Miss Bates, for a most
cheerful and pleasant afternoon." For the
two sisters were understood to bear the
expenses of the household, and consequent-
ly of any occasion of hospitality, in equal
shares.

When the bluff blacksmith and his kindly
wife had taken their leave, the tenants of
the little tollhouse found themselves (as
well they might) more desolated and ap-
prehensive than ever. Their tears, indeed,
grew to such a pitch as to become the very
presentiments which they had hitherto
perhaps only imagined them to be.

"Something will surely happen to us
this very night, Mary," whispered Ellen,
in melodramatic accents; "I shouldn't
wonder if it did, Ellen," was the widow's
discouraging reply. In short, the two old
ladies, who had as yet no experience, as
unprotected females, of a tollgate winter,
were fairly panic-stricken.

It was not actually snowing; but the
wind moaned with icy breath across the
sheeted moor, and shook the fast-closed
door and windows menacingly, as though
it was going to make a tempestuous night
of it; and each sister was privately think-
ing how, as the night drew on, those gusts
would seem as though human fingers were
trying to unhinge the shutters, or unbar
the door.

It was quite a relief to them when, about
six o'clock, they heard the cry of "Gate,"
and the sound of wheels, for they did not
fear that robbers would come otherwise
than on foot, and every honest face was
welcome to them at such a time. What
was their joy, then, to find in the present
passer-by an old and trusted friend, Mark
Palmer, a travelling pedlar, but who in
this season used a cart to carry his
wares, which were of a somewhat costly
nature. He threw a rug over his mare,
and listened her to the gate, while he got

out to have a crack and a glass of spirits
with the sisters. He was a short but re-
solute-looking fellow, of middle age,
whose calling in those times exposed him
to more danger than we have any idea of
now-a-days; and he carried with him, for
protection, an enormous mastiff, who re-
mained in his cart on a (d)while he en-
tered the house. He could not fail to
remark the downcast appearance of the
two women, who were eager enough to
communicate to him the cause. "Well,
in my opinion," observed he, when he
had heard their woes, "this alarm of yours
is all moonshine. You're terrifying your-
selves about nothing. And the house's
selves about nothing. Why, there's the
blacksmith has told you; while, I daresay,
you have not one-tenth of the money's
worth in your cash-box that I have in my
cart yonder, and yet I have never been
robbed yet—and don't intend to be."

"We've more than forty pounds there,"
said the widow, pointing to the cupboard,
which contained this treasure, as well as
her little store of tea and marmalade, "for
it was Wellborough market the day be-
fore yesterday, when scores and scores
ride through the Bar, and we've not been
able to cross the moor since."
"Forty pounds is a good deal of money,"
said the pedlar thoughtfully; "and affords
the greater temptation because it's all his
coin."
"That is so, indeed, Mr. Palmer," plead-
ed Ellen Bates, clasping her hands; "and
oh, if you would be so kind, just for this
one night—for it's sure to happen to-night
—to stay and protect us: we've got a stall
for the mare; and we could give you a
nice little supper, and make you quite
comfortable down in the warm kitchen
here."

"It would be a great kindness if you
would," added the widow impressively;
"for, otherwise, I feel certain we shall
come to harm."
"Pooh, pooh, Mrs. Alison, you will
come to nothing of the kind. I am sur-
prised at you—who are so used to tolkeep-
ing—being so foolishly nervous. It is out
of the question that I can stop here. But