

Selected Story.

How the Deacon Matched Dobbin

Deacon Quillett prided himself on being a sharp-sighted man; and if there was one subject on which he esteemed himself sharper-sighted than on any other it was that of horse-flesh.

In that field, he and his son Tom, you would have believed, to hear them talk, pretty nearly divided the sum total of human knowledge between them. Tom thought himself, if anything, a little keener than the "old man." He started, you see, with the advantage of the latter's training instead of being, like in early youth to work his own way.

The deacon and Tom carried on the farm together. Nominally, the deacon was proprietor, but as Tom was sole heir apparent, he was allowed a considerable share in the management, and felt at free to buy and sell, if a good chance offered, as though everything had been his own.

One morning the deacon took the train to town, whither he was called on business.

Tom, after making the usual morning round, and seeing that everything was in its place, sat down to rest a spell on a bench before the door.

"Good morning sir," a grave looking gentleman accosted him, reining up at the gate.

"Good morning, sir," Tom replied, rising and advancing to learn the other's wishes.

"Can I have a pail of water for my horse?" asked the stranger.

"Certainly," answered Tom. "Don't alight," seeing the gentleman about to get down. "The pump is handy, and I'll fetch you a bucketful—no trouble, I assure you."

The water was brought, but the horse didn't seem to be very thirsty at first—at any rate he made no motion to drink till the water touched his nose, but then he drained every drop, and ended by asking for more.

"Shall I give him another?" said Tom, patting the animal's neck, and looking over him with the eye of a connoisseur. "He seems a little heated, and there might be danger of founder."

"I think it would be safer not to risk it," the stranger answered, and thanking Tom politely was about to ride on.

"What might his age be?" queried Tom, continuing his scrutiny of the horse.

"Seven next spring," Tom chimed him.

"Sixteen hands?"

"And an inch," replied the other.

"What do you hold him at?" asked Tom, carelessly, after a peep into the beast's mouth.

"Well, I've never set a price on him," replied the stranger. "Indeed, have never thought of parting with him."

"Would you mind showing his gait?" said Tom.

"Not the least."

And the stranger trotted up the road a bit, returning at a walk. The horse carried himself well. He was a showy brute, well calculated to captivate Tom's fancy.

"Maybe you'd swap," he hinted.

"I can hardly say," was the reply, "till I see what I'm offered."

"Let me show you the finest nag in the country," said Tom, starting toward the stable.

In a brief space he returned, leading Dobbin. Dobbin was a clean limbed, substantial looking country horse. He could acquit himself with credit, if not brilliantly, under saddle or in harness. He was a steadygoing, conservative animal, one to be relied upon to do his duty conscientiously under all circumstances. He was nothing like as showy as the other, and was a couple of years his senior.

"There's a picture for you!" said Tom, slapping Dobbin on the rump to make him show off lively.

"Let me see him go," requested the stranger, alighting and throwing his reins over the gate-post.

The saddle was transferred to Dobbin's back, and Tom, mounting, put him through his paces, the stranger looking on.

Then it was Dobbin's turn to be chinned, and to have his mouth inspected, and to undergo examination generally, after which Tom and the stranger sat down to reason together.

"What boot'll you give?" the former began.

"Boot!" returned the latter. "The boot should be on t'other leg, I think."

"Give me twenty dollars, and call it a trade," said Tom.

"Ishaw—your're joking."

"Never was more serious in my life."

"Then I may as well be going," replied the stranger, making feint to replace the saddle.

"Hold," interrupted Tom—"say ten, and it's a bargain."

The stranger shook his head.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, with apparent hesitation—"even or quits."

Tom took a closer survey of the stranger's horse, and the longer he looked the better he was pleased.

"No ailments, I suppose," he asked, after a pause.

"None whatever."

"And his eyes?"

"As keen at night as in the daytime; that's why I named him Lynx."

"Done!" said Tom, after another pause.

The bridles were exchanged, and after a cordial shake hands, the stranger jumped on Dobbin's back and rode away.

Tom, chucking at the goodness of his bargain, led his prize off to the stable, and went about his work.

It was late when the deacon returned, and Tom didn't see him until the two met at breakfast.

"Well, Tom," remarked the deacon, complacently sipping his chocolate, "I bought a match for Dobbin in town."

"A match for Dobbin!" replied Tom, "you're too late father."

"Too late?"

"Yes; you see I traded Dobbin off yesterday even up, for a horse worth two of him."

The deacon looked a little disappointed, but soon recovered his equanimity.

"Well, if you've made as good a trade as you say, there's no harm done, for the horse I bought got at a bargain. He's the very image of Dobbin, but worth more money. The pair would have made a splendid match."

They hurried through their breakfast, for both were anxious to see which had made the best deal.

Tom led out his recent acquisition with a look of pride and springing on his back cantered down the yard. Instead of stopping at the fence, as Tom expected, Lynx continued his gait unchanged, and blundered over, falling heavily, and throwing Tom over his head.

The horse and Tom staggered to their feet together, and the deacon hurrying up, took

out his handkerchief and wiped it before Lynx's eyes. He never winked.

"Stone blind!" exclaimed the deacon; "cataract in both eyes! Tom, I'm ashamed of you."

Tom hung his head, and then followed his father in silence to the other stable.

"Let me show you a bargain," said the deacon, leading the way to the stall which contained his purchase.

The likeness to Dobbin fairly astonished Tom, who was on the point of expressing his wonder, when the horse turned his head and gave a friendly whinny.

Tom broke into a loud laugh.

"What's the cause of your mirth?" inquired the deacon, stantly.

"Why, father," said Tom, recovering himself with an effort, "don't you see it's Dobbin himself?"

"Don't be a fool," growled the deacon, putting on his spectacles.

"Just look at the snip in his nose and the cowlick on his forehead," said Tom, struggling to keep off another paroxysm.

The deacon saw and was convinced. Tom never learned how much he paid to match Dobbin. The subject was never renewed between them.

Provincial Normal School.

The Winter Term of the Normal School

WILL BEGIN ON THE

THIRD TUESDAY IN JANUARY.

and all intending students are requested to make application to the Principal, who will supply them with all necessary information in regard to the entrance examination. Students who intend studying for a First Class License are specially requested to attend during the winter term, in order that special attention may be given to the subjects required for their examination. All students must be present on the day of opening.

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DR. MELVIN'S CAPSICUM POROUS PLASTERS are acknowledged by all who have used them, to act quicker than any other plaster they ever before tried, and that one of these plasters will do more real service than a hundred of the ordinary kind. All other plasters are slow of action, and require to be worn continually to effect a cure; but with these it is entirely different: the instant one is applied the patient will feel its effect.

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Ask your druggist for DR. MELVIN'S CAPSICUM POROUS PLASTER, and take no other; or, on receipt of 25 cents for one, \$1 for five, or \$2 for a dozen, they will be mailed, post paid, to any address in the United States or Canada.

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Express closes every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening at 6 o'clock, and is received here on the same evenings at 5 o'clock.

Goods, Valuables, and money, forwarded, making as quick time as the mails.

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Ch'town, Dec. 26, 1887.—3i

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All other goods equally cheap. Buyers should call and examine our stock before purchasing.

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- 20 Bbls. GREEN GRAPES,
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- 1 Cask TURKISH PRUNES,
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- 20 Boxes CANDIED PEEL,
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All kinds of Canned Goods cheap. Cake and Pastry of all kinds made to order, if not on hand. Wedding and Holiday Cakes a specialty.

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December 22—2i

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For terms and conditions of sale, apply to Messrs. Hodgson & McLeod.

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Every Article Suitable for a Xmas Gift.

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- Vase and Cake or Fruit Stand combined, very pretty.
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- Spoon Holders, Sugar Basins, Fancy Pickle Stands from \$1.50
- Toilet Bottles on Stand, very pretty.
- Vases from \$1.25 upwards.
- Handsome Engraved GOLD WATCHES, Silver Lever Watch & Chain, for \$12.
- WALTHAM WATCHES, in Silver Cases, from \$15.
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- Ladies' long Gold Chains and Victorias.
- Gents' Alberts, in Gold, Silver, and Nickel.
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A great part of the above are quite new, and the prices of many Goods are much cheaper than we have hitherto been able to offer. One price only charged.

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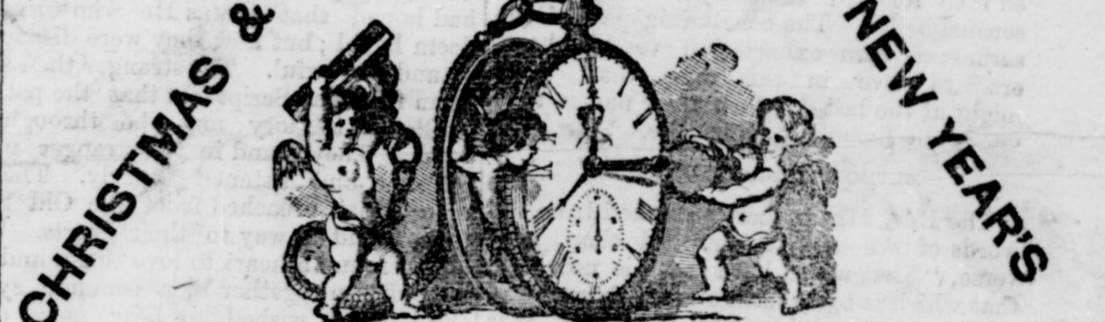
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STONE, ENGRAVED, and PLAIN RINGS,

SILVER-PLATED WARE, in Butter-Coolers, Cake-Baskets

Cruet Frames, Napkin Rings, Fruit Knives, Butter

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Charlottetown, Nov. 27, 1877.