

# Summerside Journal.

## A N D W E S T E R N P I O N E E R .

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

Vol. 4.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, July 29, 1869.

No. 44.

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

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**Almanac for August, 1869.**

MOON'S PHASES.  
New Moon, 7th day, 5h. 56m, evening, W.  
First Quarter, 14th day, 8h. 28m. morn. N. E.  
Full Moon, 22d day, 0h. 11m. morning, S. E.  
Last Quarter, 30th day, 3h. 46m. evening, S. E.

DAY	SUN	sun's moon's		morn	even
		rise	set		
1 Sun	4 47	25 6	1 57	56	11 36
2 Mon	4 48	24 5	5 57	42	36 0
3 Tues	4 49	23 5	5 53	26	59 0
4 Wed	5 0	22 5	5 48	11	4 22
5 Thurs	5 1	21 5	5 42	54	3 23
6 Frid	5 2	19 5	5 36	35	3 14
7 Sat	5 3	17 5	5 29	21	4 23
8 Sun	5 4	15 5	5 22	4	4 23
9 Mon	5 5	13 5	5 14	47	26 8
10 Tues	5 6	11 5	5 9	29	9 17
11 Wed	5 7	11 4	5 6	12	9 41
12 Thurs	5 9	10 4	4 46	51	10 13
13 Frid	5 0	9 4	3 36	35	10 45
14 Sat	5 1	7 4	2 25	17	21 0
15 Sun	5 2	5 4	1 13	58	46 0
16 Mon	5 3	4 4	1 39	51	0 2
17 Tues	5 4	3 4	3 40	20	42 58
18 Wed	5 5	3 0	3 30	1	42 52
19 Thurs	6 0	2 2	3 22	41	2 30
20 Frid	6 1	1 5	3 15	4	2 28
21 Sat	6 2	1 2	3 9	2	7 35
22 Sun	6 3	0 5	2 51	2	7 35
23 Mon	6 4	0 0	2 39	41	7 23
24 Tues	6 5	0 0	2 23	21	7 50
25 Wed	7 0	0 0	2 7	1 9	8 14
26 Thurs	7 1	0 0	1 51	10	8 39
27 Frid	7 2	0 0	1 47	13	8 33
28 Sat	7 3	0 0	1 37	25	8 30
29 Sun	7 4	0 0	1 29	10	8 29
30 Mon	7 5	0 0	1 24	11	8 23
31 Tues	8 0	0 0	1 20	10	8 16

**Summerside Markets,**  
July 29, 1869.

Beef per lb	5d a 6d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Oats per bush	3s
Potatoes per bush	1s 10 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	4d
Mackerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	18s a 19s
Pork per lb by carcass	3s 5 a 4s
Flour per 100 lbs	18s a 19s
Oatmeal per 100	20 a 24d
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	18s a 20s
Codfish per quintal	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 bush	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Barley	5s
Oats	3s a 3s 3d
Hay per ton	70s a 75d
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

**Charlottetown Markets,**  
Ch. Town, July 29, 1869.

Beef per lb	4d a 5d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Pork per lb, by carcass,	5d a 6d
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	20 a 24d
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 bush	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Barley	5s
Oats	3s a 3s 3d
Hay per ton	70s a 75d
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.

**GEORGE D. WRIGHT,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN  
**Choice Family Groceries!**  
Dunn's Block.  
Charlottetown, P. E. Island,  
July 1, 1869.

**Business Cards.**  
**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. ly

**HANFORD BROTHERS,**  
Successors to Thomas Hanford,  
**Commission Merchants,**  
And General Agents,  
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,  
**SAINT JOHN, N. B.**  
CHAR. 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  
REFERENCES :  
Hon. Judge Young—Charlottetown.  
Hon. G. W. Howland—Alberton.  
Mr. Joseph Bertram—Summerside.  
Alberton, May 12, 1869. ly

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

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

**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 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 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 15, 1869.

**DR. DODD** may again be consult-  
ed, 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 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.

**Business Cards.**  
**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.

**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. ly

**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 attend-  
ance. Parties coming from Prince Edward  
Island with horses will find this establishment  
the most comfortable in the City, and a per-  
son always at the Cars on their arrival.  
St. John, 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 SCHUMANN, 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

**Mr. W. H. POPE**  
DEGS to inform the public that he has re-  
sided 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  
Jan. 1, 1869.

**KERSHAW & EDWARDS**  
IMPROVED PATENT  
**Non-conducting and Vaporising**  
**Fire and Burglar Proof**  
**SAFES.**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
BANK VAULTS, BURGALAR 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

**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.

**THE GENUINE**  
**COMMON SENSE**  
Family Sewing Machine!  
FOR  
**£3 58. 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  
**TRETHING MACHINES,**  
of the most improved kind.  
Iron Turning, Wood do., Cars,  
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.—t.

### POETRY.

(For the Summerside Journal.)

**THE SLANDERER.**  
Oh! could'st thou see before thine eyes,  
The ill which in thy heart there lies—  
What woe and hatred, wrath and strife,  
Fill up thy most unenvied life,  
Then ne'er would tread the slanderer's path,  
Or hold thy deeply rooted wrath.  
Oh! could'st thou see that youthful wife  
Pass sadly through this weary life,  
For thou hast caused her dearest tie  
To quit this life in misery!  
Thy words hath aimed the cruel dart  
Which pierced the loving husbands heart.  
Oh! could'st thou see their fatherless,  
With no kind friend their lives to bless,  
Sjournuring through this world of woe,  
Distained and shunned where'er they go:  
Thy reckless words hath made them poor,  
While they must sorrow's pang endure.  
How many have been forced to roam,  
Far from their cherished friends and home;  
Because thy words unheeded past,  
And o'er their lives a shadow cast;  
Repentance cometh now too late,  
They mourn because of fiendish hate.

In yonder churchyard thou may'st see  
The resting place of those by thee  
Brought hither, & lo by side they lay  
Waiting the trump of Judgment Day;  
Thou then must say "Thou dost well"  
While thou enter'st the slanderer's hell

There is a god, who dwells in heaven:  
Yeance alone to him is given:  
He shall reward the ill which thou dost  
Doest spend upon thy brother man,  
And thou must say "Thou dost well"  
While thou enter'st the slanderer's hell

Oh! strive to shun the slanderer's way,  
And now, while it is called to-day,  
Resolve that thou henceforth shall be  
Exempt from that impurity  
Which shall at last smother forth the foe  
To cause thy awful overthrow.

THEO. LEONARD CHAFFELL.  
Summerside July 26th, 1869.

### Select Literature.

#### DID SHE DIE?

##### A Mysterious Story.

"Ten o'clock!" said the doctor, glance-  
ing at his watch. "I shall not be in-  
terrupted again to-night, and may amuse  
myself a little."  
And with a grim smile, this man, whose  
business was healing, and whose amuse-  
ment was destruction, locked the door of  
his study, and took from a private drawer  
the manuscript of the great work upon  
the Art of Poisoning, which was, when  
finished, to make his name forever famous.  
A knock interrupted him. With an im-  
patient gesture he unlocked the door, and  
presented a forbidding face in opening the  
door.  
"A lady to see you, sir," said the ser-  
vant.  
"I can see no one to-night, unless one of  
my expected patients. It is after ten."  
"I told the lady, sir. She bade me  
give you this notice if you objected."  
The paper contained only these words:  
"Doctor Desmond will not refuse to see  
for five minutes, a person whose errand is life  
or death."  
"Hem! Life and death are not such  
very unusual occurrences," muttered Doc-  
tor Desmond, tossing the note into the  
grate; and turning to the servant, he  
added briefly, "Show the lady in, Wil-  
liam."  
A moment later she appeared—a tall,  
stately woman, richly dressed and com-  
pletely veiled.  
The servant handed her a chair, and  
withdrew. The doctor bowed profoundly,  
seated himself, and waited.  
"Doctor Desmond, I presume?"—and  
she spoke with a foreign accent.  
"Yes, madame."  
"I wish to consult you upon a very  
serious matter, sir. It is entirely confi-  
dential."  
"It is unnecessary to mention the fact,  
madame."  
"I presume so, but—excuse me, sir.  
In two words, doctor, you have the re-  
putation of knowing more of poisons than  
any other living man."  
"For the first time Doctor Desmond's  
grave face lost its look of annoyance, and  
he exclaimed with some interest, "it is of  
poison you wish to speak?"  
"Yes. I suspect that I have swallowed  
some deadly substance, not at once, but  
in minute doses, just beginning to make  
themselves felt. I have come to you for  
information, and for an antidote."  
"Before we talk of antidotes, we must  
discover the poison. If your suspicions are  
correct. Every poison has an antidote of  
its own, as every vice is counterpart of  
an especial virtue. Raise your veil, if you  
please, and draw of your gloves."  
The lady, without reply, threw back  
her heavy veil, and showed a small black  
silk mask covering the middle of her face,  
but leaving exposed a charming chin, and  
two lips that an anchorite would long to  
kiss.  
Dr. Desmond, who had arisen to ap-  
proach his patient, sat down again.  
"It appears, madame, that although  
you thought fit to respect my discretion,  
you do not intend to confide in it," said he,  
in displeasure.  
"Pardon me, sir. But it is very possi-  
ble that you and I may meet again, per-  
haps in society, perhaps in public. It is  
far better that you should be unable to re-  
cognize me—better for us both."  
"Madame, in the seraglios of the East,  
when a Frankish physician is summoned  
to prescribe for the favorite of a prince or  
noble, and discovers that he is not to be  
trusted with a sight of his patient, if he is  
an honest man, he withdraws at once from  
the case, conscious that he can do nothing  
and unwilling to risk his reputation and  
the life of his unfortunate slave by the  
blind attempt."  
"But I am not an ignorant slave, and  
it is I who take the responsibility in this  
case," said the masked woman, in a sweet  
and pathetic voice. "I will die rather

than reveal myself; but I do not wish to  
die, and I believe that you can save me.  
Will you try?"  
"How can I?" bluntly inquired the  
physician, rising, and standing before his  
patient with his hands in his pocket, and  
his brilliant eyes glaring beneath his shaggy  
brows with unconcealed impatience.  
"You may ask me whatever questions  
you wish, and I will answer them honest-  
ly. You may see my hand, my tongue;  
you may put your fingers upon my temples,  
throbbing constantly with intense heat.  
Will this not suffice?"  
I undertake the case, but it is upon your  
own responsibility, remember."  
"I will bear it. What first?"  
"Your hand."  
The masked woman drew off her glove  
without a word, and extended to the doctor  
a little hand which he carefully examined.  
It was white, soft, and smooth as marble,  
with thin, arching nails, red as rose-  
leaves, and tapering fingers. In the centre  
of the palm was a spot the size of a  
crown-piece, which burned like living fire.  
The tips of the fingers were humid and  
cold. Across the back of the hand extend-  
ed a red stripe like the wale of a sharp  
blow.

Upon this the doctor placed his finger,  
and briefly inquired, "Natural or artificial?"  
"Neither. It is not connected with the  
case!"  
Doctor Desmond turned on the gas  
further, and looked again.  
"You are right," said he, coolly. "The  
mark is pricked into the flesh, and not  
connected with the present state of the  
system. Now tell me—  
And here began a rigid catechism,  
which the worthy doctor took no pains  
to render easy or free from embarrass-  
ment. He had evidently determined  
that this woman, who would not show  
her face, should at least use her tongue,  
and he spared her nothing. But to every  
question came an answer as distinct, as  
uncompromising, and as frank. The un-  
known was evidently no bashful girl, or  
ignorant prude.  
At the end, Doctor Desmond rose, and  
unlocking a cabinet at the further end of  
the room, carefully measured into a phial  
fifty drops of a bright golden liquid. With  
this in his hand, he approached the patient  
who lay in the deep chair with her head  
upon the back as if exhausted.  
"Madame," said doctor Desmond,  
"your suspicions are correct. You have  
swallowed, in minute doses a large quan-  
tity of deadly Eastern drug, hardly known  
to physicians in the country. My toxo-  
logical studies have made me acquaint-  
ed with the drug and its only antidote.  
That antidote is contained in this phial;  
but it is itself a terrible poison, and is to  
be used against the other as men train  
tigers to fight the lion for them. Here  
are fifty drops, you will take one until they  
are all gone. Then if you are alive, come  
to me. If you are dying, send for me.  
In that event, you will no longer have a  
will for concealment, and should be  
willing to sacrifice your incognito in the  
interests of science."  
"Doctor Desmond, you are somewhat  
brutal in your suggestions," remarked the  
patient, rising, and drawing on her gloves.  
"Madame, you mistake. I am profes-  
sionally only," said the doctor, ringing his  
bell. As the servant entered the door, he  
added, "William, show this lady to her  
carriage. Madame, I wish you a very  
good evening."  
"Good evening, sir," and the lady  
passed out, leaving upon the table an  
envelope containing a bank note for a  
hundred pounds.

The doctor glanced at the amount, and  
raised his eyebrows in astonishment, and  
muttered philosophically, "Well, the  
elixir which I presented to her is cheap  
even at that price."  
Then, with a sigh of relief, he turned  
once more to the flagging-table, and seated  
himself to the work upon toxicology.

"A word with you, doctor."  
"Ah, Vaynal, is it you? I did not see  
you before."  
"No, I sat at the other end of the table,  
among the lesser lights."  
The speaker was a young man whose  
star, just rising above the horizon of the  
scientific world, already attracted the eye  
and hopes of the thoughtful seers, who  
prophesied all sorts of marvels from its  
influence.  
Desmond, too great to be jealous, was  
already fond of his young rival, and putting  
a hand under his arm, said laughingly:  
"Well, you want to steal a diagnosis or a  
prescription from me?"  
"Not at all. On the contrary, I wish to  
offer you a share in a rare opportunity,"  
replied Vaynal, in the same tone.  
"Magnanimous fellow. Well?"  
"Wait until we are out of this crowd.  
It is a secret."  
"Of course. Everything worth know-  
ing is a secret until you find it out."  
Vaynal did not answer until the two had  
passed from the crowded street to a quiet  
avenue, dimly lighted, and deserted by all  
but the policemen, and one or two pleasure  
seekers hurrying homeward. Here the  
younger student spoke again:—  
"You know I have made a speciality of  
anatomy, and indulge in a private dissect-  
ing-room, attached to my house."  
"I have heard so."  
"I have a rare and interesting subject,  
obtained in a somewhat irregular fashion,  
but offering a very curious study for nerves.  
Will you join me in the dissection?"  
"Thanks. I shall be really grateful for  
the opportunity. I have not attended an  
autopsy for a long time. When shall I  
come?"  
"To-night—now, if you are ready."  
"It is impossible. I have a patient in  
my own family very ill. The crisis of his  
disorder should occur to-night. Besides,  
prefer daylight."  
"Do you? Well, we will say to-morrow  
at eleven o'clock."  
"Unfortunately, I have a lecture at that  
hour."  
"Name your own time, then; but stop,  
we are within ten rods of my house. Come  
in and look at the subject, and I think you  
will agree with me that this is a rare op-  
portunity."  
Desmond laughed good-humoredly.  
"You fancy that I do not appreciate  
your offer, my good fellow," said he. "But  
you are mistaken; the only trouble is that  
I am hurried almost to death, both day and

night. However, I will take a look at  
your dissecting-room, since you are so kind  
as to invite me. The surgeons say all  
sorts of flattering things about you, Vay-  
nal."  
"Indeed! they are too good. Here we  
are; shut the front door, please; I have a  
private entrance."  
"And the young man, taking a key from  
his pocket, unlocked and threw open a  
small door in the wing of the building,  
through which he led his companion.  
"Stand still a moment, until I light the  
gas. The room is crowded."  
The flare of match followed the words,  
and showed a small chamber filled with  
specimens, books, casts, instruments, and  
all the horrible impediments of a surgical  
retreat.  
"This way," said Doctor Vaynal, un-  
locking the door of an inner room, and  
lighting one or two powerful burners sus-  
pended above a long narrow table.  
Upon this table lay something covered  
with a white linen cloth; something not so  
long as the marble table, nor nearly so  
wide, and yet conforming in its general  
outline to the table; or, perhaps, more  
nearly resembling a new-made grave cov-  
ered with snow; for it was long and nar-  
row, cold and rigid—so rigid, indeed, that  
the linen cloth fell in sharp lines and an-  
gles about it, and suggested the idea of  
something like marble beneath.

(To be Continued.)

### THE ALABAMA CLAIMS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

#### POSTPONEMENT OF THE DISCUSSION

##### REMARKS OF THE LONDON TIMES.

In the House of Commons on Thursday  
night last, (as we learn by telegram) Mr.  
Gladstone, after acknowledging the cour-  
tesy with which Sir Henry Bulwer had so  
often postponed his motion in regard to  
the Alabama claims, said that he again  
appearing to put it off he felt it his duty  
to allege some reasons for his action, as it  
would amount to a definite postponement