Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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Almanac for March, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 2nd day, 12h.36m., morn., N.
Full Moon, 8th day, 4h.9m., A'noon, below h.
Last Qtr. 15th day. 11h.14m., A'noon, below h.
New Moon, 24th day, 2h.46m., mor., below h.
Eirst Qtr., 31st day, 8h.13m., more., below h.

D M	DAY WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	sun slow clock	sun's dec. south	moon sets	day's length
		h m	h m	m s		h m	
1	Sun	6 43	5 43	12 28	7 21	0 8	10 59
2	Mo	41	45	12 15	6 58	1 15	11 2
3	Tue	39	46	12 2	6 35	2 19	5
4	Wed	37	48	11 49	6 12	3 18	9
5	Thu	36	49	11 35	5 49	4 9	12
6	Frid	34	50	11 21	5 26	4 59	15
7	Sat	32	51	11 6	5 2	5 45	18
8	Sun	6 31	5 52	10 51	4 39	rises	11 21
9	Mo	30	53	10 36	4 15	7 11	23
10	Tue	28	54	10 20	3 52	8 20	26
11	Wed	26	55	10 4	3 28	9 20	29
12	Thu	23	57	9 47	3 5	10 33	34
13	Fri	19	58	9 30	2 41	11 36	39
14	Sat	17	59	9 14	2 18	morn	11 42
15	Sun	6 15	6 1	8 56	1 54	0 30	46
16	Mo	14	2	8 39	1 30	1 24	48
17	Tue	13	3	8 22	1 6	2 17	50
18	Wed	11	4	8 4	0 43	2 59	53
19	Thu	9	5	7 46	0 19	3 42	56
20	Fri	7	6	7 28	nth.	4 17	59
21	Sat	5	7	7 10	0 27	4 50	12 2
22	Sun	6 3	6 8	6 52	0 51	5 20	12 5
23	Mo	6 1	9	6 33	1 15	5 49	8
24	Tue	5 59	11	6 15	1 38	sets.	11
25	Wed	58	12	5 57	2 2	7 55	14
26	Thu	56	13	5 38	2 25	9 2	17
27	Fri	54	15	5 20	2 49	10 0	21
28	Sat	52	16	5 2	3 12	11 9	24
29	Sun	5 50	6 17	4 43	3 36	morn	12 27
30	Mo	48	19	4 25	3 59	0 9	31
31	Tue	45	21	4 7	4 22	1 9	35

Summerside Markets.

March 5, 1868.

Oats per bush	2s 9d
Barley per bush	3s 6d a 4s
Potatoes per bush	1s 9d a 2s
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	10d a 1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	10d a 1s
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Pork per lb by carcass	3½d a 5d
Geese each	1s 6d a 2s
Flour per bbl	60s a 65s
Oatmeal per cwt.	18s a 20s
Hay per Ton	70s a 80s
Straw per cwt.	1s 9d
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

March 5, 1868.

Beef (small)	4d a 6d
Do. by quarter	3d a 4d
Mutton	4d a 6d
Lamb per lb.	3½d a 5d
Butter	13d a 15d
Do. by tub	1s a 13d
Cheese	4d a 7d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Lard	8d a 9d
Flour lb.	3d a 3½d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	20s a 22s
Eggs	15d a 16d
Potatoes	2s a 2s 3d
Turnips	13d
Barley	3s a 9s
Oats	2s 9d
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Spruce	4s a 5s
Pine	7s a 9s
Shingles	12s a 15s
Wool	1s a 1s 6d
Hay	70s a 80s
Straw cwt.	1s 6d a 2s
Homespun	5s 6d a 6s
Sheepskins	2s a 3s
Calfskin lb.	5d a 9d
Hides lb.	4½d

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown
President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, 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.

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Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.
President—Hon. JOHN R. GARDINER.
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.

DAVID BERTRAM,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Water Street . . . . . Summerside.
October 12, 1865.

Business Cards.

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug. 9, 1866

FRANCIS LONGWORTH,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
☞ Office—PAVILION HOTEL.
(next door to the Hon. Joseph Hensley's.)
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 17, 1867. 1y

WILLIAM M. HOWE,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.
ST. ELEANOR'S.....P. E. ISLAND

Co-Partnership Notice.
THE Subscribers have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNIES-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of
ALLEY & DAVIES
OFFICE,—O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING,
GREAT GEORGE STREET.
GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES.
Charlottetown, Oct. 18, 1867. oct 24.

KITSON CASEY, M.D.,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur
formerly Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, offers his professional services to the people of Summerside and vicinity. He can consulted at his office, over the Store of Green & Schurman, in Summerside.
June 13, 1867. tf

DR. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1865.

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

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

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, 1867.

James Greenough,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant.
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street - - - - BOSTON.

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.
Charlottetown, - - - - - P. E. Island

JABEZ HUDSON,
Authorized Auctioneer,
GENERAL AGENT, &c.,
TRYON, - - - - - - P. E. I.
June 27, 1867.

C. L. RICHARDS,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
British & Foreign Groceries.
1, Head North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1866. 1y

Important to Shipbuilders
Blocks! Blocks! Blocks!
IF YOU WANT TO RAISE THE
Price of Vessels
in England, order a set of those SPLENDID BLOCKS, which everybody is praising, from
YOUNG'S.
Terms Liberal.
Water-st., Summerside, Sept. 26, 1867.

North British and Mercantile
INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND LIFE.
Established 1809.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
HEAD OFFICES:
EDINBURGH & LONDON.
G. W. DEBLOIS,
Agent at Charlottetown.
Forms of Application can be had by applying to Mr. J. BERTRAM, *Journal* Office, Summerside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867.—1y

Cash. Cash. Cash.
R. T. HOLMAN still pays the HIGHEST PRICE in Cash for OATS.
Summerside, Dec 12, 1867—3m

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, 1867.

Something to Know.
THAT well-known Establishment, Prince of Wales Boarding House, at the east corner of Kent and Queen Streets, formerly kept by Mr. John Holman, has been re-opened by the Subscriber. Transient and permanent boarders accommodated; satisfaction guaranteed. There are good stables on the premises; and as hay and oats will be kept constantly on hand, with a trustworthy man in attendance, travellers would do well to call at the Old Stand.
E. C. WHITLOCK.
Charlottetown, Nov. 14, 1867—3m n27

Fountain House Hotel.
King Square, (North Side,)
ST. JOHN, N. B.
The Subscriber having leased the above Hotel, and refitted the same, is now prepared to accommodate Transient and Permanent Boarders, and trusts by attention to meet a share of public patronage.
Having also leased the commodious Stable attached, and secured the services of a careful Hostler, who will be in attendance at all hours, travellers will be sure to get satisfaction at lowest rates.
JAMES W. THOMSON,
Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., July 4, 1867.—1y

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.—1y

Commercial Hotel,
NEW ARRANGEMENT!
COACH FARE PAID!
IN FUTURE the COACH FARE of all travellers from the Railway Station and Steamboat Landings in this City to the COMMERCIAL HOTEL, King Street, who make their stay one day or upward, WILL BE PAID by the Proprietor.
FARE AT THE HOTEL:
TRANSIENT.
One Day, ---------- $1 00
One Week, -------- 5 00
PERMANENT.
Per Week, ------ $3 25 to $4 50
The HOTEL is situated on the best business street in the city, and nearly opposite the WAVERLY. It is handsomely fitted up and calculated to accommodate some fifty persons very comfortably.
D. P. HOWE, Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., Nov. 7, 1867 1y

THOMAS FRIZZEL,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
WATER STREET,
opposite Green & Schurman's Store.
Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.
Summerside, June 6, 1867. 1y

SAWS,
SAWS! SAWS!!
SAWS of the best quality, and at the following Cash prices, always on hand at the manufacture of the subscribers:—
CIRCULARS.

DIAMETER.	DIAMETER.
36 in. $20 each	34 in. $18 each
32 in. $16 each	30 in. $15 each
28 in. $12.50 each	26 in. $11 each
24 in. $9 each	22 in. $8 each
20 in. $7 each	18 in. $5.75 each
16 in. $5 each	14 in. $4 each
12 in. $3 each.	

Mill Saws 5½ feet, $5 each; Buck Saws 28 $7 per dozen, set and sharped.
A. RICHARDSON & Co.
St. John, N. B. April 11, 1867.y

PRINCE COUNTY
Tobacco Factory.
THE SUBSCRIBER would announce to his friends, customers and the public, that he has, at a considerable outlay for new moulds and machinery, so enlarged and improved the capacity of his FACTORY
In Summerside,
that he is now enabled to turn out an article of
Natural Leaf Tobacco.
equal to the very best, and superior to most Tobacco imported, which he will WARRANT IN EVERY RESPECT; and will sell nearly
Twenty pe cent. Cheaper
than it can be imported into the Island.
FLAT OR ROUND TOBACCO furnished to suit the taste of buyers.
Try it and judge for yourselves.
Dealers supplied on liberal terms.
Be sure to ask for REILLY'S PRINCE COUNTY NATURAL LEAF, and take none other.
Remember that the PRINCE COUNTY TOBACCO FACTORY turns out nothing but the BEST KIND OF TOBACCO.
PATRICK REILLY.
Summerside Dec. 6, 1866.

BRING ALONG YOUR HORSES!
SMITHS FORGE.
THE subscribe having engaged the services of a good HORSE SHOER, and CARRIAGE and SLEIGH MOULDER, he is now prepared to execute all such work as well as all other work in his line of business, at his Forge (Sutherland's old stand) on Water Street, opposite the store of Colin McLennan, Esq.
NEWTON ...
Summerside, Nov 21, 1867. 3m ...

POETRY.

WHICH?

THE following tells its own story, and a beautiful one it is, too—to be read best and sounding sweetest when the family circle have gathered around the evening-lamp; perhaps it cannot but touch a father's—a mother's heart, and make them appreciate the more their household darlings:—

"Which shall it be? which shall it be?"
I looked at John, John looked at me.—
Dear, patient John, who loves me yet,
As well as tho' my locks were jet,—
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak.
"Tell me again what Robert said,"
And then I listening, bent my head.
"This is his letter:"

"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne,
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share.

I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's meal;
And then of this·

"Come John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped
Where Lillian, the baby, slept,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down its loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said "Not her, not her."
We stood beside the trundle bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak
"He is but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale patient Bobby's angel face,
Still in his sleep bore sufferings trace;
"Not for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! bad Dick, our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? "Nay, He who gave,
Bids us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he."
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her face in willful way,
And shook his head, "Nay have not thee,"—
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and faithful, good and glad—
So like his father, "No John, no—
I cannot, will not, let him go."
And so we wrote in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterwards toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed.
Happy in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place.
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to God in Heaven.

Select Literature.

WILL SHE MARRY HIM?

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER III.

ONE morning Mr. Agnew appeared dressed for a journey, wished Evelyn good-bye, and was gone before she could recover from her surprise. She sought her father, but he was from home, and on his return she addressed him anxiously.—"Is Mr. Agnew coming back, papa?" she asked.

"No, my child," he replied; "it surely can make no difference to you, for you have scarcely spoken to him for the last month.

"It does make a difference," said Evelyn, "and you ought to have consulted me, for I can never get on without him. Oh, papa, how could you send dear old Mr. Agnew away?—it was cruel. Where can he go?"

"Never mind, love," said her father. "I'll take care of him. You must prepare for the new tutor to-morrow."

"I am so sorry," said Evelyn, "I don't want a new tutor. I like dear old Mr. Agnew. I shall not like the new tutor; I know I shall hate him."

"There is no occasion for you to like him, dear," said the squire. "You must keep all your love for Stanhope Gordon You know you promised me, my little Evelyn."

The old squire held up her pouting face between his hands and kissed it; but Evelyn was far from satisfied. She colored at the name of Stanhope Gordon; she dreaded it—in fact, she hated it. And her nurse told her too she was quite sure her fortune was his object, and she firmly believed it.

"I know I shall hate the new tutor. Poor old Mr. Agnew! I shall never like another man; and I detest Stanhope Gordon. Nothing shall ever induce me to marry him—horrid, mercenary creature!"

These were Evelyn's thoughts that night ere she slept.

The new tutor had arrived. Evelyn knew it, but she was determined not to make her appearance until dinner time, so hurt did she feel at the treatment of her old friend. She scarcely looked up when her father presented the stranger to her. But the new tutor was no quiet, plainly-attired, elderly gentleman; he was a handsome, tall, well-dressed young man, and very soon our heroine was obliged to acknowledge this. He took his place at the dinner-table, and commenced with that ease which announced a *habitue* of good society.

As Evelyn rose to leave the room the tutor rose also and opened the door for her; it was then for the first time she looked upon him, and could not help being favorably impressed. Her father seemed also prepossessed in his favor, and they chatted together as men who were not new acquaintances. Never had she heard him converse so brilliantly. She had no idea he knew so much. The young tutor seemed to possess the power of drawing forth the squire's hidden knowledge.

George Merton, Evelyn, and the former's young pupil soon became excellent friends. and Mr. Grantly appeared pleased that it should be so. His child was once more happy and cheerful, and a cloud which had lately settled on his own brow gradually disappeared.

George understood all about flowers and birds, and it was wonderful the transformation which soon took place in Evelyn's favorite garden. New and rare flowers sprang up, as it by magic, and a variety of beautiful singing birds graced the aviary; indeed it was wonderful how much attention the little flower garden in the vicinity of the study required, and how many suggestions George Merton found it necessary to make concerning this plant and that and the numerous little commissions which took the young girl to the study, and the interest she took in the young pupil's lessons, and her anxiety that he should acquit himself creditably; indeed, more than once the young tutor surprised her in the study helping his young pupil.

New walks were discovered across what Evelyn had heretofore considered impassable fields and pathless woods; frequently she and George made excursions alone, and when the young heiress was tired, she never scrupled to take his proffered arm. The squire on these occasions had his young ward for his companion; the boy had become strangely attached to him, and the old man had learnt to love him as a son. It was already a treat to the latter to be asked to go anywhere with his kind protector, and not a little flattered was he when his simple-hearted guardian deferred to his judgment in some trifling matter connected with the estate. No happier family than that assembled beneath Squire Grantly's roof can well be imagined.

Two months thus passed away, when news of Stanhope Gordon's serious illness arrived, which, of course, for a time postponed his intended visit. The Squire looked grave and troubled, but the wicked Evelyn was glad in her secret heart. She and the young tutor were now more frequently together than usual. In the cool evenings, after a hot summer's day, they might be seen wandering slowly through the grounds, particularly where the paths wound through the sweet scented shrubberies; now and then stopping to admire some beautiful flower or stately tree, or perhaps to examine some curious creeping plant.

By this time some things had acquired more than ordinary interest, for they would stop not unfrequently before a grotto, an arbour, or the gnarled root of an old tree; doubtless happy associations were connected with them, for George Merton would look lovingly down on the young girl who confidingly hung on his arm, and smilingly they would converse together. The old grotto was apparently their favorite spot, for they more frequently visited it than any other place.

Strange to say, the squire never objected to the intimacy which had sprung up between his daughter and heiress and his ward's tutor. It may be, simple and innocent himself, he was slow to suspect wrong or guile in any shape. He and his young ward often surprised them in their wanderings, but neither party betrayed the slightest embarrassment.

Squire Grantly was pleased to see his child so happy, and would not unfrequently turn down another walk, and, when out of sight, rub his hands heartily together, and laugh merrily; but nurses feminine eyes were not deceived.

"Oh, Evelyn, darling," she would say, "that you should so demean yourself!"—"How dare you, nurse!" would be the angry rejoinder.

"Sure the poor man's son would be better," the nurse would say.

"Don't name the wretch to me!" Evelyn would return.

Then the old nurse would sigh, and wipe the tears from her eyes, and wonder what would be the end of it all.

CHAPTER IV.

The hot summer had passed, the gorgeous flowers had nearly all disappeared, the leaves on the trees were putting on their russet brown, and the evenings were gradually closing in chill and cold; then Evelyn and George would practise their singing together, and old Squire Grantly would sit with his back turned to them, and declare he never heard such sweet music, and at other times would correct their time and tune, to their no small amusement. Sometimes, indeed, there were little unnecessary pauses; but the squire was apparently too obtuse to notice them. If, at such periods, he had turned round, he might perchance have seen George Merton's hand lightly pressing Evelyn's, staying its rapid progress across the keys of the piano. He pretended to say she was playing falsely; but one cannot believe that was really the reason of George's conduct.

At length the tutor begged the Squire would give him leave to absent himself for a short time, on particular business, which request was at once complied with. Evelyn was very melancholy indeed all day; the next morning George was going away. No word of love had yet passed his lips. Perhaps he was leaving, never to return—she had heard of such cruel things. "Why had she ever seen him?" She felt, alas! she loved the tutor with all the truth and purity of her young heart, and she was willing to cast all her wealth of love and beauty and worldly riches at his feet; but he had never told her she was beloved by him. And now he was going away—he said for a short time; but how many unforseen circumstances might happen to prevent his return! And her father—what would he say? after she had passed her word, too, to help him to keep his promise? What would he say to her unmaidenly conduct in loving a man who perhaps had never given her a serious thought? Thoughts like these crowded on the poor girl's brain for the first time.

Evelyn remained in her room all day, refusing to ride with her father on the plea of headache, and refusing to be comforted by her faithful old nurse, who was at length summarily dismissed. She remembered the first day of George Merton's appearance, how she would not see him until dinner time; then she felt ashamed of having forgotten Mr. Agnew. Tears, however, soon came to her relief, and she wept long and silently.

"My darling, you are ill," said the squire, as his daughter entered the drawing room.

Evelyn had determined to be brave, that George might not suspect the true cause of her indisposition, and thought she had erased all traces of her tears.

"Only a slight headache, papa," she replied, cheerfully, and soon was the life of the little party.

The Squire and his ward laughed uproariously at Evelyn's quaint sayings, but the tutor was more silent and thoughtful.

Dinner was no sooner over than Evelyn retired. George as was his custom, opening the door for her. As she passed through, she thought of the first day he had done the same. She looked up at him, their eyes met, and she felt he loved her; but George was true as steel. He was poor and she was rich, and he would not ask her to marry him. So Evelyn thought, and at that moment wished she was a beggar for his sake.

The sun had set, and the shadows were fast falling; leaves were whirling about here and there, and finally settling on the ground; all the fine summer flowers were past and gone; the hum of the bee and the buzz of the fly were hushed, the favorite old haunts were silent and deserted, the ferns in the old grotto were brown and damp; the wild flowers—they were gone also; the bare old stones alone survived, the cold bright water dripping on them from the little cascade.

Evelyn went straight to the grotto. She sat down on a bench where she had often sat with George. She bent her head, and covered her eyes with her hands. She wept. Her hair was wantonly played with, and blown about by the wind, but she knew it not. Her slight form shivered with the cold, but she heeded it not. She did, however, heed a warm cloak that was gently thrown around her, though no word was spoken.

"George!—you!" involuntarily escaped her lips, as kind hands wrapped the garments carefully around her; and even then George found it necessary to encircle with his arms the slight form, the wind was so contrary and disagreeable, at least he said so; and the girl looked up and smiled, and the pretty red lips were opening to say something, perhaps to remonstrate with George on his behaviour. Whatever it was, he never heard it, for he stooped over the young head, and effectually stilled it in its birth.

Then the young man poured forth all his pent-up love, and told Evelyn how he had loved her far better than his life from the first moment he saw her, and he sought out her little hand from the folds of the cloak, and asked her passionately to give him that forever, and be his own dear wife. And then the young girl in the fullness of her unutterable happiness, laid her head on the young tutor's shoulder, and meekly premised him.

CHAPTER V.

Old squire Grantly looked up from his paper as his daughter entered the room, some time after the preceding little scene in the grotto.

"My child," he said, "when do you intend giving me my tea? I have been waiting for it this ever so long."

We fear that Mr. Grantly was just then telling a little story, and so his ward thought, for he looked up suddenly from a book he was reading. In fact, the squire had not been long in the room himself, only a few minutes before George, but he never made any remark about where he had been, or where any one else had been; he was however in excellent spirits, and now and then rubbed his hands vehemently together, and burst into uncontrollable fits of laughter, putting down his paper, which he pretended was the cause of it, in order to indulge in his unaccountable behaviour.

One morning, about a fortnight after these occurrences, the squire said to his daughter, "Evelyn, dear, Stanhope Gordon and his father are coming to-day. You will be glad to hear the former is quite well. We must prepare for them. I know my darling will do all she can."

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, "Stanhope Gordon!"

"You will try to love him for my sake," said the squire; "will you not, my child?"

"But it is not right of him," she said; "it is not right of his father, to expect you to keep such an insane promise."

The young girl wept as it her heart would break; and the old squire was visibly affected.

"But, darling, for my sake you will do what you can," said her father. "Remember, Stanhope's father risked his life for me."

"Papa, I will do what I can," said Evelyn, as she rose, pale and trembling from her chair.

"That's my own daughter," said her father. "But I promise you, Evelyn, you shall not marry Stanhope unless you like him."

"Oh George, George," sobbed Evelyn, in an agony of mind, as she threw herself upon her bed. But there was a way to escape. Stanhope might not like her. If he would only hate her as she hated him! and her father promised she was not to marry him against her wish. If George had only returned and told all to her father, as he had made her believe he would! He ought to come in a day or two at the most. But what chance could a poor tutor have, in comparison with the son of her father's preserver? She did not wish to grieve her father; what was she to do?

Evelyn dressed herself in the simplest robes she had. it was a plain white muslin; a single blush rose was carelessly plucked in the conservatory, into which she had wandered, and as carelessly placed in her hair. She knew Stanhope Gordon and his father had arrived; they were in the study with her father.

At length the latter's voice reached her. He was calling for her. He came into the conservatory, and took her hand.

"Cheer up, my child," said he; "you may love Stanhope after all; but remember, Evelyn, you shall not marry him unless you like. I am not an old tyrant."