

Summerside Journal.

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

Vol. 3.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, June 4, 1868.

No. 35.

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Almanac for June, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 5th day, 2h 42m. mor. bear's East.
Last Qr., 13th day, 6h. 1m. mor. bear's East.
New Moon, 20th day, 10h 38m., mor. b. South
First Qr. 27th day, 1h. 37m., mor. below hz.

DAY	WEEK	SUN	SUN	MOON	SUN	MOON
D	M	h	m	h	m	h
1	Mo	4	17	37	1	24
2	Tue	17	38	2	15	22
3	Wed	16	39	2	5	23
4	Thu	16	40	1	5	23
5	Fri	16	41	1	4	23
6	Sat	16	42	1	3	23
7	Sun	4	14	7	42	8
8	Mo	14	43	3	40	22
9	Tue	14	44	3	39	22
10	Wed	14	45	3	38	22
11	Thu	14	45	3	37	22
12	Fri	14	46	3	36	22
13	Sat	14	46	3	35	22
14	Sun	13	47	3	34	22
15	Mo	13	47	3	33	22
16	Tue	13	47	3	32	22
17	Wed	13	47	3	31	22
18	Thu	13	48	3	30	22
19	Fri	13	49	3	29	22
20	Sat	13	49	3	28	22
21	Sun	4	13	7	50	3
22	Mo	14	50	3	49	22
23	Tue	14	50	3	48	22
24	Wed	14	50	3	47	22
25	Thu	14	51	3	46	22
26	Fri	14	51	3	45	22
27	Sat	14	51	3	44	22
28	Sun	4	17	7	49	3
29	Mo	17	49	3	43	22
30	Tue	18	19	3	42	22

Summerside Markets,
June 4.

Oats per bush	6s 6d
Barley per bush	6s a 6s 4d
Potatoes per bush	3s
Turnips per bush	1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	1s 3d a 1s 4d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	6d a 7d
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	5d a 6d
Flour per bbl	18s a 20s
Oatmeal per cwt.	90s a 100s
Hay per Ton	4s
Straw per cwt.	10s
Pine Boards	4s a 5s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets,
June 4, 1868.

Beef (small)	7d a 8d
Do. by quarter	5d a 6d
Mutton	4d a 6d
Lamb per lb	none
Butter	18d a 19d
Do. by tub	15d a 18d
Cheese	6d a 7d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Lard	9d a 11d
Flour lb.	3d a 3 1/2d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	20s a 22s
Eggs	8d a 9d
Potatoes	2s 9d a 3s
Turnips	15d
Barley	6s a 7d
Oats	8s 6d
Hay	80s a 90s
Straw cwt.	4s a 5s
Sheepskins	5d a 9d
Calfskin lb.	5d a 9d
Hides lb.	4d

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown
President—HON. DANIEL BRENNAN.
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.

SUMMERSIDE BANK.
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.
President—HON. JOHN R. GARDNER.
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.

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

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

Business Cards.

R. & W. T. HUNT,
Commission Merchants,
GENERAL AGENTS AND
AUCTIONEERS.
SALESROOM AND OFFICE
Head of Queen's Wharf.
(Opposite the Store of Wm. T. Hunt & Co.)
Summerside, P. E. Island
April 2, 1868

WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
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. Island

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
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, N. B. --- NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1867.

J. H. ALLEN,
Commission Merchant,
And Dealer in Irons, &c.,
MARKET STREET,
St. John, N. B.

Give personal attention to the Sale
and Purchase of every description of Goods.
May 9, 1867.

HANFORD BROTHERS,
Successors to Thomas Hanford,
Commission Merchants
And General Agents,
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Chas. U. Hanford, Fred. S. Hanford.
Jan. 21, 1868.

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

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 apply-
ing to Mr. J. BERTRAM, Journal Office, Sum-
merside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867 --- ly

WILLIAM M. HOWE,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary
Public.
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND

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

Co-Partnership Notice.
THE Subscribers have this day entered into
a CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS
and ATTORNEYS-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.

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

DR. JARVIS
Has Removed His Residence to the House
(lately occupied by Mr McKinlay)
next to Thomas Hunt's, Esq. St Eleanor's.
He may be consulted every forenoon at the
Drug Store of W. T. HUNT & Co., Sumner
side.
St. Eleanor's, May 18, 1868.

Business Cards.

Temperance House,
THE Subscriber has opened a House on the
corner of Water and North Street, nearly
opposite Holman's Wharf, Summerside, where
permanent and transient boarders can be ac-
commodated on reasonable terms.
The House will be kept open to accommo-
date passengers in the Steamer.
In addition to the above he has opened an
EATING SALOON,
where Luncheons and Temperance Drinks
can be had at any time.
JOHN B. SCHURMAN.
Summerside, April 9, 1868.

Temperance Hotel,
GRANVILLE STREET,
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.,
James Crozier, Proprietor.

Permanent and Transient Boarders will find
good accommodation at the above Hotel.
Good stabling, and a careful Hostler always
in attendance.
This Hotel will always be kept open on the
nights in which the Steamer arrives and
leaves, for the accommodation of travellers
Summerside, March 12, 1868. --- 3m

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,
No. 9, King Square, St. John, N. B.
Permanent and Transient Boarders accom-
modated 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. --- ly

Commercial Hotel,
NEW ARRANGEMENT!
Coach Fare Paid.
IN FUTURE the COACH FARE of all travel-
lers from the Railway Station and Steam-
boat Landings in this City to the COMMER-
CIAL 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
WATERLY. 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

"FOUNTAIN HOUSE,"
CENTRAL STREET,
SUMMERSIDE!
THE subscriber most respectfully returns
his thanks to the public who so liberally
patronized him heretofore in the "Union
House," and wishes to inform them that he
has again opened up, next door to his old
stand, a
Boarding House & Bar.
Having plenty of parlour, and excellent
and commodious STABLEING, he is prepared
to make all comfortable who may patronize
the "FOUNTAIN HOUSE."
DAVID GRADY.
Fountain House,
Summerside, Feb. 27, 1868. } if

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.

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 satisfac-
tion at lowest rates.
JAMES W. THOMSON,
Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., July 4, 1867. --- ly

Summer is the Time to secure
PHOTOGRAPHS.
THE subscriber having increased facilities
and an excellent light, is well prepared
to furnish good pictures.
PHOTOGRAPHS, PEROTYPES, and
AMBROTYPES made to please, at the short-
est notice, and lowest prices.
Call and see specimens hanging at the door
CHARLES CLARK.
Summerside, April 2, 1868.
Remember Clark's Saloon, St. Stephen Street

W. B. Dawson's Estate.
THE Subscribers offer at PRIVATE SALE, all
the Stock of LEATHER now finished and in
course of manufacture, at the CITY TANNERY,
consisting in the whole of
2,000 sides of OLE LEATHER,
2,400 sides of UPPER LEATHER,
130 sides of HARNE LEATHER,
730 CALF KIN.
Part of this Stock is now ready for Sale, and the
remainder is in course of completion, and will be
ready for sale as manufactured during the winter.
The attention of purchasers is called to this
advertisement, as this Stock must be disposed of
as speedily as possible.
THOMAS DAWSON,
RICHARD HEARTZ, Trustees.
THOMAS ALLEY,
Charlottetown, Nov. 11, 1867. --- if

POETRY.

THE CRIMEA.

"Give us a song," the soldier cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under,
And the twain wound of the Malakoff
No longer belied its thunder.

"Give us a song," the guardsman said,
We storm the forts to-morrow;
Since while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon!

The sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Briton's glory—
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang Annie Laurie!

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong,
Their battle-axe confession.

Beyond, the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset embers;
And the Griméau valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again the fires of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters—
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And below of the mortars!

An Irish Nora's eyes are dim,
For a singer dumb and gory,
An English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of Annie Laurie!

Ah! soldiers to your honored rest,
Your love and glory bearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the darest.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Select Literature.

THE LAST HOUR.

BY W. B. BATEMAN.

"It is done!" exclaimed Eustache Arral, casting aside the implement he had been using, and holding a small screw to the shaded lamp—"it is done, the toil of a life is accomplished, the labor of sleepless nights and fevered days is complete, and now for happiness—kiss me, Benedetta!"

A dark-haired woman, whose tall figure, and pale but spotless brow still bore the stamp of more than ordinary beauty, instantly approached the speaker, and would her arms caressingly around him. A boy too, in the first flush of youth, pressed tenderly between his knees. They were his wife and son, and he strained them to his heart with triumphant pride. There was something in their faces, lighted as they were with long forgotten smiles, that seemed to speak of a loftier birth and prouder sphere than the position they then filled, for poverty reigned around in many a dreary shape. The apartment was a small and low garret in the neighborhood of the Pont Neuf. The scanty furniture presented only the most indispensable necessities of household economy; the slated floor, the decaying walls, the damp roof darkened by the spider's loom, all spoke of a dire struggle between humanity and want.

There was wretchedness around, but there was happiness within!

"Yes," he said, "here is the talisman that shall make our lives henceforth a golden dream of luxury. No more of the gaunt spectre, Famine—no more lacerating in the footsteps of the great—but I shall be independent of all, and you, my Benedetta, shall fill again the station from which I took you when we were both young and full of hope; one hour more, and I shall be worth sixty thousand florins!"

He rose hastily, and opening the easement, looked upon the scene before him. The stars shone down with their ever-glorious light upon the dark waters of the Seine, the numerous bridges had been deserted by the Parisians for the gaiety of the Boulevards and Palais Royale. Excepting the occasional splash of an oar, there was scarcely a sound borne on the air. While he gazed long and silently, the moon rose up, illumining the busy city.

"Look," he exclaimed suddenly, drawing his wife nearer, and pointing to the solemn outline of the distant Faubourg St. Germain; "do you see the mansion on which the moonlight falls?"

She leaned her head fondly on his shoulder, and whispered her assent.

"It was there my father dwelt," he continued; "and there will live again, I could not brook the neighborhood of the new noblesse; neither our fate nor our broken spirits could endure their flaunting show. No, Benedetta, we will live in the old ancestral home, and the same heart that gladdened them shall shed its warmth on us."

"And I shall see you happy, at last?" she inquired.

"Yes!" he replied proudly. "Happy in a rugged destiny overcome, happy in your happiness—the night of our sorrow is succeeded by a glorious dawn—we have now only to rejoice!"

An expression of dolorous pleasure was overspreading his colorless cheek, his wife was sweeping the hair from his temples with her thin wan fingers, and looking in his face with a mingled look of pride and love, when suddenly she saw his features violently convulsed. A deep, agonising pain shot through his left side, the heart palpitated audibly. But he subdued the exclamation that was rising to his lips, and smiled away the anxious fears. After a few moments' silence, during which the pang ceased, he rose with unwonted elasticity in his tread.

"Do not go out to-night," said his wife, "you are in no state of health to encounter the misty air; surely to-morrow will suffice!"

"It is time," he replied, "and the last time that I visit these stern taskmasters. Ah! ah! tyrants that have been, they are humble now, for I kept back the last stroke that sets the machine in motion, and without this little screw it is valueless. Adieu, my Benedetta, within an hour I

shall have exchanged my secret for the fortune that will render us happy!"

He seized his hat, embraced her, and hurried from the house to a voiture that stood near. His wife saw him enter and drive off.

Fifteen years before, the family of Eustache Arral had been one of the happiest in France—its wealth commanded luxury, its lineage procured consideration and respect. A scion of that old school, whose formal manners and studied politeness had remained unaltered since the age of Louis Quatorze, the young Eustache was born at the commencement of a new era. Society was casting aside the buckram suit of the old regime, and assuming an ease more congenial to modern taste and peaceful relationship. Mingling, then, with the ancient chivalric devotion to the fair sex, this seductive freedom of a later day, Eustache, at twenty-five, was pronounced by female authority to be perfect. Amid the young, the gay, and the thoughtless, he shone the resplendent star of society. But alas! that society was in its last hour. The womb of time was pregnant with calamity and change, and her travail was at hand. Only one drop was wanting to make the cup of retribution overflow; that drop fell, and the masses were aroused to a knowledge of their strength. Every wild scelerate, every restless spirit, every disappointed gambler in the play of life, who loathed inactivity, and hoped in the tumult of civil commotion to reap a harvest he had never sown, now stood forth the pseudo-advocate of freedom. The stream rolled on, until at last it burst resistlessly into the sea of Revolution. Then came all the horrors of intestine war—an anarchy with many leaders, a religion formed to suit human philosophy, the streets slippery with the blood alike of the just and the proscribed.

When the storm passed away desolation was left behind. Families, whose ancestry had bled for France during the middle age of her glory, were now utterly extinct; their mansions razed, their fortunes scattered to the winds. Among these, with a young wife, stood Eustache Arral—a beggar and alone!

But two alternatives now presented themselves; starvation or toil. The hand that had hitherto never known an ungloved movement must now cherish whiteness in the art of a mechanic. There was one soothing reflection, and one only, that made the sacrifice less bitter. Like many other lofty families which had been completely annihilated during the revolutionary troubles, his own, with the exception of himself had ceased to exist. He might therefore sink unnoticed and forgotten among the common crowd. If he ever retrieved his position, there would be no degradation attending his return; if Fate kept him struggling at the bottom of the stream, he knew the great world too well to imagine it would ever waste a thought on the curled darling of a departed day. Labour, then, became his portion, and angrily the spirit chafed, hotly the proud cheek burned, at the dire necessity. A glance, however, at the tender wife, who had shared alike his happier and darker lot, sufficed to quell his waverings. Nothing remained but the choice of toil, and that was determined by one of those strange coincidences with which the romance of real life is so replete.

During his prosperity, the natural restlessness of his active mind, though apparently devoted to the frivolities of life, had often found time for other and more useful occupations. With the desultory application of fashionable indolence, he had wandered into the mazes of science. The result of his pursuits, though it seemed trifling, was sufficient to amuse an amateur. Occasionally it burst forth in a clever adaptation of some contrivance for his carriage, his library, or his grounds! and then his invention paused with the necessity that aroused it. At last, however a great thought struck him. He pondered over it long and gravely. He made experiments that tended to illustrate its use, and the possibility of its application; they were successful. Astonished at the advent of such a discovery, he was about to prosecute it with all the appliances that wealth, knowledge, and influence could bestow, when the Revolution burst forth, in which no science flourished save that of slaughter. It passed away, however, as all things human must. Blood enough was shed, sorrow enough was inflicted at last. The whirlpool of death shrank by degrees, and dissolved into a calm, leaving Eustache Arral among its wrecks. So now the secret of toil began. Under an assumed name, and in a lower quarter of his native city, he worked daily for a pittance that was just sufficient to keep his wife and himself from positive want. In course of time a son was added to increase their necessities. He did not despair. Sometimes literary efforts extended his slender revenue, at others extra toil rendered him independent of assistance. And all this time the discovery progressed—the mighty engine that was not only to bring back their former wealth but immortalise his name, was hastening towards completion. His employers got an inkling of the pursuit of his leisure hours. They sought with every art to worm out the secret. They bullied, threatened, cinged; and, finding their attempts unavailing, ended by offering gold for the invention. Their efforts were of course infinitely below its real value; and, after permitting them to know just enough to see the importance of it, he fixed his price and assumed indifference. The proud masters then became humble to their haughty scrivener. They accepted his terms. Securities were given to secure mutual good faith. Still Eustache Arral jealously withheld the last magic touch that was to render the engine a golden crucible. The toil of nights when all else slumbered, of holidays when all else made jubilee, must not be yielded until the equivalent was grasped—palpably grasped—in the yellow dross that was to raise him to triumphant splendor. An appointment was made when the change of intellect for gold was to conclude. The intermediate time passed, the last needful stroke had been prepared, and he had gone forth with it to the rendezvous.

But different—alas! far different—from the gay scion of fashion who had first conceived that sublime discovery was the worn-out mechanic who hurried to com-

plete the task. His chestnut hair had now become scant and grey, his brow was seamed with rigid furrows. There was a fitful, hectic flush in his cheek, like the deathly red of the autumn leaf; an unnatural light shone in his eye. With broken frame, with tottering limbs, with features convulsed by suffering, he had gone forth. Yet lightness reigned in his heart. The task was done—the price awaited him; the future loomed before him like a garden, where every step fell on flowers, and not even a ruffled rose leaf should destroy his epicurean joy. Yes, happiness awaited him! happiness for Benedetta and his boy!—all was light in the landscape of life!

"It is strange he should delay at such a time as this!" said the first of three men, who awaited the arrival of Eustache Arral.

"Ah!" sighed the second, a thin shrivelled being, with narrow forehead and pursed-up lips, in every line of which the character of miser was written indelibly—"it resembles his usual insolent indifference. Sixty thousand florins! an awful price!"—and he sighed again—"yet the bourgeois vagabond lingers still. Is it impossible to dispense with this last stroke, and cheat the knave?"

"Quite impossible!" said the first speaker.

"Quite impossible!" echoed the third individual. "I have studied it attentively, and without his aid the iron mass is a heap of lumber!"

They all sank again into silence, and wandered listlessly around the huge machine, which nearly filled the apartment. From the floor to the ceiling, from the right wall to the left, stretched the intricate network of wheels, cylinders, and cogs. There it stood, cold, useless, motionless, waiting, like the completed monster of Frankenstein, but a single breath to kindle it into life.

"An hour past the time!" said one, looking at his watch, and as he spoke, the hollow bell of Notre Dame confirmed his words with its booming voice.

"Surely, that is the sound of carriage-wheels," cried the shrivelled expectant, opening the window that looked upon the street below. "Yes; it is he at last; a voiture stops at the door."

They sat down, and assumed an air of unconcern. A minute's pause, and the driver jumped from his box, the steps rattled down, they heard the door of the vehicle opened. Then there was another pause. They listened for his step upon the stairs. All was still—until suddenly the silence was broken by a low murmuring hum. It grew into a conflict of voices. A sound of groaning and creaking mingled with the cry, as if some heavy body were being extricated from the crazy conveyance. A feeling of misgiving seized all three at once. They hastened to the window. After a single glance, they rushed from the apartment, and hurried down stairs with a simultaneous impulse. Around some prostrate figure stood a gaping crowd. They pushed impetuously through the mass—at length the whole scene was before them—and then each of those selfish faces turned pale as ashes.

Supported on the hall step, lay Eustache Arral—his eyes fixed, his teeth spasmodically clenched. They did not try to help, for they knew that it was useless. He was dead!

In his pocket was the screw that was to complete the task, but they could never apply it. The engineer and his secret had died together!

THE FIRESIDE.—No lessons have a more abiding impression than those which gently drop into the mind at the fireside. No fun is more tickling, or leaves behind it less to regret. No history is purer, as a whole, than fireside history, and none lives longer or more lovingly in remembrance. He who cannot look forward with yearning desires to fireside enjoyments, as the staple enjoyments of his life, is greatly to be blamed; for the fireside has its duties to be done, as well as its pleasures to be realized. They who make light of its sanctities, or who rise up in rebellion against its spirit, or who poison its springs of confidence with suspicion, or who introduce jealousies within that charmed circle, or who profane it by ought that savors of selfish despotism, break the spell which environs it, and forfeit its rewards. It should be the alter to which we bring our daily sacrifices—the turtle doves and young pigeons of home life—to offer them to the genius of domestic unity. There is no place where we are more bound to "mind the things of others" as our own, or more gracefully display affection in trifles, or can with more profit strive to please others than ourselves. Forgetfulness of fireside duties indicates, to say the least a deficiency of disinterested love. A man cannot be truly judged by what he does before the world. All manner of selfish motives may urge him to wear in that broad theatre the