

The Examiner

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Burke.

VOL. XXII.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 16, 1871.

NO. 3.

The Examiner
IS PRINTED EVERY MONDAY BY
P. R. BOWERS,
AT HIS OFFICE, DORCHESTER STREET, (A FEW
DOORS WEST OF THE CATHEDRAL).
TERMS.
Ten Shillings per annum in advance,
or Twelve Shillings when not paid
in advance.

ALMANAC FOR JANUARY.

DAY	WEEK	SUN	MOON	RISE	SET	MOON	RISE	SET	MOON	RISE	SET
1	Sun	7	40	18	3	30	11	3	30	11	3
2	Mon	8	41	19	4	31	12	4	31	12	4
3	Tue	9	42	20	5	32	13	5	32	13	5
4	Wed	10	43	21	6	33	14	6	33	14	6
5	Thu	11	44	22	7	34	15	7	34	15	7
6	Fri	12	45	23	8	35	16	8	35	16	8
7	Sat	13	46	24	9	36	17	9	36	17	9
8	Sun	14	47	25	10	37	18	10	37	18	10
9	Mon	15	48	26	11	38	19	11	38	19	11
10	Tue	16	49	27	12	39	20	12	39	20	12
11	Wed	17	50	28	13	40	21	13	40	21	13
12	Thu	18	51	29	14	41	22	14	41	22	14
13	Fri	19	52	30	15	42	23	15	42	23	15
14	Sat	20	53	31	16	43	24	16	43	24	16
15	Sun	21	54	32	17	44	25	17	44	25	17
16	Mon	22	55	33	18	45	26	18	45	26	18
17	Tue	23	56	34	19	46	27	19	46	27	19
18	Wed	24	57	35	20	47	28	20	47	28	20
19	Thu	25	58	36	21	48	29	21	48	29	21
20	Fri	26	59	37	22	49	30	22	49	30	22
21	Sat	27	60	38	23	50	31	23	50	31	23
22	Sun	28	61	39	24	51	32	24	51	32	24
23	Mon	29	62	40	25	52	33	25	52	33	25
24	Tue	30	63	41	26	53	34	26	53	34	26
25	Wed	31	64	42	27	54	35	27	54	35	27
26	Thu	1	65	43	28	55	36	28	55	36	28
27	Fri	2	66	44	29	56	37	29	56	37	29
28	Sat	3	67	45	30	57	38	30	57	38	30
29	Sun	4	68	46	31	58	39	31	58	39	31
30	Mon	5	69	47	32	59	40	32	59	40	32
31	Tue	6	70	48	33	60	41	33	60	41	33

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PENTON T. NEWBERRY, General Agent for P. E. Island.
Charlottetown, April 25, 1870.

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1862 AND 1861.
P. S. OLEAVER
Begs respectfully to recommend the following
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TOILET SOAP AND PERFUMERY
Manufactured and Imported by him.

All of which may be relied on for their genuine
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Scented Brown Windsor, Improved, and Extra
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THE LATEST NOVELTIES
P. S. OLEAVER'S Hyacinth Toilet Soap, P. S.
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CAUTION.—Owing to the recent introduction
of Soap made from Green Nut Oil, P. S. Cleaver
feels it incumbent on him to remark that he con-
tinues to abstain from the use of that pernicious
article in any Soap bearing his name, the only
advantage of which is to enable the maker to
produce soap at less cost, and with a smooth and
irresistible appearance, which treacherous and
superficial possession is to be avoided; as a
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alkali than genuine Glycerine-made soap; and like
many other things, beautiful to behold, leaves
its sting behind, by causing a severe irritation to
the skin—particularly if used for shaving. It
likewise produces a faint, sickly, and disagree-
able taint, in the hands of any person who has used
it carelessly.

Manufactured by P. S. Cleaver, 32 and 33, Red Lion Street,
London, W. C. Depot, 243, Rue St. Dennis,
Paris. Sold by
W. R. WATSON.
City Drug Store, Victoria Building,
Oct. 25, 1869.

SALT. SALT.
FOR SALE, 600 Bushels LIVERPOOL
SALT, in bulk. Also, 2000 SACKS, ex
Bark CLIFTON.
JAMES C. POPE.
Ch'town, August 1, 1870.

Wool. Wool.
CASH paid for WOOL, on delivery, at
the Store of
H. J. CALLBECK.
Ch'town, May 30, 1870.

CAUTION.
DON'T waste your money in buying BOGUS
Scented or Mouth-washing Oil, when you can
get the pure Olive or Sweet Oil much cheaper at
the Store of
"CITY BOURKE STORE,"
BOWKRE, GILLAN & Co.
August 22, 1870.

Per "Lelia Alice."
CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S Pickles,
Sauces, Curries, Ground Spices,
Flavoring Essences, Prepared Cochineal, Red
and Black Currant Jelly, Scotch Marmalade,
Galantine, Y. rancible, Macaroni, Tapioca,
Citron, Lemon and Orange Peels, Mustard in
Kegs, Bottles & Packages, Split Peas, Sperm
Candles, Mock Turtle, Oat-tail & Green Peas,
Soup, &c., &c.

W. R. WATSON,
City Drug Store, Victoria Build-
ing, Oct. 31, 1870.

Just Received
400 Yards WATER PROOF CLOTH,
HEARTZ & SON,
Nov. 29, 1869.

300,000 SPRUCE LATHS (4 feet),
Best Quality. Apply to
A. McNEILL, Auctioneer.
Exchange Building, June 6, 1870.

A FOOL'S STORY.

BY GEORGE HALSE.

I hope the reader will acquit me of ex-
cessive egotism, if I begin by stating that I
am a fool. Despite the certainty that, in
laying claim to this or any other distinction,
I shall provoke the vehement hostility of
every one who has achieved pre-eminence,
and enjoy an indisputable title to the par-
ticular dignity which I affect, still I state
my pretensions boldly; and because I feel sure
that, by the time the most prejudiced reader
has cleared the pages allotted to me, he will
frankly and generously exclaim: "Well
well, I grant it: you are a fool indeed!"

And I may go so far as to aver that I
was born a fool. Nature endowed me with
all the necessary qualifications, and the
fondest of parents developed those powers to
the utmost, by idolizing and—as the phrase
is—"spoiling" me. The first act of folly
recorded against me was perpetrated when
I was three weeks old. In a rash, unguard-
ed moment, I annihilated a bright future of
assured fortune, which my parents had con-
trived for me. They had secured the good
offices of a gentleman as godpapa, who was
known to have boundless possessions some-
where "in the East." I employed inverted
comma's here, because that hypothetical
phrase embodies all I know. It may have
referred to the East Indies, the fabulous
land of fortune; or the East-end of London,
the real land of wretchedness. I will, how-
ever, assume it to be the former, as the
latter would look out of place in these
"leaves" of advanced life, and with good
reason. I had, in the certain knowledge of my
fond parents, conceived the laudible idea
of making me his heir; when one day, as my
mother held me proudly under her arm, with
a view to rivet his affections, and he, as in
courtesy bound, leant over me for a mo-
ment, I seized his whiskers with the unre-
fined energy and enthusiasm of infancy,
and tore out a handful by the roots. That
fatal indiscretion alienated from me his love
and what was of far more importance—
his boundless possessions. On the day of
my baptism, he sent me a Britannia metal
spoon, and never called again.

I had reached my fifteenth year, when a
second vista of fortune opened before me.
A learned man in blue spectacles, meeting
me in the street, was so struck with my
bald that he accompanied me home, and
introduced himself to my parents. He was
Dr. Mawle, Professor of Phrenology; and
my bumps threw him into transports. "If
I may mention parenthetically, that two-hirde
of my bumps had been abnormally developed
by coming into contact with boy's fists and
heels." He saw in me an invaluable sub-
ject for illustration, and proposed to take
me as a pupil.

Here was a glorious career for my parents'
darling! But again were their hopes in
their Urish scattered to the winds. On the
professor calling upon us a second time, I
gave him a—*which was rheumatic, and
every joint in it decorated with chalk spots*—
so vehement a grip, that he roared in
agony, and at once conceived such a horror
for me that he refused to have any further
dealing with one whose bumps of convul-
siveness and destructiveness were developed
to so appalling a degree.

One day I chanced to overhear a con-
versation between my fond parents, in which
my name was mentioned; and I learned
something greatly to my advantage.
"I very much fear," said my father to
my mother, "that all our hopes in our dar-
ling Urish are doomed to disappointment.
He will soon be a man; and you see, he
has made no use in the world yet."

"Have patience with the lad," responded
my dear mother; "I am sure there is a
good deal in that head of his."
"Undoubtedly, there is a good deal,"
replied my father with a sigh; "but, if
Squills the apothecary, is to be believed, it
is a brain, but—"

"What?" anxiously demanded my
mother.
"Water! And so, after all, our darling
Urish is a—half a fool!"

The sobbings of my parents alone broke
the silence which followed this short di-
ologue.
I staggered to my room, overwhelmed
it may have been with water on the brain—
and totally unable to keep an appointment
I had made, with a view to introduce a new
variety in my bumps, by an encounter with
a coalheaver.

I pondered for many days and nights
upon the comforting news that had reached
me; and the ultimate result of my cogita-
tions was, that it was useless for me to en-
deavor to develop good bumps—in defiance
of parents, phrenologists, and apothecaries;
so I had better yield to nature and be a
fool.

I possessed extraordinary bodily activity
and strength, and at once gave such mind
as I possessed to the study of the drift
athletics of the pantomimists. I delighted
in the physical contortions and social
vagrancies of the Christmas clown. It was
clear that my fate lay in this direction;
I had at last discovered the right field.
In the privacy of my chamber I studied the
arts of Grimaldi. By dint of great phys-
ical suffering, I succeeded in stretching my
mouth from ear to ear. I learnt to squint
horribly. I seemed to have joints all over
me—I could twist my limbs together like
cane. I leapt and tumbled like a monkey.
I could rise from the ground without bend-
ing my back, and do a hundred other ex-
traordinary things. I had serious thoughts
of sawing a policeman in two, jumping
through the window, and stirring my heart-
ed father with a red hot poker; but felt
unwilling to divulge to my parents those
new-born powers—which even the learned
phrenologist had failed to discover—and
make known to them that, by dint of their
excellent training and my own private
studies, I had indeed become a consummate
fool.

Having acquired the needful proficiency,
I only waited for an opportunity to turn it
to account; when for once I was
fortunate, by bringing me in contact with
the tutelar genius of Asley's famous Amph-
theatre—the immortal Widdicombe. He,
like Professor Mawle, was attracted by the
extraordinary size of my head; and, ac-
cording to me in the street, he enquired what
I followed. For the first time in my life,

I felt a glow of pride in finding that I, who
had hitherto been nobody, was all at once
somebody; and, in my enthusiasm, I made
my favorite grimace, turned a somersault
over an apple-stall, posed myself *alla Grim-
aldi*, and, with unblushing effrontery, re-
plied—
"I'm a born fool, sir!"

That little eccentricity of mine was a
veritable inspiration. The immortal
Widdicombe saw at a glance what a treasure
he had picked up and engaged me, then and
there, to figure in the arena over which he
presided.
"My debut was the even of the evening
—I might also say of the season. I rolled
into the middle of the circus like a ball,
with a label pasted on to my back bearing
the word 'Stultus.' A cut of the maestro's
whip brought me to my feet, when I played
such mad and original pranks, and did
such 'excellent fooling,' that the house
was in a roar; and when the enthusiasm
was at its height, I abruptly stopped, and
again displaying my label, as a satirical
commentary upon the applause of the public,
made the audience a grave bow; and, turn-
ing to the ineffable Widdicombe, I said with
great solemnity—
"You see, sir, how the world greets me.
Who would be wise in this generation?
Yah!"

Which last ejaculation was accompanied
with a grin and a comersant that fairly
brought down the gallery.
The loudest plaudits came from a corner
stall; and I naturally glanced in that
direction. My droogly deserted me in an
instant; for I recognized my parents there
seated. Holding their sides, they were
laughing uncontrollably, little imagining
that they were indebted to their Urish for
the improvised merriment. Presently,
when the proceedings were careering and their
riders pinroosting, my by-play was neces-
sarily suspended; and I carelessly wander-
ed towards the corner stall.
"Clown," said my father, beckoning me
to him—*clown*, you have afforded me and
my misss the greatest treat we have had
for many a day! Why, what a clever droll
thou art! Here's a crown for ye! By
Jove, if ye were my own flesh and blood I
couldn't be more pleased with ye! Ha! Ha!

I drew near and took the coin, making a
grimace that threw my honored parents in-
to renewed convulsions. In the next mo-
ment, however, I relaxed my distorted fea-
tures, and brushing the chalk and ver-
million from my face, I whispered—
"Father! my were right, quite right—I
am a fool!"

My disgrace was crushing. I was at
once banished from the stage; and, but for
my popularity, should have been banished
from the circus too.
From that untoward catastrophe dated
my fall. The waters never subsided again;
in fact, my head seemed to swell with the
mental suffering I endured. I wrote pas-
sionate letters to Araminta, asking forgive-
ness. They elicited no reply. My spirits
fell lower and lower. The waters rose
higher. In vain I rehearsed *bon mots*
with the immortal Widdicombe in the morn-
ing. At night the jokes were forgotten,
or cropped up in the wrong place. The
ineffable flagellated me as of old; but I
cut no capers. If I turned somersaults, it
was in the wrong direction, and threw the
whole gear into confusion. If I picked
Widdicombe's pockets of his curling-irons
and false calves, I forgot to exhibit them to
the audience; so the joke of the thing was
lost.

The inevitable consequences ensued.
"Flouts!" said the effeminate Widdicombe,
after the house had closed, "what on earth
is the matter? You're not half the fool
you were!"
I fairly burst into tears at the cruel
speech.

"Sir," I replied, "I own the truth of
your allegation; but it is none the less un-
feeling. I cannot dispute it. Alas! I am
no fool now. My occupation's gone. I
wish to quit the arena of my triumphs be-
fore I disgrace myself further."
A spasm choked my utterance here.
The kindly gentleman took my hand—
"Tell me, friend, the reason of this
change?"

"Sir," I responded, "I can't get over the
—transformation."
"Ah, yes; that was a very sorry busi-
ness, indeed. I fear you had been drink-
ing."

"I had, sir, deep draughts! I would
have added, 'at the fountain of first love';
but the words stuck in my throat."
"A thousand pities that you are going to
leave off playing the fool. Why, what are
you going to do for a living?"

"Sir," I replied, "I fear you will say I
have fallen low indeed, when I tell you that
I am going into philosophy."
"Philosophy!" echoed the incomparable,
starting, and going upon me with compas-
sion. "Philosophy?"

"Yes, sir, to this complexion I must
come at last. Philosophy—science."
"Is it possible?" And the great man
evidently reflected for some moments as to
the import of those two somewhat unfam-
iliar epithets; and I have no doubt he classed
them with such doubtful terms as "cord-
wainery," "drysaltin," and the hardware
trade. "Philosophy, science—ahem! Is
that a good one, think you, Urish? Is
there a regular demand for the article?"

"For my branch of it—yes, sir."
"Ah! And what is your branch?"
"Astrology, fortune-telling, sir," I an-
swered, proudly. "There is a vacancy at
Vauxhall Gardens. The hermit there
caught a cold last week, which killed him.
He would go the course, and at night after
night in his cell without shoes or stockings
I have applied for the situation, and got it,
sir."

"Good," replied Mr. Widdicombe; "very
good. But are you up to philosophy and
science?"
"I could learn that, or any other trade,
in a week," I answered. "Besides, I'm
going to ask the manager here to give me
a few properties—a board, a wand, a neo-
romancer's robe. There isn't much more
required, you know beyond the efforts; for
the world, as I'm told, Carlyle says con-
sists 'mostly of fools'; and from my own
observation, I know that two things more
there are."

"And those two things are—"
"Passion and pity, sir; the first in early
life, the latter in later life."
The reader perceives that I was already
transformed from a fool into a philosopher.
In due time, I was installed in the Gro-
to of Wisdom; and entered upon my duties
as a philosopher, soothsayer, and astrologer,
at a stilling an hour, from six to ten
p. m., daily.

My features, traced all over with the
charcoal wrinkles of age, and my snow-
white beard—which had originally done
duty for King Lear—made a hideous im-
pression upon the visitors to the Gardens,
and soon scored for me a numerous clientele
of 'mosty fools' in their numbers. By a judi-
cious method of procedure, I contrived,
instead of volunteering information, to elicit
it from my patrons; and by constructing a
theory upon what they divulged, and weav-
ing together the stray threads of their in-
coherent confessions, I found it the easiest
thing in the world to tell them what had
happened, was happening, and was about to
happen; forecasting for everybody pre-
cisely the very thing which he or she desired.

Still, the popular piece running on, I
might have overcome her scruples, had I
not, with fatuous stupidity, brought my
public and private interests to a climax one
evening, by sustaining my precious burden
in the air far beyond the allotted interval
of the transformation, and holding her in
my entranced arms for five minutes after
the cloud had dissolved, and everybody in
the scene had been metamorphosed except
the goddess. Here was a *coup de theatre*
not contemplated by the dramatist!

The actors were petrified; the orchestra
paralyzed; the audience scandalized. I
headed them not.
"Araminta! I cried, 'Oh, my beloved
one! be inexorable! Say you'll be
mine! Spurn me not thus, bewitching Araminta!
I will try and deserve you, if you will but
give me hope! I earn but a guinea a
week, and extras. We might double that
between us!—nay, struggle not; strike
me not, adorned one! Speak but the word,
and I am yours!"

My eye fell on the manager at the wings,
scarlet with rage; and on the prompter,
livid with terror; while, at the same mo-
ment, a yell of delight from the gods re-
called me to my senses, and proved that
this unheeded episode was appreciated
by the gallery, at all events. I saw at
once the double dilemma; a vertigo seized
over me—no doubt the waters had burst
their boundary—I myself the indignant
Araminta, and threw myself down a trap,
which was open to receive a dragon.

"Why do you ask, my child?"
"Because, if you were, I wished to speak
with you."
"Say rather, you wish to speak with me."
The damsel confessed herself corrected.
She saw I had already penetrated her
thoughts.
"Enter without fear, my daughter," I re-
sponded, "the odor of sanctity pervades this re-
cess."
There were also, smells of a very differ-
ent character.

"My daughter," I continued, arrang-
ing my robe, and exhibiting myself like
Jupiter Olympus in the extravaganza.
"Venerable prophet," began the lady,
"pervaded with my dignity, 'the fame of
your wisdom and skill has reached me. I
am in a grievous strait, and wished to be
enlightened thereon."
"It was always my rule, when a new client
addressed me, to begin by putting to my-
self this question, 'Passion or pity?'
And, satisfying myself on this point I had
the game entirely in my hands. My pres-
ent visitor was young, fair—my keen eye
penetrated her lace veil easily—and modest.
It was evidently not a question of pelf. A
reformer in her voice, and, as I thought,
a bluish orb so much of her face as I could
see through the corner of my eye while I
was arranging my telescope—which tele-
scope, by the way, was directed against a
brick wall—settled the point. It was pas-
sion."

"My daughter," I replied, with pathos,
"I already know more than you yet of.
You have a grief."
She started. "True! How could you
know that?"
"Bonus, homo, bonum!" I muttered,
turned over some leaves in a ponderous
volume before me. [N. B. This book had
originally been a buttermilk ledger.] I
have not studied this mystic tome in vain,
my child!
"And you know, therefore, that the
nature of my grief is—?"
By way of answer I drew forth, from un-
der the table of one of my properties—a
cartoon of my heart.
"Your grief lies there, my child! I re-
plied with compassion.
"Astounding!" she ejaculated. "It does,
it does!"
My oil lamp, suspended over head, cast
a straight shadow like a bar, across the
picture. It caught the lady's eye in a
moment.
"Ah!" she cried pointing to it, "does
your shaft signify anything?"
I had not noticed the phenomenon; and,
if I had, I should have given it no attention,
knowing that the rim of the lamp caused it.
"Yes, my daughter," I answered, with
emotion; "we soothsayers often answer in
symbols. Your shadow is fraught with sig-
nificance!"
"How, Sir? oh! how?"
"Interpreted rightly, it means that a
barb pierces your heart!"
"Amazing, appalling truth," gasped the
maiden, clasping her hands.
The lamp, performing a slight revolution
on its axis, threw two bars on the cartoon
instead of one. She discerned it.
"Two!" she murmured.
"I was a little unpleased, and closed my
eyes to cogitate on the difficulty; still,
maintaining my composure.
"Unless I greatly err," I said, "without
looking at the picture, my eyes still closed,
there should be two bars across the object."
"Two bars—there are,"
"Two bars," I replied, "my daughter,
two bars rattle in your guileless heart."
She could only sob. From that circum-
stance I perceived I had made a hit. My
lamp seemed bent on creating perplexities
for me. Making another slight turn, the
shadows impinged upon the cartoon passed
off.
"Gone!" exclaimed the damsel, in great
surprise.
"I bit my lip, and turned over a leaf or
two of the buttermilk's ledger.
"Of a truth it is even so," I answered,
with unblushing effrontery. The first sym-
bol represented an existing fact. This
one is a revelation of things to be."
I had the remotest notion as to whether
I was drifting.
"Can it be, oh, can it be, that I shall
ever be quit of these enigmas? she asked her-
self, in great agitation.
"Pangs!" thought I; "then it isn't an
affair of the tender passion!—I was con-
structing a theory of rival lovers—there's
a fix for a soothsayer to be in!"
"Daughter," I said—after running my
eye over an invoice of bonos, batters, and
bards—by my aid it is possible that I
showed of—"
"Pangs, pangs!"
I asked myself, "what pang is the most in-
tolerable—removed?"—of remorse. I
asked, at a venture, "may be alleviated
from your tender heart."
The maiden grasped my hand. I laid the
other one on her fair head. Age has its
privileges; so I smoothed her golden hair.
"Ah, me!" she said. "I feel it cannot be."
"Have faith, my child."
"I will exercise the privilege of age."
"Oh, I will! But what of the second
shaft? It represented the pang of—"
I glanced at the buttermilk's book, and
the vials suggested hunger. That pang
didn't, however, appear an appropriate sym-
ptom.
"The true, 'tis true'—I meditated to gain
time—" 'Tis true 'tis pity; 'tis '