

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

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inserted at moderate rates and in good style. SPECIAL AGREEMENTS may be made on reasonable terms for a whole, a half, or quarter column, or by the year.

JOB PRINTING
every description, performed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL Office.

Almanac for May, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.
Full Moon, 6th day, 2h 24m. a.m. below h.
Last Qr., 14th day, 1h. 2m. a.m. below h.
New Moon, 22d day, 2h. 23m. m. below h.
First Qr., 28th day, 7h. 29m. a.m. below h.

DAY	WEEK	SUN	SUN	SUN	MOON	DAY'S
M		RISES	SETS	FAST	RISES	LENGTH
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Frid	4 51	7 4	3 4	15 45	2 22
2	Sat	49	5 3	3 15	8	2 54
3	Sun	48	6 3	3 16	15 31	3 28
4	Mo	46	7 3	3 17	15 44	4 0
5	Tue	45	8 3	3 20	16 17	4 29
6	Wed	44	9 3	3 23	16 40	5 0
7	Thu	43	10 3	3 27	17	5 27
8	Fri	42	12 3	3 40	17 25	5 59
9	Sat	41	13 3	3 42	17 47	6 32
10	Sun	40	14 3	3 45	18	7 0
11	Mo	39	15 3	3 48	18 31	7 37
12	Tue	38	16 3	3 50	18 53	8 0
13	Wed	37	17 3	3 52	19 15	8 32
14	Thu	36	18 3	3 52	19 36	9 0
15	Fri	35	19 3	3 53	19 58	9 24
16	Sat	34	20 3	3 45	20 19	9 46
17	Sun	33	21 3	3 34	20 40	10 15
18	Mo	31	23 3	3 48	21	10 42
19	Tue	30	24 3	3 21	22 38	11 10
20	Wed	29	26 3	3 14	21 42	11 56
21	Thu	28	27 3	3 26	22 3	12 49
22	Fri	27	29 3	3 38	22 23	sets 15 0
23	Sat	26	30 3	3 50	22 48	7 52
24	Sun	25	32 3	3 123	23	8 51
25	Mo	24	33 3	3 11	23 22	10 6
26	Tue	23	35 3	3 21	23 41	11 9
27	Wed	22	36 3	3 31	24	11 59
28	Thu	21	37 3	3 40	24 19	13
29	Fri	20	38 3	3 49	25 38	15
30	Sat	19	39 3	3 57	24 56	17
31	Sun	17	40 3	3 32	24 30	2 2

Summerside Markets. May 28.

Oats per bush	3s 6d
Barley per bush	6s 4d 3d
Potatoes per bush	3s
Turnips per bush	1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	1s 3d 4d
Lard per lb	9d 10d
Tallow per lb	9d 10d
Eggs per doz	8d
Beef per lb	6d 4d
Mutton per lb	3d 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d 4d
Flour per bbl	57s 6d
Oatmeal per cwt.	18s 20s
Hay per Ton	90s 100s
Straw per cwt.	4s
Pine Boards	4s 10s
Spruce Boards	4s 5s

Charlottetown Markets. May 28, 1868.

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

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown
President—HON. DANIEL BRESAN.
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 STORES,
next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1865.

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 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 ly

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, NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1867.

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.

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 applying to Mr. J. BERTRAM, Journal Office, Summerside.
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 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 constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.
Summerside, June 6, 1867. ly

DANIEL CREW,
Watch & Clock Maker,
Water Street,
(Adjoining the Shop of Mr. Jas. Caldwell)

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired, at moderate charges and with punctuality.
April 2, 1868. ly

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 accommodated on reasonable terms.
The House will be kept open to accommodate 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 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.—ly

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 ly

"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 yard room, and excellent and commodious STABLING, 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 satisfaction 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, FERROTYPES, and AMBROTYPES made to please, at the shortest notice, and lowest prices.
Call and see specimens hanging at the door
CHARLES CLARK.
Summerside, April 2, 1868.

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 HANE LEATHER,
730 CALF SKIN.
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.
RICHARD DAWSON,
RICHARD HEARTZ, } Trustees.
THOMAS ALLEY,
Charlottetown, Nov. 11, 1867.—4f n21

POETRY.

MY HOME IS THE WORLD.
SPEED speed my fleet vessel the shore is in sight,
The breezes are fair we shall anchor to-night;
To-morrow at sunrise once more I shall stand
On the sea-beaten shore of my own native land.
And why does despondency weigh down my heart?
Such thoughts are for friends who reluctantly part.
I come from an exile of twenty long years,
Yet I gaze on my country through fast falling tears.

And I see the hills purple with bells of the heath,
And my own happy valley that nestles beneath,
And the fragrant white blossoms spread over the
thorn,
That grows near the cottage in which I was born.

It cannot be changed; no, the clematis twines
O'er the gay little porch as it did in old times;
And the seat where my father reclined is still
there;
But where is my father! Oh, answer me where?

My mother's own casement, the chamber she loved,
Is there overlooking the lawn where I roved.
She thoughtfully sat with her hand o'er her brow
As she watched her young darling, oh where is
she now?

And there is my poor sister's garden, how wild
Were the innocent sports of that beautiful child;
Her voice had a spell in its musical tone,
And her cheeks were like rose-leaves! Ah, where
is she gone?

No father reclines in the clematis seat;
No mother looks forth from her shaded retreat;
Neither is there stealing slyly away
Until half suppressed laughter betrayed where she
lay.

How oft in my exile when kind friends were near,
I've slighted their kindness and sighed to be here;
How oft have I said could I once again see
That sweet little valley how blest I should be.

How blest! Oh, it is not a valley like this,
That unaided can realize visions of bliss,
For voices I listen and then I look round,
For light steps that used to trip after the sound.

And see this green path, I remember it well,
'Tis the way to the church, hark the toll of the
bell.
How oft in my boyhood a truant I strayed
To yonder dark yew tree and slept 'neath its shade.

But surely the pathway is narrower now,
No smooth space is left 'neath the dark yew tree
bough,
O'er tablets inscribed with sad words I tread,
And the home I have sought is the home of the
dead.

And was it for this to my casement I crept,
To gaze on the deep where they deemed that I
slept,
To think of fond meetings, the welcome, the kiss,
The friendly hand pressure! Oh, was it for this?

And was it to this I looked forward so long,
And shrank from the sweetness of Italy's song,
And turned from the glance of the girl of dark
Spain,
And wept for my country again and again.

When those who so long have been absent return
To the scenes of their childhood it is but to mourn
Wounds open afresh which time nearly had healed,
And the ills of a life at one glance are revealed.

Speed speed my fleet vessel the tempest my roar,
There's a cabin for my heart in the dash of the
wave.
Speed speed my fleet vessel the sails are unfurled,
Oh ask me not whither, my home is the world.

Select Literature.
THE PARTING WORD.
In telling a story about a Printer, I am not about detailing the mysteries and difficulties of his occupation, although a feeling and interesting sketch might be made of the business of his life, with its care and toil for the good of the world. I love the printers from association and long habit; an proud of their companionship; and, when walking arm-and-arm with my friend, the President of the Franklin Typographical Society, I feel as well as if the individual in the hook of my arm were the President of the United States. My intention in this little tale is simply to give the incidents of a printer's life, wherein his heart was concerned, and not to meddle with his profession in any way, save to dignify my hero by the association.

The "Freeman's Star" was located in Patny, the shire town of Seaburn county, and it exerted a great influence upon the mind and manners of the people. Society took its tone from the printing-office. The magnates of the place owned its sway, perhaps through fear, and the humblest looked towards it with reverence, for they had heard of its power as the "defender of the people's rights," and never dreamed how much of humbug there was in the profession. The editor was looked up to as a great man, and people would touch one another as he passed, and whisper, "That is the editor!" He had been foreman of a daily office in the city, and his importance was unbounded on the assumption of his new honors. In a proportionate degree all hands in the office were marked men. The single journey-men, the grown-up apprentice from the neighboring town, and the demon himself, were all marked individuals, and people treated them deferentially for their connection with the "mighty engine" that had such power. Their opinions, expressed at times about the weather, or the elections, or the crops, were listened to attentively, and everything that appeared in the Freeman's Star was imputed to it or to the other of the "printers" by the village friends of each. Let a piece of village poetry appear, or a good story culled from some city paper, and at once would be seen in it by the different parties traces of the minds of each of their favorites. They would have known it to be his if they had seen it in the moon, if it were by accident located in that planet and had met with it there.

It was in this office that I made the acquaintance of the hero of my story—the grown-up apprentice—who bore the unepithetous name of Jabez Doo. He was a spirited fellow, very intelligent, and as full of mischief "as an egg is full of meat," to use an expressive modernism. He was a constant attendant upon the tavern, in all his leisure moments, where, attracting a crowd of countrymen around him, he would astonish them by the keenness of his wit and the extent of his information, and many a marvellous story have his country friends carried home "as latest news," that had its origin in the teeming brain of Jabez. Steamboats were blown up and railroad accidents were as common then, in this way, as now, when the melancholy realities need no draught upon the fancy, for instances.

But he gained a character for wit at the expense of his moral reputation, which is too often the case; and at the age of eighteen, though every body liked him and laughed with him, he was set down as not likely "to turn out very well"—a great phrase in Patny. People cautioned their sons and daughters about going in his company, and "Evil communications corrupt good manners" was written as a copy in every girl's and boy's writing book in town. But he laughed at them all, and the boys joined him; and the girls, who, somehow or other, always seem to set more by the wild and mischievous than by the staid and prudent, loved Jabez very sisterly. He was bold and generous—qualities which no true woman can see in a man without admiring them.

Far more discerning than older ones in matters of soul, they had discriminated long ago between the mischief and wildness of Jabez and his malice and wickedness, and a large balance was set down in their hearts in favor of his good qualities. They saw a sympathetic smile or tear where those who deemed him saw but levity and heartlessness. They smiled upon him for striving to save the child's lamb from drowning in the well, and rejoiced outright when he threw the bully over the fence for maltreating the widow's son.

The most beautiful girl in Patny was Susan Bray. She was a charming little creature, with an eye as blue as a violet in spring, a voice as soft as the evening bird's, a cheek like the blush of the apple blossom, and a breath as sweet as its perfume breathed over the pearly purity of her teeth. Her form was slight and graceful, and as like as the bending corn or the wavy pliancy of the yielding grass. I am not good at describing beauty in ladies. "Tis not my forte; but I am determined hereafter to put myself under the hand of my friend Paul Cleyton, or some other master of art, and become better versed in the science of drawing word-portraits. Enough is it for my purpose to say that she was very beautiful, and that over her beauty was thrown a fascination of manner and a propriety that was peculiarly delightful. She gained for herself from her admiring companions the expressive sobriquet of "the lily of the vale," and her modesty and grace justified the title.

She was the daughter of Mr. Bray, the village blacksmith, and having been educated in a distant town, her return to Patny was like the rising of a new star or the discovery of a new flower. The young men were delighted with her manners, and the young women—pleasant creatures—gave her their hearts willingly, for they feared rivalry from her no more than they would from the new moon. She moved in a circle that the bold printer boy did not enter. The blacksmith was a hard man, and the reputation of Jabez was such that it did not commend itself very favorably to the old man's mind, and he had discouraged acquaintance with him. From the time of her return, however, had Jabez looked upon the fair Susan admiringly, but at a distance. He gazed upon her with a respectful feeling that had no affinity with the lighter and laughing affection he felt for the village girls of his acquaintance. He felt that she was a superior being to the whole of them, and his soul bowed with reverence at her shrine—hoping nothing and asking nothing but to lay his silent offering at her feet, as the simple votary brings garlands in the still of the morning to hang upon the shrine of some favorite saint. It was a beautiful feeling, and as pure as beautiful. The love at first almost unconscious became at length the absorbing feeling of his life. It marked his conduct and conversation, and the unconfessed passion he felt moulded the impetuous and wild boy into a dreamer and a visionary. He pored over books, and the woods and glens and water-brooks were familiar with his footsteps. He acted in short, dear reader, as you and I, and almost all others, have done, or might have done, under like circumstances, made himself very ridiculous, and the Freeman's Star literally groaned with the effects of his awakened muse; and well it might groan, as everybody did that read what he wrote. The poetry was more truthful than lovely, and its quantity, like the Irishman's dance, compensated for its quality. The change in his conduct was marked. Business was more closely attended to, and the tavern frequented less. He became a perfect marvel to his friends, who wondered what had come over him, and as the spiritual knockings had just come along, some, in levity, gave it as their opinion that he had an interview with the ghost of his grandmother, that had rebuked his gracelessness.

But fate, so called—that officiates a sort of junior Providence in the affairs of men—decided that a passion so fostered and concealed should be known, and that all the speculation with regard to Jabez's mystery, grandmother's ghost and all, should be swallowed up by a knowledge of the fact.

There was to be a great picnic in Patny. The Freeman's Star had announced it for a month in big type, and in an editorial notice had apprised the people that it was to occur on such a day, weather permitting. The day came auspiciously: the sun was bright and the air balmy, and the birds sang sweetly in the bushes. In a grove near, the company held high carnival to Pan, and the woods were vocal with the noise of mirth. Near by was a charming little lake which wooed many to its brink, to admire its beauty, to plash in its cool water, or sail upon its bosom in a tiny little boat that was at hand. Jabez and Susan were of the party, and through the atmosphere of her presence he saw a new and mystical beauty of everything; and his heart throbs as he sees her with playful recklessness step upon the tiny boat and push in from the shore. The treacherous twig broke from the strain it

received, and Susan Bray was afloat and alone upon the waters of the lake. Each effort she made to gain the shore was fruitless, when, her paddle having become entangled in the lily pads, she was thrown helplessly into the water. Rash endeavors to save her only threatened her more sure destruction, when Jabez rushed madly to the scene, and in a minute was by her side. With one arm grasping the boat and the other supporting his fair burden, he held her above the current till assistance came, when, completely exhausted, he fainted as he reached the shore.

And thus did the intimacy commence between the printer and Susan Bray, an intimacy that resulted in love as pure and exalted as ever burned in the breasts of noted heroes or heroines of romance. But the Freeman's Star waned in its brilliancy; its four hundred subscribers did not pay; buckets and apple sauce had ceased to be negotiable articles in the payment for paper and ink; and the Star went down in darkness, leaving poor Ben minus employment. It therefore became necessary for them to part, and Jabez accordingly went to Boston.

"Dear Susan," said he, "keep up a good heart, and I shall return to you, don't fear; and I will prove myself worthy of you, too, God bless you, and when we meet again we will love one another all the better. So wipe your eyes, Susan, and give me some word that I may remember when danger is nigh, and that will prove a love-charm that evil and temptation cannot overcome." He pressed her to his heart as he spoke, and placed the imprint of a kiss upon her brow.

"Jabez," said she, "your affections may be sorely tried in the great city, and temptation will beset your path, but my prayers will be offered for you, and the word I would have you remember is FIDELITY. Let us be faithful to each other. Remember 'fidelity'!"

And now he is in the city, a wondering and admiring stranger; and, after considerable difficulty, a compositor on a morning paper. Day by day, and night by night, high up under the eaves, is he toiling, breathing the fetid and smoky atmosphere of the printing-office. Night, which brings rest to the world, brings no sweet influences, brings no solace—for him has Christ risen in vain. The click of types at midnight is heard, like a death-watch, denoting the flight of time. Telegraphic steamboats and railroads, combine for his discomfort. The reckless and the unhappy are his companions, and grace struggles in vain to grow in an atmosphere impregnated with lamp-smoke and sin. It is a sacrifice of liberty and health, of body and soul, for money.

Jabez has a strong hope in him, which sustains him. He hears the ribald jest, often aimed at what he regards most sacred; he sees the irreverence which bad men show for holy things. At first he is shocked; but the ingrain generosity of his associates leads him to think less unfavorably of their lack of morals, and he laughs at what at first gave him pain.

"Fidelity!" was it a voice at his side that uttered the cabalistic word in his ear, and that sunk down into his heart? That word saved him. It was a good angel enshrined in his memory that came to warn him of danger and exhort him to faithfulness, and his feelings became again pure and fresh as when he left their inspiration.

"Come, Jabez!" said a brother type, "it is Saturday; for this day, at least, we are free; and now, my boy, what say you to having a good time? Let's go round and see the folks."</