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."---Euripides.

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ALMANAC FOR NOVEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

New Moon, 3d day, 7h. 23m., eve., W.
First Quarter, 10th day, 10h 43m even., W.
Full Moon, 19th day, 3h 5m., morn., S. W.
Last Quarter, 26th day 2h. 2m. even., N W.

D M	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	Sun fast clock	Moon rises	High Water	day's Length
		h m	h m	m m	h m	h m	h m
1	Mon	6 46	4 42	16 19	3 20	6 43	9 56
2	Tues	47	40	16 19	4 36	7 43	53
3	Wed	49	37	16 19	5 53	8 46	48
4	Thur	50	36	16 18	sets	9 45	46
5	Frid	52	4 34	16 16	6 23	10 42	42
6	Sat	53	33	16 14	7 10	11 32	40
7	Sun	55	31	16 10	8 3	morn	36
8	Mon	56	30	16 6	9 0	0 22	34
9	Tues	57	29	16 1	10 0	0 11	32
10	Wed	59	27	15 55	11 2	1 59	28
11	Thur	7 1	26	15 48	morn	2 46	25
12	Frid	2	25	15 40	0 3	3 35	23
13	Sat	3	24	15 32	1 4	4 29	21
14	Sun	5	23	15 23	2 4	5 29	18
15	Mon	7	22	17 13	3 3	6 32	15
16	Tues	8	21	15 2	4 0	7 36	13
17	Wed	9	20	14 50	5 0	8 38	11
18	Thur	10	19	14 37	6 3	9 32	9
19	Frid	12	18	14 24	rises	9 54	6
20	Sat	14	17	14 10	5 50	10 21	3
21	Sun	15	16	13 54	6 23	11 6	1
22	Mon	16	15	13 39	7 24	11 45	8 59
23	Tues	18	15	13 22	8 26	even	57
24	Wed	20	15	13 4	9 30	1 58	55
25	Thur	23	14	12 45	10 40	1 34	51
26	Frid	24	14	12 27	11 48	2 10	50
27	Sat	25	13	12 7	morn	2 49	48
28	Sun	26	12	11 47	1 2	3 28	46
29	Mon	6 26	12	11 26	2 15	4 15	46
30	Tues	27	12	11 4	3 20	5 9	45

GEORGE D. WRIGHT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

DUNNS BLOCK,

QUEEN STREET,

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

June 28, 1868.

R. REDDIN,

Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

Office: -- Great George Street,

Charlottetown.

(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)

September 3, 1866. tf

A. McNEILL,

Reading Room Propietor,

COMMISSION MERCHANT

AND

AUCTIONEER,

Charlottetown, - - - P. I.

May 31, 1869. tf

BELL'S

TAILORING ESTABLISAMENT

QUE EN STREET

Charlottetown - - - P. E Island.

THE SUBSCRIBER takes this method of returning thanks for the patronage with which he has been favored during the past year, and would respectfully inform his customers and the public generally, that he is still prepared to attend to all orders in his line of business with punctuality.

CUTTING

Parties desirous of having Garments or Patterns cut, can be accomodated at the shortest notice.

JOHN BELL.

January 8, 1869.

PAPER HANGINGS

4500 PIECES ENGLISH ROOM and HALL PAPER, in great variety.

For Sale Cheap

G. & S DAVIES,

London House

April 26 1869.

Direct from Bordeaux, via Halifax.

THE Subscriber has just received from Bordeaux, via Halifax,—

50 cases Cognac BRANDY,
50 " CHAMPAGNE
5 hhds Burgundy RED WINE,
5 " Good Graves White WINE,
5 " Pure White Wine VINEGAR.

All of which are offered for sale at extremely low rates,

OWEN CONNOLLY.

Marine and Fire Insurance!

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE & MARINE.

HEAD OFFICE---Corner of Church & Court Streets, Toronto.

Capital and Assets upwards of - - - -	$500,000
Deposited at Ottawa - - - - -	$50,000

G P. RIDOUT, Esquire, - - - Governor,
PETER PATERSON, Esquire - - Dep'y Gov.,
T. W. BIRCHALL, Esquire, - - Manager.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON!

OFFICES---1 Old Broad Street, and 15 Pall Mall.

Subscribed and Invested Capital, £1,965,000.

$105,000 deposited at Ottawa for the Protection of Policy holders, in conformity with the New Canadian Insurance Law.

Hanover Fire Insurance Company of New York.

Paid Up Capital, - - - - - - - -	$400,000
Surplus, - - - - - - - - -	319,000
Total Assets, 1st July, 1869, - - - - -	$719,000

MARINE RISKS taken on HULLS, CARGOES and FREIGHTS at moderate rates consistent with the hazard

FIRE INSURANCE effected on every description of Property.

All Policies issued immediately on application, without reference to the Head Offices.

For further particulars, rates and conditions, apply to

Fenton T. Newbery,
General Agent.

Ch'town, Sept 13, 1869. (Next door to the Telegraph Office.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY:

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Strictly Mutual and charges only Cost of Insurance.

NON-FORFEITURE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE ORIGINATED BY THIS COMPANY.

If you want a Life Policy, choose Experience, Ability & Success,

ASSETS, - - - $12 000,000

Twenty-fourth Annual Report, January 1st, 1869.

INCOME FOR THE YEAR	$4,698,280.20
TOTAL CASH ASSESTS	11,000,822 50
DIVISIBLE SURPLUS	1,689,282.17

Policies issued during the year, 9,105, insuring $30.765,947;00

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.
WM. H. BEERS, Vice-President & Actuary,
WALTER BURKE, Manager for Dominion of Canada.

Blank Forms, Tables of Rates Reports and all information can be had at the office of

HENRY A. HARVIE,
General Agent for P. E Island.

Spring & Summer GOODS.

The ubscribers have completed, at the

LONDON HOUSE,

their large and extensive Stock of

British, Foreign, and American MERCHANDIZE.

G. & S. DAVIES.

May 24, 1869.

PHILLIPS & LEWIS,

Carpenters & Builders,

HILLSBOROUGH PARK,

CHARLOTTETOWN P. E. I.,

Have constantly on hand a large stock of WARREN'S Improved Fire and Waterproof

FELT, COMPOSITION, AND GRAVEL,

and, from a long experience in the use of this material, can guarantee the laying of the same in the most satisfactory and workmanlike manner.

August 2, 1869.

MAKE YOUR OWN YEAST.

CHOICE NEW HOPS for family use, in QUARTER, HALF and POUND PAPERS. For Sale by

W. R. WATSON.

ity Drug Store, Victoria Building,
Ch'town September 18, 1868.

9,000.

NINE THOUSAND ROOM PAPER!

ROOM PAPER.

JUST RECEIVED at HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE, QUEEN STREET—

Nine Thousand Rolls ROOM PAPER, from 3d per Roll, upwards.

H. A. HARVIE.

May 24, 1869.

H. HASZARD.

Commission Merchant,

GENERAL AGENT,

AND

AUCTIONEER

Upper Queen Street,

Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.

N B.—Orders from abroad, and the country, will receive prompt attention.

April 26, 1869.

A. HERMANS,

Bell-Hanger, Gun and Tin-Smith,

Dorchester Street,

(Next to Reading Room Building.)

BEGS to return his thanks to the general public for the liberal patronage extended to him since his commencement in business, and asks for a continuance of the same. He keeps constanty on hand

A neat Assortment of

TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS, &c., &c., &c.

ALL ORDERS in the above BUSINESS will be punctually attended to.

Having lately made large purchases in the Cheapest Markets, intended for House Builders, such as

Gas Fitting, Water Closets, Bell Fittings, &c., &c.,

I am prepared to SELL THEM at RATES AS LOW AS CAN BE HAD IN THE CITY, and will fit them up in a good workmanlike style

To a generous public, I would say, that all orders in THIS BRANCH OF MY BUSINESS will be attended to with Despatch

A Lot of First Class WATER COOLERS on hand.

SAYERS' CRYSTAL BLUE,

Sold Cheaper than ever.

July 12, 1869

REUBEN TUPLIN;

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

AUCTIONEER.

AND GENERAL AGENT.

Margate, - - - P. E. Island.

REFERENCES:

Hon D. BRENAN, Charlottetown.
R T HOLMAN, Summerside.

April 22, 1869. 6m

JUST RECEIVED,

AND FOR SALE

Cheap for Cash,

HEARTZ & SON

HAVE JUST RECEIVED per Steamer from Britain, a LARGE ASSORTMENT of

Dry Goods, &c. &c.

And a further supply expected in a few days by midsummer vessels.

The above Goods, along with stock on hand, the subscribers offer to their customers

VERY LOW,

as they wish to make quick sales of the same, to prepare room for FALL importations.

Intending purchasers will please call and examine for themselves.

HEARTZ & SON.

August 3, 1868.

AMERICAN

OYSTER SALOON.

Queen Street,

Opposite W. R. Watson's Drug Store

Best of Liquos Always on hand.

BENJAMIN PETTIGREW, PROPRIETOR.

Charlottetown, ... P. E. Island.

NB.—Families supplied with Fresh OYSTERS.

Aug 2. 1869. 3m

T. T. T.

GOOD TEA, SUGAR, MOLASSES an other GROCERIES, together with &c., &c.,

at the WEST END STORE, Rochford Square.

June 28, 1869.

HALIFAX. HALIFAX.

THE SUBSCRIBERS have in Stock a LARGE ASSORTMENT of Choice

Virginia Tobacco,

comprising various Brands and Qualities, viz :—

NATION'S PRIDE, 6's.
BRIGHT POCKET PIECES,
AMORET BARS,
GOLD BAR,
JUNE APPLE,
ROYAL TWIST,
PINE APPLE, 4's,
TEMPTATION ROLL,
SILVER CAKE,
PEACOCK, 1 lb, ½ lb,
MAY APPLE, OLIVE,
ADMIRATION TWIST,
NAVY, 1 lb. ½ lb ¼ lb., 8's & 12's &c.. &c , &c.,

all of which will be SOLD LOW in Bond or Duty Paid.

—ALSO—

30,000 Havana Cigars,

from $30 to $100 per M.,

among which are

Catanas, Partagas, Tigaros, Star & Rosarito Brands.

100,000 German Cigars

of all Grades and Prices.

All orders will receive prompt attention.

COLFORD BROTHERS,
78 Granville Street.

April 19, 1869.

1869

SPRING STOCK

OF

HARDWARE.

City Hardware Store.

Just received, per Steamer from BOSTON Ship Undine, from LIVERPOOL, and Amphion from LONDON, the best and most suitable

STOCK OF HARDWARE

ever imported into Charlottetown, consisting in part of:

NAIL.

4½ bags assorted fine American Cut Nails, Cut and Wro't Spikes, Brads and Finishing Nails, Wro't Nails, all sizes, Boot Nails, in copper, zinc and iron, Horseshoe Nails, Copper Burrs and Belt Rivets, Wood Screws, ¼ to 4 in, Brass Hinges & Screws

PAINT.

4 tons Paint, Best No. 1 London White, Red Lead, Black Paint, Green Paint, Venetian, Red & Blue Paint, Orange Crome Paint, Burnt Terra Sienna do., Emerald Green Ultramarine Blue, Patent Dryers, Red Ochre, Extract Logwood, Umber, mixed and un mixed, Drop Black, Metallic Paint, Glue, Paris Whiting, chalk.

OIL.

21 casks Oil, in Boiled and raw Linseed, Olive Oil, extra, Machinery do., al Oil, Kerosene Oil, Cod and Whale Oil, Turpentine, Black and Brown Japan, Walnut Stain, Copper Paint, Pitch and Rosin, Mander's Fine Mahogany Varnish, Capel Oak do., Pale Carriage do., Quick gold size, Knotting Composition, 100 Boxes Glass, from 7x9 to 36x42, Putty, 2 tons Zinc, 100 rolls Tarred Paper, Stove Polish.

PAINT BRUSHES.

A choice lot of Paint, Graining, Tar's and Whitewash Brushes, Blacking, Scrubbing and Horse Brushes. Shoemakers' Ink and Outfits, Whips, Fat banks' and other Scales, from 3s to 120s. Wire Cloth, all sizes, Fence, Well and Mud Digger Chain, Hemp & Manilla Rope, Best quality American Mackerel and Cod Line Hook and Fishing Gear, Silver Table Bells, Hand Bells and Gongs, American Patent Roller Bushes, Brass and Enameled Stew Pans, Egg Beaters, Clothes Wringers, Flour Sifters, Wire Sieves, Wire Dish Covers, Blacksmiths' Anvils Vices, Hammers and Bellows, Blister steel, Carriage Mountings, in Axles and Screw Bolts, Malleable Castings, Hub Bands, in Silver and Brass Dash Centres, &c., &c., Taylor & Bros celebrated Circular, Crescent, Hand and Tenon, Panel, Keyhole, Pad Saws, Large assortment of Files, of every description, Locks, Hinges and screws, of all kinds,

Few Boxes IX Tin Plate, Bar Tin and Spelter, Brad's celebrated Bench, Narrow and Broad Axes, Adzes, Shingle Axes &c., &c.,

Carpenters', Joiners' and Coopers' Tools of all kinds, Fanner Wheels and Bushes.

A few Double Barrle GUNS, a very superior article; Revolvers and Breech Loaders. Ammunition of every description

A large Assortment of English and American FORK, SHOVELS SPADES and HOES Garden Tools of every description, Hay FORKS, SCYTHES, NEATHS, RAKES

CUTLERY.—Ivory Handled Table, Carving and Dessert KNIVES; Elliot's celebrated RAZORS, Pocket, Pruning and Sportmens' KNIVES. Hutton's Famed British PLATE in Table, Dessert and TEA SPOONS, TABLE and DESSERT FORKS, &c. &c.

The above is but a small portion of the largest stock of Hardware ever imported into Charlottetown all of which has been purchased for CASH, on the very best terms, and we feel satisfied that we can please the public in price and quality. Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

BOURKE, GILLAN & Co.,

Successors to

H. E. STARBIRD, & CO.

June 28, 1869

DEAR FATHER, DON'T DRINK ANY MORE.

Sung to the tune of 'Dear Father, Come Home'

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Dear father, dear father, why are you so sad,
And why are the tears in your eyes?
Are you sorry that poor brother Benny is dead,
And gone to his home in the skies?
Let your own little Mary climb up on your knee
As she has many evenings before,
And if you would make mother happy again,
Dear father, don't drink any more.

Dear father, dear father, O! sing us the song
That used to soothe brother to sleep,
And make darling mother so smiling and glad—
She lately does nothing but weep.
Let me lean on your breast as you sing, "Home sweet Home,"
As often you've sung it before,
And I'm sure it will seem like old happy times;
Dear father, don't drink any more.

Dear father, dear father, don't go out to night,
'Tis stormy, and rains, as you see,
The table is spread, and the tea is poured out—
Sit down between mother and me
Then father, dear father, though hard it may rain,
We'll close up each window and door;
How happy we'd be if you'd only stay home—
Dear father, don't drink any more.

A Millionaire in Spite of Himself.

'I say, Edith, about this young Gladman!'

'Well, father dear, what about him?' said Edith Bellmore, while a tell-tale blush mantled her fair brow.

'What of him? Why, his visits here are quite too frequent.'

'Not more so than many others, father. There is his friend Mr. Wheat, for instance.'

'Quite a different person. The case is just this: I have noticed that young Gladman is very attentive, and I fear you receive him rather more favorably than any other. Now you must put a stop to this Discourage him I mean, give him to understand his suit—ahem—well—in a word, you won't have him.'

'Why, father, how can I do that, when he has never asked me!'

'Nonsense! You girls know well enough how to give a fellow the cold shoulder, so as he never shall ask you. You know what I mean. Young Gladman is a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow. Never will be worth a dollar ahead. Not for a moment to be thought of as a proper suitor for you. Society expects and demands a brilliant match for my daughter. This young man will do well enough in his place, among people of little or no means. I must do him justice, and say he is a man of very fair moral character, that is all.'

'Of fair moral character! A possession which should be held of far higher worth than gold, and is valued as such by all true women.'

'Sentimental nonsense! You understand me, Edith. You have always been a dutiful and obedient child, and I trust will remain so. I do not wish to treat the young man rudely, nor would I have you; only let him understand his case is hopeless. And I say, Edith, there is his friend, Mr Wheat, a fine noble fellow, you ought to show him some little attention. His position—his wealth demand as much.'

'Very well, sir,' answered Edith, and as the door closed after her father, added, 'for his worth in my eye consists of his kindness to and appreciation of his friend. Oh dear! why was I cursed with wealth? I wish I was poor that I might be made rich in the possession of Edgar Gladman's heart. Yes, I know he loves me, and it is because of these hated hoards of gold that he does not speak.

As the only child of parents immensely wealthy, Edith's prospects were brilliant. Added to this, she was the sole heiress of an old bachelor uncle, who, dying a few years previous, left her in the immediate possession of a hundred thousand dollars. For many months Edith had felt what a deep impression Edgar Gladman was making on her heart. Yet she knew there was an unsurmountable barrier between them—her father's unbending will. He would never consent to her union with any other than one of equal wealth or exalted position, and poor Gladman had neither.

'What on earth is the matter, Gladman! Why, man, your looks sadly belie your name. You are the sorriest, most miserable looking fellow I have seen for a long while! What's the trouble! Lost the—— case?'

'No, thank Heaven! that went all right. The poor fellow is acquitted. I ought to feel cheerful for this success.'

'Yes, if it were only a paying case. Somehow or other you manage to get hold of all the most desperate cases, and those that pay nothing. You ought to have been rich by this time, having been so successful.'

'Some one must take such cases. And I am only a follower of yours; we divide, if I mistake not.'

'Oh, the thunder! I forgot that. But I can afford it, Ned; you cannot. However to return to my question; What troubles you?'

'Nothing more than usual. You know how deeply, how hopelessly, I love Miss Bellemore?'

'Well, have you told her, and has she refused you?'

'No, no, I shall never tell her; although I sometimes fancy her a little kinder to me than others. But her father's manner tells me too plainly how absurd it is for me to think of her. What have I to offer to such as Edith Bellemore. Honor forbids me to speak?'

'Oh, fly away with your honor. You can offer her more than gold—a true, pure heart! an honorable name! And now, Ned, take courage. I know she loves you. And I wight as well make a clean breast of it. I have thought a great deal of her myself, and if I had not seen very clearly she had no love for me, why, I should have placed my hand and heart before her long ago. She is a lovely girl, and you have my best wishes for your success. I was just coming to your room to ask a favor.'

'From me? It is granted before asked.'

'Thank you; then I will go directly and order your baggage removed to my rooms. For you are with me in the future.'

'Stop, my friend! this cannot be. I cannot afford such a style of living. Impossible!'

'You cannot retract; your word is given. It shall cost you no more. You can direct the establishment, and live as economical as you choose. I am awful lonesome since my cousin finished his studies and left for his home; and if you do not have mercy on, and take care of me, I shall do something desperate.'

'Well, be it as you wish.'

A few weeks after the above conversation Sam Wheat was sitting in his luxurious apartment, waiting the return of his friend. At last he came in hurriedly, and going up, placed his arm around young Wheat saying:

'I am very late, my dear fellow, and now I come with news which I fear will distress you. I am going to leave you, and have only time to say good-bye.'

'Leave me! Where are you going?'

'You know there has been a call for more troops. The—— regiment leaves for the front to-night, and I go with them as a private. If I live long enough I shall rise—'

'Are you crazy? Oh, my dear fellow, there is no need of your going. Indeed, I cannot spare you. Stay here. I will put in two substitutes before they leave to-night.'

'No, no my friend, I must go. I am not crazy now, but may be if I remain longer. I can better be spared than most men. There are none to mourn if I fall. Sam, my good fellow give an ear to my clients. And one thing more—you will see her. Bid her good bye for me, and just say I could not come to say it. That will be the simple truth. I dare not trust myself. And should I fall—then tell her, with my last breath came thoughts of her.'

'I shall tell her too that it was more for love of Edith Bellemore than love of country that made you go and fix yourself as a target for the enemy's shots.'

Frequently Sam Wheat visited Mr. Bellemore's, and managed each time to get from Edith some little message, some word which whispered hope to the soldier's lonely heart.

Accounts of young Gladman's bravery and swiftly rising career often reached his friend; and before six months had passed, he had reached the command of his company.

Regularly were these good tidings conveyed to Edith's ear by the devoted friend.

One day, on his return from one of those visits, he found seated in his office, waiting for him, one of the Assessors of the Internal Revenue.

Mr. Wheat's return was soon made, his income tax fixed, and the Assessor about leaving, when he stopped, thought a moment, and then asked? 'Have you not a friend here with you, a young lawyer?'

Sam was about to tell him where his friend was then, and what doing, and add that men who were periling their lives for their country were not taxed. But a bright thought entered his brain. He dearly loved a good joke and now there was a capital chance for real fun. He could not resist, and in fact he was quite willing to pay a good round sum for the pleasure of a hearty laugh. So he answered:

'Yes, certainly, my friend Gladman. But he is not in the city now.'

'Can you tell where I could hear from him?'

'Couldn't possibly say where he is now. He is travelling for pleasure. But I can tell you all about his worth. No one knows that better than I.'

'Well, if you will, thank you. His income is quite small, I believe.'

'Ha! ha! ha! So many others believe Gladman is worth more than any man I know. Just take a seat, while I look over some papers. I am his representative, agent or anything you may call me. He is an odd fellow—keeps his affairs very much to himself.

Sam took his pencil, looked over sundry papers, made numberless figures and then calling to the Assessor, pointed to the Amounts.'

'No! Impossible! Why, I had no idea of this. Why, he is almost a millionaire!'

That is so—if those figures tell the truth, answered Sam.

'No doubt about the figures. You will swear to this.'

'Oh, thunder. I am a member of the church and opposed to all swearing. Why, man, I told you I could not swear to my own. I can do as I did then—swear it is no more than that.'

'That will be sufficient,' answered the Assessor.

'And now, if you can give me the receipts, I would like to pay both takes, for I am going to leave the city myself for awhile, and should like to settle this business,' continued Sam.

The officers surprise was immense. But there could be no doubt of the truth, he thought, and remarked, when leaving:—

'When this report is published it will surprise many I imagine.'

'Well, I guess it will. It is rather hard, too, that a fellow cannot be allowed to keep his own secrets,' returned Sam.

And then, when the door closed, Sam could hold in not a second longer, but burst forth into such a peal of merriment. He chuckled and rubbed his hands, then roared in laughter, and held his sides; and finally fell exhausted on the carpet, just as his old servant entered the room.

This man had been with young Wheat for many years, and really loved his young master. He gazed on the form lying before him. His face grew very sad. He shook his gray head ominously and then went up, lifted Sam very gently, and placed him on the lounge; went and dipped a towel in ice water, and placed it on his head—all the time his face growing sadder. Sam read his servants thoughts, knew his misgivings, and was about to reassure him as to his condition. When he opened his mouth to speak, with the first word came forth a distinct hiccough!

'Proof positive, against all words to the contrary,' said Sam to himself. And then his mirth burst forth again.

The old servant returned to the kitchen, and reported to Betty that 'for the first time, since he had known Mr. Wheat he had found him very much under the influence of liquor, and in a very bad way.

He soon returned with Betty, wheeled the lounge into the adjouning bedroom, drew off his masters boots and dressed and placed him in bed. A little while after he came in with a hot mustard bath—put Sam's feet in, regardless of all resistance, and finally, absolutely forced him to swallow a pint of scalding hot coffee without cream or sugar. The old man nodded to Betty, and whispered confidently, 'That will bring him round all right.'

Morning dawned. Sam's merriment was reduced to contrelment, and the faithful servant's mind was made easy.

The next thought with Sam was, how to get Gladman home. In less than a month the report would be published, and then—

'Oh, Sam, my boy, you shall have rare fun. How old Bellemore will wheel round and change his tactics. Oh, there is a jolly time coming,' he said.

But Sam's merriment received a sudden check. News rached him of another terrible battle, in which Gladman's regiment suffered severely.

The next day there came a list of the killed and wounded. Among the latter was the name of Capt. Gladman as very dangerously wounded. A few hours later, and Sam was *en route* for Washington, to find, and if possible, to bring home his friend.

Mr. Bellemore sat leisurely sipping his coffee and reading the morning news. Suddenly the paper was dashed aside; his hand brought down upon the table with a force which made all the elegant china shake and tremble accompanied by the words:—

'Dolt! Fool! Idiot! Just as blind as a bat!'

'To whom are you applying those flattering epithets, father?' asked Edith.

'To myself! Any child of seven years might have had more sense. A man of such elegant address, such rare refinement, I might have known that only the possessor of a large fortune could have its attainments. His whole bearing is princely. His were the eccentricities of wealth. His always taking the poor, non-paying clients might have opened my eyes. He wanted to be for himself alone. I understand now. I am sorry to have to admit that he was treated very shabbily by some of my family. I always thought he was a man far above most of the men who visited here.'

'Who are you spraking, of Mr. Bellemore?' asked his wife.'

'Why, young Gladman!'

'Father did you not tell me I must—'

'No, Miss. Yes, Miss. I mean, I did tell you, you must not treat him so rudely. You know I did!'

'Is he not the young person that you said would be very good food for powder?' asked his wife

'No, madam. I am speaking of Captain Gladman a man of great patriotism and immense wealth. You refer to a very different person I presume. Look here!' and seizing up the paper, he pointed to the revenue report.

'Almost a millionaire. A noble fellow. Such bravery, too. I shall call on him just as soon as he gets home, to express my appreciation of his services in behalf of his country.'

'He returned yesterday, father. So Mr. Wheat told me last night,' said Edith.

'Indeed! Then I shall order the carriage and call this morning. And I think, Edith, if you have any patriotism you will accompany we. We should show him that his countrymen and women too appreciate him. I shall be ready in an hour.'

Edith was glad enough to have the permission to go. And while her father was directing the removal from the carriage of some rare old wines, she found opportunity to bend over the wounded man and whisper earnestly:

'Thank God for giving you back to us again. We will soon have you well and strong.'

Mr. Bellemore's kindness was really oppressive. Sam Wheat's eyes danced merrily. Every now and then he would be seized with a violent fit of coughing—a ruse to hide his explosion of mirth.

'What is the matter, Sam; what are you laughing about?' asked his friend after the guests had gone.

'Oh Ned, my boy, it is such fun to see old Bellemore doing the patriotic. Ha! ha! ha!'

'I fear I've done him injustice. I thought he had no thought except for gold and gain. Indeed, it is worth while getting wounded to find out the value of your friends,' said Gladman.

'Oh, yes, certainly,' and Sam's mirth exploded again. 'You see, my dear boy, how these kind mammas appreciate your services too. Look at those beautiful flowers, dainty jellies, rare wines, sweet rose-tinted, kind, appreciative little notes. I believe I'll get a slight wound myself. You see, these dear women can't fight themselves, so they make much of the boys that can fight for them. May be that is so, and may be they think they have just found out your real worth.'

'Well, I had no idea that my poor services would be thought so much of. It does a soldier good to see so much patriotic feeling in his native city,' said the unconscious young man.

Sam broke out again. This time his laughter was quite alarming, and Gladman murmured something about being 'possessed of a laughing devil,' he feared.

Kind treatment, hope continually whispering promises of love, soon wrought wonders for Edgar Gladman's restoration to health and strength.

Mr. Bellemore smoothing the path and inviting him on, and Sam Wheat constantly urging him forward, there was no resisting. And before he well knew how it all happened, he was engaged to Edith Bellemore; and before his three months leave of absence had expired, Edith was all his own.

On the return of the happy couple from their wedding tour, Mr. Bellemore ventured to suggest the propriety of Capt. Gladman's resigning his command. During the conversation the truth all came out. His supposed immense wealth. The scales dropped from his eyes. The why he was so kindly treated; Sam Wheat's constant merriment—all, all was plain enough now. Mr. Bellemore was far too shrewd a man to acknowledge to his son-in-law, or the world, that he was caught in his own trap. Yet he was caught decidedly; he felt too well; so determined to make the 'virtue of necessity,' and bear his disappointment as gracefully as possible. Gladman hastened to Sam to demand an explanation; in the midst of which they were interrupted by a light knock' and Edith's voice, asking:

May I come in? Mr. Wheat, I have a double object in this visit: first to find that truant, and then to thank you from my inmost heart for your aid in securing me the great happiness I am now blest with. From what I surmise, without your assistance I should not be near so rich to day.'

'Rich! Oh, Edith, to think that I won you under false pretences. Sam, was this wise?'

'Yes, indeed, Mr. Wheat, very wise—Others thought they had just found out his true value—you and I knew it long ago. Oh, of far more wealth than gold is the love of a true honest heart,' said Edith, earnestly.

'Sam, how came you to do it?'

'Why, that persistent Assessor seemed so very anxious, I thought that likely enough Uncle Sam needed all the help he could get. So—well I thought that the best way to make that respected relative a present in a delicate manner, and not wound his very sensative nature, was just the way I did.' said Sam, with a droll expression on his fine face.

'Oh, Sam, you are a sly scamp.'

'Oh, Sam, you are a true friend, and a dear good man, and I just wish I had a sister to give you,' said Edith.

'Sam, I think Edith and I have both come to the same conclusion, and that is this, there never was such good wheat raised as our Wheat, so entirely free from all chaff.'

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.—Farmer Brown was sitting in the country Church. He had been working hard in the harvest field; hands were scarge and farmer Brown was dozing. The loud tones of the minister failed to arouse the farmer, until at length the tale waning, the good man closed the lids of the Bible, and concluded as follows:

'Indeed, my hearers, the harvest is plenteous, but the labors are few.'

'Yes,' exclaimed farmer Brown, 'I've offered two dollars a day for cradlers, and can't get 'em at that.'

A Quaker gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady, decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl, as light as a cob web she exclaimed: 'What shall I do to get warm?' 'I really don't know,' replied the Quaker, 'unless thee should put on another breastpin.'

Mary is usually the best tempered girl, she is so easily Molly fied.

Of all the laws of trade, none find greater favor than the buy-laws.

Pleasure is like a hornet—generally ends with a sting.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it, he who does one should never remember it.