Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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THE

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JOSEPH BERTRAM,

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Almanac for September, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

New Moon, 6th day, 1h. 54m, morning, N. E.
First Quarter, 11th day, 5h. 11m. even, South.
Full Moon, 20th day, 4h. 29m. evening, E.
Last Quarter, 28th day, 4h. 57m. evening, N

MOON'S	DAY OF WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	sun fast clock	sun's dec. north	moon rises	DAYS LENG
		h m	h m	m s		h m	h m
1	Wed	5 22	6 35	0 13	11 15	morn	13 13
2	Thurs	26	34	0 32	49 21	0 5	8
3	Frid	28	31	0 51	27 19	2	3
4	Sat	30	10	1 10	5 11	3 1	0
5	Sun	5 31	6 28	1 30	42 55	4 20	12 57
6	Mon	32	26	1 50	20 33	sets	54
7	Tues	33	24	2 10	58 4	7 37	51
8	Wed	34	22	2 30	35 29	8 9	48
9	Thurs	35	20	2 51	12 49	8 43	45
10	Frid	37	19	3 11	50 3	9 20	42
11	Sat	39	17	3 32	27 13	0 0	39
12	Sun	5 30	6 15	3 53	4 18	0 43	12 31
13	Mon	40	13	4 14	41 18	11 29	33
14	Tues	41	11	4 35	18 15	morn	30
15	Wed	42	9	4 56	55 8	0 25	27
16	Thurs	43	7	5 17	31 58	1 23	24
17	Frid	44	5	5 30	8 45	2 22	21
18	Sat	45	4	6 0	45 30	3 22	19
19	Sun	5 46	6 3	6 21	22 12	4 20	12 17
20	Mon	47	1	6 42	58 52	rises	14
21	Tues	48	5 59	7 3	35 31	6 42	11
22	Wed	50	57	7 24	12 8	7 7	7
23	Thurs	51	54	7 45	south	7 30	3
24	Frid	52	51	8 6	34 40	8 0	11 59
25	Sat	53	48	8 26	58 4	8 30	55
26	Sun	5 54	5 46	8 47	21 29	9 3	1 52
27	Mon	55	44	9 7	44 53	9 58	49
28	Tues	56	43	9 27	8 17	10 43	47
29	Wed	57	41	9 47	31 04	11 42	44
30	Thurs	58	39	10 6	55 1	morn	41

Summerside Markets.

Sept. 23, 1869.

Beef per lb	4d a 5d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Oats per bush	2s 3d
Potatoes per bush	10d a 1s
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb	11d a 12d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	8d a 9d
Hides per lb	4½d
Mackerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	17s a 18s
Pork per lb by carcass	4d a 6d
Flour per bbl	37s a 40s
Island Flour per cwt	16s to 18s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 17s
Hay per Ton	40s a 50s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

Ch Town, Sept. 23, 1869.

Beef per lb	4½d a 7d
Mutton per lb	6d a 7d
Pork per lb., by carcass,	5d a 8d
Ham per lb	7d a 8d
Geese	none
Fowls	1s a 1s 6d
Ducks each	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Flour per 100 lbs	17s a 18s
Oatmeal per 100	18s a 19s
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	2d a 2½d
Codfish per quintal	18s a 20s
Butter per lb	1s a 1s 2d
Do. by the tub,	1s 1d a 1s 2d
Cheese	3d a 6d
Tallow	8d a 9d
Eggs per dozen	10d a 11d
Potatoes per bushel	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Barley " "	4s
Oats	2s a 2s 2d
Hay per ton	50s a 60s
Hides per lb	4d
Sheepskins each	2s a 2s 5d
Spruce Boards per 100 ft.	4s a 4s 6d
Hemlock " "	3s 6d a 4s

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.
President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—Fom 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—JAMES L. HOLMAN, Esq
Cashier—ROBT. McC. STAVERT, 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.

JAMES GREENOUGH,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant,
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street ---------BOSTON
Jany. 1, 1869. ly

Business Cards.

DR. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND.
October 1, 1869.

DOCTOR FULLER
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACOUCHEUR
RESIDENCE AND OFFICE ON
Central Street, ... Summerside
(Directly opposite the Summerside Bank)
Summerside, may 13. 1869.

CARD.
DR. DODD may again be consulted, at his old residence, in MARGATE, NEW LONDON.
April 15, 1869.

DR. JARVIS
Has REMOVED his Residence to SUMMERSIDE, next door to the Rev. Mr. Frame's, on Central Street.
☞ He can be consulted at his residence or at Hunt & Co's Drug Store, at all times.
Summerside, June 3, 1869.

Mr. W. H. POPE
BEGS to inform the public that he has resumed the practice of the Law.
OFFICE—A few doors below the Bank of Prince Edward Island.
Charlottetown, March 18, 1869.

THOMAS KELLY,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND

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, 1869.

KERSHAW & EDWARD'S
IMPROVED PATENT
Non-conducting and Vaporising
Fire and Burgler Proof
SAFES.
MANUFACTURERS OF
BANK VAULTS, BURGLAR PROOF VAULT DOORS, IRON VAULT DOORS, PATENT COMBINATION BANK LOCKS, DEED BOXES, PATENT JAIL LOCKS & CELL DOORS, &c. &c.
THOS. FULLER, Travelling Agent. | DAVID STARR & Sons, Agents, Halifax.
Montreal. Dec 15. '68 y

E. F. PURDY'S
New Marble & Freestone
ESTABLISHMENT,
(NEXT DOOR TO BEER AND SONS')
KING SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
All orders punctually attended to.
Call and See!
Jan 7, '69 1y

A. W. ANDRES,
Marble Worker,
Point Du Chene, Shediac N. B.
MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVE-STONES, &c., &c.
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE constantly on hand.
Can furnish Gravestones and Monuments at a less price than any other establishment in the Provinces, and pay a duty besides.
☞ ORDERS can be left at BERTRAM'S Book Store and at D. ENMAN'S, Esq., Summerside, or sent to
A. W. ANDRES.
Point Du Chene, June 11th, 1868.

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

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

R. & W. T. HUNT,
Commission Merchants,
GENERAL AGENTS AND
AUCTIONEERS.
SALESROOM AND OFFICE
Head Queen's Wharf, Summerside, P. E. I.
(opposite the Store of W. T. Hunt & Co.)
April 2, 1869. 1y

ROBERT GORDON,
Auctioneer & Land Broker,
ALBERTON, P. E. I.
REFEREES:
Hon. Judge Young—Charlottetown.
Hon. G. W. Howlan—Alberton.
Mr. Joseph Bertram—Summerside.
Alberton, May 13. 1869. 1y

REUBEN TUPLIN,
Commission Merchant,
AUCTIONEER,
And General Agent.
Margate.....P. E. Island.
REFERENCES:
Hon. D. Brennan, Ch. Town. | R. T. Holman, Summerside.
April 22, 1869.

Business Cards.

E. L. LYDIARD,
AUCTIONEER,
Commission Merchant,
GENERAL AGENT & BROKER,
SUMMERSIDE, P. E ISLAND.
Gives personal attention to the Purchase and Sale of all description of Goods and Produce; Sales of Land, Stock, &c.
OFFICE - - H.C. GREEN'S BUILDING,
HEAD OF QUEEN'S WHARF.
References—Wm. Cundall, Esq., Cashier Bank P. E. Island; James Anderson, Esq., Cashier Union Bank, Charlottetown.
September 9, 1869.

LOEWENHERZ, DANIEL & Co.
Advertising Agents
For all the United States and Foreign Papers.
No. 18 North William St.,
J. LOEWENHERZ, L DANIEL, W. QUANTMEYER, } **N. York.**
August 26, 1869.

E. CAMERON, M. D.,
Physician, Surgeon,
And Accoucheur,
Office and Residence at N. WOODSIDE'S, Esq.,
Alberton, P. E. I.
August 4th, 1869. 3m*

GEORGE D. WRIGHT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Choice Family Groceries!
Dunn's Block.
Charlottetown, - - P. E. Island.
July 1, 1869. tf

HANFORD BROTHERS,
Successors to Thomas Hanford,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
CHAS. U. HANFORD. FRED. S. HANFORD

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND GENERAL AGENTS.
BANK BUILDING, - - QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

J. H. ALLEN,
Commission Me chant,
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, 1868.

THOMAS HALL
IS NOW PREPARED, with the assistance of the STEAM POWER, to furnish any number of
THRESHING MACHINES,
of the most improved kind.
Iron Turning, Wood do., Carts, Trucks, &c., &c.,
manufactured, together with
Al other Work in his branch of trade
Every Machine warranted to do good work.
THOMAS HALL.
Summerside, May 20, 1869.—tf.

THE GENUINE
COMMON SENSE
Family Sewing Machine!
FOR
£3 5S. Od.,
AT
HARVIL'S BOOKSTORE,
Charlottetown, and PRINCE COUNTY BOOKSTORE, Summerside.
June 4, 1869.

FOUNTAIN HOUSE!
North side King Square, (next to Park Hotel)
ST. JOHN, N. B.
JAMES W. THOMPSON, Proprietor.
THE Proprietor of the above HOTEL takes this opportunity to return thanks for the liberal patronage hitherto received, and most respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.
This HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, and commands a view of King Square, and other parts of the City.
In connection with the Hotel, is GOOD STABLING, and a careful Hostler in attendance. Parties coming from Prince Edward Island with horses will find this establishment the most comfortable in the City, and a person always at the Cars on their arrival.
St. John, Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL.
NO. 9, KING SQUARE,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
THE subscriber having thoroughly refitted and enlarged his HOTEL and STORE, is now prepared to accommodate Permanent and Transient Boarders on the most reasonable terms.
ALSO, in connection, a GROCERY STORE, where every article required for house use may be had.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

POETRY.

A COMPATRIOT TO CUMMING.

HECH! Jock Cumming, ye're nae daft,
Jock, ye're nae puir dolted bodie;
I' the croon, Jock, ye're nae saft,
Ye're nae crackit linkum-doddie.

Na, Jock Cumming, ye're na gyte,
Ye've nae bee in your auld bonnet,
When ye did your letter write,
To the Pop', you thocht weel on it.

Ye're nae fou, ye're nae that fou
At Rome's Council, when ye proffer
Your attendance; dinna you
Ken the Pop' will scoot your offer.

What a gowk, gude troth, were he,
Wi' his barns hoo unco' dizzie,
Lettin' you prove him to be
Man o' Sin, an' Scarlet Hizzie!

Hech, Joch, ye're a modest man,
Bein' that ye are na bigger,
In the Council's face to stan'
Wha propose, a central figure.

As ye're modest, so ye're braw,
You, while Constance ye remember,
Wha, till Rom', where Pop'ry's law,
Think o' gangin' next December.

Papal vengeance wad ye dare,
Doctrines into dour heads drummin'?
Eh! of martyrdom beware,
Recollect John Huss, John Cummin',

But they roast, nae mair the noo,
He that hauds the Keys o' Peter,
Rules; and a' the Pop' will do
Aiblins will be burn—your letter.

Select Literature.

Mrs. March's Boarders.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Has ever any one of ye had any experience in taking city boarders? If you have, you needn't read this story, you can skip right on to the next one; but if you hain't, then I advise you to read it, and take warning by me.

It's got proper fashionable round here, in Peaville, for the farmer folks to take boarders from the city. It pays well, and anything that pays is pretty likely to be fashionable.

You see, these ere city people come out here to git a sniff of fresh air, and injoy the huckleberries and miskeeters, of which we generally have oceans.

Then they go home about the first of September, all burnt and tanned, and bit up, with all their clothes runiated, and not a grate sight of money into their purses; and they tell everybody that they see how delightfully they have spent the summer.

Isaac, that's my second son, and he's been a hoss-car conductor in Bosting, and has seen a powerful sight of high life, says that they don't go into the country for pleasure—they go because somebody else does. He says a woman would lose *caste* if she stayed to home while the rest of her neighbors was off. I dunna what *caste* means, but mebby you do. Isaac has been to school two years to the Mount Benbo Cemetery, and he is dreadful high-flown sense he came back.

A year ago last summer, Miss Brown—the colonel's wife—she took boarders, and she got rich on it! She had as much as a dozen, and made a sight of money. Folks did pretend to say that she nigh about starved her boarders; but then everybody knows city folks is genteel, and genteel people, it stands to reason, don't need so much to eat as common folks. They live on ceremony and perliteness some.

Mrs. Brown, she saved enuff out of her boarders to pay all expenses, and new furnish her parlor, besides putting a portagal over the front door, and buying a pearley shawl for herself, and a ten-dollar thing, made out of hair and stuff, for her darter Ann to pin onto the back part of her head to set her bunnit onto. It's the stickest thing to keep a bunnit from siipping. And there's that ere purple silk bunnit of mine, that I've had nigh onto five years, it's all the time a slipping off from my head; and Sundays, when I go to meeting, I set in Capen Webster's pew instid of ourn, because his is a wall-pew, and I can put the back part of my bunnet right up against the side of the meeting 'us, and that makes it stay pat.

Mrs. Brown's parlor is ilegant. There hain't nothing like it in Peaville.

There's a Brussels carpet that is soft as a piller-tick when you step onto it; and the cheers and sofys is kivered with green stuff that looks like the minister's wife's velvet bunnit; and there's two ottermans, and a picter of Henry Clay with a blue cloak on, and three chany dogs on the mantel-shelf, and a marble-topped table that looks jest as the grave-stuns in the burying-ground does—only there ain't no description on it. And she's got a fotygraft albion, with the pictures of her father and mother, and her husband's father and mother, and all their folks, and Napoleon Bonyparte, and Gineral Stark, and Jenny Lind, and lots of others that I disremember intirely.

As soon as I seed them things in that parlor my mind was made up. I'd take boarders too.

I'm a widder woman, and my brother, Lemuel Hanscom, lives with me. He owns the sheep's pasture and the ten-acre wood lot, so I allers try not to be disrespectful to him.

He's a nice man, but he's dreadful nigh to being a monymanyach. He's had a sight of these ere Patent Office Reports sent to him from Washington, and they've long ago sot him crazy to invent suthin'. And fer more than five years he's been a whittling, and boring and sawing away the best of the time, a trying to make some kind of a machine that'll never stop going. Perpetual motion, he calls it. He says if he can only get it, and he's serting he can in time, he shall be a richer man than Judge Fishtell that lives over to the corner, and keeps two hosses, and drinks brandy that is twenty dollars a gallon.

Lemuel hain't really no right to meddle in my affairs, but when I'm a going to do anything oncommon, I ginerally speak to him about it, jest for the looks of the thing.

So, after I'd made up my mind about the boarders, says I to him, says I.

"Lem, I'm a going to take city boarders this summer."

"Take city fiddlesticks!" says he, whittling away on a round stick with a hole in it.

"No," says I, "boarders. Mrs Brown made money last summer, and I mean to see if I can't do as well as her. My Melissy is crazy after one of them new-fashioned pepperlambs that they were hitched onto the waists of their gounds, and I calkerlate she shall have it. And Isaac needs a new bedstead in his room, and I mean to have some furniture in the fore room, jest like Mrs. Brown's."

"You can do as you're a mind to," says Lemuel, kinder cross like; "but it you do take boarders, you'll wish yer cake dough afore you get through. And they'll bother me to death! A scientific man had'nt ort to be botheered! They'll put me back so on my machine that I shant git it ready to go to Washington till next winter. And I meant to use some of the money I shall git for the invention in buying that farm of Spencer's."

"'Tain't no use to talk," says I, "I'm fully sot," and he said no more, for he knows when I'm deetarmined on a thing that I hain't easy persuaded to give it up.

I got Eustace Atkins, the schoolmaster over to the corner, to write me some advertisments to put into two of the Bosting papers, and he did it powerful. To have read what he writ you'd have thought our farm was a Paradise upon airth.

He called the house Popular Lodge, and there hain't but one popple on the farm that I know of, and that's out back of the hog'-house.

Well, in three days, I was overrun with folks that had come out to see the premises. And most of 'em smelt of musk, and carried their heads dreadful high, and turned up their noses at everything. The men they tip-toed round among the cobbage-plants and ruty-beggars, and wondered what kind of flowers them things would turn into; and the women, they screeched and held their smelling bottles to their noses when the geese and turkeys chased 'em, and stuck out their necks at 'em, as them animals is apt to do.

The fifth day there was a feller came that I thought would do. His name was Henry Cliffe, and he was about as nice-looking a chap as you'll see anywhere out of a picter-book. He was tall, and where one of these short coats that is a kind of a cross between a coat and a jacket, and he had a red neck-tye, and a buff vest, jest as if he was reddy to be married.

His hair and eyes was black, and his mustache was black, too; and he kinder put me in mind of one of them pirates, or bandanna chief-tains, that we read about in the illustratiorated newspapers—them fellers that one is awfully afeard of, and yet sorter falls in love with at the same time.

I took him to once, and give him the north frunt chamber.

The same day there came a woman, all in black, and as handsome as a picter. She'd lost her husband not long afore, she said, and wanted to come out into the country to recooperate.

I told her I didn't know about the cooperating. It wasn't common for women folks to larn the cooper's trade; but then, if they was a going to vote, I didn't know as there'd be anything onproper in their learning one of the men folks' trade.

She laffed, and said I didn't quite understand her. Her health was poor, and she had come to the country to recruit.

And then she talked so pitifully of her greif and trouble, and flurrished her scented handkercher so sorrowfully around her eyes, that I agreed to take her. I gave her the south frunt chamber, and told her there was a young man by the name of Cliffe in tother, with black eyes, and red neck-tyes. But she only sighed, and said that black eyes and red neck-tyes were nothing to her now.

Her name was Myra Westley, and she came from New York.

I felt well pleased with her, for I calkerlated that being in trouble she wouldn't be likely to have much appetite. People don't generally, you know. So thar'd be a saving.

The next day Mrs. Wilson came, with her three chidren, and I agreed to take 'em if they'd be contented to sleep in the tool-house chamber, because all my rooms was full. Mrs. Wilson was dreadful genteel, but she said she'd stay it she had to roost in a tree! For her neighbors, the Joneses, and the Smiths, and the Jenkinses, had all gone into the country, and she'd die but what she' be as much as they was!

Them children of hern was awful! If you should sarch the world over from Californy to the Gulf of Mexico, you couldn't find three such youngsters. Adolphus, he was twelve years old, and Katrina Adelaide was ten, and Ignatius Caterangus was seven.

They provoked Lemuel's life out of him. Dolph, as his ma called him, cut Lem's machine all up to kindle a bush-heap with; and Adelaide tore the picters out of his Patent-Office Reports, and prepared the hen-house with 'em; and Angus, the little one, he upsoot my whole churning-cream down the sullar-stairs, and filled the churn up with two litters of my spring chickens—and the old hens, they liked to have scratched and picked his eyes out in the scrape.

Their ma said they were children of genius, that she feared they was short-lived; their brains was to big for their heads. And then she'd kiss 'em; and Dolph, he tied a dead rat to her water-fall, and skeered her nigh about into fits.

One morning I missed the cat; she warn't there to git her new milk, and she was allers as constant to the milk pail as the needle is to the pole. I was worried about her, for she is as good a cat as ever you seed. I asked the children if they had seen her, and Dolph giggled and looked at Angus, and that little wretch said she was in the flour-barrel.

"Dolph put her in last night," said he; "we didn't like her color, she's so black, and we thought we'd powder her jest as ma does her face!"

"You little trollop," cried Mrs. Wilson, grabbing him and giving him a shake that made his teeth clatter, "I'll learn you to tell falschoods!"

"It's so—hain't it Dolph?" exclaimed Angus, and then he scooted out of the house; and the next I seed of him he was out in the barn, with two hens tied to a pole, trying to brush the cobwebs off from the barn winders. He'd got a feather duster, he said.

As soon as I found out where the cat was I run to the flour-barrel, and shore enuff, when I histed up the kiver, out she bounced as white as a miller, and skeered nigh about to pieces. And when she come out she jumped onto the cake-board that had as much as a dozen tumblers, jest washed, onto it, and down went the board, and all them tumblers along with it; broke 'em into five hundred pieces, and skeered the cat so that she didn't come anighst the house for more than a month.

Wall, I had my revenge onto the Wilsons in one way. The bread they eat was made out of that identicle flour!

The next day Dolph fell through the scaffling in the barn into the pen, where we had a sow and some pigs, and the hoggish old lady tore all his clothes off from him afore he could git out. Angus got kicked by the old mare halt to death; and Adelaide, she upsot one of the bee-hives, and was stung so bad that her face looked liked a biled lobster with the small-pox.

But, land! 'tain't no use for me to try to begin to tell the performances them children had, and the scrapes they got into. It would take half of my lifetime.

Afore many days, the widder Westley, she got to be dreadful pert for a widder. And when she and Mr. Cliffe didn't know that anybody seed 'em, they was jest as sociable together as if they'd known one tother from their cradles.

She got so gay and lively that I sot out to send her off. I was afeard people would begin to talk if I had a woman in the house that laffed so loud, especially as she was a widder.

I spoke to Mr. Cliffe about it one day, and he growed so red that I didn't know but the widder had been sayin' sunthin' onproper to him.

But he sed he guessed if he was me he wouldn't go to having no fuss, and he was so extry perlite and nice about it, that I told him jest to oblige him I'd keep still.

After that he was dreadful retentive to me, and every time he spoke to me he either called me dear madam, or dear Mrs March.

And he got into the habit of patting me on the shoulder, and squeezing my hand whenever he wanted to say that the butter was too salt, or the coffee was not sweet enuff.

And he kept telling of me how young I looked, and what pritty hair I had, and what a good form, and said that if all ladies were such a figure as I was, corsets wouldn't never have been invented.

And when he went to the Corner, he allers brung me home some peppermint lozenges, of which I am very fond, and which is excellent fer wind in the stummuk.

After a spell I began to see through it, though at fust I couldn't hardly believe it. But, then, I'm very young-looking of my age, and I hain't near so old as I might be.

I s'pose I hadn't orter have thought of marrying agin; but then a widder's life is a very lonesome one, and Mr. Cliffe was such a fine-looking fellow! I knowed half the girls in Peaville would be yellow with envy; and as fer the widders and old maids, I doubted if they'd manage to live through it.

One day Mr. Cliffe he sot down terrible nigh me on the settle in the kitchen, and he put his arm round me, and tuk my hand in his as affectionate as ever you seed a person.

"Hold on a minnit," says I, "and let me wipe my hands onto my apron. "I've been a kneeding up bread, and they're a little doughy."

And he waited jest as obedient as a kitten. Then he took my hand again, and says he,

"Mrs. March, it is not good for man to be alone. That is Scripture, is it not?"

"Yes," says I, "and it's the truth, too."

"I'm glad you think so," says he, "because I'm in love."

"Land of pity," says I, hiding my face in my apron, and getting that dough all over it—"how you do talk!"

"I know it's a little sudden," says he, squeezing my hand so that the pinch-beck ring, that I wear on my forefinger to keep of the rhumatiz, cut rite into the flesh, "I know it's sudden, and I beg your pardon for speaking of it. But I must confide my trouble to some feeling hear'—and to whom shall I speak unless to you, my dear Mrs. March?"

"Sarting!" says I. "I'm the very one. Talk rite along, and tell me everthing."

"I'm unfortunate," says he. "I cannot be married without losing a fortune, unless I am married privately. My grandfather is very wealthy, and has made a will in my favor; but if I marry in his lifetime I forfeit all the property. He is opposed to matrimony."

"The old hunks!" says I."

"Yes," says he, "so he is, though I must not say so; and, Mrs. March, what I want is, that you will consent to a private marriage, and allow me to remain here afterward with my wife;" and he laughed, and blushed, and looked as silly as could be.

"Lawful heart!" says I; "of course I consent. 'Taint nobody's business, no way. When is it to be?"

"Next Saturday night, if it pleases you. I have already spoken to Squire Moss about it, and he has consented. We shall go down to his house in the six o'clock train, be united, and return to your house at eight. You'll not fail to be at the depot?"

"No, indeed!" says I, "you can depend on me!" and then he kissed my hand jest as they do in novels, and never seemed to notice the dough that was still sticking to it.

I was as happy as can be; and I made up my mind that I'd deed the six-acre field to Mr. Cliffe the minnit we was married. That would show him how much confidence I had in him.

I should have somebody now to esquart me home from evening meetings, and to go to the sewing-circle with me on Thursday nights. It was dreadful nice to think of; and I didn't go to sleep till nigh midnight that night for thinking of it; and when I did get asleep, I dreamed of a funeral, which is a sarting sign of a wedding.

I went and had a buff delaine gound made [illegible] occasion, and Sotterday night, at half-past five, I sot sail for the depot. It [illegible] as if Mr. Cliffe didn't want to