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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1887.

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ALMANAC FOR FEBRUARY, 1887.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter 1st day, 4h. 14.3m., a. m., N. W. (below horizon.)

Full Moon 8th day, 6h., 1.5m., a. m., W. Last Quarter 14th day, 9h., 19.5m., p. m., S. W. New Moon 22nd day, 5h., 27.7m., p. m., W.

D. DAY OF WEEK Sun Sun Moon High Day's rises sets rises water low h

D. DAY OF WEEK	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water	Day's low
1 Tuesday	7 28 4	49 11 20	3 33	9 31	
2 Wednesday	27 5	1 11 51	4 38	34	
3 Thursday	26 3	3 43 33	5 54	37	
4 Friday	24 4	1 29 7	7 10	40	
5 Saturday	23 6	2 19 8	8 16	43	
6 Sunday	21 7	3 24 9	9 11	46	
7 Monday	19 8	4 34 10	0 49	49	
8 Tuesday	18 9	5 54 10	1 45	51	
9 Wednesday	17 11	7 10 11	2 37	54	
10 Thursday	16 13	8 29 11	3 25	57	
11 Friday	14 15	9 44 10	4 10	1	
12 Saturday	12 16	10 58 1 34	4 7	4	
13 Sunday	11 18	12 10 2 21	7 1	7	
14 Monday	9 19	0 8 3 16	8 10	10	
15 Tuesday	8 21	1 16 4 28	9 13	13	
16 Wednesday	7 23	2 19 5 40	10 16	16	
17 Thursday	5 24	3 18 7 0	11 19	19	
18 Friday	3 25	4 11 8 8	12 23	23	
19 Saturday	1 27	4 59 8 55	23	23	
20 Sunday	6 59	24 5 39 9 39	29	29	
21 Monday	56	30 6 10 10	32	32	
22 Tuesday	55	31 6 44 10 48	35	35	
23 Wednesday	55	33 7 12 11 24	38	38	
24 Thursday	52	34 7 38 11 51	42	42	
25 Friday	51	35 8 3 12 0	45	45	
26 Saturday	49	37 8 28 0 23	48	48	
27 Sunday	47	38 8 54 0 55	51	51	
28 Monday	6 47 5	40 9 22 1 30	10 55	55	

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Ch'town, Jan. 13, 1887—lmo eod

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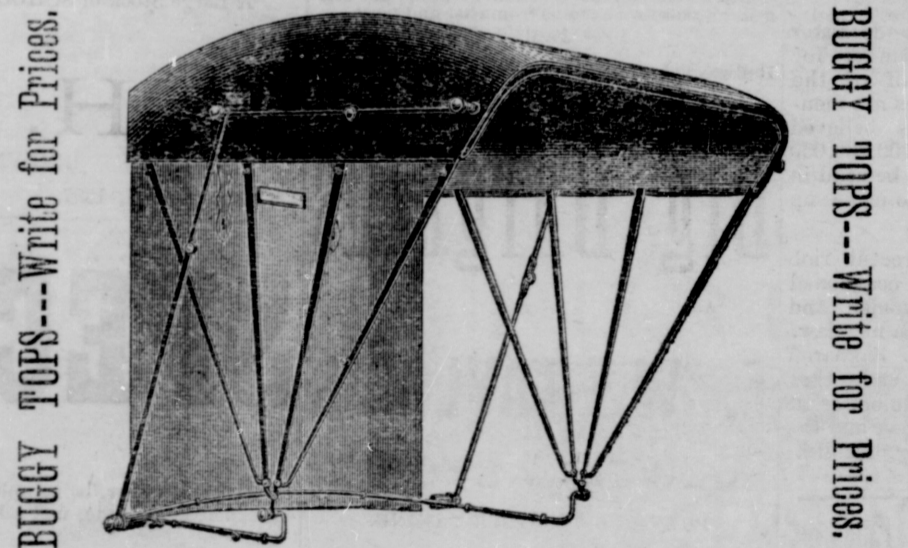
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Nov. 13th, 1886—3 mos eod

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Jan. 5, 1887.

AGAMEMNON,

BY ANNA FICHBERG.

"Charity, Agamemnon Mow, am a beautiful ting," and Mammy Mow dumped a great gingham bundle on the floor, and sitting down on the old rocking chair with her black hands spread on her knees, she gazed thoughtfully at her son, Agamemnon, aged seven who was nursing the baby.

"Charity he cover a multitoob ob sins; d'you hear dat, Agamemnon?"

"Whereupon Mrs. Mow opened the bundle while her son watched her with great agitation, which she manifested by holding the baby up-side down.

"Agamemnon was such a small darkey, and the baby was so big that the division of labor seemed unfair.

"Agamemnon, what you doin' wid dat angel sister—ob yourn?" his mother asked reproachfully.

Agamemnon, suddenly aware that ten little bronze toes were wriggling in the air, where one woolly head should have been, made a mighty effort and turned her right side up, then took a long breath, his burden smiling placidly meanwhile, for Rosalba was nothing if not good-natured.

"Bress her sweet heart, and put dis on her head, Agamemnon." Upon which the ever-smiling Rosalba was crowned with an ancient poke bonnet, which Mammy had picked up in some dusty garret.

Mrs. Mow did "chores" for a living, and from the various houses she "cleaned" she gathered those strange garments in which they were all arrayed.

"See yere, Agamemnon," she cried, and fondly held up a pair of shabby trousers, "Dem's ole massa's, he telled me he wear 'em when he go courtin' missis. Mighty big pity," she added with a sigh, "he hab sic so hard on dem. Dat am de waistcoat, an' dis ar de coat an' dis am a cap for you, Agamemnon," whereupon he was extinguished beneath a fur cap with a visor.

"Now I see got some ting else. Just you guess what it am!" she said in triumph and hid something in the shadow of the old coat.

Agamemnon's eyes glowed in the depths of his fur cap.

"It's a watermelon, he shouted, and at the name of her favorite dish the baby joined in with a fat squeal.

"To-morrow am Christmas, an' de water-melions, dey ain't jes' ripe yet. But I applain de gard'ner de 'cessity of hurrying dem up a little, and he's a berry 'bligging gen'lman," Mammy retorted.

Agamemnon's eyes nearly started out of his head. He lifted the tails of the ancient coat he wore, and prepared to attack the mystery when Mrs. Mow held up—a chicken. Agamemnon had little experience in chickens, but instinct told him that this was a fine bird, combining the noble proportions of mature years and the tenderness of infancy. He howled with rapture and considerably pushed back Rosalba's bonnet so that she also could share in the general joy. And that wasn't all. Mammy drew out a huge loaf of bread, a portly cabbage whose hard heart was a virtue, a quart bag of cranberries, and then, Oh, rapture! a newspaper parcel bursting with doughnuts, so warm still and so greasy that they appeared to dissolve in their own richness.

"Ole massa' tell de cook to gib dem to me, cos it am Christmas, bress his heart! Charity am a beautiful ting! It am a bressed ting to gib—Oh, you little nigger." Mammy interrupted her reflections and pounced on a black paw that was absently toying with the doughnuts. "Dis am Christmas eating! You go out ob doors an' git some air wid dat baby."

So the two discreetly retreated into the front yard, where they cuddled together in a broken-down washub, while the goat, tethered to a bit of fence near by, tried to make a frugal meal of the limp roses in Rosalba's bonnet.

Mrs. Mow's residence consisted of two rooms, and stood on the highway leading to the small town. The neighborhood was so sparsely settled that Mammy's shanty seemed to have tumbled down there by accident. Over the way were fields rich in thistles, rocks, posters and goats.

The next day being Christmas, Mammy, to do credit to the occasion, scrubbed Rosalba until she looked like polished ebony, while Agamemnon suffered such tortures in a pail combined with yellow soap, that he decided to enlist as a pirate as soon as Rosalba could walk. In the mean time his spirits were depressed that even the recollection of the chicken could soothe him. Mammy, having secured her children, proceeded to array herself in untold splendor, and as she was thrusting a part of her great black hand in a yellow kid glove, she thus addressed her son:

"I'se a going down to a praise meetin' at Ebenezer Chapel, Agamemnon. Just you keep dat baby clean, an' if I come home an' finds a speck ob dirt on dat chile, I'll just spank you blue. I has invited Uncle Spooner to dine wid us hiah after de meetin', cause it ain't 'every day dat he eat such a chicken as dis one."

So she departed and left Agamemnon in a loneliness of spirits deepened by a surreptitious contemplation of the chicken.

He knew Uncle Spooner's appetite from painful experience, and it would be unnecessarily aggravated by much shouting in the chapel. Whichever way he calculated, the end was equally unsatisfactory. If Uncle Spooner began with the neck of the fowl and ate his way down the most delicate calculation would prove that only a scaly drum-stick could remain for Agamemnon. On the other hand, supposing Uncle Spooner began at the tail, it was a self-evident fact that only the neck would be left, which part Agamemnon knew to be a mockery and a delusion. Therefore was he in gloom.

Extinguished under the fur cap and staggering under Rosalba, he leaned mournfully against the fence. Christmas had lost its interest for him, and not even the contemplation of the goat taking a light refreshment of a tomato could bring a smile to his lips. At that moment a

dilapidated stranger sauntered down the road. He was terribly out at elbows, but he was cheerful and ready for conversation.

"Hallo, you little nigger, how do you do?" he remarked genially, as the two black infants stared at him from the shelter of a broken-down fence. The infant with the bonnet smiled generously, while the other said with deep gloom that he was pretty well.

"That's your sister, I guess," the stranger continued, leaning over the fence and tickling Rosalba's fat chin with the dingy end of a clay pipe.

"Please let dat chile alone, sar. She done been cleaned up fo' to-day, cos' it am Christmas."

"So it is, I'd nearly forgotten. She don't look as if she ever suffered from hunger."

"She don't be hungry jis' yet," Agamemnon piped up shrilly.

The stranger leaned a little more heavily on the fence.

"Would you believe it, sonny," he said with much emotion, "I have eight of them young things at home, not one of 'em older than her, and they're all hungry."

Agamemnon gazed at the unhappy father with some compassion. He knew how Rosalba yelled when she was hungry, and he rapidly multiplied the noise by eight.

"Why don't you gib em something to eat?" "Cos I ain't got anything. What's your name?"

"Agamemnon Mow."

"Agamemnon, I ain't ate anything myself for four days." Whereupon he mopped his face with the remnant of a red silk handkerchief. "Perhaps your ma'll give me something, seeing it's Christmas."

"She's gone to Ebenezer Chapel, an' dere ain't nobody in 'cept me an' de baby. First dere is a praise meeting, an' den dere are—chicken, and young Agamemnon sighed.

"Well, guess I'll go in and get a glass of water anyway, it's better'n nothing," and she stranger strolled in, followed by Agamemnon and the baby.

"Pears like you might be a tramp, sir," Agamemnon suggested politely, as the other sank into Mammy's favorite chair.

"It's what some call me, particularly policemen. But don't you be afraid, you little nigger, I won't hurt you."

"I ain't noways 'fraid," Agamemnon retorted, and then added, coming nearer, "is dey berry hungry?"

"Who," the forgetful parent demanded. "De eight."

"Oh yes, 'bessure! Awful! I left dem howling."

"Guess dey'd like something to eat." "Of course they would, darkey."

Agamemnon paused, reflected, and then, like all great characters, decided without delay. Charity was a beautiful thing, Mammy had said so, and rather than Uncle Spooner, why the famished eight should eat that chicken.

"If you jis' hole dat baby a minit I done fetch suffin' fo' dem," he said resolutely. The ever-smiling Rosalba was transferred to the tramp, and Agamemnon disclosed the treasures of the cupboard.

There stood the noble loaf of bread as a solid background; the chicken hung by its yellow legs, the portly face of the cabbage absolutely seemed to smile, and the cranberries glowed like garnets. As for the doughnuts, well it was a torture to part with them, but Agamemnon was reckless and resolved. As if to make the ways of sin easy, underneath stood Mammy's market basket.

"Guess, I'll put the tings in heah, but you done bring dat basket back fo' shaah. Dem chileen won't cry no moah, sah," he said as the visitor departed.

As that gentleman disappeared down the street he passed a gorgeous colored lady, escorted by a fat old darkey in an ancient silk hat and a stupendous collar.

"Well, I do declar, Uncle Spooner," she said to her escort, "ef dat gen'lman ain't got a basket jes' like mine! Howebber, as I done remark, dar am a chicken at home what I knows to be tender! Dere am a cabbage what'll jes' melt in your mouf, Uncle Spooner! Dere am doughnuts jes' full of goodness. Dere am cranberries—O, gracions!" Mammy ejaculated at a loss for adjectives, "Dere am nuffin so beautiful like charity," she concluded joyfully as they reached the gate.

"And how am the healf ob Agamemnon an' dis oder dear chile ob yourn, Mrs. Mow?" Uncle Spooner asked, and pulled the baby's woolly braids and pushed Agamemnon's fur cap over his eyes.

A dreadful joy filled Agamemnon's soul. No, the beautiful chicken was not destined for Uncle Spooner. He rejoiced to think of the hungry eight. Besides, had not Mammy distinctly said charity is a beautiful thing?

"I'se done come straight back an' cook dat dinner, Uncle Spooner," cried the unsuspecting Mammy.

Agamemnon watched Uncle Spooner pry into the nooks and corners, and he observed his start of surprise when on opening the familiar cupboard he found it empty.

"Hab your ma any udder 'ceptacle for the victuals," he asked anxiously.

Agamemnon pretended not to hear. He felt nervous. He began to fear that his charity, being diluted charity, might go wrong.

Mammy just then came down in a gorgeous new turban. She smiled until you could see all her great white teeth. She skipped to the cupboard and flung it open in triumph. Then she stared, rolled her eyes wildly, gasped and screamed. The beautiful Christmas dinner had disappeared.

Uncle Spooner turned ash color from disappointment.

"Agamemnon!" "The culprit had discreetly hidden behind an ash barrel in the front yard. He was a prey to doubt and remorse.

He dared not disobey. He crept along. He a p a e d. "Whar am dat dinner gone to, you black nigger?" "What?" "I—gib it to—e gen'lman."

Mammy made a dive for him, but he used Rosalba as a shield.

"Gib dat dinner away?" "He say dey was all so hungry—eight ob 'em—no bigger den Rosalba," Agamemnon sobbed.

"Jes' you come hiah, I's gwine to—"

"Mammy, you say it am beautiful to give things away, Agamemnon pleaded, but in his secret soul he knew that diluted charity is a failure.

Mammy gasped, grabbed the baby, dropped it in the air apparently, and then clutched her son by the seat of his patched velvet breeches and laid him over her knee.

"Uncle Spooner, der am an ole slipper in de cupboard; jes' gim me dat, dere ain't nuffin else dere."

Agamemnon wailed and Mammy wielded the slipper.

"Charity am a beautiful ting, you darkey, but he done begin to home, Agamemnon, don' you nebbor forget dat."

Some one knocked at the kitchen door, but as no one paid any attention a dilapidated head looked in and observed the situation. It was the parent of the eight hungry children.

"Oh I say, old lady," he cried, "here's your dinner. I guess that's what you are wallopin' him for. I've brought it back."

"So dat's you," mammy exclaimed, releasing Agamemnon.

"Yes, but I thought better of it. I kind'er guessed how it would end for that engaging little nigger of yours. And, to tell the truth," he added with an agreeable smile, "the victuals being mostly raw, would set heavy on my digestion, my French cook's off on a vacation. So says I to myself, 'bring them victuals back and they'll invite you to dinner after they're cooked.'"

Mammy flew at the baskets.

"They're all there, mum, excepting a doughnut or two—and the chicken's a very fine chicken. Tain't every gentleman would have done as much. I think, mum, you said I could stay and welcome—seeing it's Christmas."

"Seeing it's Christmas you kin stay," Mammy cried, rejoicing over her recovered treasures.

"Hiah, Agamemnon, hiah am a doughnut, an' you kin set on de cushion to-day. But dere's one ting den you nebbor forget, you little nigger, Charity he done always begin to home."

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Feb. 12, 1887—mod wky

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Manager.
Ch'town, Nov. 16, 1886

CARD
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JAMES McLEOD.
Ch'town, Jan. 5, 1887
—1/2 ex pat 1wks 2aw wky ex pat her 41

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