

# 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.

Vol. VII.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, September 1, 1862.

New Series.—No. 34.

**PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE Pain Killer**  
We ask the attention of the public to this long tested and unrivaled Family Medicine.  
It has been favorably known for more than twenty years, during which time we have received thousands of testimonials, showing this Medicine to be an almost never-failing remedy for diseases caused by or attendant upon—  
Sudden Colds, Coughs, Fever and Ague, Headache, Bilious Fever, Pains in the Side, Back, and Loins, as well as in the Joints and Limbs; Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains in any part of the system, Toothache and Pains in the Head and Face.  
As a Blood Purifier and Tonic for the Stomach, it seldom fails to cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Kidney Complaints, Sick Headache, Piles, Asthma, Catarrh of the Bladder, Gonorrhoea, Stricture, Whites, Oily Stools, Scalded Joints, and General Debility of the System.  
It is also a prompt and sure Remedy for Cramps and Pains in the Stomach, Pinworms, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Scalds, Burns, Sprains, Bruises, Frost Bites, Chills, as well as the Stings of Insects, Scorpions, Centipedes, and the Bite of Poisonous Insects and Venomous Reptiles.  
See Directions accompanying each bottle.  
It has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost every nation known to Americans. It is the almost constant companion and inestimable friend of the missionary and the traveller, on sea and land, and no one should travel on our lakes or rivers without it.  
Price, 25 cts. 50 cts., and \$1.00 per Bottle.  
**PERRY DAVIS & SON,** MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS, PROVIDENCE, R. I.  
Sold by Dealers every where.  
**Agent, T. DESBRISAY,** Apothecary's Hall, Charlottetown, P. E. I. January 28, 1861. 15m

**BUSINESS CARDS.**  
**Dentistry.**  
**C. F. HUBERT, Dentist.**  
Is prepared at all times to attend to the various branches of the profession.  
Teeth carefully inserted, extracted, cleaned, and filled.  
Office hours from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Residence at Mrs. Douglas', Water-street, Charlottetown, Jan. 20, 1862. if

**MR. W. A. JOHNSTON,** OF HALIFAX, N. S.  
**Attorney and Barrister at Law,** Notary Public, &c. &c.  
OFFICE—Mrs. McDonald's, next door to Mrs. Forsyth's, North side of Queen Square, Charlottetown, October 21, 1861.

**GEORGETOWN.**  
**WILLIAM SANDERSON,** Commission Merchant, Wholesale & Retail General Agent, Auctioneer & Broker.  
NOTARY PUBLIC.  
Agent for Col. Life Assurance Company in King's County. Agent for Pictou Iron Foundry.  
**Town Lots, Pasture Lots, and Farms for Sale in King's County.**  
Nov. 18.

**Rockwell, Higley & Garland,** Commission Merchants, and Wholesale Dealers in  
**FLOUR, GRAIN, POTATOES, EGGS, BUTTER, CHEESE,**  
Beans, Pork, and Produce generally.  
44, NORTH STREET, BOSTON,  
(Opposite Merchants Row.)  
References in Charlottetown—  
W. CUNDELL, Esq. J. W. B. DEAN, Esq. June 23, 1862.

**JAMES McCOMB,** WATCHER OF  
**Clocks, Watches, Jewellery,** FANCY GOODS of all kinds, Amalgam and Photographic Goods, Chemicals &c. Wholesale and Retail  
**Bazaar, Great George Street,** Nov. 4, 1861.

**JOHN & ROBERT SCOTT,** Coach & Sleigh Builders, Kent Street.

**LITERATURE.**  
**HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.**  
Day Stars! that ope your eyes with man to twinkle,  
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,  
And dew drops on low lonely altars sprinkle,  
As a libation!  
Ye matn worshippers! who, bending lowly,  
Before the uprisen sun, God's lily eyes eye,  
Throw from your chalicees sweet and holy  
Incense on high!  
Ye bright Mosses! that with storied beauty  
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,  
Whom num'rous emblems of instructive duty  
Your forms create!  
Nearth clustered boughs each floral bell that  
swingeth  
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,  
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth,  
A call for prayer!  
Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and column  
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand;  
But to that fane most catholic and solemn  
Which God hath planned.  
To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;  
Its choir the winds and waves—the organ, thunder—  
Is done, the sky!  
There, as in solitude and shade I wander  
Through the green aisles, or stretch upon the sod,  
Awe'd by the wayside, reverently ponder  
The signs of God.  
Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,  
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,  
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,  
From loveliest nook.  
Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor,  
Weep without weal, and blush without a crime,  
O! may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender  
Your lone sublime!  
'Twas not, Solomon, in all thy glory,  
Armed with the lilies of the field, like ours;  
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory  
Are human flowers!  
In the sweet scented pinches, Heavenly Artist!  
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread  
hall,  
What a delightful lesson thou impartest  
Of love to all!  
Not useless are ye, flowers, tho' made for pleasure,  
Blowing'er the field and wave, by day and night;  
From every source your sanctified life treasure  
Harmless delight.  
Ephemeral ages! what instructors hoary  
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?  
Each fading calyx a memento mori,  
Yet fount of hope!  
Psalms' glory! angel-like connection,  
Upgraded from seed or bulb interred in earth,  
Ye are to me a type of resurrection  
And second birth!  
Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,  
Far from all voice of teachers and divine,  
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining  
Priests, sermons, shrines!

**PURCHASE.**  
**Smarnd's Corner.**  
**A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF** WATCHES always on hand, and warranted to perform well. Prices low and upwards.  
**WEDDING RINGS, BROOCHES, &c. &c.** in great variety.  
Charlottetown, August 4, 1862.

**Queen Insurance Company OF LIVERPOOL.**  
**FIRE AND LIFE!**  
THE Subscriber, having been appointed agent for the first class Insurance Company, is prepared to take risks on all descriptions of property.  
J. S. CARVELL, Agent.  
Charlottetown, Feb. 10, 1862.

[EXTRACTS FROM NEWSPAPERS.]  
On reference to a return made to Parliament, and ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 7th June, 1861, it will be seen that the income of the Queen's Theatre, during the year, was £2,207. 10s. 6d. being upwards of £1,000 more than paid by any other office ever yet established in this City.  
[From the Queen's Theatre Advertiser, Oct. 24, 1861.]  
[Indeed, we believe that we are perfectly justified in saying that no other Company, within the same period, ever attained so large an income in either the Fire or Life Department as the Queen's Insurance Company. In making this statement, we make no exception even in favor of our old local companies, namely, the Liverpool and London, the Royal, and the Lancashire Insurance Companies.]  
[From the Civil Service Gazette, Nov. 2, 1861.]  
[Among these important institutions stands eminent for its solidity, as well as for its success, "the Queen Insurance Company," which last week held its annual meeting in Liverpool. A reference to the simple report, in another page will fully satisfy every reader of the signal progress made by this General Assurance Institution. Such success is, indeed, rarely attained; and it attests at once the excellence of its management, and the public confidence in its operations.]  
[From the Liverpool Mercury, Nov. 2, 1861.]  
[It is not gratifying to the public generally, and especially to the proprietors, to find that it is coming during the past three years has increased at the rate of £20,000 per annum. We believe that no other Company, within the same short period, ever attained so large an increase either in the Fire or Life Department. This speaks highly for the ability and zeal of the management, while the promptness with which all the claims, arising out of the late disastrous fire in London were met, testifies to their financial ability and the care and prudence which marked the investment of these funds.]

**Rocking Filling Mills.**  
THE subscribers return thanks to their friends and patrons in Prince Edward for the liberal patronage hitherto extended to them, and would respectfully inform that they are still on hand and ready to do their work up in the BEST STYLE, and at the SHORTEST NOTICE, and expect a large increase in their business, arising out of the late disastrous fire in London were met, testifies to their financial ability and the care and prudence which marked the investment of these funds.  
R. & A. FRASER.  
Rocklin, Middle River, Nova Scotia.  
July 19, 1862. 3m

**Final Notice.**  
THIS is to NOTIFY all persons indebted to the Subscriber, that unless their respective accounts are settled by the FIRST DAY OF SEPTEMBER ensuing, they will be proceeded against in Law, without any distinction whatever.  
C. C. VAUGHAN.  
Glasgow House, Aug. 12, 1862.

**TO MERCHANTS AND OTHERS.**  
THE subscriber will hold an AUCTION on the second THURSDAY in every month of the disposal of any kind of Merchandise placed in his hands. Goods to be sent to the AUCTION ROOM two days previous to sale. Proceeds will be handed over without delay.  
NEIL RANKIN, Auctioneer.  
Queen-street, March 31, 1862.

**Flour, Tea, Leather, &c.**  
For Sale by the Subscriber  
**LOW FOR CASH.**  
150 Bbls. Extra State Flour, 100 Bbls. Superior do  
20 chests superior TEA  
2000 Gunny Bags (cheap bags for grain)  
25 quintals codfish  
Just arrived per Brig. HERON—  
100 Bbls. "Southern" Superior Flour  
30 sides best New York Sole Leather.  
(California Hides).  
M. LOWEN, Peake's Buildings.  
Queen-street, June 9, 1862.

**FLOUR!**  
FOR SALE, 100 Bbls. CANADA SUPERIOR FLOUR, (warranted). Now arrived from Liverpool, 40 chests superior TEA. For sale, wholesale, by  
R. W. BRECKEN.  
Pownall-street, May 12, 1862.

**DR. HAMMOND JOHNSON**  
Will VACCINATE at his Dispensary from 11 to 1 o'clock daily.  
July 14, 1862.

**PAINTS and PAINT OIL BAR**  
IRON; also, 100 chests and half chests TEA for sale cheap for cash by  
JAMES DUNCAN & CO.  
Charlottetown, June 30, 1862.

**TO EXCURSIONISTS.**  
**Round trip for \$13.**  
TICKETS from CHARLOTTETOWN to PICTOU, TREBO, HALIFAX, WINDSOR, ST. JOHN, SHEDIAK, SUMMERSIDE and Charlottetown, or vice versa, and good for ONE MONTH from date of purchase, may be had of  
J. S. CARVELL, Agent.  
24th July, 1862. 2m

time, while occasional wayfarers, to avoid the storm, added to their numbers. Among these latter were two individuals, one of whom, before his entrance, was overheard, by some in the entrance, to say to his companion, with a fearful oath peculiar to certain people in the South:—  
"By—! major, I'll raise a fight to-night before I go!"  
"No, no, colonel!" replied the other—"stop a moment. Is there any man here you have a difficulty with?"  
"No—not that I know of; but what does that matter?"  
"Then why go into a bar for the sake of picking a quarrel with a stranger, either to kill or be killed?"  
"Kill me! ha! ha! major, don't grind coffee on my nose! You couldn't do it yourself! Let any man try, and the way I'll use him up shall be a caution, mind I tell you!"  
And so saying, the colonel strode in, and made his way toward the bar, where he ordered brandy, and while drinking it cast his eyes around upon a respectable body of men there assembled—a body commonly called, according to this kind of classical American, "a tallish kind of a crowd."  
His general insolence of demeanor soon attracted attention, but for a while he failed to fix upon any particular individual as his intended victim.  
Meantime, his friend the major—probably another such major as he himself a colonel—was observed to address him earnestly, but in a low tone of voice, though seemingly with the intention of keeping him quiet. These efforts failed—and with more brandy came more determination. Eventually, his eye fell upon two persons, one the young man who was to be slaughtered, and the other an aged one—perhaps his father. They were engaged in close private conversation, the younger of the two being then inattentively, and having drawn somewhat nearer, very soon exclaimed aloud—  
"It is not the case!"  
Many turned their heads towards the speaker, with a slight expression of surprise, and being unobservant of who was addressing him, his friend who now stood aloof, but kept his eyes upon him, beckoned him back; but in vain, while the individual really most interested in this commencement of the attack was so absorbed in his own discourse as not to hear or to remark the exclamation at all.  
By and by, the colonel a second time spoke, but in a louder voice—  
"I say it's false!"  
On this occasion, the young man almost involuntarily looked up, and his eyes met those of the colonel, for toward him were many eyes directed. But he seemed no yet to comprehend that his private conversation with his aged friend was alluded to, it was therefore immediately continued.  
By this time scarcely another voice in the room was heard—suspect as to the result, and curiosity concerning this unreasonable conduct, having produced considerable silence.  
For the third time the colonel exclaimed—  
"I say it's a lie!" and at the same instant fixing his eyes, with an expression of perfect ferocity, on his predetermined antagonist. Many others also looked in the same direction. The young man could no longer be deceived. He mildly but determinedly asked—  
"Is that addressed to me?"  
"It is!" roared the colonel. "I say again it's all a lie!"  
A steady look of utter contempt was the only answer he received; and he that gave it resumed his discourse as before.  
Several now shrunk back, confident that a fight would ensue, and anxious to keep out of the way. Some minutes elapsed ere the intended murderer opened his lips for the fourth time, and then it was to denounce his victim as "himself a coward and a liar!"  
The latter, thereupon, deliberately rose from his seat, and advancing with the most apparent composure toward his antagonist (who probably had no idea of such a salutation from such a man), struck him boldly in the face with his fist, and instantly fell back to stand upon his defence with his knife.  
The colonel rushed forward like a tiger, but his friend the major seized him, and all interfered to prevent the immediate effusion of blood. This being effected, a challenge was immediately given by the colonel and accepted, and the morning was proposed as the period for the meeting. To the surprise, however, of some of the bystanders, the challenged party insisted on an immediate decision, and that the combat should terminate only with life. "To kill or be killed," said he, "is now my only alternative, and the sooner one or the other is done the better."  
On hearing this the colonel furiously demanded an instantaneous settlement of the affair, said his friends had no right to prevent it, and swore that if he did not conclude the business at the first shot, he would continue to stand as a target only the following two times. Both parties were of course, by this period highly excited. Different propositions were loudly vociferated by many different parties present, and more than one cause of "difficulty" of this kind appeared likely to be brought to its "sun total" before the morning sun. It was suggested that they should go out on the clearing, having two blazing fires made at proper distance, the combatants being placed between them, so that they could see each other against the light behind—or that they should fight by the blaze of pickaxe splinter—or decide the question at once across a table.  
In the midst of all this uproar, the young man challenged was questioned by several of the more temperate persons present as to his knowledge of the character and reputation enjoyed by his antagonist the colonel. He replied that he knew nothing whatever concerning him, and had never even seen him before—two facts which, in his opinion, highly aggravated the repeated and intentional insults he had received. They accordingly advised him on the subject of the colonel's prowess, and urgently recommended him to adopt the following two courses—to select no other weapon than his rifle, and to defer the decision until daylight. By no other arrangement could he possibly have a chance.  
All was in vain, as he firmly adhered to his previously expressed determination; and

equally vain were the painful and even painful remonstrances of his aged friend. Reconciliation, even during the space of a few hours, being thus rendered impossible, and all the already proposed modes of fighting being rejected or unattended to, a new proposition was made. It was distinctly declared that in order to disarm one of the parties of a decided general advantage as a duellist—to prevent the other, as far as possible, from being butchered as well as wanted—both parties agreed to place both upon as perfect an equality as possible, the following articles ought to be agreed to:—  
That the landlord should give up the use of a large empty room that extended over the whole top of his house, and allow every window to be closely blocked up with shutters or boards. That when this should be done, the duellists should be directed of every particle of clothing, armed each with a brace of pistols and a bowie-knife, and then be let into the room—three minutes being given after the closing of the door before hostilities commenced, the expiration of the time being announced to them by three rapid knocks upon the door.  
Will it be believed that this arrangement was instantly agreed to? But so it was. And a tolerable party immediately proceeded upstairs, some to make the needful arrangements, and others to listen to this unseen fight and wait its exciting result.  
Savage as men's spirits may be, such a scene of preparation as this was enough to excite, if not to awe them. While it was passing, no man spoke, but all looked curiously upon the fine muscular persons that were soon, in all probability, about to cut up each other alive.  
All things being ready, the door, which had cautiously been kept closed to prevent the interior of the place from being seen by the duellists, was opened, and they entered the room of death together. The old man, whose friend one of them was, went in silent bitterness, but by an involuntary action, the young man passed out of his sight, evidently brought heaven to assist the insulted and the innocent. The door was closed, the time-keeper drew out his watch, and kept his eye steadily fixed upon it. The assembled party employed that brief period in offering and accepting (in whispers) bets of from one to five hundred and more dollars as to the result. According to sporting phrases, "the colonel was the favourite," though the backers of neither one nor the other appeared inclined to offer very long odds.  
The time-keeper closed his watch, and gave the signal, at the same moment all the lights on the landing and staircase were extinguished, in order that no ray might pass through the least crevice into the inside of the room.  
Everybody expected, upon the giving of the signal, to hear the commencement of the strife; but they listened in dead silence to no purpose, not the remotest sound, even of a footstep, could be heard. And thus they waited five minutes, and ten, and twenty, and yet the combatants gave no sign. After the lapse, as near as might be conjectured, of half-an-hour, or thereabouts, one pistol was discharged; and although the listeners had been in the continued expectation of it so long, yet when it did come, a sudden start of surprise ran through them, as though each man had instantly felt that he might have received the contents himself. And then followed a hasty step across the floor—another pistol roared—the clashing of knives, and a brief but seemingly desperate attempt to wrestle, which quickly terminated, and all again was quiet.  
"It's all up!" whispered one—"I'll bet drinks for the crowd!"  
"Taken!" said another; "I begin to want a jolup!"  
"Fifty to forty the colonel has killed him!" remarked a third; "he was a very nice young man, but he can't come in this time!"  
And thus would they have gone on had not the third report been just then heard, followed by a prolonged conflict hand to hand, and knife to knife, in the course of which the fourth pistol was exploded. The strokes of the knives began to grow less frequent, and more faint in sound; but ere they had entirely ceased, a heavy body dropped with a dead sound upon the floor of the room. Another instant, and there followed another fall.  
Some individuals present were for opening the door immediately; but this proposition was overruled, on the ground that if the light was not yet over, the most able might take advantage of the appearance of the light to kill the other, even lying on the boards.  
About half-an-hour was, if I recollect aright, allowed to pass in close and attentive listening to catch the most distant sound from within. None was heard; and at the expiration of that period, amid a crowd of the most horrible and anxious faces, the door was opened and the whole party rushed in. Toward the remotest end, and not far from the wall, lay a heap like red cloth. It was composed of the gashed and bloody bodies of the duellists! One lay across the other. They were taken up, and something like a distant murmur of applause followed, when it was discovered that the colonel was unscathed!

Such is the tale, as nearly as the writer can remember, that was related to him. Should it be said that he met with a romantic incident in that case his only hope is that he may meet with another such every day of his life; though his firm and well-founded belief is that all the details are perfectly true.

**THE LOST SEAL RING.**  
"Hotter than a pepper corn!" said Dr. Gray to himself, as he guided his shaggy little horse round the sharp turn of the road and checked under the spreading shadow of the giant eucalyptus tree, whose broad boughs were all sparkling with ruby pendants, and then walked to the house.  
"Hal-lo!" said the doctor.  
He shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked intently in at the kitchen window. There was the trim figure of his pretty daughter standing at the kitchen table, her sleeves rolled back, and a pink check apron tied about her taper waist, apparently deep in the saccharine mysteries of pie-making. That was nothing surprising, but Dr. Gray could have sworn that a minute ago the apparition of a young gentleman was manifesting a remarkable degree of interest in the pan of sliced apples and various spice boxes and sugar-bowls that flanked it; and yet, now that he looked again, Kitty was trimming the edges of her pie-crust all alone! He walked straight into the kitchen, where the oven fire was glowing so hotly that Kitty's cheeks were like twin carnations, as she powdered cinnamon and nutmeg over the juicy slices of July apples, and drenching them in snowy sugar.  
"Kit! where's Harton Brown?"  
Kitty stopped to cut a little star in the centre of the white sheet of pie-crust, where with she was covering her pastry, before she answered, in a low tone:  
"I don't know."  
"You don't, eh?" said the doctor, quietly pursuing his march into a shape suggestive of whisking. "I supposed not."  
And the doctor proceeded through the hall into his little office, where sat his hopeful young student, Harton Brown, deep in the ponderous pages of a Medical Dictionary.  
"Been hard at work all day, eh?" said the old gentleman, taking off his Panama hat, and fanning himself with its broad brim.  
"Yes, sir," said Brown, "I've written out that abstract you left, and looked over the papers on fractures, and—"  
"All right, you're a most industrious fellow," said Dr. Gray. "You don't believe in stopping work on all sorts of frivolous pretences, do you?"  
"No, sir," said Brown, demurely.  
"You are convinced that nothing but steady perseverance will enable a man to succeed in the science of medicine?"  
"Yes, sir," replied Harton Brown, moving a little uneasily upon his chair.  
"Very sensible of you," said Dr. Gray, shrugging his shoulders. "And now—by what are you looking for?"  
"My seal ring, sir; I thought it was on my finger but a minute ago. You have not seen it, I suppose?"  
"No, not that I know of," said the doctor, taking snuff just as briskly as he did anything else.  
"I hope it is not lost," said Harton. "I value it very highly as my father's gift. Where can it have gone?"  
"Don't know," said the doctor. "Just give me that list of patients we expect this afternoon and then go and ask Jake to keep a look out for your trinket. That boy has more eyes and ears than most people, I believe—I know he has more mischief!"  
Harton Brown adopted his preceptor's suggestion, and the old gentleman was left alone, alternately taking snuff, rubbing his spectacles, and cogitating whether his fair daughter was really deceiving him as to her innocent love affairs.  
"Confound it!" soliloquized the doctor, petulantly, "it takes sharper eyes than mine to see through woman-kind's manoeuvres. I'll ferret out the mystery yet, though—hanged if I don't!"  
The brazen throat of the old kitchen clock had just uttered, in a sort of shrill treble, the fact that it was one, past meridian, and dinner was nearly over at Dr. Gray's. Showdown dinner tasted better in the long, shady dining-room of the Gray mansion house than it did anywhere else, for the climbing honeysuckles at the window stirred so pleasantly in the wind, and held back their green wilderness of leaves to admit such delicious scents of new mown hay and blossomed-sprinkled woods that the most delicate appetite could not help being tempted. And Kitty Gray looked so pretty at the head of the damask draped table, her brown hair brushed back, and her white throat edged with dainty lace, and the faint color coming and going on her cheek-like rose shadows. No wonder Harton Brown looked at her so often; we should have done the same thing had we sat opposite her at the table.  
"I'll take another piece of that apple-pie, Kate," said the old doctor, extending his plate. "Ospital pie—where did the apples come from?"  
"I believe Patrick gathered them from the garbled tree that grows up by the south wall of the orchard, papa; the apples hang there like balls of gold just streaked with red on the sunny side, and I baked them this morning!"  
"Upon my word, you're getting to be quite a little house-keeper," said the doctor, chuckling. "The first thing I know, some young fellow will be—why—hallo here—what's this?"  
For Dr. Gray's teeth, sound and white as ivory, had struck against some foreign substance under the snowy crust of the much-praised pie, with a jar that set every nerve on edge.  
"Do they make apple-pie now-a-days out of sticks and stones? Demanded the old gentleman, tartly. "No—I'm mistaken—it isn't a stone, it's a seal ring!"  
And the doctor quietly held up Harton Brown's missing ornament—a heavy cornelian, set in a ring of chased gold. Kitty turned scarlet, Brown looked amazed and confounded.  
"How a seal ring should happen to get baked in an apple-pie, don't know," said the malicious old doctor, enjoying the confusion of his companions. "Young people, can you tell me what all this means?"  
"I can tell you, sir," said Harton, valiantly, seeing that now or never was the time for his coup d'etat. "It means that I am in love with your daughter Kitty, and that if you will consent to our union, we will be everlastingly grateful to you!"  
"Papa!" whispered Kitty, with her round arms clasped about his neck, "now be good and say yes! I wanted to tell you before, only I—I didn't dare."  
"O! said Dr. Gray, dryly. "I thought I should find things out, by and by, I wish, however, it may be at the cost of a snapping toothache!"  
"May I have her, sir?" pleaded Harton, who had by this time got his arm round Kitty's waist.  
"Well," said the doctor, "I don't know that I've any objection. Have it your own way, young people. Only, if you have any more courting to get through with, I beg you won't do it over my apple-pie!"  
Harton Brown was a rich man that July afternoon; he had two treasure-troves—a promised wife and a seal ring! And the doctor was happy, for he had found something to tease Kitty about!

**KILLING RATS—A NOVEL TRAP.**—The premises of a good many farmers are infested with rats, and we are often asked for modes of destruction. A resident of Brooklyn is vexed with an increasing family of rats that seem to grow fat on arsenic and rat exterminators. He doesn't like rats, and refers his case to the Sunday Times. That journal recommends a trap made as follows:—  
"Take a mackerel barrel, for instance, and fill it about one third its height with water. Then place a log endwise in the water, so that one end of it will just remain above the surface. Make the head of the barrel a little too small to fit, and suspend it by two pins to the inside of the top of the barrel, so that it will hang as if on a pivot and easily tip by touching either side. On this head, thus suspended, secure a piece of savory meat. The first rat that accosts it, will, to get the meat, leap on the barrel head. The head will tip or tilt, precipitate him into the water, and resume its position. The rat in the water will swim to the log, get on the end and squeal roof-roof-roof. His cries will bring other rats, and all of whom will fight for the only dry spot in it—viz: the end of the log. As only one rat can hold it, the victor will drown himself. We have seen twenty rats caught in a single night by such a trick."

**THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.**—A letter from Viehy states:—The Emperor Napoleon continues in excellent health. He continues his practice of every morning going out for a short walk and taking a bath. In the afternoon, after devoting some time to business or study, he takes a drive, or a ride on horse-