

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 3.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, October 24, 1867.

No. 3.

THE Summerside Journal

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JOB PRINTING of every description, performed with neatness and dispatch, at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

Summerside Markets.

SUMMERSIDE, OCTOBER 24, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s 6d
Barley per bush	3s 3d
Potatoes per bush	1s 6d
Turnips per bush	10d 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	10d 1s
Lard per lb	9d 1s
Tallow per lb	9d 1s
Eggs per doz	8d 1s
Beef per lb	3d 1s
Mutton per lb	3d 1s
Pork per lb by carcass	3d 1s
Geese each	3d 1s
Flour per cwt	55s 6d
Oatmeal per cwt	18s 6d
Hay per Ton	60s 7d
Straw per cwt	1s 6d
Pine Boards	4s 10s
Spruce Boards	4s 10s

Charlottetown Markets.

OCTOBER 24, 1867.

Beef (small)	4d 1s
Do. by quarter	3d 1s
Mutton	4d 1s
Lamb per lb	3d 1s
Butter	1s 1s 3d
Do. by tub	1s 1s 3d
Cheese	6d 1s
Tallow	9d 1s
Lard	8d 1s
Flour lb	3d 1s
Oatmeal 100 lb	17s 1s 3d
Eggs	8d 1s
Potatoes	1s 9d 1s
Turnips	1s 5d
Barley	3s 4s
Oats	2s 6d
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Spruce	4s 5s
Pine	7s 9s
Shingles	12s 15s
Wool	1s 1s 3d
Hay	60s 70s
Straw cwt	1s 6d 1s 2s
Hempseed	5s 6d 6s
Sheepskins	9d 1s
Calfskin lb	5d 1s
Hides lb	4d

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown.
President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

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President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
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Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

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Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.
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Notes for Discount must be in before 11 o'clock on Discount days.
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KITSON CASEY, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR
formerly Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, offers his professional services to the people of Summerside and vicinity. He can be consulted at his office, over the Store of Green & Schurman, in Summerside.
June 13, 1867. if

DR. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1865.

DR. McNEILL,
Physician & Surgeon,
RESIDENCE—At George Garret's, Esquire, Stanley Bridge.
New London, P. E. I.
Jan 24, 1867. ly

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FIRE AND LIFE.
Established 1809.

CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
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G. W. DEBLOIS, Agent at Charlottetown.
Forms of Application can be had by applying to Mr. J. BERTRAM, Journal Office, Summerside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867.—ly

DAVID BERTRAM,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Water Street Summerside.
October 12, 1865.

Business Cards.

C. L. RICHARDS,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in British & Foreign Groceries
1, Head North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1866. ly

James Greenough,
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KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.
503 St. Paul Street,
Montreal, C. E.
February 7, 1867.

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AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, - - - - P. E. Island.

JABEZ HUDSON,
Authorized Auctioneer,
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TRYON, - - - - P. E. I.
June 27, 1867.

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

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

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug. 9, 1866

WILLIAM M. HOWE,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.
ST. ELEANOR'S - - - - P. E. ISLAND.

FRANCIS LONGWORTH,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office—PAVILION HOTEL.
(next door to the Hon. Joseph Hensley's.)
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND.
Jan. 17, 1867. ly

GEORGE ALLEY,
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Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
Telegraph Buildings, Water Street,
Charlottetown, - - - - P. E. Island.

THOMAS FRIZZEL,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
WATER STREET,
opposite Colin McLennan's Store.
Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.
Summerside, June 6, 1867. ly

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,

No. 9 King Square, St. John N.B.
Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.

In connection with the above the subscribers have opened a
First Class Grocery Store
where they will keep constantly on hand, Flour, Corn Meal, Provisions, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, and all articles usually kept in a Grocery Store.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
May 30, 1867.—ly

Fountain House Hotel.
King Square, (North Side),
ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Subscriber having leased the above Hotel, and refitted the same, is now prepared to accommodate Transient and Permanent Boarders, and trusts by attention to meet a share of public patronage.
Having also leased the commodious Stable attached, and secured the services of a careful Hostler, who will be in attendance at all hours, travellers will be sure to get satisfaction at lowest rates.

JAMES W. THOMSON,
Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., July 4, 1867.—ly

ROCKLIN HOUSE,
Kent Street, Charlottetown,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
Ch'town, June 13, 1867.

North American Hotel,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.
JOHN MURPHY, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find good accommodation.
Good Stables in connection with the Hotel, and a careful Hostler always in attendance.
Ch'town, Feb. 14, 1867. if

EVERY MAN HIS OWN FIRE BRIGADE.

"A little fire is quickly put out, which being suffered, rivers cannot quench."—Vide Mr. Cardwell in the British House of Commons.

L'EXTINCTEUR,
A new Portable, self-acting Fire Engine, for the Extinguishing of fires in their early stages.

The little Engine can be carried on the back to any desired spot; throws a small stream of water, impregnated with eight times its volume of carbonic acid gas, which is the most simple and most effective means yet known to science for destroying fire. They have the advantage of being always ready for use. All that is necessary in applying them is to turn the tap with one hand, and with the other direct the stream upon the flame, which will instantly extinguish the fire. They are indispensable for houses, stores, warehouses, factories, public offices, halls, &c., &c.

Prices—No. 3 \$23. 4 \$27. 5 \$30. 6 \$35. Chemical Charges—No. 3 \$1.10, 4 \$1.40, 5 \$1.80, 6 \$2.25.

JAMES R. WOODBURN,
58 Water Street, St. John, N.B.
or Mr. ROBERT YOUNG,
Queen Square, Charlottetown
Aug 29, 1867. if

Carriage Factory!!
Head of Queen Street,
CHARLOTTETOWN.
THE Subscribers beg leave to acquaint the public that, having entered into a Co-Partnership, they are prepared to execute all orders in the

CARRIAGE, SLEIGH,
OR
Blacksmith Business,
and having each had considerable experience, they are able to turn out a FIRST CLASS Carriage or Sleigh.

Repairing of all kinds, together with all other work appertaining to their line of business, will be attended to.
Send in your orders immediately
PROUD & MCCOUBREY,
Queen Street, Charlottetown,
Jan. 10, 1867. ly

R. M. GIBSON,
PAINTER AND GILDER.
HAVING worked several Seasons under the instructions of some of the most popular Painters in the United States and British Provinces, wishes to announce to the public that he has opened a PAINT SHOP, and commenced in that line of trade, at SUMMERSIDE, where he is prepared to execute all kinds of Plain and Ornamental House and Sign

PAINTING.
Ceilings and Walls painted and decorated in Oil and Fresco, Graining, Paper hanging and Glazing done to please the employer, Ceilings whitened with neatness and dispatch.
Summerside, April 11, 1867. 6m

MAN'S LIVERY STABLE!!
THE subscriber wishes to inform the inhabitants of Summerside and the travelling public, that he is prepared to furnish HORSES & CARRIAGES, at all times and at the shortest notice. Parties stopping at the Hotels, and waiting a team and a driver to drive them out, can be supplied at all hours in the day.
JAMES MANN,
Summerside, Sept. 12, 1867. 3m

POETRY.

CONTENTMENT.
Oh! could we cease to drain the lees
Of life, and wander like the bees
Through honeyed groves and floral bowers,
Extracting sweet from all life's flowers
From early spring till autumn leaves
Turn gold and die, and nature weaves
A bright and robe of broodery rare
To throw around her form so fair;
How bright our summers then would be
From care and sorrow, oh how free!

How much joy our lives would bless
Could we the alchemy possess,
With all its rare and wondrous powers,
That plants life's wayside full of flowers;
That turns each sunbeam into gold
And drapes dark skies with roscate fold,
That makes our rugged pathway bright
With gems and jeweled things of light;
How sweet life's stream would then flow on,
With what glad hearts our work be done!

Contentment is a jewel rare
Which soon can charm away each care;
Can give each hour bright golden wings
And tune life's harp with heaven-touched strings;
And diamond-like its beauteous light
Is always brightest in the night;
A sweet star shining over all
When gloom would cover with its pall;
Then, child of earth, I pray the wear
This radiant, sparkling jewel rare.

ISA OF P. H.

Select Literature.
THE ELOPEMENT.
A TALE OF REAL LIFE.
[CONTINUED.]

COLONEL LAWSON expressed his thanks and turned to receive the congratulations of Mrs. Rawson and Adele, the latter of whom had just entered. A few moments we spent in cheerful conversation, he briefly sketching the horrors of his imprisonment, meeting Mrs. Rawson's pitying glances, and Adele's silent but still more expressive tribute of tearful eyes, and gathering from them, inadvertently, to his surprise, that a whole year had elapsed since his incarceration. In his solitary cell days had merged themselves together, and long as were the weary months, he could hardly realize, as he gazed again the same light of heaven that summer, autumn, winter and spring had again encircled the earth. Accepting an invitation to join them at their room to dinner, he withdrew to his own room to dispatch a letter to his agent, directing the transmission of funds sufficient to answer his pressing needs, and briefly detailing the circumstances which had given rise to his long silence. Upon consulting a late paper, he found that the Liverpool steamer had sailed the day previous, and consequently full four weeks must elapse before his letter could reach its destination.

More than two months did indeed pass before the anxiously awaiting package of letters and papers was put in Colonel Lawson's hands. He might have been moved to make immediate preparations for quitting Rome upon his release from his imprisonment, and probably would have done so but for his heavy obligations, both pecuniary and personal, to Mr. Rawson. The feeble state of his friend's health precluded the possibility of his removal to Geneva—a step which he had latterly contemplated for the benefit of his waters and its salubrious air; and much of Colonel Lawson's time was now spent by his sick bed, sharing the patient watches of the wife and daughter.

With eager haste he unfolded his agent's long epistle, but ere he had hurried to the close, a sentence struck him, and he stooped to pick up a rudely superscribed note which had slipped from it to the floor. He tore it open and glanced at the signature—"Your old servant, LUCY MASON."

He turned to the date, December, nine months previous!

"COLONEL LAWSON—Dear Sir,—I am very sorry to have to write you bad news, Mrs. Lawson, I am sorry to say, has left us. She went away unknown to any of us, two days ago. She took her tea with me as usual that evening, I did not see anything uncommon in her, she ate little, and was dull, and checked me when I tried to talk with brief answers, but that was her way. She must have gone about day or two before that time. She took nothing with her that I know from her wardrobe. I have made what inquiries I could in the village and country round, but without success. I feel much troubled and uneasy. I hope you will attach no blame to me, Colonel. I have done my best to make the poor lady comfortable.

"P. S.—she must have taken the railroad. If she had been anywhere round here we should have got news of her. Please write me a line."

He stood for a moment painfully bewildered by this unexpected news. Whether had she gone? homeless! friendless! He shuddered as he saw the wild December night, the white snows, the pitiless wind!

"Would I had been more merciful with her." The thought had broken upon him in his dreary cell—it faced him now afresh. Nearly a year had elapsed since her flight or at least must elapse before the search could be resumed; every trace of her journey must long ere this have been blotted out. Whether had she gone? without friends, without money, to earn her bread among strangers—but how? She, his gentle, patted wife, whom the winds of heaven had never been suffered to visit too roughly—rather to starve, to beg, to lie down and die! He felt an instant's sympathy with the sensitive pride which would leave behind no letter or message to him who had so faintly discarded her.

He roused himself from his gloomy reflections, and took up the remaining letter which the familiar handwriting showed to be from his aunt. It bore a later date, and one or two sentences in the closely

written sheet thrilled him with indefinable perplexity. He read on—"I cannot congratulate you on the very mournful event which sets you free, yet I cannot but feel that it removes a stain from our name—a stain which though it may never be utterly obliterated, will, I trust, be in time forgotten in a happier connection."

The truth flashed upon him. He took up the still unopened package of newspapers before him and slowly began his search. A mark drawn in ink around the lists of deaths in the second, attracted his attention. He read:

"In C—, April 27th, of brain fever, Helen, wife of Colonel Frederick Lawson, aged 27."

A summons to the sick room, and lifting his face from his hands, with a moment's struggle he dismissed all traces of emotion, and hurriedly obeyed the call. A prolonged and deadly fainting fit had alarmed Mrs. Rawson; he found her in a paroxysm of hysterics, with her daughter bending over her, and it was long ere she could be convinced that life had not indeed departed. Reassured, at last, by the feeble tones of the invalid, as he finally unclosed his eyes in consciousness, she yielded to his entreaty to retire to her chamber, to seek for a little time the repose she so much needed. Adele followed at an impressive gesture from her father, and Colonel Lawson silently took his seat at the bedside. A deep silence fell between them, broken only when the soft gloom of twilight began to steal in through the half drawn curtains. Colonel Lawson started from his painful retrospection as the low voice of the sufferer broke the almost oppressive stillness.

"I am entering upon the journey we all must go. Only one reflection troubles me; my little family, alone in a strange land."

"Let not that give you a moment's thought, my friend. I will be to your wife and child all that your heart can ask."

"All?" He paused, and then rallying strength, went on. "There is one thing I would earnestly desire—which would take every thorn from my dying pillow."

What strange premonition of the wish struggling for utterance on those pale lips was reflected in Lawson's mind that his late was suddenly averted. The movement passed unheeded by the sick man, however, and he went on—

"Adele's future—young, rich, beautiful—I tremble for my child! From my own heart I know the world. Colonel Lawson, I have not been to my true wife the most faithful of husbands, or to my poor girl the tenderest of fathers. I lament too late, when I can give them nothing but my prayers and wishes. From one sin, the blackest in the long catalogue, God mercifully withheld me; he snatched from my grasp the heart and reputation I had planned to sully. Oh, I thank Him fervently for this on my death bed!"

He was silent; his mind seemed lost in the recollections of the troubled past; his hands locked feebly in each other's clasp, and a stifled sigh escaped him.

Colonel Lawson was silent. He felt the embarrassment of his situation. His high sense of gratitude struggled with conflicting emotions. Did he not owe his life, his future to the man whose generous exertions had snatched him from a horrible doom? What obligations owed he to her memory thus to revolt at the thought of a second union, when her cruel deception had so blighted his life? And after all this sacrifice might yet be foregone. What sympathy could exist between the gay, happy Adele and himself? He took in his firm clasp the thin hand which now lay extended on the counterpane.

"My dear sir, I will not profess that I love your daughter; a painful experience has banished me from all thought of woman's love, but I honor and respect her, and if her heart so wills, will thankfully claim her as my wife."

"Then I shall die content," murmured Mr. Rawson, a faint glow lighting up his face.

Anticipating his eager wish, the colonel rose at once to ring the bell, and ordered the servant to call Mrs. Rawson and Adele. They came pale and anxious, fearing a second attack, but a few words from the lips of the dying man explained the new position in which they stood. Adele's cheek flushed, but her silent lips made at least no opposition. She stole a timid glance at her suitor, whose grave brow and resolutely composed mien spoke little of the tremor and hope of the lover; and the same glance took in her father's radiant face, and her mother's wistful eyes.

"Dispose of me as you will," she said, faintly, to her father, giving him her hand.

But she started, and involuntarily raised her eyes, as she met the icy clasp of the bridegroom. His downcast eyes sent back no answering look; she saw plainly that his thoughts were far away. Her mother's cry roused her. She turned towards the bed. Mr. Rawson had just expired. The mournful arrangements were soon completed. A place secured for the hallowed remains in consecrated ground, in the pleasant cemetery of —; a plain marble cross, with the age and name recorded, erected to mark the spot; the few business arrangements hurried over, and barely two weeks later saw the little party in a steamer bound for Liverpool on their way across the ocean. The voyage was usually rough and tempestuous, and the ladies were confined almost entirely to their state-room.

Arrived in New York, Colonel Lawson conducted them at once to his elegant mansion, where by his forwarded orders everything had been prepared for their reception. We will not dwell upon his own emotions at thus re-entering a home hallowed to him by so many recollections. That they could not be otherwise than deeply painful, we may well believe. In the first shock of Adele's sudden bereavement, and in the course of their tempestuous voyage, he had found no opportunity for the revelation he owed her. The absence of his child, removed into the country by direction of its physician some weeks previous, on account of illness, he welcomed thankfully, as preventing an awkward denunciation. He chose rather to make the avowal of his previous marriage himself, and in his own way, and soon found a favorable opportunity.

Adele listened with surprise to the strange recital he gave her, but she made no comment. "I regret this apparent concealment," he went on, "yet believe me, it has been far from intentional. My marriage, as I have just told you, was an unhappy one, why or wherefore it would answer no purpose to reveal. Much as I admired and respected you, Adele, until that day in which at your father's death you placed your hand in mine, I could have no hope that you would overlook the disparity of my years and gloomy temperament; neither indeed until that hour was I free to become a suitor for your hand."

He paused, and waited a reply.

"I thank you for your candor, Colonel Lawson," she returned, raising her clear eyes to his face. "My father chose for me, and I have no reason to distrust his judgment, or the wisdom of his choice."

He would have liked a less ambiguous reply, but Mrs. Rawson entered at that moment, and the opportunity of Adele's further conversation was lost. Adele's rather thoughtful for a few moments, and then rose and quitted the room. That his story had affected her he plainly saw, but with what emotions he was unable to penetrate. Did her woman's curiosity demand a further revelation of the mysterious past of the man with whom she was so soon to enter into the nearest of human relations? Did the acknowledgment of a previous unhappy connection, combined with his reserve and gloom, arouse her distrust of the future? Did she condemn his silence, notwithstanding all the apologies which the hurry of the circumstances offered? He lost himself in these vain conjectures.

But whatever reflections had momentarily disquieted her, the shadow was quite gone from Adele's brow when she took her usual place at the supper table that evening, and Lawson saw with relief that the wonted smile had come back to her lip. Her gaiety, which had been laid by in the first grief of bereavement, was now rapidly returning, and the long silent drawing-rooms thrilled to the melody of her light guitar and the music of her rich songs. As the richly-portioned ward of Colonel Lawson, young and beautiful, her society was much courted by the few who were so fortunate as to procure introductions to her, or more particularly by the managing mothers and eligible fortune hunters; and she accepted with avidity the invitations offered to select parties, her deep mourning excluding her from balls and more general gatherings. To all these Colonel Lawson was of course her escort, as well as the companion of her daily drives, and her gallant at the opera. He had solicited the fulfillment of her engagement, indeed urged it upon her somewhat earnestly in view of the embarrassing relations in which they were placed, but here he had not a firm denial, and an entreaty for delay until the year of her mourning had expired. And as this wish was seconded by Mrs. Rawson, he found himself compelled to acquiesce.

Was he happy in view of his rapidly approaching new connection? Did Adele's smiles and endearments banish the regrets of the past? I do not think so. I think they secretly deepened his gloom. Yet nothing could exceed his kindness and patience with his fair child-betrothed—a child to him in most of her tastes and pleasures. He saw her indifference to quiet home enjoyments; he saw her ardent delight in her own beauty and the admiration it excited, and he saw how the deep-toned books he loved, the high and simple things which made up his own life, amused her.

Who can wonder if, in contrast to this gay, thoughtless young creature, whose heart was yet to know the refining fires of trial, the fires which parts the dross from gold in our earthly nature, the vision of a fair, pale woman should rise up, the companion of his intellect, the love of his heart, the sternly-judged wife of his youth, whose hopes he had blighted, and whose sorrow he had made. Well, he deplored the future which his prophetic vision keenly foresaw. But at last he would be faithful to his new duties. He would guide Adele's feet amidst the quicksands of temptation; he would shield her as far as human tenderness could do from every contact with evil. Solely should the trust given by her dying father be kept. He would accept his stern destiny as a mournful atonement for the irreparable past.

CHAPTER III.
"I AM very sorry to deny you a pleasure, Adele, but a pressing engagement calls me away this evening."

"But I shall be so disappointed, and, besides, I promised Mrs. Smythe the first and third dances—the second is ours, you know—and—"

"My love, I am truly sorry to disappoint you, but it is quite impossible. I promised Mr. Evans to call at his office this evening to look over with him some very important papers connected with a pending lawsuit."

"A lawsuit!" She gave a pretty, impatient shrug. "Do let the muddy rol' go, Frederick. I am sure I must do you a greater favor."

"But it is really a duty, Adele."

"Duty! No one uses that disagreeable word except to escape from an unwelcome request."

He turned from her a little vexed with her pertinacity, but instantly recovered himself.

"You know I am always happy to be at your disposal, Adele." And without further words he slowly drew on his gloves and passed into the hall.

On his solitary walk up Broadway, he encountered an old friend, whom he had lost sight of for several years, and in the warmth of their greeting, and in the interchange of some of the striking events which had occurred to both since their separation, the moments slipped away till he was struck by the lateness of the hour. On consulting his watch at parting, he found that it was some time past their usual hour of tea, and not far from the time fixed for his appointment with Mr. Evans. Under these circumstances he decided to step into a restaurant near by, instead of retracing his steps, and after lunch to proceed at once to his place of engagement.

(Conclusion in our next.)