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H. L. CHIPMAN, Manager. Apl 24th.

SUMMER READING

The Prince Edward Island Magazine for August is out and for sale at usual places. It's a first-rate number and the contents, which are as follows are of a high order of merit:

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| H. M. S. Crescent | Frontispiece |
| The Star Hill Survey | Katherine Hughes |
| The Broken Spectre | J. M. |
| Adversity, a Day Dream | T. Edward Rendle |
| Bedouk and its People—II | |
| Henry H. Hooper, Detroit, Mich | Newspaper Life and Newspaper Men—IV |
| J. H. Fletcher | |
| Mt. Albion Reminiscences | Robert Jenkins |
| In Swamp Land | Lawrence W. Watson |
| Land o' Nowhere | Bert Marie Cleveland |
| The River Plate and the Argentine Republic | Joseph R. |
| Our West | J. S. B. |

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Charlottetown, July 3th, 1900.

TAMING OF A COWBOY.

Episode In Which a Pretty Girl Played a Leading Part.

She was the prettiest of the three pretty girls in the box, and they were all stunning young women, the chaperon in the tan box coat being one of the spring's brides and thus her first appearance as a duenna. The boy with the plastered down hair was her husband, and as he was wearing a necktie she had selected at a dry goods store you can fancy how much he loved her. The other girl was the prettiest girl's sister—not yet out. But as Buster Halligan, one of the crack cowboys and broncho riders, remarked to Strike Plenty, the dude Indian, they were three queens and no mistake.

The prettiest girl shrank back a little as they thundered by, the flying feet of the horses sending up bits of earth into the box. The stolid painted faces of the Indians turned toward her with horrible grins as they saw the prettiest girl. They saluted her with wild, incoherent cries and whoops. She was distinctly different in style from Mrs. Wild Wave, Mrs. Strike Plenty and Mrs. Mighty Fat, the matrons who traveled with the show. On came the cowboys, riding like statues. Among them on a splendid wild eyed horse was one who looked like a god or a devil. His felt hat was jauntily curved over his dark, finely featured face. His shirt, opened at the throat, showed a neck of bronze bound by a scarlet silk handkerchief, the ends flying. The sleeves of his blue shirt were held in place above the elbows by red garters with horseshoe buckles of gold, evidently a trophy. His eyes looked at the prettiest girl admiringly, insolently, insultingly. His lips parted in a smile, showing white, even teeth. He ignored the presence of the men in the box, but he let his eyes pass approvingly over the other girls, then back to the face of the prettiest girl. As he rode by the girls in the box laughed.

"Tootie has another mash," said the bridegroom.
 "I'd like to punch his head!" said the other man, with a laugh.
 The prettiest girl looked up at him smiling as a girl does at a man she knows is in love with her.
 "Why, he'd shoot you, Jack. He's a cowboy," she said. And she turned back to the ring, her eyes following the scarlet handkerchief. She thought how splendid a specimen of picturesque daring was the impudent, fearless fellow who had just ridden by compared to the two men whom culture and education had tamed to their present state.

A voice bellowed above their heads: "The next feature on the programme will be a race between an American cowboy, a Cossack, and a Filipino!"
 The canvas at the rear parted, and the contestants came through. The red silk handkerchief shone out like the shirt of a jockey. The band began a quick tune, and off started the three horses. Round the ring three times they swept close under the rail that guarded the boxes, and the people shouted their admiration of the cowboy, who was holding back his horse for a final grand stand play. With the last round he loosened his taut rein, and, like a shot from a gun, his horse flashed out ahead of the others and swept under the smile of the prettiest girl, he turning back over his shoulder with his laughing glance at her face.

"Suppose you sit back a bit," said the man who was behind her. "That fellow's altogether too fresh!"
 "It's only fun," said the prettiest girl. "Don't be grumpy, Jack. He is such a good looking chap, and can't he ride, though?"
 Her golden eyes gleamed, and she had two little shafts of red across her cheeks, as though some one had struck her with a soft glove. She began to delve through the programme industriously.

"I think Tootie would flirt with one of the Indians if he encouraged her," said the prettiest girl's sister. "Let us be glad that it isn't worse."
 "It's lovely," said the prettiest girl, "to look at these fellows and realize that they are afraid of nothing. They can ride anything in the shape of a horse. They can shoot so well that every other man must respect them. They are like kings, fearless, wild, strong, splendid!"
 They were leading the bucking bronchos into the ring, and again the red handkerchiefed man entered, with others, on horseback and rode slowly toward the animal clowns of the show.

"That chap seems to be in everything," said the bridegroom.
 "That's because he's so clever," said the prettiest girl, with an air of proprietorship.
 "He feeds the horses, too, I suppose, when the show is over," said the man who leaned on her chair.
 "That's a nice thing to say," said the prettiest girl. "Why, he's one of the stars, probably a college man who has chosen to live that life. I've often read about them."

Shouts of laughter were greeting the wild jumping horses. Grouped in the lower end of the ring were other cowboys mounted, waiting their turn. They howled derisively at their companions' struggles.

"Well done, by George!" said the bridegroom.
 "It's next thing to being in the show," said the prettiest girl's sister. "I think Tootie is acting horrid."
 "I haven't done anything," said the prettiest girl. There were tears very near her eyes, for she saw displeasure in the eyes of the chaperon and the other man. "I didn't mean to let them fall," she said.

The cowboy did not appear during the next few acts—feats of marksmanship and tumbling in the ring. There was a silence in the box where the prettiest girl sat with her friends. She had pouted her lips defiantly. She was filled with triumph. How magnificently he had complimented her—throwing himself under the very feet of a wild horse to recover her violets! Jack was mad, it was true, but he'd get over it. He usually did.
 The grand finale had been announced by the man with the voice. People began to reach for their wraps. On came the cowboys. The man in the box with the prettiest girl tried to get her to turn out of the box entrance before her admirer came nearer. He saw what they were doing and leaned out of his saddle, with a gesture that was almost a signal. The man beside the prettiest girl took her elbow firmly and tried again to make her turn, but she threw his hand off impatiently. As the cowboy passed the box he raised his sombrero gallantly, and as he replaced it a small, folded white paper traveled through the air and fell on the floor of the box at the feet of the prettiest girl. She reached for it confusedly.

"Pardon me," said the man at her side as he handed it to her.
 She laughed nervously as she opened it. "That's all it is," she said, displaying it defiantly.
 It was an envelope addressed, "Mr. Will Harper, Wild West Show."
 The party moved toward the entrance. There was an ominous stillness among the women. The bridegroom nudged his bride. His friend signaled a hansom cab at the door.
 "Will you excuse me?" he said, lifting his hat. "I have an engagement."
 The women bowed—all but the prettiest girl. She climbed in, followed by her sister. The bride showed all her teeth in a smile and moved away with her husband. She said she would never go out again in a party with that girl; that she acted disgracefully, and that she hoped that Jack would break the engagement.

The prettiest girl calmly threw the violets out of the carriage. Then she raised the roof door and said distinctly, "Driver, please drive slowly about by the stage entrance." The prettiest girl's sister gasped as though for breath.
 There was a crowd of small boys about the door. A couple of broughams waited. Men were passing out and in. There were many loiterers. Up to the door they saw Jack walk and hand a card to the man. The cab stopped suddenly in answer to the prettiest girl's signal.
 "He'll kill him!" she said. "He'll kill him!"
 There was a pause. The cowboy came to the door. He still wore his red handkerchief and his silk garters. Jack spoke to him. The cowboy's smile had faded. He looked pityingly at the young man with the frock coat, silk hat and hyacinth bouquet. He put up his hands threateningly. The crowd of boys in the street yelled with laughter. The cowboy was going to whip the dude right there in the street. Suddenly a remarkable thing happened.

The dude seized the cowboy by the back of the neck, lifted him off his feet with a suddenness and an agility that surprised even the cowboy, shook him several times so violently that his teeth rattled, cuffed him over both ears soundly and then threw him at the feet of the astonished doorman, while the boys on the curb shouted their delight, disillusioned though they were.
 Then the dude straightened his hat, dusted his gloved hands together and walked around the corner. He did not see the hansom nor hear the prettiest girl say: "Drive back to the entrance. I have lost some violets."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Motion of an Eclipse.

Move eastward, happy earth, and leave
 You orange sunset waning slow.
 From fringes of the faded eve,
 Oh, happy planet, eastward go!

The eastward motion of the earth it is which gives an apparent westward progress to the sun. When we are on a moving train, going eastward, all the trees and fixed objects seem to fly westward as we pass them. The moon moves eastward with the earth, but the shadow of the moving moon, cast on the moving earth, traverses the earth's surface from west to east, and so any eclipse of the sun by the moon will be visible earlier in the west than the east. We, north of the equinoctial, must view—mentally, at least—celestial objects with our faces southward. Locating in this way the sun, moon and earth, and remembering the direction of the real motion of the two planets, we shall see that a solar eclipse must be first visible in or proceed from the west and a lunar one from the east.—New Lippincott.

A FALSE STEP.

Sweet, thou hast trod on a heart!
 Pass; there's a world full of men!
 And women as fair as thou art
 Must do such things now and then.

Thou only hast stepped unaware
 (Malice not one can impute),
 And why should a heart have been there,
 In the way of a fair woman's foot?

It was not a stone that could trip,
 Nor was it a thorn that could rend;
 Put up thy proud under lip!
 'Twas merely the heart of a friend.

And yet, peradventure, one day,
 Thou sitting alone at the glass,
 Remarking the bloom gone away,
 Where the smile in its dimplement was,

And seeking around thee in vain,
 From hundreds who flattered before,
 Such a word as, "Oh, not in the main
 Do I hold thee less precious, but more!"

Thou wilt sigh, very like, on thy part,
 "Of all I have known or can know
 I wish I had only that heart
 I trod upon ages ago!"
 —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



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 A full stock of the best Coal on hand and arriving daily.
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 We have just received, also some large fat Cape Breton Herring. We can supply them in pails, 1/2 bbls. 1/2 bbls. and by the dozen, also in barrels for the wholesale trade.

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We have just received 50 dozen preserve Jars in glass and stone, which will be sold low to clear out the lot.

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 Charlottetown, Sept 20th, 1900

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