

# Summerside Journal.

## And Western Pioneer.

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

Vol. 3.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, July 23, 1868.

No. 42.

THE  
**Summerside Journal,**  
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY  
THURSDAY EVENING,  
BY  
**JOSEPH BERTRAM,**  
AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.  
TERMS:  
1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 3d.  
" " half advance, 7s. 6d.  
" " at the end of year 9s.  
Persons getting up clubs of TEN subscribers will be entitled to the JOURNAL for one year.

**ADVERTISEMENTS.**  
inserted at moderate rates and in good style.  
SPECIAL AGREEMENTS may be made on reasonable terms for a whole, a half, or quarter column, or by the year.

**Job Printing**  
of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

**Almanac for July, 1868.**  
MOON'S PHASES.  
Full Moon, 4th day, 4h 27m. even. b. the lizn.  
Last Qtr., 13th day, 8h. 28m. even. b. the lizn.  
New Moon, 19th day, 4h. 44m. eve. boar. Nor  
First Qtr. 26th day, 9h. 39m. mor. below lizn.

M.OON.	DAY	WEEK	SUN					Sun sun's moon				
			rises	sets	clock	north	sets	h	m	h	m	
1	Wed	18	7	49	3	45	23	5	2	15	15	31
2	Thu	19	49	3	47	23	0	2	56	30		
3	Fri	20	49	3	58	22	56	1	28	28		
4	Sat	21	48	4	8	22	50	7	28	28		
5	Sun	21	48	4	19	22	45	8	9	27		
6	Mo	21	48	4	29	22	39	8	52	27		
7	Tue	22	48	4	38	22	32	9	25	15	26	
8	Wed	23	48	4	47	22	25	9	56	25		
9	Thu	24	47	4	56	22	18	10	24	23		
10	Fri	24	47	5	5	22	11	10	51	23		
11	Sat	25	46	5	13	22	11	11	17	21		
12	Sun	25	46	5	20	21	54	11	45	18		
13	Mo	27	45	5	28	21	46	10	18			
14	Tue	28	44	5	34	21	37	8	18	15	16	
15	Wed	29	44	5	40	21	27	0	51	13		
16	Thu	30	43	5	46	21	17	1	30	13		
17	Fri	31	42	5	51	21	7	2	20	11		
18	Sat	32	41	5	56	20	57	3	17	9		
19	Sun	33	40	6	0	20	46	soets.				
20	Mo	34	39	6	4	20	34	8	3	7		
21	Tue	35	38	6	7	20	23	8	57	15	3	
22	Wed	36	37	6	10	20	11	9	34			
23	Thu	37	36	6	12	19	59	10	7	59		
24	Fri	38	35	6	13	18	46	10	46	57		
25	Sat	39	34	6	14	19	33	11	40	53		
26	Sun	40	33	6	14	19	20	11	45	51		
27	Mo	41	32	6	13	16	6	10	49	49		
28	Tue	42	31	6	12	15	52	0	16	44	49	
29	Wed	43	29	6	10	18	38	0	53	46		
30	Thu	44	28	6	8	18	24	1	33	43		
31	Fri	46	27	6	5	18	9	2	25	41		

**Summerside Markets.** July 22

Oats per bush	3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	2s
Turnips per bush	1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	10s 1s
Lard per lb	10s 1s
Tallow per lb	9s 10d
Eggs per doz	8s
Beef per lb	6d a 7d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 5d
Flour per bbl	48s a 50s
Oatmeal per cwt.	18s a 20s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

### Business Cards.

**BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**  
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown  
President—HON. DANIEL BRENNAN.  
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDELL, Esquire.  
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.  
Hours of Business—From 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, P. E. ISLAND.**  
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.  
President—HON. JOHN R. GARDINER.  
Cashier—E. L. LYNDAL, 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.

**North British and Mercantile  
INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
FIRE AND LIFE.  
Established 1809.

CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.  
HEAD OFFICES:  
EDINBURGH & LONDON.  
G. W. DEBLOIS,  
Agent at Charlottetown.  
Forms of Application can be had by apply-  
ing to Mr. J. BERTRAM, Journal Office, Sum-  
merside.  
Charlottetown, June 20, 1868—1y

**R. & W. T. HUNT,**  
Commission Merchants,  
GENERAL AGENTS AND  
AUCTIONEERS.  
SALE ROOM AND OFFICE  
Head of Queen's Wharf.  
(Opposite the Store of Wm. T. Hunt & Co.)  
Summerside, P. E. Island.  
April 2 1868 1y

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

### Business Cards.

**HANFORD BROTHERS,**  
Successors to Thomas Hanford,  
Commission Merchants,  
And General Agents.  
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
Chas. U. Hanford, ..... Fred. S. Hanford.

**C. L. RICHARDS,**  
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in  
**British & Foreign Groceries.**  
1, Head North Wharf,  
ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.  
Dec. 6, 1867.

**J. H. ALLEN,**  
Commission Merchant,  
And Dealer in Groceries, &c.  
MARKET STREET,  
St. John, N. B.  
Gives personal attention to the Sale  
and Purchase of every description of Goods.  
May 9, 1868.

**James Greenough,**  
FLOUR  
Commission Merchant.  
No 47 Commercial Street  
Corner of Clinton Street - - - BOSTON.

**WILLIAM BEARSTO,**  
Commission Merchant,  
Auctioneer & General Agent,  
WATER STREET,  
Summerside, - - - P. E. Island  
Jan. 21, 1868.

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

**JABEZ HUDSON,**  
Authorized Auctioneer,  
GENERAL AGENT, &c.,  
TRYON, - - - P. E. I.  
June 27, 1867.

**Co-Partnership Notice.**  
THE PARTNERSHIP has this day entered into  
a CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS  
and ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, under the  
name, style and firm of

**ALLEY & DAVIES**  
OFFICE, O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING,  
GREAT GEORGE STREET,  
GEORGE ALLEY,  
LOUIS H. DAVIES,  
Charlottetown, Oct. 13, 1867. oct 24.

**ROCKLIN HOUSE,**  
Kent Street, Charlottetown,  
IMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.  
Permanent and Transient Boarders will  
find the above House to give satisfaction.  
Ch. Town, June 13, 1868.

**DR. JARVIS**  
Has Removed His Residence to the House  
(late occupied by Mr McKinlay)  
next to Thomas Hunt's Esq., St. Eleanor's.  
He may be consulted every forenoon at the  
Drug Store of W. T. HUNT & Co., Summer  
side.

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

**KITSON GASEY, 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  
Messrs Green & Schurman, in Summerside.  
June 13, 1867. 1y

**"FOUNTAIN HOUSE,"**  
CENTRAL STREET,  
SUMMERSIDE!  
THE subscriber most respectfully returns  
his thanks to the public who so liberally  
patronized him hereofore in the "Union  
House," and wishes to inform them that he  
has again opened up next door to his old  
stand, a

**Boarding House & Bar.**  
Having plenty of yard room, and excellent  
and commodious STABLES, he is prepared  
to make all comfortable who may patronize  
the "FOUNTAIN HOUSE."  
DAVID GRADY.  
Fountain House,  
Summerside, Feb. 27, 1868. } 1y

**A. W. ANDRES,**  
Marble Worker,  
Point Du Chene, Shediac N. B.  
MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVE-  
STONES, &c., &c.  
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE con-  
stantly 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.  
Blanks, Note of Hand Books and  
Bank Check Books, for sale at the  
Journal Office.

### Business Cards.

**POINT DU CHENE  
HOUSE.**  
THE subscriber would beg to call the at-  
tention of the travelling public to this  
well-known and favorite Hotel, situated at  
the Head of the Railway Wharf, at Point Du  
Chene, N. B.  
Its advantages as a residence for parties in  
quest of health cannot be surpassed. The  
air is pure, bracing and invigorating, while  
there is every facility for deep sea bathing.  
The trains for St. John leave the door  
twice every day. The charges will be found  
moderate, the table good; and the proprietor  
hopes by strict attention to the requirements  
of his customers, to ensure general satisfac-  
tion.

Passengers landing from the steamer  
in the morning can get breakfast before leav-  
ing in the 7 o'clock train.  
**PETER SCHURMAN, Proprietor.**  
P. S.—Being himself a P. E. Islander, the  
Proprietor would be highly respectfully request  
a share of the local patronage.  
Pt. Du Chene, June 18, '68. 3m

**Temperance House,**  
THE Subscriber has opened a House on the  
corner of Water and North Street, nearly  
opposite Holman's Wharf, Summerside, where  
permanent and transient boarders can be ac-  
commodated on reasonable terms.  
The House will be kept open to accommo-  
date passengers in the Steamer.  
In addition to the above he has opened an

**EATING SALOON,**  
where Luncheons and Temperance Drinks  
can be had at any time.  
**JOHN B. SCHURMAN.**  
Summerside, April 9, 1868.

**PHENIX LIVERY STABLES,**  
Water Street, Summerside.  
**JAMES MANN, PROPRIETOR**

**HORSES, CARRIAGES &c.,** of every  
description to let. Coaches and Horses  
in attendance at all hours.  
Boarding Horses kept on reasonable terms.  
Parties coming to this part of the Island to  
purchase horses will do well to call at these  
stables.  
Passengers on board the steamer can re-  
ceive instructions as to locality &c. on applica-  
tion to the steward of boat.  
July 2, 1868.

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

**Barber Shop!**  
THE subscriber respectfully announces to  
the people of Summerside, and the public  
in general, that he has opened a

**BARRER SHOP!**  
on Water Street, in the room adjoining the  
Post Office, where he is prepared to do all  
work appertaining to his profession. Best  
assortment of  
*Hair Oils, Hair Restorers, Tooth  
Powers, Dyes, &c.,*  
always on hand on the most reasonable terms.  
Boxes CRYSTAL BLUE also for sale.  
Razors carefully put in order.  
**CHAS. OTTO WINKLER.**  
Summerside, Jan 30, 1868.

**Invitation to Shipbuilders!**  
**3000 BLOCKS,**  
NOW READY FOR SALE  
AT COSTIN'S LOCK SHOP,  
SUMMERSIDE!

THE subscriber begs leave to direct the  
attention of SHIP BUILDERS and  
SHIP OWNERS, to his BLOCK SHOP,  
where he has now, and will constantly keep  
on hand, a large lot of BLOCKS, of all sizes,  
which will be sold at the lowest Island prices,  
and 25 PER CENT. OFF FOR CASH.  
Remember these are not the Blocks you  
read about which have no Bushing in the  
Sheaves, and 2 Rivets where 3 is required.  
Parties purchasing Blocks should always  
drive out the pins and examine the inside,  
as many vessels have been lost in consequence  
of bad Blocks.  
The fastest vessels that ever sailed from  
this Island were furnished with Blocks from  
the subscribers Factory, (the *New Dominion,*  
*Undine, Zulueta,* and others.)  
ALSO—Ships Wheels, finished with neat-  
ness and made substantial. Deck Plugs,  
Pumps, &c., &c.  
Reference can be made to Hon. J. C. Pope,  
Hon. James Yeo.  
Feb. 27, 1868. 1y

**REMOVAL!**  
THE subscriber has removed his Tailoring  
Establishment to the Shop next door to  
H. C. Green's, Esq., on St. Stephen Street,  
where he will be happy to receive the orders  
of his customers, and all others who may  
patronize him.  
Having obtained the services of competent  
workmen, and increased accommodation, he  
is prepared to execute all orders entrusted to  
him with neatness and despatch, and accord-  
ing to the latest

**English & American Fashions.**  
**ANGUS McSWEEN.**  
Summerside, April 30, 1868.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.**  
THE subscriber having increased facilities  
and an excellent light, is well prepared  
to furnish good pictures.  
PHOTOGRAPHS, FERROTYPES, and  
AMBROTYPES made to please, at the short-  
est notice, and lowest prices.  
Call and see specimens hanging at the door.  
**CHARLES CLARK.**  
Summerside, April 2, 1868.

**Look Here.**  
**J. B. FITCH'S GOLDEN OINTMENT** is  
used for all complaints, that skin, flesh,  
bones and muscles are afflicted with; with  
wonderful success. Try it.  
**W. R. WATSON.**  
General Agent for P. E. Island.

### POETRY.

**HIDE AND SEEK.**  
Hide and seek! Two children at play  
On a sunshiny holiday—  
"Where is the treasure hidden, I pray?  
Say—am I near it, or far away?  
Hot or cold?" nicks little Nell,  
With her flaxen hair all tangled and wild,  
And her voice as clear as a fairy bell  
Till the fairies ring at eventide—  
Scrambling under table and chair,  
Peeping into the cupboard wide.  
"A joyous shout rings through the air—  
"Oho! a very good place to hide!"  
And little Nell, creeping along the ground,  
Murmurs in triumph, "I've found, I've found!"

Hide and seek! Not children now—  
Life's noontide sun hath kissed each brow.  
Nell's turn to hide the treasure to-day.  
So safely she thinks it is hidden away  
That she fears her lover cannot find it.  
Say, shall she help him? Her eyes so shy.  
Half tell the secret, half deny:  
And the green leaves rustle with laughter sweet,  
And the little birds twitter, "O, foolish lover,  
His love bewitched and blinded time eyes—  
So that the truth thou canst not discover!"  
Then the sun gleams out, all golden and bright,  
And sends through the wood-path a clearer light;  
And the lover raises his eyes from the ground,  
And reads in Nell's face that the treasure is found.

What are the angels seeking for  
Through the world in the darksome night?  
The treasure that earth has stolen away.  
And hidden midst flowers for many a day,  
Hidden through sunshine, through storm, through  
blight,  
Till it wasted and grew to a form so slight  
And worn, that scarce in the features white  
Could one trace likeness to gladsome Nell.  
But the angels knew her, as there she lay,  
All quietly sleeping, and bore her away,  
Up to the city, Jasper-walled—  
Up to the city with golden street—  
Up to the city, like crystal clear,  
Where the pure and sinless meet;  
And through costly pearls that opened wide,  
They bore the treasure earth tried to hide.  
And weeping mortals listened with awe  
To the silver echo that smote the skies  
As "Found!" rang forth from paradise.

**Select Literature.**  
**A MODERN MIRACLE**  
Poor Bob Hunter!—all the morning,  
since the light had first broken up from the  
east, he had lain there by the roadside—  
dead! Dead and lost!—dead to the sweet  
June that smiled down from the soft sky  
above, and sang her songs in the trees that  
shadowed him; dead to her work every-  
where—the green of the meadows and hills,  
the blossoms that sent up their fragrance  
above him, and the sweet breeze that play-  
ed over his burning cheek, and lifted his  
matted uncombed hair. Dead to the world  
—to his own heart—lost to his strength and  
manhood!

It was no new thing, alas, for Bob Hunter  
to sleep by the roadside; no new sight  
for the villagers to see him as they passed  
along the streets, lying under a hedge-row,  
his poor clothing damp with dew, his poor  
head resting upon the ground. Indeed, so  
long had he been an outcast—so long lost,  
that it was no wonder to those who had  
known him from his childhood even, to see  
him thus; not a tongue, however accus-  
tomed to serve its owner in the great cause  
of humanity, that would say, either in pure  
pity or tenderness, "Bob Hunter was drunk  
by the roadside this morning!"

It would have been quite as well to have  
affirmed Mount Monadnock was west of  
the village, or that in the north as far as  
one could see the spear-like pines pricked  
the blue sky. True, some would venture  
that he was a disgrace to the village; and  
others, forgetting that God is on earth as  
well as in heaven, would say that he would  
be better off dead; that he was of no use  
in the world; that he was but a brute, and  
the last spark of truth and manhood had  
died out from his soul. Alas, for them,  
that having light, they were so in dark-  
ness—and alas for him, that a hellish pas-  
sion came between him and his God; be-  
tween him and his fellow-creatures, and  
then turned upon his own foolish heart.

But I have to tell of this bright, cheery  
morning that Bob Hunter slept by the road-  
side. It was a pitiable sight indeed—a  
wretched picture that he made, the tall  
man, lying there—his torn hat by his side,  
his ragged clothes wet with dew, his pale,  
trembling hands clasped over his breast,  
and his head pillowed upon the grass, so  
near a neighboring garden, that a stray  
glistening dew with tears, looked down  
upon him from the low fence where it had  
crept to blossom. Poor man, if he could  
only have taken the lesson that the dew  
flower taught into his soddened heart!

At last, when the bold sunlight shone  
fully in his face, he started up and drew  
his hand across his dim and bloodshot eyes.  
He thought, he was quite sure, that he had  
heard a step close beside him, and the sud-  
den fear quickened his movements. He  
had, half asleep and drunk as he was, a  
faint remembrance of what had happened  
to him during his sleeping hours in time  
past—of stones coming hard and thick upon  
him, like huge hailstones, arousing him  
from his slumbers, and of icy water that  
had been thrown over him by some thirly-  
handed housewife, when he had ventured  
too near her premises for a nap.

But now, neither sudden shower nor  
stone answered the look of inquiry that he  
cast about him. Everything was still, only  
the birds sang in the trees, and a little  
brook gurgled along from the opposite side  
of the road; he could hear nothing beside,  
yet he grasped his torn hat, and half-stag-  
gering to his feet, looked searchingly about  
him. Just then, a little pink and white  
face, as fair as the rose beside it, appeared  
above the garden fence, and a pair of won-  
dering blue eyes glanced questioningly  
over the half-recumbent figure of the man.  
"Wh' t' d'ye want?" growled out Bob  
Hunter turning his face away from the  
sturdy gaze of the child, which somehow  
sobered, as well as annoyed him.

"Are you sick, Mr.?" she asked, without  
heeding his question.  
"Sick! O yes, ha!—I'm sick or drunk."  
"Drunk!" she repeated after him, clasp-  
ing her little dimpled hands over her face.

"Aunt Lucy says it's terrible to be drunk  
—Does, eh? Well, she's mistaken, the  
terrible is right the other way."  
Again the child looked wonderingly into  
the flushed face of the inebriate.  
"I want to go over there; will you hurt  
me if I do?"  
"Come and see."  
"Promise first that you won't hurt me."  
"Promise—Bob Hunter promise! He  
laughed to himself at the idea. What  
would his promise be worth to the child,  
even if he gave it? But nevertheless he  
said, as soberly as he could:  
"Come along. I won't hurt you."  
"That was enough. The next moment  
she was beside him—close beside him,  
looking his face over and over again with  
her great, wondering eyes.  
"What are you looking at?" asked Bob.  
"You look sick, just as papa did when  
he had the fever. Poor papa died with the  
fever, and that's what makes me live here  
with Aunt Lucy. Aint you dry? Don't you  
want some water?"  
"Water, child; what in the duce should  
I do with water? I drink rum."  
"But I've got a little pail just over the  
fence, and I now where there's a cool  
spring, right here by the road. Shant I  
go?"

He did not say no this time, but stared  
half-blankly at the child. Perhaps the  
faintest shadow of a memory fell across his  
darkened heart. Perhaps, when a boy,  
he had drunk water from a tin cup at a  
roadside spring.  
"Drink, please sir; it wont hurt you."  
She was by his side again, holding the  
brimming vessel to his parched lips. Drink  
—he—Bob Hunter drink cold water! He  
raised his hand to dash the clear draught  
from him, but the child caught his hand,  
with—"Please drink, sir."  
And he drank long and deeply, nor put  
the cup from his lips till it was empty,  
while the child clapped her hands, and  
shook her little head till her hair, half in  
curl and half in wave upon her shoulders,  
danced and swung in very glee in the  
pleasant sunlight.  
"Don't you feel better?"  
The man smiled, a strange, pitiful smile,  
as though his sodden heart was trying to  
look out of his lim eyes.  
"O yes, better."  
"Poor, sinning Bob Hunter, that was no  
lie!"

"Have you any little girls like me?"  
Again he smiled, as if his heart was try-  
ing to speak from his eyes, but had forgot-  
ten its language. Heaven pity him, but  
Bob Hunter had neither kith nor kin in the  
great, proud world that would own him.  
He had brothers and sisters once, and he  
remembered away back in the past, a  
sweet faced mother who had loved him—  
but she had long slept that preamless sleep  
which knows no waking. No, no, he had  
no friends. He looked into the child's ten-  
der face, and said:  
"No no, I have nothing, nothing!"

What was there in the reddened visage  
or hesitating speech of the clear-eyed in-  
ebriate that sent the little fair-faced girl  
closer to his side?  
"May I be your little girl?"  
She asked it with both her hands clasped  
in his; so near him that he heard sweet  
breath against his burning cheek.  
"I'm poor Bob Hunter, what d'ye want  
to be mine for?"  
He had his face down in his hands while  
he spoke. Out from the world as he was,  
he was no stranger to its cruel rebuffs. In  
this sober moment of his life they came  
upon him like a terrible curse. As he  
crouched there before the child, he saw  
himself as he was. Through the light of  
her purity he beheld his heart in all its  
rotteness. He was Bob Hunter! knowing  
this, would the little creature still cling to  
him? She answered him softly; still  
clasping her hands in his. Did all heaven  
listen to her?

"I want to be yours because you haven't  
anybody to love you."  
"But I am wicked, and don't deserve  
anybody's love."  
His whole heart gave way as he spoke,  
and the words came from his lips in gasps  
and sobs.  
"Well you wont be wicked any more,  
will you, if I'll be your little girl?"  
Now she put back the damp hair from  
his heated forehead and temples, with her  
soft, baby-hands. Was it the caress or the  
words that brought the tears to his eyes,  
that quiver to his poor lips?  
"I can't be good," he said, "I get drunk."  
"But you wont any more!"

She had a hand on either cheek, now—  
blotted and tear-stained as they were—  
coaxing him with her gentle touch, her  
sweet voice, and her tender smile, to be a  
man once more. Could he be anything,  
anybody, if he tried, he wondered. He  
had thought of it before, but no one seem-  
ed to care which way he went. But now!  
How his oak heart trembled! 'nd throbb-  
ed in the battle! How his poor head sank  
lower and lower upon his breast, as if he  
would hide his face in very shame from  
the little child. But he could not tur-  
away from her, or from the storm within  
him.  
"No, God helping me. I will not get  
drunk again," he said, starting to his feet,  
and then staggering again from very weak-  
ness to the ground.  
"Who are you, child?" he asked, looking  
up into her face.