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

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Almanac for March, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.
Last Qtr., 5th day, 1h. 31m. morning, E. S. E.
New Moon, 13th day, 4h. 34m., morn., E.N.E.
First Qtr. 21st day, 1h. 42m., morning N. W.
Full Moon, 27th day, 5h. 20m. evening, E.

D. of Mon	Day of Week	Sun rises	Sun sets	clock	sun's dec. south	moon rises	Day's Leng
		h m	h m	h m		h m	h m
1	Mon	6 43	5 43	12 30	27 8	9 56	10 59
2	Tues	41	45	12 18	4 16	11 8	11 2
3	Wed	39	46	12 5	41 17	morn	5
4	Thurs	37	48	11 51	18 13	0 16	9
5	Frid	36	49	11 38	55 4	1 20	12
6	Sat	34	50	11 24	31 49	2 18	15
7	Sun	6 32	5 51	11 9	8 30	3 10	11 18
8	Mon	31	52	10 54	45 7	3 54	21
9	Tues	30	53	10 39	21 41	4 38	23
10	Wed	28	54	10 23	58 11	5 13	26
11	Thurs	26	55	10 7	34 38	5 43	29
12	Frid	23	57	9 51	11 2	6 10	34
13	Sat	19	58	9 35	47 24	sets	39
14	Sun	6 17	6 59	9 18	23 45	7 28	11 42
15	Mon	15	1	9 1	0 4	8 27	46
16	Tues	14	2	8 44	36 22	9 28	48
17	Wed	13	3	8 26	12 39	10 30	50
18	Thurs	11	4	8 9	48 56	11 31	53
19	Frid	9	5	7 51	25 13	morn	56
20	Sat	7	6	7 33	north	0 33	59
21	Sun	6 5	6 7	7 15	22 10	1 31	12 2
22	Mon	3	8	6 56	45 50	2 26	5
23	Tues	1	9	6 38	9 29	3 18	8
24	Wed	5 59	11	6 20	33 5	4 7	11
25	Thurs	58	12	6 1	56 40	4 49	14
26	Frid	56	13	5 42	20 11	5 26	17
27	Sat	54	15	5 24	43 40	rises	21
28	Sun	5 52	6 16	5 5	7 5	7 41	12 24
29	Mon	50	17	4 47	30 27	8 48	27
30	Tues	48	19	4 28	53 44	9 58	31
31	Wed	45	21	4 10	16 58	11 4	35

Summerside Markets.
March 4, 1869.

Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Oats per bush	2s 6d a 2s 7d
Potatoes per bush	1s 5d a 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	13d a 14d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	10d a 1s
Hides per lb	4½d
Mackerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	18s a 19s
Pork per lb by carcass	4d a 6d
Flour per bbl	45s a 47s
Island Flour per cwt	20s to 21s
Oatmeal per cwt.	17s a 18s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.
Ch. Town, March 4, 1869.

Beef per lb	4½d a 8d
Mutton per lb	3½d a 7d
Pork per lb., by carcass,	4½d a 6½d
Ham per lb	6d a 7d
Geese	2s a 3s
Fowels	1s a 1s 6d
Ducks each	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Flour per 100 lbs	20s a 21s
Oatmeal per 100	18s a 19s
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	2d a 2½d
Codfish per quintal	18s a 20s
Butter per lb	1s 3d a 1s 5d
Do. by the tub,	1s 3d a 1s 4d
Cheese	3d a 5d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Eggs per dozen	1s 3d a 1s 4d
Potatoes per bushel	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Barley " "	5s
Oats	2s 8d a 2s 9d
Hay per ton	70s a 75s
Hides per lb	4d
Sheepskins each	3s a 3s 6d
Spruce Boards per 100 ft.	4s a 4s 6d
Hemlock " "	3s 6d a 4s

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.
President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—Fom 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m to 4 p.m.

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Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown
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
President—JAMES L. HOLMAN, Esq.
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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.

Cash for Wheat.
WANTED by the Subscriber
500 Bushels Good Wheat,
for which the highest MARKET PRICE will be paid in CASH.
L. VICKERSON.
Summrside, Nov. 26, 1868.

Business Cards.

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

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

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

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

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Successors to Thomas Hanford,
Commission Merchants,
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11 NORTH MARKET WHARF.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
Chas. U. Hanford Fred. S. Hanford

E. F. PURDY'S
NEW
MARBLE AND FREESTONE
ESTABLISHMENT,
(NEXT DOOR TO BEER AND SONS')
King Square,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
All orders punctually attended to.
Call and See!
Jan 7, '69 1y

WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
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Auctioneer & General Agent,
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CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

James Greenough,
FLOUR
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street ---------BOSTON
Jany. 1, 1869. 1y

DR. J. H. JAMIESON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR
OFFICE at the residence of the Rev. W.W. Colpitts, Margate.
December 3, 1868.

DR. J. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1868.

DR. JARVIS
Has Removed His Residence to the House
(lately 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., Summerside.
St. Eleanor's, May 18, 1868.

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.
North side King Square,
(next to Park Hotel)
ST: JOHN, N. B.
JAMES W. THOMPSON, - - - - PROPRIETOR.
THE Proprietor of the above HOTEL takes this opportunity to return thanks for the liberal patronage hitherto received, and most respectfully solicits a continuance of the s me.

This HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, and commands a view of King Square, and other parts of the City.

In connection with the Hotel, is GOOD STABLING, and a careful Hostler in attendance. Parties coming from Prince Edward Island with horses will find this establishment the most comfortable in the City, and a person always at the Cars on their arrival.
St. John, Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

DR. J. N. FULLER,
Graduate of Bellevue Hospital,
Medical College, N. Y.
Office in the residence of Rev. Mr. DesBrisay, on Water Street—directly opposite the Establishment of J. L. Holman, Esq.,
*** All calls promptly attended to.
Summerside October 15, 1868.

"The Hand-writing of God"
A FEW COPIES of this celebrated work have been received by the Agent for P.E. Island, the Rev. ALBERT S. DesBRISAY. Library Edition $4; Cloth Extra $3.50, N. S. Currency.
Dec 3, '68.

KERSHAW & EDWARD'S
IMPROVED PATENT
Non-conducting and Vaporising
Fire and Burgler Proof
SAFES.
MANUFACTURERS OF
BANK VAULTS, BURGLAR PROOF VAULT DOORS, IRON VAULT DOORS, PATENT COMBINATION BANK LOCKS, DEED BOXES, PATENT JAIL LOCKS & CELL DOORS, &c. &c.
THOS. FULLER, Travelling Agent. | DAVID STARR & Sons, Agents, Halifax.
Montreal. Dec 15, '68 y

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL.
No. 9, King Square,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
THE subscriber having thoroughly refitted and enlarged his HOTEL and STORE, is now prepared to accommodate Permanent and Transient Boarders on the most reasonable terms.

ALSO, in connection, a GROCERY STORE, where every article required for house use may be had.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
Sept. 10, 1868. 1y

New England Self-Acting
HAND LOOM!
Just what every Farmer Requires
WILL weave from 15 to 30 yards per day. Any style of goods required. A dozen different twill can be woven upon the same warp. Also
Seamless Bags,
AND CLOTH, DOUBLE-WIDTH.
Can weave a web six feet ten inches wide. Also, winds its own quills; and while it weaves one quill it winds another. Can also be folded together and taken through a common door with the webb in. The whole operation is performed by turning an easy crank, and can be operatad by a BOY or GIRL ten or twelve years of age.
S. WELLS & CO.,
General Agents, No. 113, Federal Street, Portland, Me. Also Agents for the LAMB & BRIDGEPORT FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE. (Send for a Circular).
October 22, '68. tf

REILLY'S PRINCE COUNTY
TOBACCO FACTORY
has been
Removed to Water Street,
To the Store lately occupied by Mr. GEORGE CRABB, Harness Maker, in the House of Mr. GEORGE O'NEILL, where
Tobacco of all Kinds,
Twist, Flat and Natural Leaf, will be kept constantly on hand, and sold at
Lower Prices than ever!
☞ People from the country will find it to their advantage to call before purchasing elsewhere.
PATRICK REILLY, Proprietor.
Summerside. July 23, '68.

A. W. ANDRES,
Marble Worker,
Point Du Chene, Shediac N. B.
MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVE-STONES, &c., &c.
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE constantly 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.

North British and Mercantile
INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND LIFE.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
CHIEF OFFICES:
64 Princes Street, Edinburgh.
61 Threadneedle Street, London.
Risks taken daily, in Town and Conntry, at the office of the Agent, Reading room Building, Dorchester street.
G. W. DeBLOIS, General Agent for P E Island.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1868.—1y*

THE CHURCH UNION.
THIS Paper has been recently enlarged to mammoth proportions. IT IS THE LARGEST RELIGIOUS PAPER IN THE WORLD. Is the leading organ of the Union Movement, and opposes ritualism, close communion, exclusiveness and church caste. It is the only paper that publishes HENRY WARD BEECHER'S Sermons, which it does every week, just as they are delivered,—without qualification or correction by him. It advocates universal suffrage; a union of christians at the polls; and the rights of labor. It has the best Agricultural Department of any paper in the world; publishes stories for the family, and for the destruction of social evils. It editorial management is impersonal; its writers and editors are from every branch of the church, and from every grade of society. It has been aptly termed the freest organ of thought in the world.

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Send for a copy, enclosing 10 cents, to
HENRY E. CHILD.
41 Park Row, New York.

P. S.—Subscriptions received at this office December 17, '68.—4m.

POETRY.

[*Written for the Summerside Journal.*]

A WIFE WANTED.

Ye fair ones attend, I've an offer to make you:
In Hymen's soft bands I am anxious to live,
For better, for worse, a companion I'll take me,
Provided she fills the description I give.

I never expect nor can hope for perfection,
For that never yet was a bachelor's lot;
But choosing a wife, I would make a selection
Which many in my situation would not.

I'd have—let me see—I'd not have a beauty.
For beautiful women are apt to be vain;
Yet with a small share, I would think it a duty
To take her, be thankful, and never complain.

Her form must be good—without art to constrain it,
And rather above than below middle-size;
A something (it puzzles my brain to explain it)
Like eloquent language must flow from her eyes.

She must be well bred, or I cannot respect her;
Good-natured and modest, but not very coy,
Her mind well informed—'tis the principal nector
That sweetens the cup of Hymenial joy.

Her home she must love, and domestic employment,
Have practical knowledge of household affairs;
And make it a part of her highest employment
To soften my troubles and lighten my cares.

Her age, I would have it at least to be twenty,
But not to exceed twenty-five at the most—
And the girls of that age being ev'rywhere plenty,
I hope to get one of that numerous host.

Not fortune I ask, for I've no predilection
For glitter or show, or the pomp of high life:
I wish to be bound by the cords of affection;
And now I have drawn up the sketch of a wife.

If any possess the above requisitions,
And wi[illegible] joined by the conjugal band,
They will ple[illegible] step forward—they know the conditions—
Enquire for the writer, I'm always at hand,
J. L.

Feb. 26, 1869.

Select Literature.

SNOW BIRD,
THE TRAPPER'S CHILD.

CHAPTER I.
THE FAWN AND THE BEAR.

There was quite an excitement among the ladies in Madame Pinette's boarding-school at St. Louis, when one of their number was called for, and the messenger who made the announcement also brought the news that her father had come to see her and to take her away.

St. Louis was comparatively a small town at that time; but it was rapidly growing in wealth and importance, as it was the emporium of the western fur trade. It was also the center of intelligence and education for a considerable section of country, an honor which it had previously disputed with Cape Giradeau and St. Genevieve. The boarding-school of Madame Pinette was the most fashionable and select establishment of the kind in the young city, and its directress was considered a model of propriety and refinement.

The father of Jeanette Barteau was generally considered as a mythical personage among the inmates of Madame Pinette's establishment; indeed, there was some among them who doubted his existence, and who seemed to consider Jeanette a sort of *filia nullius*, whose parents were not willing to own her although they supported her in good style. These young ladies might have hesitated to associate with Jeanette, had it not been a known and established fact that Madame Pinette would never receive into her school any person concerning whose respectability there could be the slightest doubt.

As for the directress, as Madame Pinette chose to style herself, she knew as little about the parentage of Jeanette as any of her pupils. In fact, she had already imparted the extent of her information to the young ladies, and the story was related to every new arrival as a necessary portion of the history of the establishment.

The story was simply this: Many years before, when Madame Pinette's school was a very small and unpretending affair, Jeanette, who was then a child of about four years of age, had been brought to the directress by a French merchant, a gentleman of high standing and undoubted integrity. He represented the child as being the daughter of a friend of his, who was engaged in the fur business in the far west, and whose duties seldom permitted him to visit St. Louis. He requested Madame Pinette to take the child into her establishment, to educate her and bring her up in the best style, and to be a mother to her. To secure the fulfilment of this request, he placed in the hands of the directress a considerable sum of money, assuring her that as large an amount would be paid to her yearly, as long as she continued to take care of the child. Under these circumstances Jeanette was received into Madame Pinette's establishment, was treated as one of her own children, and had been with her ever since. There was nothing very surprising about this story, but the young ladies could not help wondering why Jeanette's father had never come to see her, and what manner of man he was, if he really had existence. The French merchant had died a few years after placing the child at the school; but the money for Jeanette's maintenance was still received, sometimes from one source, and sometimes from another.

Jeanette seemed to be very well satisfied with the situation of affairs. She had grown up with sufficient sense, under the management of Madame Pinette, not to trouble herself unnecessarily about such matters. She loved the directress as a mother, and gave but little thought to a father whom she did not remember, and who did not even write to her. She found herself well clothed, boarded and educated, and supplied with every necessity and luxury that she could reasonably desire. Under the teachings of Madame Pinette, she contented herself with affairs as she found them, and applied herself diligently to her studies and other duties, until she became a well-educated and accomplished young lady. If she had any wonderings, misgivings or longings, concerning the father of whom she knew only the name, she was careful to keep them to herself, or confided them only to the sympathizing Madame Pinette.

It would be doing Janeatte an injustice, however, to say that she was not deeply affected when she heard the announcement that this unknown parent had at last arrived, and that he had come to take her from the pleasant home in which most of her life had been spent. She was anxious to see him; but there was a feeling of fear mingled with her natural desire, a painful sense of doubt and distrust, producing a nervous timidity which she could not shake off. Her hands trembled so that she could hardly arrange her dress, and she declined the assistance of the girls who clustered around her, with a peevishness that was quite unusual with her. At last she was ready; the finishing touch was put to her toilet, and, after a last look at her pale face in the glass, she went down stairs with timid and hesitating steps, followed by the curious glances of her companions. She could not guess what sort of a man she was about to meet; for none of the girls had ventured to peep into the reception-room, the servant who announced him had not seen the stranger, and Madame Pinette happened to be away from home.

Again she hesitated, with her hand upon the knob, when she reached the door of the room in which he was supposed to be waiting for her, and it was with a palpitating heart that she at last entered and saw before her—what?

He was no gentleman, certainly—no gentleman, at least, in the boarding-school sense of the word—that man who was awkwardly sitting on an ottoman near the fire-place. He was a rough and weather-beaten man, somewhat past the prime of life, with long, straggling hair and grizzled beard, and a cast of countenance that was by no means inviting to a young lady of education and refinement. He was clad in a blue swallow-tailed coat, striped vest, and yellow pantaloons, all of which fitted him badly, and seemed to give him the greatest possible discomfort. It was evident that he was a wild mountaineer, who had donned civilized attire for this special occas[illegible] miserable in consequen[illegible] of his change of garb. He was not en[illegible]rely transformed, however, as he had no[illegible] been able to induce his extremities to subm[illegible]t to the torture of hat and boots. His feet were incased in gayly-ornamented moccasin[illegible]s, of the Chippewa fashion, and his head was covered with a gray foxskin cap, which he had not thought of removing. Altog[illegible]ther, he was a very uncouth sort of person, and Jeanette's first feeling toward him was one of positive repulsion. She was glad to seat her trembling form in a chair near the door, where she waited for him to spe[illegible]k; but her disgust and fear were by no m[illegible]eans decreased when he addressed her.

"Your nam[illegible]e is Jeanette Barteau, I al-low," said the mountaineer, as he rose from his seat, wh[illegible]ich he did not attempt to resume during th[illegible]e remainder of the interview.

"Yes, sir," timidly replied Jeanette, without raising her eyes.

"Then you a[illegible]re my gal, I reckon, and I've come to cl[illegible]aim you. It's been a long time since I've sot eyes onto you, 'cause you war nothin[illegible]g but a kitten when I brought you hya[illegible]r, and I hain't been inside of this settlement from that day to this."

"Yes, sir," fai[illegible]ntly responded Jeanette again.

"I've done we[illegible]ll by you, my gal, and I'm thinkin' that you cain't say a word against me on that score. I saved my money, and did[illegible]n't spend it drinkin' or gamblin', as most of our men do; but sent it on hyar to St Lo[illegible]uey, fur to hev you raised and eddicated like a lady."

"I am sure that I am very much obliged to you, sir," replied Jeanette, thinking that she must say something to express her gratitude.

"I meant that you should be a lady, and a lady you are, if ever there was one on airth. It ain't a bit too much to say that you are a heap prettier than any pictur' I ever sot eyes onto. I s'pose you are ready and willin' to go with your dad now; ain't you?"

Jeanette's answer was an unintelligible murmur, which the mountaineer interpreted as conveying her assent.

"I've got a power of things to tell you about," continued Jean Barteau, twisting and moving himself uneasily; "but I was never much of a hand at palaver, and these hyar settlement clothes are so cussed uncomfortable that I can hardly jerk out the few words that come to me. You allow that I've done the fa'r thing in havin' you raised up like a lady?"

"I am sure I am much obliged to you," faintly repeated Jeanette.

"It's only nateral that I should hev had a motive in so doin', and I ain't goin' to deny that I did hev a motive. When I was spendin' my money on you, instid of throwin' it away, I allowed that it was investin' it, as the traders say, and I was hopin' to git it back after years had gone by. The time fur gettin' it back has come, my gal, or it must come afore long. This hoss is gittin' old, you see, and he has been through a powerful sight of rough work an'hardships, to say nothin' of Injin scrapes, all to git the money to pay for your risin' and schoolin'. It would suit him mighty well to settle down somewhar, and live easy and comfortable for the rest of his life."

"I hope you will be able to do as you propose," murmured Jeanette, wondering to what this prelude was to lead.

"Glad to hear you say so. Children should love their parents, and obey 'em, and I reckon you're the right sort. It just depends on you, my gal, to say whether your old dad shall live easy and comfortable. You are mighty purty, as I said afore, and it will be no trouble for a gal of your looks and eddication to marry a rich man, who will be able to take care of her and her kin. You'll be glad to hear, I reckon, that I've already picked out the right kind of a man."

Jeanette raised her eyes, and looked fairly at the mountaineer for the first time, w h an expression of f ar and intense anxiety on h r countenance.

"Don't say that, I beg you!" was her piteous appeal. "I will do anything else that you wish me to do. I can teach school, and do many things. I will use the education that you have given me in any way but that. I will work hard to support you comfortably, but do not ask me to marry."

"I didn't raise you up like a lady to make you work like a squaw," replied Barteau, with a very unpleasant leer. "It's a way that gals hev got, as I've heern tell, to draw back when some 'un tells 'em to marry, though they are powerful eager when they take the notion themselves. But hyar's what cain't put up with such foolishness as that. I've told you what I want, and it has p'intedly got to be so. I hev picked out the man to suit me, and he ort to suit you, as he is rich and good-lookin', though he ain't quite so young as he mought be. His name is Jeems Musson, and I reckon you've seen him mor'n once."

Jeanette trembled with terror, for she *had* seen James Musson, and he was so odious to her that she hoped she might never see him again.

"You ain't skeered of him, I hope," said Barteau.

Jeanette's face turned a trifle whiter, and from her downcast eyes there stole glances of defiance and determination.

"What say you, gal?"

"Your judgment should be better than mine, and I nave no doubt that I ought to try and please you."

"That's the notion, my gal! I am glad to see you so willin' and obedient. I don't mean to hurry you about it, but will let you take your own time, purty nigh. I only want the matter onderstood. I hev jest this to say now—that I will come in the mornin' to take you away from hyar, and you may go to work and git your possibles packed and ready."

My what, sir?"

"Your finery and fixin's. I must go now. Good-bye, gal, and be ready airly in the mornin'."

And so he took his leave. He did not offer to kiss her, but took her little white hand in his broad palm, and held it there a moment, looking at it as if it were something very wonderful and valuable. As he did so, she perceived that he had been drinking, for she smelled the fume of villainous whiskey, and she could hardly conceal her disgu t.

Jeanette hastened up to her own room, threw herself on the bed, and burst into tears. "[illegible] my father," was her sobbing reply to the sympathising questions of her room-mate.

CHAPTER II.
A DISAPPEARANCE.

Jeanette Barteau had good reason for the fear and anxiety which she manifested when her father spoke to her concerning marriage, and when he mentioned James Musson as the person whom he had chosen for her husband.

She had not turned seventeen without receiving the homage of several young gentlemen, and she had her own notions concerning the person whom she intended to marry. In fact she had fixed her affections upon Henri Labardie, a clerk in a fur house in St. Louis, who was both young and handsome, although he was not wealthy. Henri had told her that he loved her, and had been assured that his love was returned. They had vowed eternal fidelity, and were only "waiting a while" until circumstances should justify them in marrying.

Jeanette did not long remain bathed in tears and lying on her bed. She had formed her resolution while she was in the presence of Jean Barteau, as soon as she learned what his intention really was, and she was only giving temporary indulgence to her disappointment and vexation when she returned to her room.

She soon arose, firmly rejecting the consolations of her room-mate, dried her tears, arranged her toilet, put on her hat and shawl, and sallied forth alone f[illegible]m Madame Pinette's [illegible] astonishment.

She went rapidly down the street toward the river, but walked more slowly when she came among the business houses and looked anxiously about her. Her eyes brightened as she caught sight of a handsome young man with a note-book and pencil in his hand; and he must have spied her at the same moment, for he quickened his steps as he advanced toward her.

"I have been looking for you, Henri, and am so glad to see you," said Jeanette, as she met her lover.

"You are more fortunate than I am, always looking for you," replied her lover.

"Something has happened, Henri, or I would not have come alone to seek you here."

"What is the matter? Has Madame Pinette been scolding you, or do you wish me to furnish flowers for your May festival?"

"It is something more important than that Henri—something that concerns us both, and we must decide and act immediately."

"You surprise me. Tell me at once what has happened."

"My father has arrived."

"Your father! I hardly believed that you had a father. Where did he come from? Why has he been so long absent from you? What sort of a man is he? Did you tell him of our plans?"

"You almost stun me with your questions. Which shall I answer first? Let me tell you what sort of a man he is, and you will be better able to understand me. Henri, I can hardly believe that he is my father."

"Without doubt, then, he is not a nice man."

"Nice! There is nothing nice about him. I can assure you. I never saw a rougher or more uncouth man in my life. He did not seem to know what to do with his hands or feet, and I am sure that Madame Pinette's reception-room was the first parlor he ever saw. He looked like a dressed-up bear, in the most outlandish garments imaginable, and I suppose that he never wore any civilized habiliments before, for he said that his clothes were a torment to him, and he had Indian moccasins on his feet."

"I presume that he must be a trapper or trader of the far west, and he may be a very honest and well-meaning man. I have seen many of those people, and they have their good qualities, though they are mere animals as a general thing."

Honest! Let me tell you what he proposed to me, and then you shall judge of his honesty. He plainly told me that he