Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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THE
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AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

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JOB PRINTING

of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL Office.

Almanac for June, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 5th day, 2h. 42m. mor. bear'g East.
Last Qtr., 13th day, 6h. 1m., mor. bear'g East.
New Moon, 20th day, 10h. 38m., mor. b. South
First Qtr. 27th day, 1h. 37m., mor. below hzn.

D. MON.	DAY WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	Sun fast clock	sun's dec. north	moon sets	days len.
		h m	h m	m s		h m	h m
1	Mo	4 17	7 37	1 24	28 8	2 31	15 20
2	Tue	17	38	2 15	22 15	3 3	21
3	Wed	16	39	2 5	22 23	3 36	23
4	Thu	16	40	1 55	22 30	rises	24
5	Fri	16	41	1 45	22 36	7 54	26
6	Sat	15	42	1 34	22 43	8 45	27
7	Sun	4 14	7 42	3 37	22 48	9 33	15 28
8	Mo	14	43	3 40	22 54	10 16	29
9	Tue	14	44	3 42	17 47	10 51	30
10	Wed	14	45	3 45	18 9	11 24	31
11	Thu	14	45	3 48	18 31	11 55	32
12	Fri	13	46	3 50	18 53	morn	33
13	Sat	4 13	46	3 52	19 15	0 20	33
14	Sun	13	7 47	3 52	19 36	0 50	15 34
15	Mo	13	47	3 53	19 58	1 24	34
16	Tue	13	47	3 45	20 19	2 17	34
17	Wed	13	48	3 34	20 40	2 15	35
18	Thu	13	49	3 43	21 1	3 17	36
19	Fri	13	49	3 1	21 22	3 50	36
20	Sat	13	49	3 14	21 42	sets.	36
21	Sun	4 13	7 50	3 26	22 3	8 44	15 37
22	Mo	14	50	3 38	22 23	4 49	37
23	Tue	14	49	3 50	22 43	7 52	36
24	Wed	15	49	3 1	23 2	8 51	35
25	Thu	15	49	3 11	23 22	10 6	34
26	Fri	16	49	3 21	23 41	morn	34
27	Sat	17	49	2 31	24 0	0 6	33
28	Sun	4 17	7 49	3 0	23 16	0 59	15 32
29	Mo	17	49	3 12	23 12	0 57	32
30	Tue	18	19	3 24	23 9	1 40	32

Summerside Markets.

June 9.

Oats per bush	3s 6d
Barley per bush	6s a 6s 3d
Potatoes per bush	3s
Turnips per bush	1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	1s 3 a 1s 4d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	8d
Beef per lb	6d a 7d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	3½d a 5d
Flour per bbl	57s a 60s
Oatmeal per cwt.	18s a 20s
Hay per Ton	90s a 100s
Straw per cwt.	4s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

June 9, 1868.

Beef (small)	7d a 8d
Do. by quarter	5d a 6d
Mutton	4d a 6d
Lamb per lb.	none
Butter	18d a 19d
Do. by tub	15d a 18d
Cheese	6d a 7d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Lard	9d a 11d
Flour lb.	3d a 3½d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	20s a 22s
Eggs	8d a 9d
Potatoes	2s 9d a 3s
Turnips	15d
Barley	6s a 7s
Oats	3s 6d
Hay	80s a 90s
Straw cwt.	2s
Sheepskins	4s a 3s
Calfskin lb.	5d a 9d
Hides lb.	4½d

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.

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.
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.
President—Hon. JOHN R. GARDINER.
Cashier—E. L. LYDIARD, 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 applying to Mr. J. BERTRAM, *Journal* Office, Summerside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867.—1y

Business Cards.

"FOUNTAIN HOUSE,"
CENTRAL STREET.
SUMMERSIDE!

THE subscriber most respectfully returns his thanks to the public who so liberally patronized him heretofore 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 STABLING, he is prepared to make all comfortable who may patronize the "FOUNTAIN HOUE."

DAVID GRADY.
Fountain House, Summerside, Feb. 27, 1868. } tf

Commercial Hotel,
NEW ARRANGEMENT!
Coach Fare Paid.

IN FUTURE the COACH-FARE of all travellers from the Railway Station and Steamboat Landings in this City to the COMMERCIAL HOTEL, King Street, who make their stay one day or upward, WILL BE PAID by the Proprietor.

FARE AT THE HOTEL:
TRANSIENT.
One Day, ---------- $1 00
One Week, -------- 5 00
PERMANENT.
Per Week, ------ $3 25 to $4 50

The HOTEL is situated on the best business street in the city, and nearly opposite the WAVERLY. It is handsomely fitted up and calculated to accommodate some fifty persons very comfortably.

D. P. HOWE, Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., Nov. 7, 1867 ly

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, 1867.

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.—1y

Temperance Hotel,
GRANAILLE STREET,
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.,
James Crozier, Proprietor.

Permanent and Transient Boarders will find good accommodation at the above Hotel. Good stabling, and a careful Hostler always in attendance.

This Hotel will always be kept open on the nights in which the Steamer arrives and leaves, for the accommodation of travellers.
Summerside, March 12, 1868.—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 accommodated on reasonable terms.

The House will be kept open to accommodate 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.

Ships Carvings.

FOR SALE, at the Store of Mr. DONALD RAMSAY, a good selection of SCROLLS and FIGURE HEADS; which will be sold low for cash.
Summerside, March 26, 1868.—tf.

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 Messrs Green & Schurman, in Summerside.
June 13, 1867. tf

DR. J. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,

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

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE Subscribers have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNIES-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. 18, 1867. oct 24.

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.
SUMMERSIDE ..... P. E. ISLAND

Business Cards.

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.

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

WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside, ---------- 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

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

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

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, 1867.

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.
Jan. 21, 1868.

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

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

THOMAS FRIZZEL,
Boot and shoe Maker,
WATER STREET,
opposite Green & Schurman's Store.

Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.
Summerside, June 6, 1867. 1y

Invitation to Shipbuilders!

3000 BLOCKS,
NOW READY FOR SALE
AT COSTIN'S BLOCK 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 those 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, Zuleika*, and others.)

ALSO—Ships Wheels, finished with neatness and made substantial. Deck Plugs, Pumps, &c., &c.

Reference can be made to Hon. J. C. Pope, Hon. James Yeo.

JOHN COSTIN.
Feb. 27, 1868. 1y

Co-partnership Notice.

THE Subscribers have this day entered into Partnership as PLASTERERS, under the name, style and firm of

Smith & McDonald,

They are prepared to execute all orders for Plastering from town or country, of all descriptions, in the best and most fashionable style, and at the lowest rates.

They will guarantee as good, if not better work than those who boast so much of their "learning."

JAMES SMITH.
JOHN McDONALD.
Summerside, April 9, 1868.

POETRY.

"BLESS ME ALSO, OH! MY FATHER!"

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

On a plain of fair Assyria,
Near four thousand years ago,
Rose a voice of anguished pleading,
From the depths of human woe,
Has my Father but one blessing?
Bless me also, even me!

Forty centuries have glided
Down the restless sea of time;
And that prayer is still ascending
From worn hearts in every clime.
Bless me also, oh! my Father!
Bless me also, even me!

Want, when starving amid plenty,
Wondering why each varied lot,
Mutely asks the great All Father—
Asks although it knows it not,
Has my Father but one blessing!
Bless me also, even me!

Bondmen miserably wearing
All they know of life away;
Brutalized, degraded, toiling,
Unrequited, day by day
Plead, oh! bless me, oh! my Father!
Bless me also, even me!

Wretches, whom the curse of madness
Fills with all its blighting power,
By their incoherent ravings,
Wildly plead in every hour,
Has my Father, then, no blessing
For me also, even me?

Idiocy, with laugh unmeaning,
Senseless gibber, stupid stare;
By its helpless degradation
Mutely lifts the old-time prayer;
Bless me also, oh! my Father!
Bless me also, even me!

Want and shame, and sin and sorrow,
Weakness suffering, grief and care;
All that moves God's heart to pity,
Is a constant, voiceless prayer.
Bless me also, oh! my Father!
Bless me also, even me!

Select Literature.

SWORD AND CROSS.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

IT hangs there on the wall, in its brightly-burnished scabbard, and tied tightly in its hilt, with a knot of faded blue ribbon, is a tiny gold cross.

Underneath the sword are two pictures—pictures of a woman's face. The first is wondrously lovely. The soft, dewy eyes look out from their curling lashes as if they thought the inner depths of your soul—eyes that can portray any emotion, from deepest pathos to sparkling, coquettish gayety. The bright hair ripples over the dainty head, and down on the snowy shoulders; and the whole face looks forth from a veil of misty tulle, which she seems to be holding back with one little hand—a face that reminds one of the Cenci's, the beauty is of so rare a type.

Both pictures are of the same woman; but until you have closely studied the outlines you will scarce credit it. The second *pose* is even more striking than the first. The majestic head is turned almost into profile; and a cobweb lace shawl falls away from the throat and arm, disclosing their great beauty. Her luxuriant hair is braided off the temples, and the whole character of the face is changed. Cold as marble, save for the lovely lips, which even in this picture seem to breathe passionate fondness; and costly jewels lie on the fair neck, and fasten up the yellow hair. The face of a Circe, and one that was as fatal to all who looked upon it with eyes of love.

I had been dining that day with Clarence Hervey in his bachelor apartments; and Raymond, his most pertectly-trained of servants, who had been with the major this dozen years, had noiselessly left us to the enjoyment of our wine and segars. Hervey was my *beau-ideal* of a cavalry officer; and one of my deepest regrets, in leaving the service, was the necessity of parting from him. My health had given out during the second year of the war; and after sending in a reluctant resignation, I left for the south of France, from whence I had but just returned, having, thank heaven, a new lease of strength and life. Meeting Hervey at the club, we had adjourned to his rooms; and it made the old soldierly blood tingle in my veins to listen to the stirring incidents of his campaigning life, with which he had been entertaining me during dinner. Glancing about the rooms, in admiration of their perfect appointments and elegant furniture, my eyes happened to light on the pictures, and the sword hanging above them.

"Which of your various sabres is that, Hervey?" I asked, carelessly, knocking the ashes from my segar. "You seem to have some sentimental recollections connected with it, judging from its decorations, and the proximity of your two fair friends underneath."

"Don't, my dear Phil," said the major actually winced under my random remark. "That sword is none of mine; it belonged to Gordon Grahame."

"Good God!" said I, with shocked emphasis, feeling a lump rising in my throat, and quick tears to my eyes. Too well I remembered the beautiful, boyish face of Grahame, of "Ours," the pet of the whole regiment, and fairly adored by his men. I had heard of his melancholy death while I was abroad; and knowing of the deep, fervent attachment existing between Hervey and himself, I could have bitten out my tongue for bringing up his name with a careless jest.

"Yes," the major went on, after a brief pause, "that is poor Gordon's sword, his trusty friend in many battles. I believe you loved him, Phil; do you care to hear his story?"

"I have been wanting to ask you for particulars," I answered. "His death was an awful shock to me, for, as you say, I loved poor Gordon well. Beyond the bare intelligence, I know nothing; but you, of all others, can tell me how he fell."

A spasm of convulsed pain shot over Hervey's face.

"How he fell!" he echoed. "We do not even know whether he was shot in cold blood—it's likely. I tell you, Phil, my blood boils; but it's a long story. I don't think I could summon heart to tell it to any one but you. Have you looked at those pictures? Do so before I commence, for, I swear, I believe, had it not been for that woman's fatal face, Gordon Grahame would be sitting here between us now." As I moved over to study the pictures, Hervey followed me.

"Shall I present you?" he said, bitterly. "That is Valerie L'Estrange as I first saw her. Those pictures do not give you much idea of her, though, as pictures, they are perfect. You cannot describe her beauty by any other epithet but glorious! She is that without dispute."

I turned to the second face.

"Stand aside with doffed beaver and bated breath," he went on, "Madame la Marquise De Frontignac passes by! He is the present French Minister, you know, and Valerie holds a verritable court of her own at Washington. That monsieur is seventy odd, and with a reputation anything but spotless, is but a mote in the brilliance of the *belle position* that Valerie worships. I say, Phil, is it not enough to sicken one to see how women are bought and sold in the enlightened nineteenth century of ours?"

We sauntered back to our easy chairs. Hervey took a fresh segar ere beginning his story. But I could not fail to notice that a heavy cloud seemed to settle down upon the soldier's frank, manly face; and at times his voice grew so broken and husky that I would not have recognized it.

"I don't quite remember," he said, "when you went abroad, but I think it must have been the winter of '63. Yes; well, in June of '64. Grahame and I had a month's leave, and came North together. I came as much on his account as my own—you know how dear that boy was to me. I loved him almost as I would love a woman. Gordon had been badly wounded in May, and I had only just got up from a rather bad fever; so off they sent us, with a promise from the colonel that at the first intimation of any fight we should be sent for. We had been but two days in New Qork, when I received an urgent note from my old friend, Mrs. George Lorimer begging me to join a large party that she had made up for West Point, and adding an equally pressing invitation for Gordon. 'By way of an additional attraction,' she said, in a little postscrip, 'I must tell you that a beatiful niece of my husband's will be with us—a genuine Frenchwoman, too, You remember Cora Lorimer?' Of course, I knew in a moment what she meant. One of George Lorimer's sisters, a woman whom I never saw, but of whose wonderful beauty I had heard much, married a handsome French count, and died abroad, leaving (as I afterward learned) this only daughter. I told Gordon of the note, and the boy, who had been looking rather moped and worn, brightening up at the prospect of West Point, and the gay party who were always sure to surround Mrs. Lorimer. That same evening we called at the Lorimers, and were presented to Valiere L'Estrange. If her wonderful loveliness struck me almost dumb, you may imagine the effect produced upon a warm, susceptible nature like Grahame's. She was sitting at the piano when her aunt led us up to be introduced; and if the Cenci itself had walked down out of its frame above us, I could hardly have been more startled. Her resemblance to that famous picture was even more striking in life than that portrait gives it. Heavens!" and a swarthy glow died Hervey's face. "no words can describe that woman. I wonder why I always think of the fabled Lorely of the Rhine when I look at her. Our call that evening was not a long one, but Gordon came in a state of excitement. He raved over her all the way down to the hotel; and even sober I, who am not given to go into raptures over any woman, did something very like it over this one. The next day we all started off for West Point. The party was quite a large one, Phil, twenty or more of us. You know all the set—the Fishers, Sanfords, Ives, and Van Courtlandts, with the usual beaux, and Gordon and myself for the military element. It was early in June, and for a week we pretty nearly had Cozzens' all to ourselves, which we did not all object to. If I ever go to West Point again (which I probably never shall do,) commend me to it either in June, or the early part of September. We had not been there three days when I saw how matters were going with Gordon. His love for that woman was something beautiful to witness. His poet's soul, combined with his manly heart, ought to have been perfectly irresistible; I believe they were, for awhile, even to her. Valerie began by devoting herself totally to Gordon, her 'Chevalier Bayard,' as she playfully called him, because of his enthusiastic love for his profession. It's hard work even now, Phil, for me to believe that a girl of only seventeen could so act out and stimulate a passion that was but a *lie!* I try to convince myself sometimes, that, for a little, his devoted tenderness really touched her feelings—for heart, she had none! You see that little gold cross tied up in his sword-hilt? That transaction first made me doubt her."

Hervey's voice broke down here, and he looked ghastly as I turned toward him.

"There's no help for it, Phil," he said, with a desperate attempt at a laugh. "You are safe, so I may confess my own folly. I loved Valiere L'Estrange! Loved her so wholly, so madly, that, worthless though I know her to be, yet at this moment I love her madly still. You may judge what I suffered when I saw how Gordon's heart was bound up in her smile. I thank God he never knew my secret; that I never was false to him, no matter what she was. Valerie, with the unerring instinct that was peculiarly her own, seemed to read me at a glance; do what I would, I felt that she knew I loved her—and she tortured me. I thought it mere girlish innocence then—I know better now!

"We were all out on the piazza one morning, after breakfast; as usual, half the men around Miss LEstrange. She was rolling up a cigarette for Gornon, and he was leaning over her chair in his graceful, lover-like fashion.

"'I am so *bete* this morning,' she said, in her pretty foreign accent, with a little pettish shrug. 'My fingers are too clumsy, Capt. Grahame. Why is it that I cannot do that which is to you so easy?"

"'You are so impatient,' said Gordon, smiling. 'You did it beautifully for me yesterday.'

"Ah, yes!' she went on. 'I am too tired to-day. What shall I do this morning? Let me see!" reflectively. 'I will go for a long walk. Major Hervey, you promised me one two days ago.'

"'And I am here to fulfil my promise,' said I, as I caught Gordon's quick glance of disappointment.

"'We must go immediately then,' said Valerie, looking up at me in a way that set every nerve in my body tingling. 'Will you hand me my shade-hat behind you, major?'

"As she rose from her chair, the bunch of charms she wore on her bracelet caught on a button of Gordon's sleeve, and a tiny gold cross fell from it, with a little jingle on the piazza.

"'Ah! I have you safe now, *mon beau captaine!*" she said, with the arch *nivete* that was witchingly winning, as Gordon stooped very low to disengage the trinket. Standing close to them as I was, I heard his whisper.

"'Chained in rose-fetters. Valerie, darling, give me that little cross.' But she chose to answer him aloud, for the benefit of us all.

"'That's a very poetical idea,' said she, looking innocent. 'Give you the little cross, monsieur, it was *a gage d'amour* from my poor papa.' I stooped and picked it up for her. Gordon bit his lips, and shot the first fiery glance at me that I had ever received from those gentle eyes. It pierced my heart with a pang bitter enough to quell, for an instant, any rising love for the woman who had bewitched us both. After a few more laughing sentences, Valerie and I went off on that memorable walk. I don't know what sort of a spell that woman carried about her, but she made wild work of my heart during the next two hours. If it had not been for the recollection of Gordon's reproachful eyes, I should have poured out all my love at her feet then and there. She showed me a new side of her chamelon character—she was so gentle, so softly winning and tender; and that style of woman, of all others, plays the deuce with a rough soldier like me, you know, Phil. As we were coming back to the hotel, she adroitly led the conversation to her little cross.

"'I am so fond of it,' she said, 'it was the last thing poor papa ever gave me. I would like to give it to some real, true friend, Major Hervey; some one who would cherish it as a souvenir of Valerie when she is far away.'

"I took a moment's pause before answering her. I grappled with the strong temptation to carry the little jewel on my heart during the coming campaign, and then I spoke, carelessly enough, with the nonchalance that I knew always fretted her.

"'You should have lived in the days of old, Miss L'Estrange. A knight to do battle for you, *a la* Invahoe, would be your *beau-ideal*,' She shook her head a little.

"'*Eh bien!*" she said, sighing softly, 'I have failed to make myself understood where I am most anxious. But whatever Major Hervey may think of me, he is much nearer my—my——' She broke off, blushing crimson; then, in a lower tone. 'Ah! do let Valerie be your good, true friend!' and with that last whisper on her lips, she sprang up the piazza-steps, and joined Mrs. Lorimer, leaving me half mad between the conflict of my love and honor.

"That night, Phil, I saw, accidentally, the conclusion of the scene in which that cross, yonder, played a part. We were all going over to the graduating hop, and the party was so large that it took some time to assemble. As I stood in a distant corner of the piazza, out of the moonlight, I saw Gordon come out with Valerie on his arm. She was looking gloriously lovely; and before I could move or give them notice of my presence, I heard Gordon pleading his suit in glowing, tender words. She nestled down in his arms, and looked up in his face.

"'It is so sweet to be loved,' she said, softly. 'Ah! my chevalier! promise that you will ever remember Valerie thus when the fortunes of war carry you from her."

'My beautiful guiding-star!" he said, passionately, 'if I had more to offer you! I have nothing but my love and my sword, my darling—both are stainless. For your dear sake I would have wealth to lay at your feet!"

"He was looking down into her face, Phil; but I am certain he did not read Valerie's thoughts as I did. A subtle change crept over her brow, but her voice was sweet and loving as ever when she replied,

"You will make me famous with your sword,' like the gallant marquis of your Scotch story, *mon cher*.'

"He answered with fond, noble words, but I grew faint as I watched them. Instinctive distrust of Valerie was creeping into my soul; and when she finally untastened the little gold cross, and told him to keep it as a 'souvenir,' I thought of the tone and look with which she had sought to make me ask for it that very morning. Could it be possible that a creature so young, and apparently so guileless, could be so old in deceit?

"'Keep it always, and remember my love, my Chevalier Bayard,' she said, fastening it in his sword-hilt with a bit of blue ribbon which she took off her dainty white throat. I saw him kiss her twice, thrice, there in the moonlight; and then Mrs. Lorimer came down the stair-case, and Valerie and Gordon followed her. I stayed there, Phil, and fought the weary miserable battle out."

Hervey pansed, drained a glass of champagne, and went on with a steadier voice.

"Men's hearts are in curious places. Even now, when I know Valerie to be

'The sort of woman women dread,
Then fatally adore,'

I cannot but remember how I loved her. It's very possible to break and shatter the vase, *pour toujours*, but I agree with Tom Moore, that the scent of the roses will linger there! To this day I've never heard what that gay party thought of my not showing at the hop. I stayed for a bitter two hours on that piazza, and felt, when it was all over, that I had grown old. Then I got on my feet, and wandered down to the office in search of man's universal panacea and solace—a segar;