The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

ROBERT MATHESON, Proprietor. "THE PRESS--THE PALLADIUM OF THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS." TERMS: One Dollar a Year in Advance.

VOL. IX.] MILTON, COUNTY OF HALTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1869. [NO. VIII.

The Canadian Champion

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

THURSDAY MORNING

of each week, at Milton, Halton County, Ontario, by

ROBERT MATHESON,
Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICE,—ON MAIN STREET.

TERMS—$1 a year in advance, or within one month from the date of subscribing, if not so paid, $2 will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Eight cents per line for the first insertion, and two cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Business Cards of eight lines or less $4 per annum.

The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Brevier.

A liberal discount allowed on advertisements inserted for extended periods.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, to be considered an advertisement, and charged accordingly.

Business Directory.

W. H. Street, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR. Office and Residence—That lately occupied by Dr. Crooker.

Milton, Oct. 10, 1866. 19-ly

D. Robertson, M. D., C. M.,

GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF McGill College, Montreal. Milton, Ont. Office and Residence—One door South of the Post Office, Foster Street.

Milton, Sept. 10, 1863. 14-ly

T. B. Winn, M. B.,

GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Toronto, Haltonville, Nassagaweya.—Office and Residence—That lately occupied by Dr. Robertson. Consultation Day—Every Thursday.

Nassagaweya, Nov. 1, 1866. 22-ly

JOHN DEWAR, Jr.,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Notary Public, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Town Hall, Main Street, Milton. 26-ly

THOMAS DIXON,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, &c. OFFICE—Opposite the Halton House, Main Street, Milton.

Milton, May 17th, 1869. 49-tf

T. G. MATHESON, B. A.,

BARRISTER, &c. OFFICE- IN THE Town Hall, Milton.

Milton, April 7th, 1869.

S. R. LISTER,

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in Queen's Bench, Licensed Auctioneer, Accountant, &c. Debts collected on Commission.

Nassagaweya, April 5, 1864. 3-46-ly

Canadian Hotel,

OAKVILLE.

JAMES TEETER, PROPRIETOR.

This hotel has lately been extensively refitted, and the proprietor is determined to make it a First Class House

☞ Liquors of the best brand kept always on hand.

Oakville, July 1st, 1868. 4-tf

E. DeGarmo,

BURLINGTON HOTEL, WELLINGTON Square. Comfort, moderate charges, and unremitting attention to guests still continue to mark the management of this first-class Hotel. The Stables and Yards are very extensive, and a careful Hostler is in attendance.

Wellington Square, Oct 24, 1867. 20 ly

PALERMO HOUSE, PALERMO,

JOHN VANALLEN, PROPRIETOR, Returns his thanks to his numerous customers for their past patronage, and begs to assure them that he will still conduct his business in first-class style. Best brands of liquors and cigars, good stabling and attentive hostlers.

Palermo, Oct. 4, 1867. 8-ly

TYRONE HOTEL,

HORNBY EAST, BY THOMAS McCALLUM. This is a new house, and is fitted up in as comfortable manner as any Hotel in the County. Good Stabling. Every attention paid to visitors. There is a Store in connection with this Hotel. Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., kept constantly on hand.

ROSSIN HOUSE, ACTON.

THE SUBSCRIBER BEGS TO INFORM the public that he has the above named house for a term of years, which is situated within 150 yards of the Acton Station, G. T. R., and from his experience in Hotel attendance, both in England and Scotland, flatters himself that by strict attention to the wants of the travelling community, that he will make his house one of the most popular in the County of Halton. No pains shall be spared in providing the best brands of Liquors and fare for the table, as well as careful hostlery. Travellers call and try.

JAS. CAMPBELL.

Acton, March 1st, 1869. 38-ly

COUNTY AUCTIONEER.

JAMES A. FRAZER HAS GREAT pleasure in informing the public of the County of Halton, that he has taken out an Auctioneer's License for the County, and will be happy to attend Sales, in any part of the County, on Reasonable Terms. As he has had considerable experience in this line, he guarantees the best of satisfaction to those requiring his services. Orders left at his residence in Milton, or at Wallace's Hotel, Milton, will be promptly and faithfully attended to.

JAMES A. FRAZER.

Milton, March 9th, 1869. 39-ly

Business Directory.

DONALD McNAIR,

COUNTY AUCTIONEER, Nassagaweya P.O., having had seven years experience, he flatters himself he can give the very best satisfaction. All orders promptly attended to.

Nassagaweya, October 7th, 1868. 18-tf

T. Ruston,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST. SEEDS, Dye-stuffs, Stationery &c. Main Street, Georgetown. 1-ly

J. B. Willmott,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, Main street, Milton. 5-26

William A. Agar,

HOUSE PAINTER, GLAZIER, AND PAPER Hanger. Shop on Martin Street, Milton. Orders left at Thompson's Hotel will be attended to. v4-n14-ly

Robert Swanton Appelbe,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, AND SOLICITOR in Chancery, Oakville.

James Bastedo, L. D. S.

SURGEON DENTIST, WELLINGTON Square. He will continue to visit Oakville every second and last Monday in each month.—Rooms in Canadian Hotel.—All operations carefully performed.

Wellington Square, April 14, 1869. 44-ly

GEORGE CLARKSON,

BEGS TO ANNOUNCE TO HIS numerous friends that he has commenced business in the Commercial Hotel, Commercial Street, Milton, where he will be found ever ready to attend to the wants of his customers.

Milton, March 18th, 1868. 41-ly

Exchange Hotel

BY

THOMAS CLARK, Georgetown, Ont.

BUSSES to and from the Station, regularly. Every attention paid to the travelling public. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. 3-5-ly

Robt. Dolmage

ISSUER OF

MARRIAGE LICENSES, &C.,

PALERMO.

Palermo, October 17th, 1866. 20-ly

WALLACE'S NEW HOTEL

MILTON, ONT.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has moved to his new Hotel, on the corner of Main and Brown Streets, where he will be glad to wait upon his old customers. He has spared neither pains nor expense in making his House a first-class Hotel, and all who favor him with their patronage will receive every attention.

JOHN WALLACE.

Milton, Feb. 23rd, 1864 v3.39-ly

W. Barber & Bros.,

PAPER MANUFACTURERS!

Georgetown.

Printing and Wrapping Paper

Constantly on hand and made to order.

WOOL CARDING & CLOTH DRESSING

On the shortest notice. Cotton Rags in any quantity will be received at their Paper Mill in return for cash Highest price in cash paid for Wool

ESQUESING

Woolen Mills,

1869. 1869.

WOOL CARDING,

AND

Cloth Dressing.

THE undersigned, in returning thanks to the inhabitants of Esquesing and surrounding country for their liberal patronage heretofore, beg to inform them that they are now as always, prepared to

CARD THEIR WOOL & DRESS THEIR CLOTH

Equally as well as can be done elsewhere, and parties from a distance can

GET THEIR ROLLS HOME

With them on the same day. Nevertheless,

A rule was made and thus reserved,
The first that comes must be first served.

And to those who have wool to sell that they will give the

HIGHEST PRICE IN CASH,

For any quantity of Clean Fleece Wool. They have on hand a large supply of

All Wool Cloths, Satinetts,

Tweeds of various new patterns,

BLANKETS, FLANNELS, &C.

Both Plain and Fancy, all of their own manufacture, for sale or exchange at the lowest prices. MR. JOSEPH BARBER will personally attend to the Carding.

WM. BARBER & BROS.

Georgetown, May 11, 1869. 48-3m

T. J. WHEELER,
PRACTICAL
WATCH
AND
CLOCK MAKER
FROM TORONTO,

CAN always be found at A. Galbraith's Shop, Main Street, GEORGETOWN, where he is prepared to repair all descriptions of Watches and Clocks in such a manner as will ensure satisfaction, and at prices that will defy competition. Jewelry neatly repaired.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry For Sale!

Georgetown, May 17, 1864. 51.

J. E. HARRISON,

VETERINARY SURGEON

Graduate of the Toronto Veterinary College, is prepared to attend all the ailments of the Lower animals. His Office, for the present, will be at the residence of his father William Harrison,

ABOUT HALF-A-MILE SOUTH OF MILTON

Terms moderate. Medicine for Horses and Cattle always on hand and orders promptly attended to.

Milton, March 21st, 1867. 41-tf

FOUNTAIN HOTEL, KILBRIDE.

BY

W. F. MILLS,

(LATE OF CARLISLE.)

Kilbride, February 1st, 1869. 34-9m

BRONTE STATION HOTEL.

John Wragg,

(Formerly of the Canadian Hotel, Oakville.)

BEGS to announce to his numerous friends that he has rented THE CROSS HOTEL, BRONTE, where he hopes by careful attention to merit a continuance of former favors.

Bronte, March 11, 1868. 40-tf

JARVIS'

LIVERY STABLES

MILL STREET, GEORGETOWN.

THE Subscribers beg to inform the inhabitants of Georgetown and vicinity that they have purchased the Livery Stables formerly belonging to Duncan Clark, and having added to the former stock new and excellent Horses and new and comfortable Vehicles, they are now prepared to furnish the public with the very best conveyances on reasonable terms. Double and Single Buggies, Carriages, Cutters, Sleighs, Saddle Horses, and everything in our line, provided on the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

JARVIS & BRO.

Georgetown, August 26, 1868. 12-tf

W. J. STEARN,

TIN AND STOVE DEALER,

MILTON,

BEGS to announce that he is prepared to manufacture any quantity of

NORTH'S PATENT DRUM HEATER,

Which are the best in use as proved by certificates from parties in all parts of the Dominion. For simplicity of construction, efficiency in heating and economy in Fuel, it cannot be surpassed. It is no new thing but has been before the public for some years, and undergone some very severe tests, but has always been triumphant.

They are peculiarly adapted for Churches, Schools, Halls, &c. Their effects are quickly felt in a more striking manner in large rooms that have been difficult to heat without a very large amount of fuel. They can be used on every description of Stove, cooking as well as others, and the sizes are adapted to rooms in which they may be required.

Stove-Pipes and Tinware

Always on hand, at

LOW PRICES.

W. J. STEARN.

Milton, Oct. 7th. 1868. 18-tf

HUGH M'KAY

General Grocer and

PROVISION MERCHANT,

MAIN STREET,

GEORGETOWN.

☞ Everything in the line kept in season.

Georgetown, 24th June, 1868. 1-ly

J. BASTEDO,

HATTER AND FURRIER.

Gentlemen's Silk and Felt Hats Dressed.

☞ *The Highest Market Price paid in Cash for all kinds of RAW FURS.*

April 6th, 1868. 44-tf

David Little,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

MAIN-ST., MILTON,

Next door to Commercial Hotel,

BEGS to announce that he has commenced business at the above stand, where he hopes by promptness and attention to merit a share of public patronage. A well assorted stock of

English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds

Constantly on hand. All orders punctually attended to. 50-3m

Insolvent Act

Of 1864.

In the Matter of WILLIAM FRANCIS ROMAIN, an Insolvent.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of the powers vested in me, as Assignee of the Estate of the above named Insolvent, I shall offer for sale by

PUBLIC AUCTION

At the Auction Mart of

William Wass,

In the

TOWN OF OAKVILLE,

ON

TUESDAY, THE SEVENTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, A. D. 1869.

At the hour of Eleven o'Clock in the forenoon,

All the right, title and interest of the said Insolvent, in and to the following Lands situated in the Province of Ontario:

The Westerly part of the South half of Lot No. 14, in the Second Concession, South of Dundas Street, of the

TOWNSHIP OF TRAFALGAR

In the

COUNTY OF HALTON,

50 Acres.

This is a fine farm lot, with good buildings, about twenty acres planted with fruit trees, and close to the Railway Station at Oakville.

Lots 1, 2, 5, 10, 12, 14 and 15 of a Survey made for W. F. Romain by Chisholm Miller, in the Town of Oakville, in the said County of Halton. On Lots 14 and 15 there is a Handsome Residence, commanding a magnificent view of Lake Ontario, and surrounded with Fruit and Ornamental Trees of the choicest kinds.

Lots E and F, in Block 36, in the said Town of Oakville.

Lot No. 9, in Block 67, with Frame Cottage thereon, in the said Town of Oakville.

Lot No. 4, in 9th Concession—200 acres.

South East half of Lot No. 9, in 6th Concession—100 acres.

South East half of Lot No. 8, in 7th Concession—100 acres.

North West half of Lot No. 2, in 8th Concession—100 Acres.

North West half of Lot No. 12, in 11th Concession—100 acres.

All in the Township of Dover East, in the County of Kent.

Lot No. 24, in 3rd Concession, Township of Romney, in the said County of Kent—200 acres.

East half of Lot No. 4—100 acres; and West half of Lot No. 5—100 acres, both in the first Concession of the Township of Brooke, in the County of Lambton.

South West half of the South West quarter of Lot No. 5, in the second concession of the Township of Ekfrid, in the County of Middlesex—25 acres.

North East quarter of Lot No. 4, in 13th Concession of the Township of Aldborough, in the County of Elgin—50 acres.

South West half of the South East half of Lot No. 8, in the 6th Concession of the Township of Metcalfe, in the County of Middlesex—50 acres.

Further particulars may be had on application to

JOHN FAIR,
Assignee,
or WILLIAM WASS,
Auctioneer.

Montreal, 20th May, 1869. 51-14t

WILD LAND FOR SALE

Very Cheap,

BEING composed of the most S. W. 75 acres of the most N. W, 100 acres of Lot 21, 16th concession,

TOWNSHIP OF RALEIGH,

IN THE

COUNTY OF KENT,

Two acres slashed, and the rest WELL WOODED, within a mile of the shore of the lake, and surrounded by well cleared farms, and 11 miles by a good gravel road to Chatham.

Title Indisputable.

TERMS EASY & VERY REASONABLE.

ROBERT MATHESON,
Proprietor.

Milton, April 7th, 1869. 43-tf

THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

BY MISS AMANDA M. HALE.

(Concluded.)

Mr Somerset's face was not languid or indifferent now. A fiery impulse, repressed but intense, burned on his face, as he invited her to go on.

'The Stanleys brought her from England. They are quite fond of her, but she is reticent with them as to her former life. As for me, I never inquired about it. She is a capital workwoman, I know.'

'What does the poor girl do in the evenings, when we are here?' I asked her.

'She sews, of course,' said Mrs. Tremaine, haughtily. 'It is her business.'

'And she is diligent in her business,' said Constantia, gayly. 'We have accomplished wonders, and you and Uncle Charlie can soon go back to your beloved parlor. The trouseau will soon be done,' she said, with a glance at Mr. Somerset.

That gentleman, who had looked disturbed, now smiled with genuine pleasure, which said something to Constantia, at which she looked prettily conscious. Instantly the other girls began chattering, and finding their conversation full of terms as unintelligible as Greek to me, I got up and strolled into the library.

Tremaine was not come home. As a solitary masculine, not interested in the wedding, I felt myself *de trop* They were doing very well without me in the drawing-room, to judge by the gay laughter I heard. I was sufficiently at home in the house to go where I choose. Why not go to the back parlor? The audacity of the idea tempted me. The temptation grew stronger by indulgence. I could affect to be looking for a book or newspaper, and then, having had a glance at Miss Morley, come away. After all, she may not be what my fancy painted her. Accordingly, led by my demon, I went softly down stairs, gave a premonitory rap, and then went in.

She was sitting by the window sewing, but she turned her head, and half rose as I entered.

'I beg your pardon,' I stammered,' feeling the position very awkward now that I was fairly in for it. 'I—I was looking for a book in which I was a good deal interested.'

She glanced round—her eyes fell on a huge volume on the window sill.

'Is that it?' she asked, drawing it forwards. Her little hands could hardly lift it. I hastened to relieve her.

'O yes, this is it, thank you.'

'You're very welcome. I should not have thought, though, that a patent office report could be *very* interesting reading,' she said.

There was a world of demure roguery in the smiles playing round her pretty face, which seemed made for freedom and happiness. A tender, graceful little dame, shut up from seven in the morning to seven at night, stitching into her work, God knows, how many sweet hopes. I spoke out what was in my heart:

'You must find it very lonely and dull here.'

Her face shadowed instantly. Her mouth quivered.

'Very lonely and dull,' she said slowly.

'Is there nothing else you can do? You are not made for such work, I am sure.'

She looked up, her soft face shining through her tears. If I had been the blackest villian in the world, I could not but have been touched by that look.

'I thank you, sir. It is hard sometimes, but one must do hard work, and I—'

She stopped short. I had left the door ajar on my entrance, and the sound of voices on the stairs came to us clearly. Mr. Somerset was taking leave. His voice and tone, peculiar but not unpleasant, was heard down below.

'You must make my adieux to your uncle.'

'I will, though he should be here. He is without smoking in the dining-room. Uncle Charlie!' called Constantia. Of course, no Uncle Charlie answered. 'You must kindly excuse him, Fitzroy. He doesn't mean to be rude, but he is an old bachelor, and a little bit of a bear, sometimes,' Constantia said.

Mr. Somerset rejoins that he can forgive anything to a friend of hers, and then there is a half-whispered sentence or two, a lingering caress, and then 'good-night, darling,' in clear and tender tones.

I had been looking at Miss Morley through all this scene, afraid to speak, afraid to stir; for at the first sound of Mr. Somerset's voice, her face had whitened like snow, her eyes grown strange with surprise, and I know not what other emotion, and now, that lover's goodnight fell on her ears, her head drooped, she murmured some inarticulate words, and sank half fainting into her chair.

I heard Constantia go singing up stairs as I ran down into the dining-room. I brought a glass of wine, made the pale girl taste it, and then stood by her pitying and wondering as her self control came slowly back to her. Some tale of villany was here, I thought, and I vowed my service to punish the offender. I begged her to tell me what had moved her so.

'I entreat you to confide in me. Is that man known to you? Pray tell me what has moved you so!'

'I have had a great shock,' she said. And then sobs rose, and she bent her head and wept like one broken hearted. It was long before she could check the tears enough to speak. 'Pray go now,' she said, brokenly. 'I cannot think now—I don't know what to do; but if I need help, I will ask yours. O, leave me, leave me!'

I could not resist that anguished entreaty. I went away instantly, though I so longed to help her.

Once up stairs I might have thought it a dream. Myra was playing at the piano, Mrs. Tremaine dozing in the glow of the fire, and Constantia, with a happy look on her face, sat sewing on some dainty bit of her trosseau. It made my heart ache to look at her, having, as I had, a premonition of the disaster about to befall us. But all the time that pale, drooping girl, with her heart-breaking sobs, was before my mind's eye.

I got away as soon as I could, being in no spirits for social intercourse, and went home to my lodgings; but before I slept I sent a note to Alice Morley, assuring her of my sympathy in her unknown trouble, and begging her to make use of me if necessary. I gave her also my office address.

The whole affair was so much in my mind that I was hardly surprised when, the next morning one of the clerks came into my room and said that a lady wished to see me.

'Show her in her,' I said. And the next moment she came.

It was a rainy morning, and a water-proof cloak wrapped her from head to foot, her face looking out from the hood pale and sorrowfully lovely. There were dark blue lines about her eyes, and their brightness, too, was quenched. I knew she had cried half the night. I drew up an arm-chair to the fire, and made her throw off her cloak and sit in it. The glow of the fire lay on her face—she brightened under its genial influence. When I saw this, I said:

'There is no trouble so great, Miss Morley, that it will not pass. I am much older than you, and trust me, even this cloud will be lifted.'

She half smiled.

'It is not so much my own trouble now,' she said. 'I have felt it deeply, but the pain of it is over—or almost over. It is the thought of the grief my story will cause to others that makes it seem so hard now.'

I began to guess dimly at the truth. She saw it, and seemed much distressed.

'Do not be so much disturbed,' I said. 'If your story must be told, I am sure it must, or you would not think of it; pray go on. Some way will be found for you to bear the consequences.'

Her eyes seemed to be reading the fire.

'O yes, it must, it must,' she said dreamily. 'I would spare him if it was possible for me to do it, but I must not.'

'You mean Mr. Fitzroy Somerset,' I said.

Her cheeks flushed.

'His name is Somerset Morley,' she said. 'He is my second cousin by my father's side. My father was a tradesman in comfortable circumstances, and when he died, my Uncle Morley was made my guardian. Somerset and I grew up together. He was an only son and was handsome and ambitious, and he was sent to Cambridge. His friends there were rich and titled, and he acquired all kinds of fashionable and expensive habits. My uncle broke down suddenly in health, and Somerset was sent for to attend to the business. It was after he came home that a marriage was talked of between us. I thought then that he loved me—I know now he only sought the small fortune my father left me.'

She grew more and more flushed, and it evidently gave her the utmost pain to tell her story. I gently encouraged her, and she went on hurriedly.

'We were engaged, and I readily consented that Somerset should withdraw my money from the investments where it lay, and use at in his business My uncle was paralytic and weak—there was no one to look out for me, and I, unfortunately, trusted my cousin implicitly.

'In a few weeks the crash came.—Somerset fled from the country, and the creditors took possession of every thing. I have never heard of or seen him since until last night, when I heard his voice in Mr. Tremaine's hall.

O sir, he is dishonest and untrue!—He will make Miss Tremaine wretched. She must not marry him.'

'She shall not,' I said firmly. 'But you, poor girl, what did you do when you were left thus penniless?'

'I went out as governess first, but that did not suit me. I always had a knack at my needle, and I went into a shop. Mrs. Stanley found me there, and induced me to come to America. But what will you do? How can you ever tell Mrs. Tremaine? I pity her so!'

'I must think,' I replied. In the meantime go back to Mr. Tremaine's Try to act as if nothing had happened I shall see you again.'

She rose to go.

'I hope you believe,' she said, the color flickering in and out of her cheeks in the loveliest way, 'that I revealed this solely for the sake of Miss Tremaine, and not because—because—' she hesitated and crimsoned painfully.

'I do believe it,' I said fervently. 'You may trust me that I do.'

I put her into a carriage and sent her away. Then I reflected how I should act. And first I went around to the St. George, where Mr. Somerset boarded. He was not in, and upon further inquiry, I found that his luggage was packed, and that orders had been left for it to be sent to the steamer about sailing for Bremen.

I saw now that there was no time to be lost. I had dined before coming to the St. George, so that it was now five in the afternoon. With what haste I could, I got a cab and was driven to Madison Square.

Directly I entered the house I knew that something was on the tapis. Myra was in tears, and the rest looked overburdened with a secret.

'Where is Constantia?'

'Up stairs,' replied Dot, mysteriously.

I started to go up.

'O, you cannot see her! She is very, very busy.'

'Myra, what is all this about?'

She began to cry.

'It's a secret, Uncle Charlie.'

'But it doesn't exclude me.'

Myra hesitated. I threw out one or two dark hints that terrified the poor child, and then it all came out. Mr. Somerset had been suddenly called abroad by important business involving a whole fortune. He could not go without Constantia, and she could not bear to be separated from him; and so the Rev. Dr. Layton had been sent for, and they were to be married and leave that very night.

'Is Mr. Somerset here?' I asked.

He was not, but was expected with the clergyman every minute.

'Stay here, Myra, but if I call you come,' I said to her.

I ran upstairs, and there, stricken mute by the suddenness of the affair, were Tremaine and his wife. I lost no time, and wasted no words in telling my story. Tremaine rubbed his head and stared like a man in a dream.—Mrs Tremaine did not faint. She stoutly refused to believe what she called a horrible calumny.

'But, my dear friend, confront him with that girl down stairs At least, wait till time has been given to show her story false. For Constantia's sake stop the wedding.'

A slight rustle behind me, and Mrs Tremaine began to sob. It was Constantia in her bridal robes, beautiful as an angel.

'What is it, Uncle Charlie? stop my wedding! What do you mean?' Her flashing eyes met mine, and she checked the words on my lips You need tell me no lies about my lover,' she said, with scorn.

Nevertheless, I told her as gently as I could. But I was prepared for her answer.

'It is all false—a wicked lie!'

'Dear child, it's true.'

She turned upon me; a kind of fury possessed her.

'If it is, I don't care! I won't give him up'

The bell rang. Constantia gathered up her shining train of the whitest silk.

'Constantia,' I said, looking imploringly into her proud, beautiful face, wait, I pray of you, for five minutes only.'

'Five minutes,' with a smile that brought tears to my eyes. 'Well I can wait five minutes.'

I ran down instantly, and met Mr. Somerset and Dr. Layton in the hall. Somerset grew pale at the sight of me, but collected himself instantly. I knew he had made up his mind to fight for it.

'Dr. Layton, we shall be obliged to make you wait a few minutes. Will you walk into the drawing room?'

Accordingly the doctor, all affable dignity, and presence, and gold spectacles, and white cravat, was put into the room and the door closed upon him.

'Well, sir?'

It was the gage of defiance. I took it up quietly.

'Go up stairs to the sitting-room, if you please.'

He did so, and I followed, turning back for an instant to whisper to Myra, who was hovering about the hall in fright. When I reached the sitting-room he was there, and Constantia beside him; not clinging to him, but standing proudly with her hand upon his arm, ready to face the world.

'Well, sir, let me hear what this means. Let me know by what right you meddle in the affairs of a gentleman.'

He looked wonderfully handsome, with his pallor and his glittering, steel gray eyes; but I have, in the course of a long practice at the bar, seen enough of rascals of every grade to 'know their tricks and ways,' and I knew that the bold confidence was bravado, and that Alice Morley's story was true.

I told him what I thought necessary in a few words. He did not grow pale—he was white as marble when I began to speak—but his mouth worked.

'A likely story,' he said, at last; 'a likely story.'

A door swung softly open, and Alice Morley stood there. He caught sight of her before any of us and instantly stepped back. An indescribable confusion came over him. I seized the advantage.

'Dare you deny that this girl is your cousin, and that all which she says of you is true?'

A dead silence fell. Somerset broke it suddenly:

'It *is* all true!' he cried, addressing Constantia. 'I *am* a villain, but I love *you!*'

He panted out the words; his eyes seemed to devour her. Constantia met his look. A thousand contending emotions wrote themselves in her face.

'Constantia, I love you!' he repeated.

With a little inarticulate cry she sprang forward; and then she lay in his arms, and he looked round upon us flushed and triumphant.

'Constantia!' I said.

She paid no heed to me, but looked up into the handsome face above her.

'My love, I will never give you up!' she said.

I appealed to Tremaine.

'What can I do?' he cried, wringing his hands. 'It will break the child's heart.'

'Better break her heart than marry her to this man, who by his own confession, is not worthy of her.'

'No, I am not worthy, but, Mr. Tremaine, I swear I will be good to her, and never disgrace you or her,' he said.

Well, we fought a hard battle, and my side was conquered. At the end of half an hour, we all went down into the drawing-room, and Dr. Layton said the solemn words that gave these two to each other forever.

They went down to the steamer that night, and we did not see them for two years. Tremaine kept them supplied with money during that time, and, at the end of it, sent for them home and set up Somerset in business. And he made Constantia a fair husband, after all, perhaps it's all for the best.

'I don't know about it though,' says a little woman, looking over my shoulder. 'I should always be afraid of his want of honor and principle. I could not trust the love that was not founded upon these, as—'

'As ours is, Alice?'

'Exactly,' says my wife.

However Constantia is happy, and to this day Dr. Layton does not know why he was kept three quarters of an hour waiting to perform the ceremony.

Josh Billings on the Frog.

Josh Billings replies to a correspondent in this wise:

"Benvolio." In writing for you an analysis of the frog, I must confess that I have copied the whole thing *veratus ad liberating*, from the works of a celebrated French writer of the 16th century.

The frog is in the first place a tadpole, all body and tail without coming to a head.

He travels in pond holes, by the side of the turnpike, and is accelerated by the activity of his tale, which wriggles with uncommon limberness and vivacity. By and by, before long, pretty soon in a few days, his tale is no more and legs begin to emerge from the south end of the animal, and from the north end at the same time may be seen a disposition to head out.

In this cautious way the frog is built and then, for the first time in his life, he begins to get his head abuv water.

His success is now certain, and soon, in about five days more, he may be seen sitting down on himself by the side of the pond hole, and looking at the dinner baskets of the children on the way to the district school.

As the children cum more nearer, with a club or a chunk of brick in his hand, to swott him with, he rares up on his hind legs and enters the water head fust, without opening the door.

Thus the frog does business for a spell uv a time, till he gets to be 21, and then his life iz more ramified.

Frogs have 2 natures, ground and water, and iz as free from sin as an oyster.

I never knew a frog to hurt anybody who paid his honest dues.

I don't recollect whether a frog has eny before legs or not, and if he don't, it ain't nobody's business but the frog's.

Their hind legs are used for refreshments, but the rest won't pay for eatin.

A frog is the only person who can live in the wet and not get tired.

The bull frog is the boss of the puddle, and has a log to sit on, over on the other side of the puddle, and talks to the rest of the frogs, way down his throat, so that you can't understand more than haf he sez; he is generally a cross, lazy old fellar, all over wartz.

This is oll there is worth known' now about the frog, except that they ketch flies in fly time, and in winter by freezin' up solid.

P. S.—I have endeavored tu translate mi auther cluss, but it is tuff to render all his buties into our tung without bustin' the sense.

A sensible young lady says: "The best of all ways to lengthen our days is to go to bed early and not to wear stays."