BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

SIRS,—I sell more Opeleka Cough Mixture than all other kinds put together. I assure you that it gives perfect satisfaction in every case.

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1890. NO. 34.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,

Barrister and Solicitor.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

☞Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

BRIDGETOWN

MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS

Importer of Marble

and manufacturer of

Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.

Also Monuments in Red Granite, Gray Granite, and Freestone.

Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice. T. D.

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

Extension OF TIME

Is often asked for by persons becoming unable to pay when the debt is due. The debt of nature has to be paid sooner or later, but we would all prefer an

Extension of Time.

Puttner's Emulsion OF COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda

may give this relief to all who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, General Debility, and all wasting Diseases.

Delicate Children who otherwise would pay the debt very speedily, may have a long

EXTENSION OF TIME.

Try Puttner's Emulsion

BROWN BROS. & Co., CHEMIST AND DRUGGISTS, Halifax, N. S.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

They are light in touch.
Unrivalled in tone,
Handsome in appearance,
Unrivalled in durability,

AND NOT EXCELLED BY ANY PIANO MANUFACTURED in the DOMINION.

MILLER BROS., SOLE AGENTS, MIDDLETON, N. S.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late Moore C. Hoyt, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within six months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

GEORGE HOYT,
W. J. HOYT,
Administrators.

Bridgetown, Sept. 24th 1890. 6m.

NOTICE.

Pictures and Framing in variety, Christmas Cards, And Fancy Goods.

I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine. JOHN Z. BENT.

Bridgetown, Dec. 1885.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.

☞United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

CARD.

W. M. FORSYTH

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2

Office in

LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.

Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m.

April 2nd. 84. 51tf

FOR SALE

ONE COLT, five months old, (Percheron), large, and good style. Also, one Farrow Cow, a good beef. Also, 30 tons of Upland Hay. Apply to SETH YOUNG.

Brooklyn, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29 tf

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.

One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 50 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free containing valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

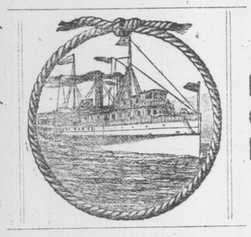
Make New Rich Blood!

International S.S. Co.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

TWO TRIPS PER WEEK.

FROM ST. JOHN, N. B., FOR BOSTON.



Commencing Monday, Nov. 3rd,

the Steamers "CUMBERLAND" and "STATE OF MAINE" will leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland every MONDAY and THURSDAY Morning at 7.25 Eastern Standard Time. Returning, leaves Boston same days.

Through Tickets can be purchased and Baggage checked through from all booking stations of all Nova Scotia Railways, and on board Steamer "City of Monticello" between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

Also FREIGHT billed through at extremely low rates.

E. A. WALDRON, G. F. & P. A., Commercial Wharf, Boston.

C. E. LAECHER, Agent St. John.

I. B. COYLE, Manager, Portland, Maine.

R. A. CARDER, Agent at Annapolis.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

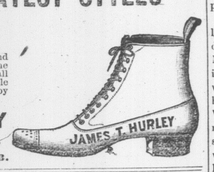
We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

BUY MY MAKE OF

Boots & Shoes

And you will never be annoyed by customers grumbling on account of ripping and poor material. Every Dealer who reads this will find it to his advantage to see my

LATEST STYLES



which are considered superior to any in design and workmanship, and made of the best material the market produces. If our Traveller should not call upon you when you require goods, send for sample lots. PRICES ARE REASONABLE. All orders by mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.

JAMES T. HURLEY

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,

23 and 25 Chipman Hill, St. John, N. B.

W. H. BANNISTER,

Optician,

—GRADUATE—

New York Optical College,

136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

COALS! COALS!

To Arrive, Cargo of Old Mine Sydney Coal, fresh from the Mine. Also Hard Coal.

Parties wanting to be supplied with the above please leave their orders at the subscriber's store, where they will find a large assortment of

Shelf and Heavy Hardware,

Mixed and Lead Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

(Best Quality.)

PAINTS, VARNISH, KALSOMINE, CARRIAGE AND WHITEWASH BRUSHES, CEMENTS, ALABASTINE, KALSOMINE, ETC., ETC.

ZINC, TAR, PITCH, ROSIN, OAKUM, MANILLA, JUTE, ROPE, GLASS, PUTTY AND GRINDSTONES.

Carpenters' and Joiners' Tools.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

Coal and Iron always on hand.

H. FRASER,

Queen Street.

FOSTER'S

Carriage Emporium

Near Bridgetown, N. S.

AT the above establishment can always be found a superb stock of the very latest designs in

Top Buggies, Open Buggies, Road Carts, Second-hand Vehicles.

☞The subscriber having a most thorough, and practical knowledge of the carriage and wheelright trade is prepared to furnish at the lowest price the above mentioned conveyances, and is prepared and fitted up to do all kinds of jobbing, repairing and painting in a thorough and artistic style.

R. D. FOSTER.

Bridgetown, August 12th, 1890. 6m

CARD

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

MIDDLETON, - - N. S.

☞Office in A. BEALS' STORE. 146

Poetry.

The Loved and Lost.

The loved and lost, why do we call them lost,
Because we miss them from our onward road?
God's unseen angel, o'er our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door,
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing,
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before;
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself, their Lord, and Judge, and King.

And this we call a loss! O selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! O we of little faith;
Let us look round some argument to borrow,
Why we in patience should await the morrow,
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary desert path.
The thorns and thistles spring where'er we turn.
What trials, and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles, and what strife, the journey hath;
They have escaped from these, and lo, we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who, with his treasures, strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on,
Was it not joy, when every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach.

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
Her little child, had halted by the well,
To wash from off her feet, the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell.

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near, and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then pitying spake, "Give me the little lad.
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad
I'll bring him with me when I come again.

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong,
Nay; but the woes I feel he too must share;
Or rather bursting into grateful song,
Go on her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was free from care.

We will do likewise, death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust.
No outward sound or sigh our souls can reach,
But there's an inward spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down,
Take up the song, where they broke off the strain:
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

—Selected.

Select Literature.

The Lost Bride.

A DISGRACE TO THE FAMILY.

I find it impossible to believe she could ever have done the smallest action that was not perfectly ladylike and nice. A face like that is the sure token of a heart of gold.

"I believe, Arthur," I say, turning to her great great great step-grandson, "that the old maids of your family have been jealous of her for generations, and conspired to run her down. She is so very pretty and so young!"

I have been curiosity hunting in the lumber-room at Hawkesworth Castle, which domicile I am shortly to enter as a bride. My future husband has just announced his intention of having the Ladies' Bower, which I consider the prettiest room in the house, renovated for my especial benefit. We have triumphantly unearthed a spinning-wheel to replace in it; gravely considered the propriety of setting a spinet, with most of its notes dumb, on its spindle-legs once more; and are now discussing a picture which has been for years banished from civilized society.

"I like that the best of all our discoveries; let us have it hung in the bower, in the most favorable light in the room."

"That is quite out of the question, Eva," remarks Miss Sarah Hawkesworth, Arthur's eldest sister, in a tone which clearly implies, "from my decision there is no appeal."

"Out of the question? Why?" I inquired boldly, enjoying the strong moral support of Arthur's presence, though I should have been afraid to demur at a fiat of Sarah's without it.

"Since you are so very anxious for information, it is because the original of that picture was a disgrace to her family."

The portrait in question represents a girl of about seventeen or eighteen, with a small, rather childish face, of a very beautiful type. She has large, soft gray eyes, and a most delicately cut mouth; her dark hair is tightly drawn back from her good, candid brow, after the trying fashion of her day, and almost concealed by a pearled lace head-dress, a pretty, unobtrusive arrangement, that can scarcely be called a cap—a loose robe of dark silk, turned back at the open neck, with some wonderfully well-painted Venetian point, completes the picture.

After a prolonged look at the portrait, I mutinied, as I have already recorded, against Sarah's verdict.

"Of what crime is she supposed to have been guilty? Who was she?"

"She was my great great great grandfather's first wife—and—"

"Is supposed to have bolted?" put in Arthur, concisely. "As a matter of fact, Dot, nobody really knows what became of her, and I believe a lover was invented as the most convenient way of accounting for her disappearance. All we are sure of is that she mysteriously vanished within a few months of her marriage—and those were not the days of sagacious policeman and private inquiry offices. Don't you follow her example, or you will figure in a paragraph in the papers."

At which speech Sarah looks as solemn as if Arthur were talking in grim earnest.

It is most unfortunate that she is so fond of lingering in our society, as she never understands when we happen to be talking nonsense.

"The runaway is very pretty, and I really think a little in your style, child," he continues, focussing me through his closed hand, as if I were merely a cameo. Then turning to Sarah—"I will send the picture to be cleaned, and you shall have it hung up over the writing-table before our return, Sarah; if you think it inadmissible to the bower on any other grounds—it may serve as an 'awful example' to Dot. I expect my venerated grandmammas sent it up-stairs out of pure jealousy, which has come down to you by the laws of heredity, Sally!"

"O Arthur, you tease! Why do you call her such a frightful name as 'Sally'?"

"It may not be pretty, but at least it is more sensible than some other diminutives," retorts Sarah, as if she rather liked the name than otherwise.

Again I am conscious that I have blundered.

For the last four years Arthur has been in the habit of smoking pipes with old Mr. Muckleworth, father of an eligible young lady, whenever the "evenings at home" seemed to want curtailing a little—and his sisters and all the old ladies in the neighborhood made up their minds that he was sitting and smoking himself into an alliance with the daughter. "Quite a settled thing" they considered it. My poor dear boy! What a victim he would have been, if I had not providentially ridden into a bog one day, out stag-hunting, in consequence of an ambitious attempt to get the lead of my Uncle Dick.

Arthur pulled me out, and scolded me as thoroughly as if he had known me all my life. The next week he rode over to see that I had not caught cold from the black peat-water—and told Uncle Dick that, as I evidently had not an idea of taking care of myself, he wished to be allowed to take care of me for life.

And so—the promise of all those pipes at the Muckleworths' was blighted in the bud. Now Miss Muckleworth, though a very pretty piece of self-opinioned simplicity, had a habit of referring to Sarah's superior judgment on most occasions. This pleased Arthur, in the past, there is no doubt; his sister's opinions have great weight with him, and from his own good, affectionate nature, he was likely to have become mildly attached even to an animated Dutch doll, if he was constantly in the habit of meeting her.

O propinquity!—thief of men! My blessing on every hound is the hunt that delivered Arthur from your clutches!

I shall never forget my first lunch at Hawkesworth. The whole family evidently regarded me with suspicion, as an unknown quantity—and, finding them as cold as icicles, to begin with I put on Arthur's cap when we went into the grounds, and talked all the slang I could muster, for the amusement of seeing them freeze harder and harder. At last Sarah, who always piques herself upon her candor, remarked, "Mr. Blank (my uncle Dick, good innocent man?)—is very fond of throwing people together; but Arthur never flirts—and we approve of May Muckloworth." At which announcement, from sheer nervousness, I began to laugh, and said I felt sure that Mr. Hawkesworth must be very much obliged to them! I was really trying, in a bewildered way, to say the most polite thing I could think of, but it was an unlucky speech, as, ten minutes later, Arthur told her we were engaged. I must confess that, unlike Miss Muckleworth, I had thought very little about his sisters—except as his appendages. Milly, the youngest, rather resembles him, and I loved her as soon as I discovered the likeness, but she is timid and gentle, quite overridden by Sarah, who resents my existence as an injury to Miss Muckleworth, though she has really endeavored to like me, and has succeeded in being merely passively hostile since the announcement of our engagement. I fear I must still be a thorn in her side—for Miss Muckleworth, besides being her friend and a near neighbor, is—as she explained—"a power in the land"—by reason of her riches, and I am only a poor officer's daughter, though my family is quite as old as the Hawkesworths.

"I will carry the spinning-wheel—you girls can take the picture down to the bower at once; and we will settle where they are to stand when the room is done." This from Arthur, whom I have left all this time in the attic.

"Wait till I have them dusted," from Sarah, in a tone of horror.

Arthur quietly dusts them with his pocket handkerchief, and then requests her to take it away and fetch him a clean one, as he did not want any servants bothering up there. And by this means we get rid of Sarah for three whole minutes! At the end of that time she returns, and, laden with the jetsam and flotsam of centuries, we made our way to the bower, which is to be my own especial sanctum in years to come.

We enter a long, narrow room with a very high oak wainscot, having at the far end a window with latticed panes, looking out on a gravelled terrace. The bower is built over the dining-room.

Round the bay-window goes a cushioned window-seat, which Arthur thinks the most comfortable lounge in the house; we all rest here for a few minutes, and then begin dragging about the spinning-wheel, which is finally fitted into an alcove. Next we placed the portrait of the family direct in various lights. I regard her with ever-deepening interest, and for half a second find myself wondering if she could have fled from the shrewd nips and pecks of any former Sarah Hawkesworth down the broad road to destruction?

But no. The more steadfastly I look at her, the more I see good faith and uprightness appearing in every line of her face.

"She shall have a place of honor straight over my writing-table, Arthur, in sign that I may succeed in clearing away the cobwebs of a few centuries from her reputation?"

So we arrange our "articles of bigotry and virtue" greatly to our satisfaction, and then Arthur and I sit down in opposite corners of the window-seat, and I rather wish Sarah would join Milly down-stairs; but she had no intention of leaving us to enjoy our city of refuge. On the contrary, she is bent on improving our minds both by precept and example, and seating herself in a resolute manner on the stiffest chair she can find, she begins to do some Russian cross-stitch in red cotton all along the edge of a clean white toilet-cover, in my humble opinions quite spoiling the look of the snowy material.

"I like to employ my time—" she began, but never ends her speech, for in pulling out her needful of red cotton with great energy, she manages to drop her thimble.

Arthur jumps up hastily, and rather heavily, from the window-seat to find it for her, and in doing so treads on a loose board which moves with a creak under the carpet, and nearly throws him down. The floor is covered with a dingy old Brussels—date, early Victorian; it is nailed down all around the skirting-board, so that the evil cannot be remedied.

"This must be seen to, Sarah, when the room is done up. It is a regular-man-trap. I don't want Dot to break her neck the minute she comes home!

Sarah looks exceedingly cross.

"The board has been loose for years, and you never remarked it before. I suppose our necks," reproachfully, "were not supposed to be so brittle!"

"I wish your tongue were not so tough," retorts Arthur.

I hate family reciprocities, having never been used to them. Looking round desperately for something pleasant to talk about, I observe a curious mark, like a finger pointing downward, impressed upon the pane of glass near which I am sitting. "What is this curious mark?" I ask, looking up.

Arthur and Sarah exchange meaning glances; I feel myself growing hot and cold by turns, and wonder what uncomfortable topic I have started now? The fates seem against me this afternoon.

"My dear child," says Arthur, with mock solemnity, "you seem bent on digging up all our family skeletons. I begin to feel quite afraid of you. This is the boss of them all, or rather its finger-mark. The terrace below has been dug up again and again by superstitious members of the family, in hopes of finding the bones, but with no result whatever—"

"It is not a subject for laughter or light conversation, Arthur. You know perfectly well that whatever is done to the window the finger-marks always return to the same pane. We are accustomed to it, but—"

"O don't mind me!" I cried, inclined by this time almost to apologize for existing.

"You are precisely the person that is to be minded," cries Arthur, ringing the bell, and ordering hot water, soap, soda, flannels and brushes ad libitum. And we soap and scrub, and sponge and dry at that pane, inside and out, till we are tired, with the unique result of bringing the downward pointing finger-mark into still stronger relief.

"Without doubt it is no accidental thing, but a sign fraught with meaning. Has the dining-room below been examined?" I ask.

"Yes; and the explorers were rewarded by the discovery of several nests of mice, and a dead rat; after that the planks of the dining-room floor were replaced, and enterprise fell asleep."

"Then they have never looked under this floor?"

"No, not in my day; but, by Jove, Dot, it's not a bad idea."

"I have no doubt proper search has been made, though we do not remember it. I do not suppose Eva is the first person who has thought of such a very simple and evident place to look in as the flooring—right under the finger-mark."

We both hasten to assure Sarah that this time she is in all probability right—doubtless the same idea struck everybody who has given the uncanny matter a thought. Mollified by this flattery, she goes down stairs to make afternoon tea, which she wisely never allowed a servant to touch.

As soon as she is gone I say to Arthur, with a curious kind of shiver running down my back, "If there is anything in the air, I feel convinced it will unfold itself to me; nobody can possibly be more matter-of-fact than I am in my waking moments, but to make up for it I dream."

"You a seer?" cries Arthur, incredulously, "I should as soon have expected to hear a kitten lay claim to second sight. Pray, did you see me in the glass last All Hallows Eve?"

"No; I didn't, but I saw myself looking exactly like somebody else—and wondered. Why, it was you, of course!"

The next morning was the last of my visit to Hawkesworth as Eva Howard. Everybody was in the unnecessary state of flurry which, in country houses, so often precedes the departure of a guest by an early train.

It was only when I had taken my seat by Arthur's side in his dogcart, and he was rapidly driving me toward the station, that I found an opportunity of telling him what I had dreamed that night.

"I dreamt I was sitting in the Ladies' Bower, just as we were doing yesterday, when suddenly I heard the lost bride calling, 'Eva, Eva, come to me.' I looked around and listened, but could not discover where her voice came from. Finally I tossed down a coin that was lying near at hand, in hopes that it might fall in the direction from which the voice proceeded; it rolled near the window-seat, but where you trod on that loose board, Arthur—and then something woke me."

"My dear Dot, you have been telling me the merest jumble of the events of the day; that isn't worth calling a dream," said he, in his most superior manner, which was just the least bit like Sarah's, and consequently grated on my nerves.

"I am going to write it down in your pocket-book all the same," I returned, taking the reins while he hunted in various pockets for the tiny volume, wherein I wrote down my vision in rather a spidery manner, owing to the rolling of the wheels, and returned it to him again with a sigh of relief, as if the act of recording the dream had lifted some weight from my mind. Twice, in the course of a few months, it has recurred to me, but, apparently, nothing more is to come of it, so I have kept my own counsel and given Arthur no more sybilline warnings.

Behold me installed at Hawkesworth after my honeymoon as supreme mistress of the Ladies' Bower, the only spot on earth in which I am resolved to be "monarch of all I survey," and never, never, never submit to Sarah's jurisdiction. The ugly old sprawly patterned carpet has been sent to Limbo, and replaced by a handsome Persian rug, laid in the centre of the room, leaving the good oak boards visible all round its edges—Sarah calls them "beautiful boards, as firm as a rock. Of course Arthur must have imagined one of them was loose; it is all of a piece with the ridiculous dream that you wrote down in his pocket-book."

"You don't mean to say he told you that!" I cry, indignantly.

"No, he did not, but I always make a point of looking over his accounts for him, or he would be continually cheated. I was hunting in his pocket for a memorandum, if you must know how I happened to see it," snapped Sarah.

"You are very kind, I am sure. I cannot even keep accounts as well as Arthur," I reply, feeling crushed.

Superstition is at a discount at Hawkesworth; the matter-of-fact would reign comfortably in all our minds, were it not for that weird finger-mark always pointing downward.

We have returned home in good time for the chase of the red deer, of which my husband is a devoted follower. As for me, I find what Whyte Melville used to call riding at stag hounds by proxy a less absorbing pursuit than it used to be when it was my only chance of meeting Arthur without his sisters, and am content to hunt twice a week, or even once, if I ride to the meet with him in the morning.

I thoroughly enjoy a quiet afternoon at my silk embroidery in the Ladies' Bower, but there are generally half-a-dozen interruptions just at the most interesting part of my pattern—the most pleasant being from a dear old, tawny St. Bernard dog, Tiger by name. He belonged to Arthur before we were married, but has taken a great love for me. He knows Sarah does not allow him up stairs, so spends half his time in trying to circumvent her and pay his ponderous respects to me in my own room.

The formality never varies—first he insinuates a paw and then his person through the doorway, having, as I very well know, previously pushed against it with all his weight, as he has discovered that the latch gives way to pressure. Then he advances joyfully, and scrapes my dress down with his huge paw, next lays his head on my knee, expecting a pat, and says in dog language "Mauf," which I take to mean "glad to see you." After this he sighs contentedly as if his mission in life were accomplished, and lies down in the furthest corner of the room with head in his paws, placidly watching me.

I am not at all sure that Arthur will return to-night, as the meet has been at a distance, and if the stag has taken a particular line, which we generally calculate on his doing when roused in Farfield covers, Arthur will sleep at a friend's house, instead of riding home among those dangerous bogs. I have ordered five-o'clock tea in the bower instead of the drawing-room, and invited Milly and Sarah to come up and drink it with me for the sake of a change.

At about a quarter to five I put away my work, and draw a round table toward the window, taking a heavy desk off it, which I deposit on the boards at my feet. Of the events of the next few minutes I can give no coherent description. The ground suddenly gives way beneath my feet, and I fall heavily after the desk; I know not where.

My first impulse is to look up. Above my head are the substantial rafters under the floor of the bower, and a trap-door closed by a spring, which I must have started in stopping to place the desk on the ground.

A dim light fills the room from what is evidently the bottom of the Ladies' Bower window. We have always known that the glass was continued to the level of the floor, though hidden by the window-seat, but no one ever discovered that it went a few inches further. Under this bar of dusky light is seated—a thing—unspeakably awful, robed in dark silk and Venetian point; rings and a thimble are on its skeleton fingers; a piece of work, once white, now yellow with age, lies in its lap; long tresses of dark, silky hair, that have gone on growing after all other life became extinct, fall softly to the very ground.

I perceive, as soon as I can collect my senses, that I am in the presence of the "disgrace to the family."

"O my poor innocent," I whisper, "must I share your terrible fate? Why did not God deliver you?"

My attention is distracted by sounds above me. I can hear the tea-tray being placed on the table, noises of combat between Sarah and Tiger, who scratches at the trap-door, whining piteously; then the snuffing and scratching cease. I conclude that Sarah has triumphed and dragged him out of the room by the scruff of his neck; I have so often caught hold of the loose soft folds of his well-furred skin in order to see him bravely endeavor to tug me up some very steep bit of hill, that a little feeling of indignation creeps into my mind and rouses my stunned faculties. I comprehend that as my best friend has been banished with contumely, I must endeavor to help myself. Standing under the trap-door, I call as loudly as I can, "Sarah—Sarah! Milly, I am down here—right below you!" but I receive no answer. It seems as if my voice were stifled among the dust of centuries.

I picture them waiting indignantly for tea, and at last pouring out their own, with sisterly comments on the rudeness of my absence.

I dare say Sarah is finding fault with the teapot, as it is new-fashioned—a wedding present.

I resolve to try the effect of an inarticulate shout, to attract their attention, and putting both hands to my mouth to concentrate the sound, I strive to emulate Arthur's "views" to the best of my small power. I have the satisfaction of hearing both girls rise and fly from the room. Now understand the fate of the lost bride. It was not the will of God, but the cowardice and stupidity of man, that left her to die by inches of hunger and despair. Her cries for help must have terrified the superstitious household, instead of bringing succor.

For myself, I cherish hopes of escape on Arthur's return; he may remember my strange, three times repeated dream, and couple it with Tiger's futile attempts at a rescue; for I feel sure the faithful brute will come back to the trap door in spite of Sarah.

Most likely a whole night and the greater part of the next day must be spent in this horrible place. I pray that through the long hours of darkness I may be permitted to retain my reason. Else better I should die, than that Arthur should be chained to an imbecile for the rest of his days.

I picture myself dead and forgotten, like the poor wreck beside me, the innocent maligned creature, who seemed to have met death while putting, with her failing strength, a few last stitches to the wifely piece of needlework in her hand. Feeling perhaps the same kind of comfort in it that Marie Antoinette managed to extract from knitting up the wool of her ravelled piece of carpet, I think, with almost a smile, of the brave lieutenant who in his strange woodland prison combed his wig on his knee. Alas! my hair is my own; and my work is above, in the bower.

Perhaps, after all, the greatest mercy that can befall me will be death in the night, and then—then, why, perhaps Arthur will marry Miss Muckleworth! Ah! What Sarah calls my undisciplined spirit rises in rebellion at the thought. I determine not to die till I have endured to the uttermost extremity of endurance.

O that I could find some occupation, but there is nothing in this terrible place that I can touch.

My heart sinks lower, as it grows darker and darker. At last I speak, to comfort myself with the sound of my own voice.

"Marry Miss Muckleworth—no, he shall not!"

Suddenly I hear a mighty sound of voices, barking, rushing, hammering. The trap-door springs backward, and Arthur's spurs, all over mud splashes from the bog, appearing in the opening, swiftly followed by his person.

"Arthur!"

"Dot! I will never leave you alone in such a house full of idiots again!"

"No, not till the next meet, dear husband!"

But my troubles were over, and the "disgrace to her family" vindicated at last!

Life Etchings.

Some years ago a little girl, poor, homely, awkward, reticent and sensitive, attended a small country school in a neighboring State. She knew no childhood, and her shy manners and very plain looks sufficed to keep at arm's length the interest frequently lavished on children whose intrusiveness and beauty are their only roads to success.

There was to be a school exhibition and each scholar was expected to contribute in some way to the evening's performance.

The subject of our sketch was set down for a recitation.

It was her first appearance in a crowd. The conspicuous position, the many eyes fixed upon her, the anxiety to do her best, the fear of failure, the knowledge of her teacher's and fellow-pupils' dislike, all frightened, dazed, and almost killed her. She broke down in the middle of her task.

Many of the crowd laughed—crowds are always brutal—her teacher sneered, her class ridiculed. She left the platform stung to the soul with humiliation and outraged feeling.

One kindly voice then—to make light of her failure, encourage her to try again, inspire her with hope and commend her for the length she had gone—would have been as the Balm of Gilead to her heart: but—it would have lost the world one of its heroines! one who has since held vast audiences spell-bound, and holds to-day many lives among the suffering and sorrowing, heart-bound to her, for her noble, unheralded benefactions.

It was a stony, cruel experience lesson for a little girl; but it roused the indignation and determination which changed her in one day from a shrinking child to an indomitable woman; resolved to battle her way up, up, to recognition—not of a country school but the whole nation.

How soon she electrified the country, all know; but through what physical and mental struggles she rose to eminence, and what was the first motive power, the night in which she lived years—is the secret of a few.

"So slow are we to read God's meaning;
Choosing our own instead."

We should have chosen that kindly faces and words bestirred themselves that night to soften her failure. Not so He: the sting of loneliness was necessary to rouse her self-reliance and the cup of intense bitterness to develop that determination and action from which she had never once looked back.

"We only learn a day's true earnest lesson.
After the day is dead."

Her name is to-day the same as then Anna Dickinson.—*Ex.*

STRANGE COINCIDENCES.—Wilkie Collins once related some instances proving how impossible it was to introduce into a novel descriptions of places and things wholly imaginary. In one of his works he described a house which he had never seen and which was entirely the off-spring of his imagination. A few days after the publication a man called upon him to protest against the introduction of his house into his novel. Strange to say, the pages of his novel contained a perfect description of the man's property. At another time he used as one of his characters a man who was so exact about his eating that he weighed every morsel which entered his stomach. Mr. Collins had in reality never heard of such a man. He was greatly surprised, one week after the appearance of his book, by the visit of an utter stranger, who wished to know by what right Mr. Collins made him ridiculous in print by mentioning one of his peculiarities.

Come one, come all,
Both great and small
Try Hagyard's Yellow Oil,
It stops the pains
Of wounds or sprains,
That rest and comfort spoil.