Weekly Monitor.

VOL 5. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1878. NO 48

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3 50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, 6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $4.50; each continuation, $1.00; one month, $7.00; two months, $11,00; three months, 14.00; six months, $20.00; twelve months, $35.00.

A COLUMN.—First insertion, $8.00; each continuation, $2.00; one month, $12.00 two months, $18.00; three months, $25.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $70.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

CONSUMPTION CURED

AN OLD PHYSICIAN, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a Vegetable Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of

Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh,

and all Throat and Lung affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering, he will send FREE OF CHARGE, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and successfully using. Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,

DR. C. STEVENS, Box 86, Brockville, Ont.

ANOTHER CHANCE

Is offered for Comfort

J. W. Tomlinson, Lawrencetown,

IS prepared to sell at lowest rates for Cash, or prompt pay, Clothing in all lines and best styles. Men and Boys' Suits, Ladies Mantles, Dress Goods in variety, Wool Goods, Clouds, Scarfs, Jackets, &c. Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers and Over Boots in all sizes and quality. A full line of Choice Groceries. And to please the Ladies, he is now offering a splendid lot of Hats, Flowers, Feathers and Ties, Dress and Mantle Trimmings. Flannel in all shades. Mattalasse Cloth, Dog Skin, Coatings and Tweeds, Sailor Trimming, Ladies' Muffs and Fur Caps in all styles. No better chance is offered for an outfit for winter.—COME.

November 24th, 1877.

Thos. R. Jones & Co.,

ST. JOHN, N. B.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS

—IN—

Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS

Haberdashery, Small Wares,

Hats and Caps,

&c., &c., &c.

MANUFACTURERS OF

CLOTHING, SHIRT, &c.

The best assorted stock in the Lower Provinces!!

New Goods arriving Weekly.

FOR SALE ON

LIBERAL TERMS,

to safe parties.

T. R. JONES & CO.

may9 '77

GILBERT'S LANE

DYEWORKS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

IT is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dying to make them look as good as new. *Carpets, Feathers, Curtains, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemens' Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c, &c,* dyed on reasonable terms. BLACK GOODS a specialty.

AGENTS.—Annapolis, W. J. SHANNON, Merchant; Digby, Miss WRIGHT, Millinery and Dry Goods.

may '76 A. L. LAW.

ECONOMICAL ENGINES

TO DRIVE GRIST MILLS, FACTORIES, &C

ADDRESS

JOHN WELSH, Agent.....Amherst, N.S
A. FISHER, " .....Truro, N.S.
W. H. OLIVE, " ....St. John, N.B.

Waterous Engine Works Co.,
BRANTFORD, ONT

*State where you saw this advertisement.

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

The Great English Remedy is an unfailing cure for *Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency,* and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as *Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age,* and many other diseases that lead to *Insanity* or *Consumption* and a *Premature Grave.* ☞ Price, $1 per package, or six packages for $5, by mail free of postage. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. Address WM. GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

For Sale by all Druggists. W. W. Chesley Bridgetown, and Dr. L. R. Morse, Lawrencetown, Agents.

BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

FALCONER & WHITMAN

are now manufacturing

Monuments & Gravestones

Of Italian and American Marble.

ALSO:

Granite and Freestone Monuments.

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad

☞ Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work.

DANIEL FALCONER. OLDHAM WHITMAN

ROYAL HOTEL.

(*Formerly STUBBS*)

146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
Opposite Custom House,
St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND.....PROPRIETOR.
sept '73 y

COUNTRY RESIDENCE

FOR SALE! OR TO LET!!

The well-known residence, formerly owned and occupied by the late R. D. Balcom, is now offered for sale or to let. The above mentioned residence, situated one mile east of Paradise Station, and in the vicinity of churches Schools, &c., contains Three Acres of Land in a high state of cultivation, on which are One Hundred Fruit Trees of apple, plum, pear and quince. The dwelling is tastefully built in Gothic style and is finished throughout. Stable, coach-house, and a never failing well of water are on the premises; also, a Tannery and Timber Lot with a residence if required.

TERMS—One half purchase money down, remainder on Mortgage.

For further particulars apply to
SAMUEL E. BALCOM,
B. R. BALCOM,
Executors.
or to J. G. H. PARKER, Esq.,
Bridgetown.

Paradise, May 12th, 1877 n5 tf

Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully informs his friends that he is now in

BRIDGETOWN,

to fill engagements previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please not delay.

Jan. 10th '77. n36

Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of MAJOR JOHN SAUNDERS, late of Paradise, Annapolis County, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

WILLIAM S. SAUNDERS, } Executors.
AVARD LONGLEY. }

Paradise, September 22nd, 1877. [n23 tf

MORSE & PARKER,

Barristers-at-Law,

Solicitors, Conveyancers,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. 1y

Two Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "SCUD."

For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.

Until further notice, Steamer "SCUD" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY for Digby and Annapolis, connecting with Express Trains W. & A. Railways for and from Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, etc., and RETURN ON SAME DAYS.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class...$5.00
do do do 2nd class... 3.50
do, do. Annapolis..... 2.00
do. do. Digby..... 1.50
Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class.)..... 7.50

Return tickets to Clergyman and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
11 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., April 2nd '77.

STEAMER SCUD

AND THE

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

FREIGHTS for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendance at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7, a. m., and 6. p. m., daily, to receive Freight.

No freight received morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

FLOUR, FLOUR.

JUST received and for Sale, 300 bbls of Flour.

100 BBLS direct from Toronto,
100 " " Boston,
100 " " St. John.
65 Corn Meal.

Having bought the above, at the Lowest Cash prices I am prepared to compete with any Flour Dealer in the County.

Persons, wishing a supply of good Flour, for their winter use will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Also, on hand a large stock of Am. Oil, Dry and Pickled Fish, Salt, and Groceries of every description, Also, a large stock of Ready-made Clothing, Mens' Reefers, &c.

ANSLEY ELLIOTT.

Port George, Nov. 29th, 1877.

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against buying or negotiating a NOTE OF HAND in favour of *JACOB SPINNEY*, dated in September last, past, due the last of December next ensuing, for the sum of twenty-six dollars. Not having received value, I shall resist payment of the same.

JAMES L. BROWN.

Torbrook, Nov. 22nd, 1877. n33 tf

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

Time Table,

COMMENCING

Wednesday, 21st Nov., 1877.

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Steamb't Express Wed., and Saturday.	Pass. and Freight Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Friday.	Pass. and Freight Mon. & Thurs.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
0	Windsor—leave	9 15	11 15	5 30
7	Hantsport	9 40	11 43	5 57
			P. M.	
15	Grand Pre	10 06	12 12	6 24
18	Wolfville	10 18	12 28	6 36
20	Port Williams	10 25	12 38	6 44
25	Kentville—arrive	10 40	1 00	7 00
	Do—leave	10 55	1 20	
34	Waterville	11 20	1 56	
37	Berwick	11 30	2 10	
42	Aylesford	11 46	2 33	
		P. M.		
49	Kingston	12 08	3 00	
53	Wilmot	12 20	3 18	
56	Middleton	12 29	3 35	
62	Lawrencetown	12 47	3 58	
65	Paradise	12 56	4 10	
70	Bridgetown	1 11	4 38	
78	Roundhill	1 32	5 07	
84	Annapolis—arrive	1 50	5 30	
	St. John by Steamer	8 00		

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Pass. and Freight Tues. & Friday.	Pass. and Freight Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Friday.	Steamb't Express Wed. and Saturday.
		A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
0	St. John—leave	.....	.....	8 00
				P. M.
0	Annapolis—leave	.....	7 30	2 20
6	Round Hill	.....	7 53	2 36
14	Bridgetown	.....	8 17	2 57
19	Paradise	.....	8 35	3 12
22	Lawrencetown	.....	8 48	3 21
28	Middleton	.....	9 12	3 39
31	Wilmot	.....	9 24	3 48
35	Kingston	.....	9 40	3 50
42	Aylesford	.....	10 05	4 11
47	Berwick	.....	10 28	4 25
50	Waterville	.....	10 40	4 34
59	Kentville—arrive	.....	11 20	5 00
	Do—leave	7 15	11 50	5 10
			P. M.	
64	Port Williams	7 33	12 10	5 25
66	Wolfville	7 41	12 25	5 32
69	Grand Pre	7 53	12 40	5 43
77	Hantsport	8 19	1 15	6 08
84	Windsor—arrive	8 45	1 45	6 30

N. B.—Express Trains leave Windsor at 9.15 a.m. every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, connecting at Annapolis with Steamer for St. John. These trains offer special facilities for the conveyance of Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, enabling the same to be landed in St. John the same evening.

International Steamers leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8. a. m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.00 a. m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

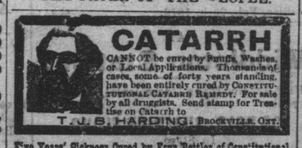
Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. INNES, Manager.

Kentville, Nov. 15th, '77

☞ The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is 12,154, being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is 10,200, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its Circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the *Star* has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."



CATARRH

CANNOT be cured by Douche, Washes, or Local Applications. Thousands of cases, some of forty years standing, have been entirely cured by CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY. For sale by all druggists. Send stamp for Treatise on Catarrh to

T. J. S. HARDING, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Five Years' Sickness Cured by Four Bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy. Pain in Shoulders, Back and Lungs, and Droppings in Throat Disappeared.

ST. ARMAND, P. Q., Sept. 12, 1876.

MR. T. J. S. HARDING.

DEAR SIR.—Being desirous that others may know something of the merits of your CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY, I wish to inform you what it has done for me. I am 29 years old; had been out of health for about five years. I had employed three or four different doctors, and tried various medicines, without receiving any permanent benefit. I continued rather to grow worse, until last fall, when I had become so bad as to be unable to do an hour's work at a time. Had severe soreness and pain under the shoulder blades and through the shoulders, with very lame back, and a feeling in my right lung as though there was a weight bearing it down, with continual dropping in the throat and down upon the lungs. Such was my condition when I commenced to take your Catarrh Remedy; one bottle of which eased my pains and gave me an improved appetite, and after taking four bottles I was restored to health, so as to be able to endure hard and continued labor, such as chopping and clearing land, at which I have been engaged the past season. My recovery I attribute solely with God's blessing, to the use of your Catarrh Remedy. Yours truly,

Price $1 per bottle. HENRY SNIDER

ASK FOR LITTLEFIELD'S CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY AND TAKE NO OTHER.

Poetry.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;

The street was wet with recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow,

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
No one heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down in the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled wide and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way.

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or the horse's feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group:

He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;

And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand.

If ever she's poor and old and gray,
While her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother, bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

Select Literature.

In the Water.

'Quick, Ned, place the board across the chasm!'

'Elsie, it is simply madness to make the venture. Don't you see how the black, sluggish tide nibbles at the rotten edge of the ice?'

'Place the board for me,' she cried, imperiously. 'Quick, or I will leap the chasm!'

'Someone up there will know it—some one will caution them—or I—let me go.'

'Thank you, Ned.'

He had laid the board from the snowy shore to the crumbling ice margin that was beyond.

'But you are too heavy, old fellow, to make the venture. Just stay here until I come back, or—did you hear that whoop? It's Tom's yell to his brown mare. They are even now far out on the race-course. Wait here. Oh, if I am too late!'

The pale, slim girl dashed across the yielding, almost floating, and frail bridge, and skimmed like a swallow over the honey-combed ice, her skates sending up little jets of water before her.

The tall young giant on the shore stood spell-bound as he watched her marvelous speed, the graceful motion of her arms, as the right foot seemed to be urged forward by the impetuous left.

He had said only the night before, in her hearing, and a great deal more than half in earnest, that the 'weaker vessels' were not capable of brave and heroic action. It wasn't to be expected; it wasn't in their nature.

He groaned aloud as he saw her nearing the black, sodden ice close by the point, only a stone's throw, as it were, above the dam.

Yes, although the wind was against him, he could now plainly distinguish Tom's 'hi-hi-hi-y-a-h-h!' to his priceless trotting mare; and the Sheldon's 'oh-oh-o-a-h!' soothing his mettlesome thoroughbred into an even pace.

They had set this day for a trial of speed, set two weeks before, and a spell of soft weather, with a raw, eating wind, had set in, accompanied, the night before our story opens, with that peculiar drifting fog that seems to penetrate and shrink the snow like a steam bath.

The day had swung clear of fog, and the boys, Tom, Elsie's brother, and a student friend, had gone up to Acton village, the starting-point, in high spirits.

Ned Mills, also indulging in a visit to Tom, for a long-contemplated fox hunt, had driven up from the corners—two miles below—with the startling information that the few day's melting of the snow had lifted the river ice up to the dams, and broken it loose from the shore, where it was churned into fragments.

He had been misinformed as to the hour when the horses were to trot, and by the merest chance, or Providence, arrived in time to state the alarming fact, and the party would be started, if they had not been so fortunate as to hear of the dangerous condition of the ice.

What could be done? was the startling enquiry.

The neighbors along the usual country road are few and far between, with the probability that the men were off in the woods, or to the village on business of their own.

Elsie, Tom Farnley's delicate seventeen-year old sister, was the only one to suggest the idea of salvation.

She understood the situation without much repetition in explaining.

'If the ice is broken up to the dam, above it must be crumbling?'

'Yes.'

'For the tide runs like a race-horse in the spring of the year.'

'Yes.'

'Are the shores soft?'

'They say down below that they must be honeycombed.'

'What are you going to do, Elsie?' asked her mother, who, up to this moment, sat pale and speechless.

'I see but one chance, mother.'

Her jacket was already on, and she was tying her scarf over her flowing hair.

'Ned,' she said, 'get a long board from the barn and run down to the shore with it. I am going to get on the river, and try to skate around the point, so as to warn them.'

'Oh!' aspirated the mother, and her gasp of terror was nearly, if not quite, echoed by young Mills, who hurried to do her bidding.

This brief explanation brings us to the shore, where our story commences.

Every minute the voices of the drivers could be heard, drifting out more plainly, and with jubilant tones.

The course was to come down the east side of the island, round the point, and pass up the west side, making the course something over two miles.

Elsie had given her mother a parting word of encouragement, and asked her to send Johnny, the ten year-old brother, up to Mr. Burton's, telling him, if he should chance to be at home, to come down to the shore.

She skims the route like a bird, her skate runners grooving their course through the softened ice.

She nears the point, and the excited spectator on the shore thinks he can see the blackness increase each minute, as the swollen water runs over from the shore.

Straight on.

She knows, too, that an instant's pause on the narrow space between the point and the dam to the right would let even her light weight through into the frothing, gurgling flood.

Now, she plucks the scarlet scarf from her head, and, waving it out at arm's length, disappears on the eastern side of the island.

There is a sharp bend along the eastern shore.

Will they see her in season to make a short, quick turn, without an instant's pause?

Ned Mills anathamizes their noisy cries to the animals; no doubt, already wildly excited by the race.

One, two, five minutes elapse.

The gay, roystering shouts are now quite plain; then comes a sudden stillness, as if a thunderbolt had fallen. They have rounded the curve, and seen and understood the warning of the messenger.

Ned can distinguish the minced-up jingling of the bells, as they endeavor to turn still at the slashing trot.

Then comes a strained, excited, but still clear, steady:

'Who-a! who-a! Bess—who-a!'

Now the bells strike crash! crash! and Ned knows the mettlesome mare no longer brooks control.

'Who-a! Bess—who-a! who-a!' Tom's voice comes unobstructed, and the terrible tableau is before the agonised spectator.

Elsie, skimming along on the very edge above the fall, and the mare between her and the point running, plunging, her delicate feet breaking through now on the right side, now on the left; fountains of water spouting up through the fissures.

If Tom can only head her up the stream until she strikes firmer footing; but no—wild as she is, she knows the old familiar landing place, and she pulls with every quivering muscle for the treacherous shore.

Then follows a heavy plunge, a frightened squeal from the terrified animal, and horse, cutter and driver are through the treacherous trapdoor; but her master leaps to her back, and by some slight-of-hand, which he could never explain, with two or three rapid strokes he has cut her free from the ice-loaded sleigh.

There is fifteen feet of water-depth beneath him, swollen as it is by the recent thaw, and Tom stands a fair chance of losing two thousand dollars in a few minutes, if not his own life also.

He refused this sum for his mare only the week before.

Elsie still whirls forward and back along the very edge of the dam, with the open, churning, yeasy flood just below, waiting to engulph her if she makes a misstep.

Ned catches up the board and runs along the shore, farther down, so absorbed with the struggle in the water that Mr. Burton nearly runs over him.

'We can't do anything, that I see, Mr. Mills. I've got a sort of raft on the sled, and a skiff; can we shove out to them? Hey, Tom, keep off; don't be drowned, man, if the mare is—crawl up onto the ice?' shouted Mr. Burton, leaping down the bank, and gazing helplessly at the seam of water along the shore, now two yards in width.

'Let go of the mare, Tom,' again yelled Mr. Burton, excitedly, expecting every moment to see Tom disappear from a blow of her plunging feet.

'Tom, Tom, let go the bridle!' called Elsie. 'Let go! Bess will come to me. Let go. I'll save her.

Tom understood and so did Mr. Burton, and so, apparently, did Bess; for, no sooner did her master release her bridle, and settle back among the ice cakes, than she threw herself forward toward the girl, who, near the shore, was now sunk through the shelly crust up to her knees; but, grasping an upright timber, and her feet touching the logs of the dam, she chirruped and called the mare on toward her.

Ned meanwhile had shoved the light cedar raft out upon the ice, and by means of a long-handled and sharp pick was going to Tom's rescue.

Mr. Burton stood a few feet beyond Elsie's reach, breathless, waiting for the struggling animal to strike her feet on the nearly level platform at the end of the dam.

Her sharp corks struck directly on the planks, and with a joyful neigh she raised her shivering form, shaking off a deluge of water, and as Elsie commenced wading ashore, assisted by a pole which Mr. Burton had thrust out against the upright timber, the mare followed, and a forlorn, collapsed group was soon assembled on the shore, where directly they were tumbled upon Mr. Burton's sled and hauled to the house, with brown Bess, quite bereft of her festive, trotting gait, shiveringly following the procession.

Before they had reached Elsie's house, half the male population of Acton village appeared, thronging along the shore, and slumping in the fields, while Sheldon's thoroughbred was dashing into the dooryard, with balls of foam dropping from his mouth.

Such a cheer as rang out when the first pair of inquisitive eyes discovered the rescued party and gave the initatory yell.

Ned Mills rubbed down and blanketed brown Bess, meanwhile realizing an unaccountable repugnance as he thought of his bachelor quarters in the neighboring city.

He told Elsie all about it that evening, while a party of young people were singing duetts in the parlor adjoining—how his budding affection for her had that day burrt into full bloom.

And she listened and blushed, and answered; and the moonbeams witnessed a tableau—a passage at arms—and the curtain falls upon the charming scene.

MY MASQUERADE.

I looked out on the long avenue of snow-laden trees.

At that moment I was weary of life, though I was eighteen and an heiress. For four whole weeks we three girls had been "snowed up" at Thornton Place. We had exhausted our gossip, and read all the new novels, and we were tired of ourselves and of each other. But the storm had cleared off, and a house full of company, for the holidays, was expected by the afternoon train. It was Christmas Eve, and some of the neighbors, in addition, had been invited for a dance, and a supper was to be given.

I ought to have been happy, but I was not; for I foresaw that I should receive innumerable compliments, all alike heartless, all intended for my fortune, rather than for myself.

Then, too, was not Robert Nelson coming, and had not even Mrs. Thornton said: 'It will be a good thing for you two to unite your wealth!'

Oh, how I hated it all!

Suddenly a new thought flashed across me. I turned from the window.

'Oh, girls!' I cried, 'I've got such a bright idea!'

Maria Thornton, and my cousin Minnie Deveroux, both looked quickly up. So also, did Mrs. Thornton, though more leisurely.

'What is it?' cried both girls in a breath. 'Do tell us, and be quick, Aileen!'

'It is only this,' I said. 'I want Minnie to play the heiress for the next few days. I'm tired of fortune hunters. I wish for a little peace. But then, think of the fun and frolic! Nobody that is coming knows which is the heiress and which is not; and how we shall take them in.'

Maria and Minnie clapped their hands, and said:

'It would be just like a story.'

Mrs. Thornton, at first, shook her head in disapproval; but was finally coaxed over; and we all hurried upstairs, to array Minnie in the splendor supposed to be necessary for an heiress.

I saw her and Maria descend to the dressing-room, three hours after, full of glee at the masquerade; and then I proceeded to don a plain, white muslin, with a pink rose in my hair for my only ornament.

My heart beat high with the novelty of being someone else, and not myself at all, as I entered the drawing-room. In my haste I ran against an important little man with eye-glasses, and almost knocked him down. He had barely recovered his balance when Mrs. Thornton came up.

'Allow me, Mr. Nelson,' she said, 'to introduce my daughter's friend, Miss Devereux, Miss Devereux, Mr. Nelson.'

'Ah, most happy,' he cried, with a beaming smile, ducking, instead of bowing. But suddenly his eyes fell as he saw my cheap, white muslin. 'Not Miss Devereux, the heiress,' he was evidently saying to himself, as he coolly put up his eye-glasses. Then he cried:

'Ah! I was going for Miss Thornton's fan. Excuse me.'

And then he vanished, as if shot from a bow.

'If that is your Mr. Nelson,' I said, scornfully, to Mrs. Thornton, 'I would willingly give up both him and his fortune,' and I swept on, half angry, half amused.

But very soon I had another experience of my new condition. At last I succeeded in reaching a quiet corner, where I sat down, a little ruffled in temper, I must confess, and began to look about me.

In the very centre of the room, under the brilliant chandelier, stood my cousin, Minnie. A score of admirers thronged about her, one holding her fan, another her bouquet, and each trying to outstrip the other in devotion.

'How much is she worth?' said a masculine voice at my elbow. 'That is what I want to find out,' answered his companion. 'That little fellow, hanging about here, is Robert Nelson, who is said to be a millionaire; and isn't satisfied, I suppose, but wants more. Let's go and try our chances, too. She is not very pretty, but she is awfully rich.'

My checks grew crimson with indignation.

The minutes passed. No one addressed me.

My feet beat time impatiently to the merry polka and schottisch.

'Oh for a partner!' I said.

At last my friend, Maria Thornton, came to look for me. 'I'm tired of sitting still, I said. 'Do get me a partner.'

'Certainly, my dear,' she said, laughing, and presently brought forward an elderly gentleman, with a wig, who, after a most polite greeting, led me out for the dance.

My spirits rose once more, and I chatted in a lively strain. 'I will fascinate somebody,' I said, 'even though it be an old man with a wig.'

The dance over, my partner led me to a seat, and devoted himself to my entertainment. At that moment, if he had asked me, I could almost have rewarded him with my heart and hand, so grateful was I for his disinterested kindness. Directly my cousin passed leaning on a gentleman's arm.

'Who is that lady?' asked my new friend.

'That is Miss Devereux,' I replied, a cousin of mine. She is exciting much attention, this evening, as the heiress of a large fortune.'

'I-ah-beg your pardon, miss. I understood that you were Miss Devereux,' he stammered.

'So I am,' I answered, a little bitterly. 'But I am only a poor, very poor, very unfortunate relative of the heiress. I do not really think I have a true friend in the world.'

'I-ah-I beg you to excuse me,' said the old gentleman, abruptly. 'I see a lady over there I must speak to;' and rising, he left me to my reflections.

I sat there in my corner, a sadder, and a wiser woman.

'Dear, dear me!' I sighed, as I leaned back in my chair. 'I will never say that dancing is stupid again. I will never say that anything is dull, but sitting in a chair, with nobody to speak to you, and the chair growing harder and harder until—'

'Have you no partner?' exclaimed Mrs. Thornton, suddenly breaking in on my reflections.

'No,' I replied, making a little mouth. 'Even the old gentleman has deserted me. She looked around, and beckoned to a gentleman standing near the door, whom I had observed watching me. He approached me at once.

'Mr. Hume,' said she, 'let me introduce you to Miss Devereux. My dear, Mr. Hume, the tutor of Mr. Nelson.'

'You and I seem to be alone in the crowd, this evening,' he said, smiling, when Mrs. Thornton had left us. 'May I ask if you are a relative of the great heiress? You have the same name.'

'I am the poor cousin,' I answered, blushing behind my fan, for I was a novice in deception and masquerading. 'I am so glad of it,' he retorted, quietly. 'I hate heiresses. They are always very conceited and arrogant.' 'Like rich young men,' I replied, glancing unconsciously at Mr. Nelson, 'who are either fools or fops, and often both. I detest them. They are are of no use in the world. They had better go drown themselves.'

He laughed.

'Well,' said he, 'as we entirely agree, let us have a dance, for it is plain nobody cares for either of us.'

We did dance together. We promenaded together. We went out to supper together, where Mr. Hume heaped my plate with ices and chocolate cream.

Long before the evening was over, I began to be glad that Mr. Nelson and his tutor were to spend a whole week at Thornton Place.

At last our country neighbors took their leave, and our visitors prepared to retire to rest. I bade Mr. Hume a warm good-night, and walked up stairs with a happy heart. Mrs. Thornton called me into her her boudoir as I passed.

(*To be concluded.*)