ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00.

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 9. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1881. NO. 31.

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

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, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $8.00; two months, $12.00; three months, 15.00; six months, $22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

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

Ayer's *Hair Vigor,*

FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.

IT is a most agreeable dressing, which is at once harmless and effectual, for preserving the hair. It restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray, light, and red hair, to a rich brown, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use thin hair is thickened, and baldness often though not always cured. It checks falling of the hair immediately, and causes a new growth in all cases where the glands are not decayed; while to brashy, weak, or otherwise diseased hair, it imparts vitality and strength, and renders it pliable.

The VIGOR cleanses the scalp, cures and prevents the formation of dandruff; and, by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing properties, it heals most if not all of the humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under which conditions diseases of the scalp and hair are impossible.

As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair

The VIGOR is incomparable. It is colorless, contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil white cambric. It imparts an agreeable and lasting perfume, and as an article for the toilet it is economical and unsurpassed in its excellence.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Ready - Made CLOTHING!

BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of

Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers.

All a

Splendid Assortment of

FALL SUITS

Pants and Vests. Also,

1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes.
Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very

LOW FOR CASH.

BEALES & DODGE.

Middleton, Nov., '78

MONCTON Refined Sugars.

ALL orders for the above received on or before the

LAST DAY OF MAY,

will be filled and delivered the

FIRST WEEK IN JUNE,

—BY—

W. B. TROOP.

Granville, May 23rd, 1881.

CELLULOID TRUSS.

I HAVE been appointed agent at Annapolis and adjoining Counties for the sale of this celebrated Truss manufactured by PENFIELD & Co., of Philadelphia, and have now on hand a complete assortment of the same.

I sell at manufacturers' retail prices. They are warranted

NOT TO RUST, NOT TO BREAK, NOT TO WEAR OUT.

ALSO—Abdominal Supporters, Elastic Bandages, Elastic Stockings, etc.

G. T. BINGAY, M. D.,
Aug. 17.—6m Medical Hall, Annapolis.

Executor's Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of Hon. W. C. Whitman, late of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same to J. W. Whitman, duly attested to within six months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to said J. W. Whitman.

JNO. W. WHITMAN, } Executors.
CHAS. B. WHITMAN, }

Lawrencetown, July 1881. 143m

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

—(0:0)—

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the instruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK.

Steamer "EMPRESS."

Between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting at Digby with the Western Counties Railway for and from WEYMOUTH, YARMOUTH, &c., and at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for and from KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX, and intermediate stations; also, with the Stage for Liverpool. And at St. John with the International Steamship Co., and the Provincial and New England All Rail Line for Portland, Boston, and other points in the United States and Upper Canada.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, June 6th and until further notice, the splendid, fast, and staunch sea-going Steamer EMPRESS, will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, St. John on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at EIGHT O'CLOCK. Returning will leave Annapolis for Digby and St. John, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY afternoons after arrival of Express Train from Halifax.

Fare—Annapolis to Digby ..... 75c.
" " St. John $2.00
Fare Digby to St. John $1.50

The splendid Steamer of the Intercolonial Steamship Co. leave St. John on Monday Wednesday and Friday Mornings, at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston, thus forming connection with "Empress" each way every trip.

Express Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John at 8.15 a. m. and 9 p. m. every day, excepting Saturday night and Sunday morning.

Through Tickets from Annapolis, Digby and all Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis and Western Counties Railways, to Boston and Portland, issued at special reduced rates.

Baggage Checked Through. Low Rates Freight.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents at that Company; also from S. BRUNELL, Esq., General Superintendant, and the several Station Agents of the Western Counties Railway, and of

R. B. HUMPHREY, GENERAL AGENT.
45 Dock St., St. John.

E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

By request Return Tickets, at One Fare, will be issued from Annapolis and Digby, respectively, to St. John, on Saturdays, good to return on Monday following. These tickets to be continued exclusively to these days, and not to be transferable.

St. John, N. B., June 1st, 1881.

Books, - - Stationery.

Buckley & Allen,

OFFER during the Autumn Season, at low prices a large stock of STAPLE STATIONERY, and School supplies. Fancy Stationery, and Stationers' Sundries. Novelties in Ink Stands and Paper Knives. Special inducements to purchasers of Photograph, Autograph and Scrap Albums. An immense variety of Bibles, Church Services and Prayer Books. All the Seaside, Franklin Square and Standard Libraries. Complete supply of the Poets, large assortment of Miscellaneous and Standard Books. Call and inspect for yourselves. Don't forget the address

BUCKLEY & ALLEN.
124 Granville St., Halifax.

GREAT BARGAIN!

THE Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT or private Contract,

His Beautiful Residence at

LOWER MIDDLETON.

The House contains 11 rooms; all in thorough repair, Good Stabling for 3 or 4 Horses, Carriage House and Wood House. The grounds consists of 2 acres in a high state of cultivation with a very fine orchard of 100 or more superior trees, (choice varieties of fruit) nearly all which are in bearing, some trees producing yearly 3 Barrels or more. The Guarden is also well stocked with a good variety of Fruit trees. The situation is convenient to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very healthy.

ALSO, Small Farm, situate in NORTH WILLIAMSTON, about two miles from Lawrencetown Railway Station. The House contains 6 Rooms, the ground flat only being finished. Good Barn, and a number of useful and necessary outbuildings. The Farm consists of about 70 acres, 30 of which are in hay and under cultivation. A good Orchard, in bearing, producing yearly 25 to 30 barrels, and with care will soon increase to 100 or more barrals. Cuts about 14 tons Hay yearly, with a superior chance to increase largely at a very small outlay. Location public, healthy, convenient and desirable particularly to a person with moderate means. Possession at once if desired.

Terms for both places easy.

EDWARD H. PHINNEY.

Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

BRIDGETOWN Drug Store!

THE subscriber has removed the Bridgetown DRUG STORE to

QUEEN STREET,

where you may find Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Fancy and Toilet articles, Sponges, Brushes, and perfumery. Stationery, &c., Choice Tobacco, Cigars and Confectionery.

Physician's Prescriptions carefully compounded, and orders answered with care and dispatch. Terms Cash.

J. DENNISON.

n8 3m

Encyclopedia Britannica.

Subscriptions will be taken at this office. Payments are made very easy and extend over a period of five or six years, enabling a person of very moderate means to secure this invaluable work.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

HATHEWAY LINE.

From Foster's Wharf, Boston.

Safety! Speed! and Comfort!

BOSTON & NOVA SCOTIA

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

THE First Class Side-wheel Steamship "SECRET," Capt. Simpson, leaves Annapolis every Thursday, after arrival of Express train from Halifax, for Boston direct. The very best accommodation. Numerous Staterooms, and a Fast Boat!

The Steamship "HUNTER," Capt. Ludlow, sails as usual Every MONDAY, P. M.

☞ Through Rates on Apples and Potatoes to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, West Indies, London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Hull, West Hartlepool, and Continental Ports.

Invoices with value and weight, must accompany all Through Freight.

Free of Boston Wharfage.

For further particulars apply to P. INNES, General Manager, and the several Station Agents of the W. & A. Railway, and to

Hatheway & Co.,
22 Central Wharf, Boston.

T. S. WHITMAN, Agent, Annapolis.
april 23—july 20.

BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

THE subscribers are still importing and 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

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs. Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.

Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

CARD.

Edmund Bent

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Sales attended to promptly in any part of the County. Consignments solicited. Prompt returns made.

Bridgetown, N. S., May, 1880. n5tf

$72 a week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Agusta, Maine.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN order to meet the demands of our numerous customers, we beg to announce that, we have added to our extensive

Slipper and Larrigan Factory

the necessary Machinery for the Manufacture of

Men's, Women's, Misses', & Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

in all the leading styles.

By continuing, as in the past, to use first quality of material, we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage in our new branch of business, as well as a continuance of public favor in our old business.

Vincent & McFate,
240 Union Street, St. John, N. B

Good News for the FARMERS.

MEADOWVALE

FLOUR & PLASTER MILL!

THE subscriber has, in addition to his flour mill, put in operation all the necessary machinery for grinding gypsum, or plaster of paris, for fertilizing purposes, and invites public patronage. These mills are run by water, of which there is an abundant supply, and are situated about one mile south from Wilmot Station, and anyone sending plaster by rail can have the same ground and delivered at the station at small cost for truckage.

JAMES CROCKER, Proprietor.

Meadowvale, March 23rd, 1881.

AMERICAN GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED FROM BOSTON!

TWO BALES AMERICAN

Cotton Warp

AT 1.25 PER BUNCH.

Handsome

AMERICAN PRINTS,

Dark Colors! Fancy Borders!

AMERICAN

White Cottons,

CORSET JEANS
WHITE SHEETINGS,
COTTON BATTINGS,
CHECKED SHIRTINGS,
WHITE AND GREY COTTON FLANNELS
COMFORTERS.

From GREAT BRITAIN,

Mantles & Dolmans

PLAIN AND FANCY

WINCEYS!

In Stock:

Union and Wool SHIRTINGS!

Mens' Undershirts and Drawers,

Youths' do., do.,

Ladies' Undervests.

☞ NEW GOODS arriving weekly.

RUNCIMAN, RANDOLPH & CO.

Sept. 28th, 1881.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Emory's Bar to Port Moody.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Tender for Work in British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of FEBRUARY next, in a lump sum for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the West end of Contract 60, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 85 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminister, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to giving Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge at the Office at New Westminister, is instructed to furnish Contractors all the information in his power.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C. P. R."

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881. } 12inst41

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having any claims against the estate of the late Kinsman Neily, of Brooklyn, in the County of Annapolis, will render their claims duly attested to James Oscar Neily, of Brooklyn, and all persons indebted to the above named estate will make immediate payment to James Oscar Neily, of Brooklyn.

JOHN FITZRANDOLPH } Adm.
JAS. OSCAR NEILY, }

Brooklyn, Sep. 28th, 1881. 13i37

NOTICE!

THE subscriber will sell

FOR THIRTY DAYS

the balance of his

Summer Stock

VERY LOW!

in exchange for

Early Rose POTATOES,

Eggs, Wool, Socks, Yarn, Beans, Oats, &c., &c.

N. F. MARSHALL,
Middleton Station.

MUNICIPALITY OF ANNAPOLIS, S. S.

NOTICE!

COLLECTORS for County and Railway Rates are hereby requested to take notice that unless the Rate Rolls placed in their hands for collection are fully accounted for at least forty days previous to the Annual Meeting of the Council for 1882, proceedings at the expiration of that time will at once be instituted for the recovery of any balance due on account of said Rate Roll.

Sureties on collector's Bond are hereby required to take notice hereof, and govern themselves accordingly.

J. G. H. PARKER,
Clerk of Council.

Sept. 19th, 1881.

TO LAWYERS.

A FRESH LOT of Summonses and Executions just printed and for sale at this office.

Poetry.

Tennyson's Despair.

LATEST WORK OF THE POET LAUREATE.

LONDON, Oct. 29.—Alfred Tennyson publishes a dramatic monologue, entitled 'Despair,' in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*. It is the story of a man and his wife, who, having lost faith in a good future life, resolve to commit suicide by drowning. The woman is drowned, but the man is rescued by the minister of the sect he has abandoned. Of this work one critic remarks: 'Mr. Tennyson has never been less ambiguous, seldom more powerful, never more weirdly impressive than in this, the latest fruit of his genius. Mr. Tennyson on this occasion paints the mental misery of a man without hope, without belief and without the capacity of enjoying the only life of whose existence he can feel sure. The whole poem is addressed by the man snatched from death to his unwelcome friend in apparent need. Here and there are interspersed fragments of spasmodic reproach to this officious intruder, but the greater part of the monologue is an explanation of the sufferer's feelings as far as they are capable of analysis.' The following are quotations from this poem:

Is it you that preaches in the chapel there,
looking over the sand,
Followed us, too, that night and dogged us
and drew us to land?
What did I feel that night? You are curious:
how should I tell?
Does it matter so much what I felt? You
rescued me, yet was it well
That you came unwished for, uncalled for,
between me and the deep and my
doom?
Three days since, three more dark days of
the godless gloom,
Of a life without sun, without health, without
hope, without any delight,
Can anything here upon earth—but ah!
God! that night, that night,
When the rolling eyes of the lighthouse,
there on the fatal neck
Of land running out into rock they had
saved many hundreds from wreck,
Glared on our way toward death, I remember,
I thought as we passed,
Does it matter how many the saved? We
are all of us wrecked at last.
Do you fear?—and there came through the
roar of the breaker a whisper, a
breath,
Fear? And I not with you? I am frightened
at life, not death.
And the suns of the limitless universe
sparkled and shone in the sky,
Flashing with fires as of God, but we
know that their light was a lie.
Lightly step over the sands, the waters you
hear thereunder,
Life, with its anguish and sorrow and errors,
away with it all.
And she laid her hand in my own, she was
always loyal and sweet,
Till the points of the foam in the dusk
came playing about our feet.
There was a strong sea current, would
sweep us out to the main;
Ah, God! tho' I felt as I spoke I was taking
the name in vain.
Ah, God! and we turn to each other, we
kissed, we embraced, she and I,
Knowing the love we were used to believe
everlasting would die.
We had read their know-nothing books
and we learned to the darkest side;
Ah, God! should we find him, perhaps,
perhaps, if we die, if we die.
We never had found him on earth; this
earth is a fatherless hell.
Dear love, forever and ever, forever and
ever, farewell!!
Never a cry so desolate not since the world
began,
Never a kiss so sad, no, not since the coming
of man;
But the blind wave cast me ashore, and
you saved me a valueless life;
Not a grain of gratitude mine, you have
parted the man from the wife.
I am left alone on the land, she is alone on
the sea.
If a curse meant aught, I would curse you
for not having let me be.
Have I crazed myself over their horrible
infidel writings? oh yes!
For these are the new dark ages, you see,
of the infidel press.
When the bat comes out of his cave and
the owls are whooping at noon,
And doubt is the lord of this dunghill and
crows to the sun and the moon,
Till the sun and the moon of our signs are
both of them turned into blood,
And hope will have broken her heart running
after a shadow of good.
For their knowing and know nothing books
are scattered from hand to hand,
We have knelt in your know all chapel,
too, looking over the sand,
Ah! yet I have had some glimmer at times
in my gloomiest woe,
Of a God behind all, after all—the great
God for aught that I know.
But the God of love and of hell, together
they cannot be thought,
If there is such a God may the great God
curse him and bring him to nought.

Select Literature.

Her Chosen Husband.

A tall, handsome girl is kneeling on the hearth-rug, amusing her companions with sallies and witty rejoinders to her several admirers who keep plying her with eager compliments and pretty speeches.

She is the only child and heiress of a wealthy city merchant, and has been made much of all her life. Her graceful freedom of carriage and the queenly bearing of her small, well-shaped head have earned for her the false reputation of haughtiness and pride.

A little apart from the group that now surround her, partaking of the inevitable 4 o'clock tea, are two men who have been standing near the window for some time. The younger of the two is of medium height, well made, easy in manner and debonair, having that nameless something about him which marks those who have seen all that is to be seen. His bright blue eyes are full of good-humored mischief now, as, stroking laughingly his fair moustache, he says mockingly:

'Upon my word, Vere, it seems ridiculous that you should lay down your arms so completely at first sight of this country beauty—you who have run the gauntlet successfully in many a campaign both in London and abroad. I have spoken to you three times and you have not answered me once, and you have never taken your eyes off this wonderful enchantress.'

His companion turns round impatiently. 'I was looking at her, I confess; but I was prompted by curiosity, not admiration,' he returns.

'Beware then lest the former lead to the latter. Many a sailor would have been saved had not curiosity impelled him to drift closer to the siren voices that lured him on.' Sydney Hope is a lovely girl and will be a treasure to the man who wins her, but—'

'It is no case of winning,' breaks in Colonel Vere sternly; 'few would care to woo so well-known a flirt.'

A silence having fallen over the group near the fire, those words ring out with startling vehemence across the room, Claude Meredith gives a low whistle, and, with a slight gesture of discomfiture, turns from the window.

There seems to be no doubt as to who is meant, for all eyes are turned inquiringly on Sydney to see what she will say or do. For an instant a crimson tide floods her face and throat, and with a little gasp of pain she catches her breath; but the next moment she recovers herself, and cries gaily—

'What are you two plotting over there? In this dim light you look like a couple of conspirators. Come here and be sociable; confess your treason and be absolved.'

Colonel Vere comes forward hastily, and with a strange new humility bends low before her.

'Some treason does not deserve to be forgiven,' he says, remorsefully.

'True,' she returns, lightly—'the treachery of a friend, for instance; but the treasonable words of a stranger may be treated with indifference.'

'But once a stranger, not always a stranger, I trust?'

'I do not know; people are so different. For myself, I dislike new friends,' she answers, carelessly, and then adds politely, 'Won't you have some tea, Colonel Vere? We have left you a cup.''

But Colonel Vere is no tea-drinker, and says as much as he retires to his window, considerably crestfallen. 'By George, Vere, you put your foot in it then!' says young Meredith, dryly. 'And the daughter of your host, too!'

'I could bite my tongue out!' is the impatient reply.

Presently the dressing bell rings and the guests disperse.

'I hate that man,' says Sydney passionately to her chosen friend and confidant, Maud Terrs, as, ready dressed for dinner, they still lingered up-stairs.

'But he looks so nice, so distinguished,' demurs gentle Maud, who has always something to say in defence of the absent, be they ever so obnoxious.

Sydney stamps her foot impatiently and turns away to the glass to rearrange a refractory flower. As she gazes at the bright face reflected in the mirror her expression changes, and she wheels round quickly.

'Maud,' she says impressively, 'do you know I have been thinking of something. Papa said some weeks ago that I ought to think of marrying, and now he has asked all these people, and there is not one eligible *parti* among them. There are Lord Mure, Claude Meredith, Colonel Vere—'

'But Colonel Vere said,' breaks in Maud very innocently, and then stops, abashed.

'Do you think I do not know what he said? Every one heard it!' cries Sydney excitedly. 'But this is no reason why he should not change his mind. The flirting which he has so sternly denounced has won me many an admirer; let me see if it cannot win me a husband now, and that husband Colonel Maxwell Vere.'

For one who has so determinedly made up her mind to charm, Sydney Hope's conduct to-night is most certainly very strange indeed. All through the dinner she is silent, save that now and then she gives utterance to some absurd commonplace that brings a slightly scornful light to Colonel Vere's dark observant eyes.

Lord Mure, a slight effeminate-looking man, with pale blue eyes and a weak characteless mouth, is seated next to her; and her father looks up several times as she smiles vapidly in sole answer to his polite, empty little speeches.

But dinner is over at last, and the ladies retire to the drawing-room, Sydney taking a piece of crotchet work from her pocket and commencing to work at it with most unusual industry, while the others gather round the piano, or stroll round the room, examining the numberless costly knick-knacks that lie scattered about.

Presently the gentlemen follow; and Sydney flushed crimson as Colonel Vere comes straight across the room and takes the seat next to her. But she bends over her work and counts the stitches aloud in a clear, composed voice.

'Are you quite absorbed in your work, Miss Hope?'

'One, two, three, four, five. I beg your pardon, Colonel Vere; what were you saying?'

'Nothing worth repeating,' he returns, biting his lip angrily.

She makes no reply, and with provoking coolness goes on counting and referring to a paper that lies on her lap.

'Are you always so industrious?' inquired Colonel Vere a few minutes later, chafing at the silence that has fallen upon them.

'I do not care to be idle'—primly.

'Good Heavens!' he ejaculated in real dismay. 'Then I suppose you look upon rest and sleep as disagreeable necessities?'

'They are certainly a waste of time. I do not agree with Shakspeare when he says, 'Blessed is the man that invented sleep.'

'Sancho Panza, you mean,' Colonel Vere corrects, startled out of his usual politeness.

'Ah, I dare say!' rejoins Sydney calmly. 'All of that sort wrote so much alike.'

At that moment Lord Mure joins them and asks Sydney to sing.

'I sing so little—hardly ever before strangers,' she answers, with an affected simper.

Claude Meredith looks at her curiously as she says this, and watches her cross to the piano, where she sits down with an air of imprtance, and, after carefully arranging her handsome dress, plays some opening chords. The song she has chosen is one that no one present has ever heard before, and apparently no one wishes to hear again, for there is a dead silence when it is ended; and, until Lord Mure's murmured thanks break the spell, no one attempts a remark.

Then the crotchet work is resumed, and this time Lord Mure takes Colonel Vere's place, that bewildered officer having retired to think over affairs.

'And so that is the girl that men are raving about,' he says to himself—'a girl with nothing to recommend her but her marvellous loveliness! She is not even a flirt, for she has not sense enough to take up any rule but that of a spoilt beauty and heiress. And then her absurd mistake about Sancho Panza! O tempora! O mores! Compulsory education would be a boon indeed to the girls of the present age.'

In the meantime, Lord Mure having left her side for a moment, Claude Meredith crosses over to Sydney.

'Do you remember Brutus feigning idiocy?' he asks in a low tone.

'Yes; why?' she answers, laughing up at him.

'I don't know; but I have been thinking of it all the evening. He had a motive; what is yours?'

'Hush!' she cries, softly, looking round cautiously. 'Perhaps I will tell you some day; but at present say nothing. Will you promise?'

'Of course I will,' he answers heartily.

When Sydney reaches her room she sinks down upon a low chair and laughs so merrily that Maud joins in against her will.

'I don't know what you are laughing at,' she says at length; 'but you will never win Colonel Vere in that way. He may approve of flirts; but no one likes a nonentity; and, oh, that perfect song?'

'My dear, you don't understand. He expects me to do everything well, and would admire me were I to fulfil his expectation, but that would be all. Now he will be curious to discover wherein lies my attraction.'

'And some day you will let him find out?'

'Exactly, my wise little friend,' says Sydney, smiling brightly.

'And the crotchet?'

'I borrowed it from one of the house maids. To-morrow I intend to hem dusters and handkerchiefs all day long.'

And then the conversation turns to less important subjects, until at last 'good night' is said, and the two girls separate.

The next morning is dull and rainy, and there is a general doubt as to what is to be the amusement of the day. Sydney, attired in a prim-looking morning dress of Quakerish hue, has already commenced the threatened hemming, and Lord Mure is holding her work basket meekly beside her.

'What's to be done, and who's to do it?' says Maud Terry lazily, joining them as she speaks.

'Riding, driving and skating being out of the question, there is nothing left except theatricals,' declares Claude Meredith, who has followed her.

As every one agrees to this, all, except Sydney and Lord Mure, go off to hunt up a play and arrange the cast of characters. An hour afterwards Colonel Vere returns alone.

'It is all settled now, Miss Hope,' he says, leaning over a chair close to her and her companion, and looking rather triumphantly into her face.

'Is it?' she answers indifferently.

'And you and I are to be lovers true,' he continues, glancing at her furtively.

'Heaven forbid!' cries Sydney, demurely.

'We shall have to practice; there are to be lots of rehearshals,' he goes on, smiling, emboldened by the laughing light in her eyes.

'An over practiced thing is always a failure,' remarks Sydney, coldly.

'And what am I to be?' inquires Lord Mure.

Colonel Vere looks at him curiously, while a strange, mocking smile hovers round his lips.

'My rival,' he answers, curtly.

'Oh, yes, exactly!' stammered Lord Mure uneasily.

Sydney goes on working steadily, taking no notice of anything that is said, and presently the others come in with their books ready to study their several parts.

Several days pass with very little excitement; the weather is still unpropitious, and most of the time is spent in studying and rehearsing for the theatricals which promise to be a grand success.

One morning, as Colonel Vere enters the library he sees several of her admirers gathered round her, admiring, in what seem to him very exaggerated terms, a picture she was painting.

'May I see what you are doing?' he asks curiously.

'It is nothing much,' she says hastily.

'But let me see it,' he persists.

Sydney's eyes sparkle mischievously, and two roguish little dimples are lurking round her mouth, as she selected a picture and passed it to him.

'That is not the picture we were looking at,' says Lord Mure, rather puzzled. 'I am sure you never did that, Miss Hope; and taking up the portfolio, he produces the one they were at first discussing.

A strange expression crossed Colonel Vere's face as he sees the deception that has been practiced on him.

'Ah, this is different!' he says quietly, noting the well-defined lights and shadows and delicate coloring. 'This is beautiful, Miss Hope.'

'I am glad you like it,' she answers, blushing deeply; and gathering up her materials she escapes from the room.

But the explanation she has avoided then is forced upon her later in the day when she happens to be left alone with Colonel Vere for a few minutes before dinner. She looks uneasy about her as though meditating flight; but the next moment she submits to her fate and stands looking rather defiantly at him.

'Miss Hope,' he commenced gently, 'I wish I could understand you. Is it because you dislike me that you have striven to hide your real self from me?'

'I do not dislike you, Colonel Vere,' said Sydney, lowering her eyes and playing nervously with her fan.

'Then why did you deceive me?'

But Sydney draws herself up haughtily.

'You have no right to catechise me in this manner!' she cries, indignantly.

'And—and it is not likely that you would care for anything that was done or left undone by a flirt!'

At this moment the door opens, and Mr. Hope enters, thus preventing any reply.

'Well, Vere, is my little girl amusing you?' he says, smiling, coming over to where they stand, and laying his hand caressingly on his daughter's shining hair. Without waiting for an answer, he continues, 'Won't you sing for us, Sydney?'

For an instant she looks up with a flash of mirth in her sweet dark eyes, and then, without demurring, she goes to the piano.

'Ah, I thought so!' says Colonel Vere to himself, as her exquisite voice rises and swells in the flood of such soul-stirring melody that the tears come into the eyes of both men as they listen. 'I knew such a perfect face and form could not be so utterly soulless.' And, though his words of thanks are few when the song ends, Sydney reads something in his eyes that sets her own glowing happily all the evening.

The next day is the one fixed for the theatricals; and the whole house seems to be given up to carpenters and curtain-hangers.

The actors themselves have nearly all retired to their rooms, all save Maud Terry and Claude Meredith, who, by some occult process of reasoning, have discovered that two heads are better than one, even for the purpose of two not very difficult parts.

Maxwell Vere has been roaming about like an unquiet spirit, trying to intercept Sydney as she passes from one room to another; but, save for a few minutes at luncheon, he does not see her at all, and at dinner the whole length of the table is between them.

At nine o'clock the piece is fixed to commence, and as Colonel Vere stands idly waiting in one of the corridors, no change of dress being necessary in this case, Sydney comes sweeping down the stairs in a charming costume designed by Worth.

The character she is to take is that of a confirmed coquette, and something in her manner, as she comes towards him, convinces Colonel Vere that she has entered into her role with considerable gusto. He steps forward eagerly to meet her.

'Miss Hope, may I speak to you for one moment?' he says anxiously, laying his hand upon hers as it rests lightly on the dark balustrade.

'Colonel Vere, that is my hand you are holding.'

'I beg your pardon,' he says, hastily drawing back.

'Granted,' she answers, gravely, making him a deep curtesy and looking so bewitchingly demure with her tremulous lips and drooped eyes that Colonel Vere feels a strong inclination to catch her in his arms and kiss her into rebellion.

'Sydney, be friends with me,' he pleads, audaciously, holding out his hand; but she puts her own behind her and says, gaily:

'My name is Miss Hope, Colonel Maxwell Vere, and I hate new friends as much as you detest a flirt.'

And then, before he can retort, she disappears through an open doorway, leaving him a little crestfallen and very uneasy in his own mind as to what is to be the end of all this.

The plot of the play they are to act is a rather old one. The heroine has two lovers, and plays them off one against the other, in the end falling in love with the one she has at first rejected.

For a time everything goes smoothly enough, and then the third act comes, in which the little coquette follows the lover whose worth she has appreciated too late, and pours out her whole heart to him, fearful of losing him forever.

Sydney is a capital actress, and as the eager, passionate words of self-reproach fall from her quivering lips, her slight figure swaying to and fro in a simulated agony of doubt and fear, Colonel Vere's heart beats so rapidly that he can scarcely give the required answer.

'Look into my eyes and tell me you love me,' is the cruel reply of the now successful lover, in revenge affecting disbelief of her words.

Twice Sydney tries to meet his glance, and then with an effort—

'I love you!' she cries excitedly, and stands blushing and trembling before him.

A storm of applause follows this, which gives her time to recover herself; but when the curtain falls and the players are called in front, Sydney is nowhere to be found.

Colonel Vere volunteers to go in search of her, and some instinct guides him straight to the library, where, through the darkness, he sees the glimmer of her dress and jewels. He goes straight up to her.

'Sydney, darling Sydney, what is it?' he asks gently, drawing her to him and stroking her hair fondly.

There is no answer, save a convulsive quiver from head to foot and a vain effort to release herself from his detaining embrace.

'I love you Sydney—will you be my wife?'

He can see her eyes flash in the darkness as she tries to move away.

'Who would dream of wooing a flirt?' she cries bitterly.

'I would,' he returns very tenderly. 'Sydney, can I win you?'

Her head nestles on his shoulder, and her hand steals into his.

'I am not worthy of you,' she says remorsefully, as with tearful blushes she confesses everything, and how she meant to win him from the first.

For an instant his face clouds over; but the next moment it clears again, and he bends down and kisses her lips.

'Then at least, my dearest, I was your chosen husband!' he whispers, laughing.

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