Weekly Monitor.

VOL 7. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1879. NO. 15

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

HENRY S. PIPER, Proprietor.

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

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, $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.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 3 letter stamps. **I. S. JOHNSON & CO.,** Bangor, Me.

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now travelling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose one teaspoonful to one pint food.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

For Internal and External Use.

CURES—Neuralgia, Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere.

Chaloner's Drug Store,

DIGBY, N. S.

THE Proprietor who has been established in St. John the past thirty years, has opened a Branch Store in Digby N. S. He keeps a superior stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Brushes, Soaps, Combs, Spices, Fancy Toilet Goods, Feeding bottles with Extra fittings, &c., &c., The Proprietor is also a large manufacturer of Flavoring Extracts, Fancy cheap Perfumes, and the Aniline Dyes in packets, these were originated by him, the genuine bear his name, and are kept up to the proper standard of purity and weight. All other kinds of Dye Stuffs on hand. He also claims Poor Mans's Cough Syrup, the cheapest and best remedy known—Chaloner's Worm Lozenges—Chaloner's Tonic Extract, the great Antibilious Medicine—Eureka Liniment, called by one who used it "the best Liniment in the world—Furniture renovaters—Stove Varnishes—Salt Rheum Ointment and other reliable preparations. Garden seeds in season

Address, J. CHALONER. Druggist,

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Co-partnership hitherto existing under the name and style of SANCTON & PIPER, Printers and Publishers, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, the senior partner, JNO. E. SANCTON, retiring from the late firm. The business will in the future be conducted by HENRY S. PIPER, who assumes all liabilities against and for the late firm.

JOHN E. SANCTON.
HENRY S. PIPER.

Bridgetown, April 20th, 1879.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of BERIAH VANBUSKIRK, late of Meadowvale, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within three months from this date ; and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

HARRIET VANBUSKIRK, Admtrx.
ARTHUR M. SPINNEY, Admr.

Meadowvale, May 17th, '79. 13it19

BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN

BOOK STORE

So universally known for many years at 101 Granville Street, has taken a move to the upper and shady side of the same street. Remember, nearly opposite the old stand.

BUCKLEY & ALLEN,
124 Granville St., Halifax N. S.

July 17th, 1878. n13 y

N. F. MARSHALL,

GENERAL DEALER IN

Flour, MEAL, Molasses

SUGAR, TEA,

OIL, FISH,

Lumber, &c., &c.

TERMS CASH.

BRICK. BRICK.

50,000 Superior pressed Brick,
50,000 " common "

enquire of Job T. McCormick at Lower Middleton, or the subscriber.

n42 v N. F. MARSHALL.

CARD.

N. H. Phinney,

INSTRUCTOR OF

Vocal and Instrumental Music,

AND DEALER IN

Musical Instruments,
Piano Stools,
Music Books, &c.

Lawrencetown, April 7th, '79. 51tf

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

Summer Arrangement.

Time Table,

COMMENCING

1ST JULY, 1879.

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Express Daily.	Pass. and Freight Mon., Wed., and Friday.	Pass. and Freight. Tues. Thurs. and Saturday. †
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
0	Windsor—leave.....	9 45	12 00	5 45
			P. M.	
7	Hantsport.....	10 07	12 28	6 17
15	Grand Pre.....	10 30	1 00	6 44
18	Wolfville	10 40	1 15	6 56
20	Port Williams.....	10 46	1 25	7 04
25	Kentville—arrive.....	11 00	1 45	7 20
	Do—leave.....	11 15	2 20	——
34	Waterville	11 38	2 58	
37	Berwick	11 46	3 12	
42	Aylesford	12 00	3 34	
		P. M.		
49	Kingston	12 18	4 12	
53	*Wilmot	12 26	4 27	
55	Middleton.....	12 35	4 44	
62	Lawrencetown	12 51	5 06	
65	*Paradise	1 00	5 18	
70	Bridgetown	1 13	5 38	
78	*Roundhill	1 32	6 05	
84	Annapolis—arrive	1 50	6 30	
	St. John by Steamer	7 30		

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Pass. and Freight Mon., Wed., and Friday.	Pass. and Freight Tues., Thurs. and Saturday.	Express Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
0	St. John—leave.....	.....	.....	8 00
				P. M.
0	Annapolis—leave	.....	6 15	2 40
6	*Round Hill.....	.....	6 40	2 56
14	Bridgetown	.....	7 05	3 15
19	*Paradise.....	.....	7 24	3 27
22	Lawrencetown	.....	7 39	3 35
28	Middleton	.....	8 05	3 52
31	*Wilmot	.....	8 19	4 02
35	Kingston	.....	8 35	4 10
42	Aylesford	.....	9 05	4 30
47	Berwick	.....	9 25	4 44
50	Waterville	.....	9 43	4 52
59	Kentville—arrive	.....	10 20	5 15
	Do—leave.....	7 30	11 05	5 25
64	Port Williams.....	7 50	11 28	5 39
66	Wolfville.....	7 57	11 40	5 45
69	Grand Pre.....	8 10	11 54	5 55
77			P. M.	
84	Hantsport	8 36	12 28	6 18
	Windsor—arrive	9 00	1 00	6 40

N. B.— Express Trains run daily and when signalled, or when there are passengers to set down, they will stop at Stations marked thus.*

Steamer Empress leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8. a. m., for Annapolis, and returns every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, on arrival of Express Train.

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

St. John & Maine Railway trains leave St. John at 7.45a. m. daily, for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of the United States and Canada.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. INNES, Manager

Kentville, 27th June, '79.

STEAMER EMPRESS

AND THE

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

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

A careful agent in attendence 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

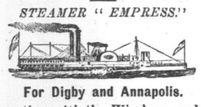
SMALL & HATHEWAY,
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

Three Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

Summer Arrangement.

STEAMER "EMPRESS."



For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway and Western Counties Railway for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, and intermediate Stations, and with Stages for Yarmouth and Liverpool, N. S.

Until further notice steamer *Empress* will leave her wharf, Reed's Point every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, and return every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY evening.

FARE—St. John to Digby.....$1.50.
do do do Annapolis..... 2.00.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class...$5.00
do do do 2nd class... 3.50
Return Tickets—St. John to Halifax and return, 1st class..... 7.50

R. B. HUMPHREY, AGENT,
Union Line Office,
41 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., July 3rd, '79.

☞ 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."

LAWYER'S BLANKS.

Neatly and cheaply executed at the office of this paper.

S. N. Fallesen,

Merchant Tailor,

WATER STREET.....BRIDGETOWN,

HAS on hand a large and varied assortment of CLOTHS, consisting of

Broadcloths, Doeskins, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds,

and would especially direct attention to his

Scotch Tweeds.

Thanking the public for their very liberal patronage in the past, he would solicit a continuance of their favor in the future.

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

☞ Call before ordering elsewhere. 2tf

AGENTS, READ THIS.

WE will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. *We mean what we say.* Sample free. Address,

SHERMAN & CO.,
13i t 19 Marshall, Mich.

35 PER CENT!

AS 35 per cent is now the duty imposed on American Furniture, the Subscriber wishes to inform the public generally that

HE DOES NOT INTEND

raising the prices of his FURNITURE, as may be seen in his list below ; but intends making

Still further Reduction,

as he hopes his Sales will increase under the New Tariff. He has his FACTORY fitted up with the MOST IMPROVED MACHINERY, and is running full time. He also intends adding to his now large STOCK, and can offer better inducements to Customers.

PARLOR FURNITURE, in Suits, from $60.00 to $120.00.
BEDROOM SUITS, in Pine, from $25.00 to $40.00. A good suit for $28.00.
SOFAS, $19.00 to $24.00.
WALNUT CHAIRS, $3.50 to $6.00.
CENTRE TABLES, in solid Walnut, $8.00 to $10.00.
CENTRE TABLES, in Marble Tops, $14.00 to $16.00.
BEDSTEADS, $2 50 to $3.00.
WASH STANDS, $1.00 to $1.25.

Please call and examine my STOCK, and you will find as good an assortment as is generally kept in large Cities, and as times are hard I will sell at Prices that will DEFY COMPETITION.

JOHN B. REED.

Bridgetown, April 2nd, 1879. 50tf

FURNITURE!

THE subscriber wishes to inform his customers and the public in general that he has in his warerooms a choice lot of

PARLOR FURNITURE

in all the Latest Styles, which he offers

In Suits, from : : $48 to $80
Sofas, from : : : 19 to 22
Italian Marble Top Tables, from $6.50 to $16.00
alnut Tables, from 8.00 to 10.50

Marble Top Walnut Bedroom Suites,

LOUNGES, RECLINING CHAIRS,

Patent Rockers, Easy Chairs,

SIDE BOARDS,

CANE SEAT CHAIR , MIRRORS, &C.

all of which will be sold low.

Undertaking in all its branches.

JOHN Z. BENT.

Bridgetown, April 9th, '79 51tf

NOTICE!

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the REV. W. G. PARKER, late of Middleton, Annapolis Co., deceased, are hereby notified to present the same, duly attested, to the undersigned, within eighteen months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

J. MELBOURNE PARKER, Admstr.
LOIS N. PARKER, Administratrix.

Clementsport, N. S,, Feb. 12th 1879. 26it18

SEED BARLEY!

HAVE in store 200 bushels

PRIME SEED BARLEY

which we will clear out at a

LOW FIGURE.

Bessonett & Wilson.

Middleton, April 16th, 1879. 52tf

DENTISTRY.

DR. JAMES PRIMROSE,
Lawrencetown.

MECHANICAL and OPERATIVE DENTISTRY promptly attended in all its branches.

Lawrencetown, April 9th, '79. 51tf

JOB PRINTING

Of every description at the office of this paper.

Poetry.

Song of the Wreck.

High o'er the beach the shattered hulk,
With storm-wrenched timbers stern and gay,
Mars, with its grim, unsightly bulk,
The brightness of the golden day ;

While tossed on high each garnled beam,
Clear cut against the amber sky,
Like wrestling giant arm might seem,
Flung out in helpless agony.

And fancy counts the winters gone
Since, bowed beneath the tempest's hate,
The hapless vessel, drifting on,
Came groaning, shuddering to her fate.

And gallant lives of stalwart men,
Borne upward on the raging air,
Went out 'mid terror, night, and pain,
In one fierce pang of wild despair.

Now while on shore and sea the sun
Its purple mantle gently lays,
And far-seen islands, one by one,
Melt in the rosy glimmering haze—

While welling up through breach and seam,
The sun-tipped wavelets pulsing flow,
Telling the beach their summer dream
In sea-blown murmurs faint and low—

Fair, gentle girls, with eyes like stars,
And rippling laughter crisp and sweet,
Cluster around the grey old spars,
The bright foam dancing to their feet.

Till when the sunset glories fade,
And twilight deepens into night,
When, keenly flashing through the shade,
Flames o'er the sea the beacon light.

Their parting voices wane and faint
To stillness all unknown before,
Save where the night wind moans its plaint
Round wreck and tower, on wave and shore.

Courage, sad heart! Though dark and chill
Thy storm-wrecked life in ruins lie,
Though wailing ghosts its chambers fill,
And strength and hope and impulse die,

Still youth and love some tender gleams,
Some joy-light, o'er thy gloom shall cast,
Stirring to transient, happy dreams
The old sweet yearnings of the past.

And when the darkness falls again,
Stand, like the watch-tower, strong and sure ;
In patience bide thy lonely pain,
Steadfast, *remember*—and *endure* !

—CHARLES CARROLL, in *Harper's Magazine for July.*

Select Literature.

At Her Mercy.

(Concluded.)

William Chute stares up at him, his chair titled back, and his cigar burning away between his fingers.

'Never seen her from that day to this!'

'Never since we left the church together.'

'Why, where is she?'

'That I cannot tell you. But I mean to find out.'

'She may be dead and buried long ago.'

'I scarcely think so. But I have had no communication with her for more than nine years. She wrote to me for the first few months—that was all.'

'Did her people know? Who are they? Where did it happen? Maybe we'll get out of it yet.'

Chute's professional blood is up. He sees a most interesting case opening out before him.

'My only hope is that the marriage may be upset, as she was under age, and married under a false name, without her mother's knowledge,' Nugent tells him uncomfortably. 'I am sure she must hate the idea of me as much as I hate her—perhaps she has even married again — Heaven knows.'

'That would complicate matters nicely! Who was she or what was she, in the name of patience? Some designing milliner or barmaid double your age?'

'She was a schoolgirl of sixteen, a child with her hair hanging down and a pinafore like your little Rosie's,' Nugent says, with a half-scornful, half-sorrowful smile at the recollection.

'What a wretched pair of simpletons!'

'You may say so. We used to see each other in church, and write to each other. She was romantic, like most schoolgirls, and thought it a fine thing to have a sweetheart. We did not even know each other's names for a long time.'

'By-the-bye, what was her name?'

'Hamilton. Her mother was a widow, not very well off, but, I believe, a lady. They lived exactly opposite to the house where I lodged while I was grinding for my Indian examination. I suppose we fell in love with each other — I was the older, and most to blame in consequence. But I thought it capital fun. When my examination was over I took lodgings in an out-of-the-way street and parish, and had our banns published, giving a wrong address for her and a different Christian name. I don't know to this day how I managed it all so cleverly.'

'And was she awfully pretty?'

'No, she was very plain. I must have been an awful fool! But she came to the church in a cab, with one of her schoolfellows who was in the secret, and we were married.'

'Miserable pair of idiots!'

'You may say so. But her mother heard something—of course nothing like the truth—and kept such close guard over her that I was not able to see her again, and a fortnight afterwards I went out to India. So you have the whole unfortunate story.'

'Did you never feel curious to see her again?'

'No. I very soon hated the idea of the whole affair. As I grew older, the recollection of her white face and pinafore and schoolgirl ways positively sickened me. And, when I fell in love, like most young fellows, with a woman several years older than myself, the contrast between her and —my wife was almost unbearable, though perhaps'—and Nugent smiled again rather cynically—'if I had been free to marry then, I might be in even a worse plight than I am now.'

'I wonder where she is?' Chute says thoughtfully, getting up and pacing the room. 'I don't say but we may get out of it yet, Dick—under age and in a false name, is very shaky, to say the least of it. I'll go up to town with you to-morrow and see what's to be done. Put it into Mortimer's hands. He's the man to get you out of a scrape if any one can. I'll introduce you to him. We won't lose another day. It'll make a sensation in the courts, I can tell you.'

Richard Nugent winces.

'What did you say her name was? Hamilton?'

'Yes ; Helen Hamilton.'

'Helen Hamilton! How odd! Helen Charteris's real name is Hamilton ; but, when her uncle adopted her, he made her take his name. But it's so many years ago that scarcely anybody remembers it sn't her own. Isn't it a queer coincidence?'

'It is,' Nugent agrees absently. He is thinking not of the similarity of names, but of a little twig of myrtle he has in his hand, every faded leaf of which is dearer to him than anything else in the world.

'I tell you what I'll do,' Chute says suddenly. 'I'll go up to Dublin to-morrow and find out all I can — you can make memoranda to guide me, you know—and do you stay here till I telegraph for you. That will be the best plan. It would not do for you to make yourself known till we find out what has become of her, and all that. Don't you see?'

Richard Nugent does see that it will be dangerously sweet to him to remain at Boscobel for even a day or two longer.

'That's settled then. Write out those memoranda—dates and residences and all that, and the clergyman's name—and give them to me in this morning. And keep up your heart, old boy. We'll have you a gay young bachelor in no time! But don't forget these notes."

Spem Spes excital. Richard Nugent kisses the poor little myrtle-twig that night with a wild hope thrilling through his heart.

William Chute goes up to town by the early train. His absence creates some surprise at the breakfast table ; but he is in the habit of running up to Dublin occasionally, even during the vacation, and the surprise soon evaporates. Throughout the day, though they are constantly in each other's company, Colonel Nugent and Miss Charteris scarcely address each other, yet they are perfectly conscious of each other's presence and nearness, and in the little look across the crowd,' the smile that 'only two can understand,' confess that these two are lovers, though divided by the undying Destinies, it may be, for evermore.

Helen Charteris is satisfied by this consciousness ; but Nugent is not. He frets against fate, he pines to be near her—nearer than any one else ; he cannot bear to waste the precious hours that may never come to him again ; and to day he has a vague hope which to-morrow he may not have—a hope that half justifies him in making the most of to-day — or so he thinks. And Helen looks so beautiful, and she loves him, though it makes him angry to see her look so happy while he is miserable. He sees no one else, hears no other voice all through the long bright morning, while they sail about the lake, while they walk through the woods, at luncheon ; and even while he is away from her with the other men, patridge-shooting, on the moor during the afternoon, her face comes between him and everything he is doing ; and, if he finds himself alone for a moment in the shadow of some heathery knoll, many a bird may thank a little bit of dead myrtle for its life, for Nugent is boy enough to take it out and kiss it passionately more than once.

He is not anxious to know what Chute may discover. He is afraid the certainty may not be as endurable as the suspense. He is determined to hope for the best till he knows the worst, and to act as if free till he knows himself chained. He feels no pity for the child whose life may have been spoilt as well as his own. He thinks she must long for freedom as ardently as he does—and it is not in man's nature to pity a woman of whom he has grown tired or who has become a weight upon him. Yet Nugent is a gentleman, honorable in his dealings, and savagely indignant if he sees a horse or a dog ill-treated, or a big bog thrashing a smaller one.

They are all together in the sitting room after dinner, Charlie Blake singing 'Good-bye, sweetheart,' to an appreciative audience, and Nugent leaning in his favorite position against the window frame—but this time alone. He is tall and broad shouldered, a fine-looking man, and looks especially well in evening dress. But there is a gloomy shadow on his face now, for Reginald Peyton is here again, and he —Nugent—may not go in and cut him out.

A servant comes round and hands him an ominous ginger-colored envelope, but so quietly that no one else in the room is aware of the transaction. Nugent opens its just as quietly, and reads the few words it contains. His bronzed face turns to an ashen color, and his strong hand shakes like a woman's before he has finished them, few as there are.

'William Chute to Richard Nugent—H. H. and H. C. are one and the same person. You are in luck, old boy. Go in and win.'

He looks across the room, still holding the paper in his hands. There she is, standing her graceful height at the upper end of the room, dressed in white, smiling radiently, the fairest and stateliest among them all. His wife. It takes away his breath. His own wife, this beautiful girl whom he has never wooed nor won! He can scarcely believe it possible ; and for the first few moments his sensations are nothing but a strange mixture of amazement and exultation.

But other thoughts crowd into his brain as he looks at her. He could have taken proceedings to declare this marriage null and void ; may she not do the same? She will find out that he came back from India for that express purpose and may never forgive the intention. And he remembers with a rush of scarlet to his face, how he has spoken to her of chains that tortured him, how he has put forth claims to her pity because he was bound to--herself. And at this thought his heart leaps triumphantly.

Yes ; whatever may come of it, he is bound to her now—she is his wife. He has sworn to love her, she has sworn to love, honor, and obey him ; and, though he has never so much as kissed her lips—except that one kiss in the chestnut-walk —she is his wife, Mrs. Richard Nugent—his wife, to whom he has proved so false and yet so true!

He wonders what she thinks of him—if she, knowing what he did not know, were leading him on only to avenge herself! He looks at her, at her sweet, fair, gracious face, and cannot believe that she could be so cruel. He is at her mercy, and he confesses it, as she glances towards him. Crushing the telegram in his hand, he makes his way to her slowly, and stands close to her for a moment or two before she turns around.

'You have heard no bad news, I hope?' she asks, seeing something unusual in his eyes.

'I have heard news which may be good or bad. You must tell me which. Don't you want to see the moon rise from our window? It is just showing over Toomvarra.'

Her hearts beats a little fast, but she crosses the room with him quietly. The window is open, and they stand before it side by side for a moment in silence. His heart is beating so tumultously that he thinks she must surely hear it.

'Helen, have you ever forgiven your husband?' he asks, turning to look at her face. His own is very pale.

'I had nothing to forgive. I never blamed him,' she answers, looking steadfastly at the rising moon.

'Not all these years of silence and neglect? Heavens, what a fool I have been to lose the last ten years out of my life!'

She smiles a little sadly, but does not turn her head.

'Why did you never write to me?'

'I did not know where you were. A year after you went to India my mother died, and I went to live at Chanting Hall.'

'And forgot all about me?' with jealous eyes devouring her face.

'I never forgot you.'

'Not in all these years!'

She seems to think no answer necessary for she makes none.

'If I had only known what you were Helen! If—'

'Your chains had not tortured you so much!' she interrupts, but she is too generous to upbraid. She holds out her hand to him, and he seizes it passionately.

'Can you forgive your lover, too, Helen?'

She smiles again—not sadly this time.

'I deserve nothing at your hands ; and yet I have given you everything. Helen, my darling, I am at your mercy. Say that you will not send me away.'

He holds her hand in a close warm clasp. His eyes are full of a desperate anxiety, though his voice is calm enough.

'It was you who wanted to go,' she tells him, shaking her head.

'Helen, call me 'husband'—just once?'

She does not call him anything, but she gives him one look of her beautiful eyes He raises her hand to the light and examines it.

'Where is it?' he asks reproachfully, though he surely has no right to reproach.

With laughing eyes she opens the locket she always wears, and he finds in it what he seeks. Finishing like a boy he puts the plain little ring once again on the third finger of her left hand, and raises both the hand and the ring to his lips.

'My own darling wife,' he whispers passionately, 'this is really our wedding-day!'

THE END.

Various Ways of Making Omelettes.

OMELETTE.—Six eggs, beat the whites and yolks separately until very light, then stir together ; add no salt as it will make it very heavy. Put on a hot griddle slightly greased with butter, when nicely browned turn—serve hot.

A NICE OMELETTE FOR BREAKFAST.—Beat two eggs, yolks and white together, in a bowl until very light. In a cup put one teaspoonful of corn starch; add slowly a half teaspoonful of milk (new milk is best) ; when well stirred and smooth, pour this over the eggs, and beat them all well together for a few minutes ; a little chopped parsley can be added if wished. Cook as other omelettes. In making any kind of omelette, salt and pepper should not be added until sent to table ; and to have them perfectly light and not tough, the ingredients must be well and quickly beaten with the fork. The quantity for this omelette is enough for three persons.

OMELETTE, SOFT.—Put in a teaspoonful water a little salt and pepper, the yolks of and whites of four eggs, and beat the mixtures until very light. Have ready in an omelette of small frying pan butter very hot ; pour in the mixture, move the pan constantly over the fire until the sides commence to harden, then roll it, and turn it out without soiling the dish ; serve hot.

OMELETTE, HARD.—Proceed as above, using all the eggs, and cook the omelette until the whole of the eggs are hard; serve hot. Omelettes fail if they stand after being dished.

The Sun Dance

HOW THE SIOUX INDIANS CELEBRATED THEIR ANNUAL FEAST WITH TERRIBLE TORTURE.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—A letter received at the Interior Department from Dr. T. Woodbridge, Agency Physician for the Fort Peck Agency, gives the following graphic description of the annual 'sun-dance' of the Sioux Nation which took place near Poplar River in Montana Territory about two weeks ago:—

"I have just witnessed the great Indian festival of the 'sun-dance' or worship of the sun. Great preparations had been made for it and everything was on the grandest scale. The city of lodges was moved and the Indians encamped on a plain inclosing a hollow square large enough for the movements of thousands of horsemen. In the centre the great pavilion or medicine lodge was erected, 150 feet in diameter, the outside formed of small posts of green poplar and willow thickly interwoven with green branches. Resting on this and on a rude framework within, in all around for about twenty feet the space was covered with buffalo skins, forming the 'dress circle,' with places assigned to the musicians and actors or dancers. In the centre was the great medicine pole, fifty feet high. Only the men occupied the deep circle, where they were feasted during the performance of twenty eight continuous hours, during which time about forty dogs were immolated and eaten, besides large quantities of buffalo meat, wild turnip heads and hot cauldrons of other eatables that are nameless. About five thousand Indians were present. All had on their holiday attire. The dresses of some of the chiefs and those acting as directors or priests were gorgeous.

"When all was prepared, amid the waving of banners, music and the loud shouting of the assembled throng, over fifty braves entered, each painted and naked to the waist. Each carried in his hand an ornamented whistle made from the bone of an eagle's wing, which was blown shrilly during the dancing. Each also carried a boquet composed mostly of the wild sage. The first afternoon's performance would have been called wonderful for display of heroism and power to endure and suffer. Many had from fifty to two hundred pieces cut out of the flesh of their arms and back. The dance was kept up all night with unabated fervor, every performance having something new and startling. But in the morning torture reigned supreme, men dancing with two, three or four buffalo heads suspended from holes cut in their flesh. One Indian dragged on the ground eight buffalo heads fastened to the flesh of his back, and in the stooping posture he was forced to assume they had torn the cuts in his back to the extent of three inches. Others were held by four different cords, two in the breast, and two in the back, fastened to four stakes, and still others were fastened to the centre pole with ropes which were fastened to the breast and and back. Some in addition to being fastened by the flesh of their breasts had buffalo heads suspended from the back, and they would be seized by the hanging heads and jerked until one would think their life would be forfeited. Others made frantic efforts to break loose, and I often noticed the integument to be stretched three or four inches from the body. Some fell faint and exhausted, and with wild shouts, the din of music, and weird songs made of it a perfect pandemonium. The dancers took neither food, sleep, nor water during the festival. Their dancing, their invocations and their prayers were fervent. They laid their faces on the buffalo heads while praying for success in hunting, and the priest wept and asked the Great Spirit to give them success in the chase and let them have food for their wives and children ; also to give them plenty of horses, to prosper them and help them to subdue their enemies."

☞ There is nothing so effective in bringing a man up to the scratch as a healthy and high-spirited flea.