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, APRIL 12, 1882. NO 52.

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.

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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

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.

HATHEWAY LINE.

Direct Between

BOSTON & NOVA SCOTIA

NO TRANSFERS.

Via the staunch sea-going HUNTER, and the all steel Steamship SECRET, in connection with the W. & A. Railway from Halifax, and the W. C. Railway from Yarmouth, and Stage connection with Liverpool.

Until further notice Steamer Hunter will leave Annapolis on Monday afternoon after arrival of Express train from Halifax—for Boston direct. Returning will leave Foster's Wharf, Boston, on Thursday afternoon.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis on Wednesday after arrival of Express train from Halifax, for Boston direct—landing her passengers in Boston in 36 and 28 hours from Nova Scotia. Returning, leaves Boston on Monday morning.

Close connections made with all Railways Steamers for West and North We . First accommodation.

Cheap Freights.

Boston Wharfage.

particulars apply to Station W. & A. R. and W. C. Railway, Walsh, Digby.

Hatheway & Co.,

22 Central Wharf, Boston.

EWAY, Agent: Annapolis.

TRIPS A WEEK.

STEAMER "SCUD."

en St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

ecting 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 for Liverpool. And at St. John with 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.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

UNTIL further notice, the celebrated English built, steel Steamer "SCUD" will leave her Wharf, Reed's Point, on Wednesday and Saturday mornings, at 6 o'clock, and return same days.

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

Through Tickets from Annapolis, Digby and all Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis and Western Counties Railways, to Boston and Portland, issued at 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. BRIGNELL, 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 counted exclusively to these days and not to be transferable

John, N. B., June 1s 1881.

REASONABLE CHARGES AND PROMPT EXECUTIONS ON ALL ORDERS FOR JOB WORK AT THIS OFFICE.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

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

A careful examination of the insurements 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.

Reduced Prices!

THE Subscriber will dispose of his present Stock of goods at greatly reduced prices for

SIXTY DAYS!

He has a lot of Shelf Goods which he will sell at and below COST.

Customers Who bring Cash will get BARGAINS.

H. CROSSKILL.

Middleton, Jan. 11th, '82.

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. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps.

I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public in Annapolis County, that he is now at his office in

BRIDGETOWN,

for a few weeks. Persons requiring artificial teeth will find it to their interest to give him a call.

DR. S. F. WHITMAN.

Jan 2nd., 1882.

FURNITURE FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale:—

TWO SUITES OF DRAWING-ROOM AND BEDROOM FURNITURE.

Drawing Room suite in Brown Repp and Walnut. Bedroom suite Black Walnut, Marble Topped. Also, sundry other pieces.

For further information apply to

MRS. J. K. RITCHIE.

Lawrencetown, Jan. 18th, '81. n40tf

Rubber Bucket

CHAIN PUMPS.

THOUSANDS have been sold and the demand is still increasing. Now is the time to send your orders before the weather gets cold. Parties can be supplied with pumps complete, or in parts to suit by addressing

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO.

LAWRENCETOWN, A. C.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that all parties having any legal demands against the estate of the late JOHN F. BENT, farmer, deceased, of Granville, in the County of Annapolis, are requested to render their accounts duly attested to within six months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate will make immediate payment to

EUGENE P. TROOP,
JACOB V. BENT,
Executors.

Granville, Jan. 11th, 1882.—3m

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

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.

PATENTS

We continue to act as solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had

Thirty-Five Years' Experience.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendidly illustrated weekly paper, $3.20 a year, shows the progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Publishers SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents sent free.

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. Lookout one teaspoonful to one pan food.

Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

John Z. Bent

WILL be found at his OLD STAND opposite the Railway Station, where everything in the way of

Pictures and Framing

will be done at short notice.

—ALSO:—

UNDERTAKING

in all its branches. Caskets and coffins constantly on hand or made to order. Coffin Mountings for sale. A first class HEARSE in attendance. Charges moderate.

FOR $1.00

I will send to any one, by mail postage paid

30 Packets of Seeds!

all different. Among them will be one packet each of WHITE RUSSIAN OATS, POTLER'S BRUNSWICK CABBAGE, (for which dealers charge 50c. per oz.) CRYSTAL WHITE WAX BEANS, &c.

As good seeds as are grown anywhere, and which would cost, selected from any of the fine catalogues now published, over two dollars. Try them.

JOHN H. HICKS.

Bridgetown, N. S. March 7th, 1881. 47tf

BARGAINS

Are offered in our Large Stock

VALENCIA,

London Layers & Layer Raisins,

CURRANTS. Etc.

150 prs. Men's, Women's and Children's

OVERBOOTS,

Snow Excluders, &c

OFFERED LOW.

WE HAVE a Large Stock of Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers, and intend to continue the business. It being the order of the day to cut on prices, and not wishing to be behind the times, we beg herewith to submit to our patrons, and the public in general, the below quotations, given only for Cash.

—O—

IN LADIES.

Real Kid Button Boots.

$2.70, 2.50, 2.25, reduced to 2.50, 2.25, 2.00.

Polished Calf B. Boots,

1.85, 1.75, Reduced to 1.70, 1.50.

Real Kid But. Shoes,

2.06, Reduced to 1.80.

Pebble Bal. H. Cut,

1.35, 1.55, Reduced to 1.15, 1.30.

Pebble Button,

1.25, 1.75, reduced to 1.10, 1.55.

Pebble Shoes,

1.00, reduced to 85c.

Carpet Slippers,

57c, reduced to 50c.

IN MEN'S:

Kid Congress, best,

3.75, reduced to 3.40.

Calf Balmoral, H. C.,

3.75, reduced to 3.45.

Buff Alexis,

2.00, reduced to 1.65.

Leg Wax, not split, Tap Sole,

2.75, reduced to 2.40.

Carpet Slippers,

75c, reduced to 65c.

Leather Fine Buff,

1.00, reduced to 85c.

Grain Knee Boots, heavy,

5.00, reduced to 4.50.

Fine Buff Leg,

2.90, reduced to 2.40.

Men's Shanty Larrigans and numerous other lines equally Cheap.

IN BOYS.

Boy's Leg Tap Sole.

Size: 13 to 5; 2.60, reduced to 2.40.

Boy's Leg. Single Sole,

Size: 13 to 5; 2.25, reduced to 2.00.

Youths' Buff single sole,

Size: 10 to 13; 1.45, reduced to 1.25.

Child's Buff, single sole,

Size: 6 to 10; 1.25, reduced to 1.10.

IN MISSES.

Kid Button, best,

1.50, reduced to 1.30.

Pebble, button,

1.25, reduced to 1.10.

Pebble Lace, Sew'd and Pegged.

1.10, reduced to 85c.

Kid Button Shoes.

1.50, reduced to 1.35.

CHILD'S, size. 6 to 10, Pebble and Buff, Copper Toe, from 60 to 95c., reduced to 50 and 75c.

RUBBERS,

All kinds, equally reduced in in prices.

Men's French Calf Uppers

Congress and Lace, with Cloth Tops, at Wholesale Prices.

100 Pairs Lasts.

6 Bus. Pegs. Shoe Findings in General.

Murdoch & Co.

Bridgetown, Oct. 19th, 1881.

DIPHTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure in the worst cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO.,

Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me

FOR SALE.

TWO FARMS!

ON the New Road under the North Mountain, about two miles west of Bridgetown, containing about seventy acres each. On one there is a NEW HOUSE 18x24, finished outside and ready to plaster. There is plenty of good tillage land, about four acres of which is under the plow. There is a good pasture and interval, also about 1000 cords of hard wood and plenty of poles.

The other consists of about fifteen acres of prime brook Interval, mostly cleared and fit to mow; plenty of good tillage land, about three acres of which is under the plow. An Orchard of fifty trees growing, two pastures of about fifteen acres each, with a large portion of hard and soft wood.

Both farms will be sold on very easy terms if required, and possession given any time.

WM. R. TROOP.

Granville, Jan. 10th, 1882.—tf

FOR SALE.

That desirable property lately occupied by the

Late Angus M. Gidney, Esq.,

situated at Carleton's Corner, near Bridgetown. The property consists of a Dwelling House in thorough repair and one acre of land in high cultivation; on which are a number of

Choice Apple, Pear, Plum, Peach and Quince Trees,

together with all kinds of fine shrubbery. The situation of the house commands a fine view.

Possession given 1st April. For further particulars apply to J. G. H. PARKER, Esq., Barrister, or on the premises to

PAUL MORRILL.

Bridgetown, Feb. 15th, '82 tfn44

FOR SALE!

THE property owned and occupied by the Subscriber on the Church Road, about a half mile from Bridgetown, containing about 33 acres of

LAND,

6 acres of which are under cultivation, the balance in good pasture land of superior quality. House and Out Buildings in good repair, with a never failing spring of soft water and a YOUNG ORCHARD commencing to bear.

ALSO—A small WOOD LOT and four acres of DYKED MARSH.

C. Blair.

Dec. 4th '82.—42tf

HANGING

IS JUST RIGHT FOR THOSE NEW

Wall Papers!!

NOW OPENING AT

J. W. WHITMAN'S.

CHOICEST PATTERNS IN

ENGLISH,
SCOTCH,
AMERICAN AND CANADIAN.

PRICES RIGHT.

Lawrencetown, March 20th. 1882.

BILLHEADS EXECUTED IN THE BEST STYLES AT THIS OFFICE. GIVE US A TRIAL.

GIVE HEED TO A COUGH.—If we expect those tremendous epidemics which sometimes often half depopulate the regions of country where they prevail, no diseases are so destructive as those which affect the breathing organs. Unfortunately also, there are few maladies which at the outset are so frequently disregarded as trivial. No warning is fraught with graver meaning than this—Give heed to a cough! To neglect it, is simple madness. So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen that often in a few short weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption, that terrible enemy to human life.

The best pulmonary remedy which medical science has developed, and which seems peculiarly adapted to the suppression of a cough or cold, Asthma, Spitting of blood, bronchitis, or other throat or lung complaint, is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Experience has shown that the oil obtained from the Cod's liver exercises a powerful control over pulmonary diseases. In the above preparation, not only is this main ingredient specially pure, but its efficacy is greatly increased by addition to it of these hypophosphites which are among the most powerful invigorating and blood fertilizers known to *materia medica*. While the lungs are soothed and healed by the Cod Liver Oil, the rapid physical decay attending lung disease is stayed and the system built up and fortified by the hypophosphites. Ample evidence proves this. Ask for Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.

TO A DEAD WOMEN.

Nat a kiss in life; but one kiss, at life's end,
I have set on the face of Death in trust for thee,
Through long years keep it fresh on thy lips, O friend!
At the gate of Silence give it back to me.

Poetry.

For Life and Death.

"Naught to be done—eh? It was that he said,
"The Doctor as you stopped him at the door?
Nay, never try to smile and shake the head,
I could ha' told thee just as well afore.
I have lived these thirty years to want
Parsons or women telling what is nigh,
When the pulse labors and the breath is short,
And all grows dim before the glazing eye.

I felt that something gave here, at my heart,
In that last tussle, down there on the Scar.
Nay, never cry, fond lassie, as thou art,
Thou wilt do fine without me—better far.
Thou'st been a good and patient wife to me
Sin' that Spring day, last year, when we were wed
I never meant so cold and strange to be.
Come, an' I'll tell thee. Sit here by my bed.

So, when the sunshine rests upon thy hair,
It shews almost as smooth and bright as hers,
The girl I wooed in Dunkerque, over there—
Fie, how the thought the slackening life-blood stirs!
Oh, wild black eyes, so quick to flash and fill!
Oh, rich red lips, so ripe for kiss and vow!
Did not your spell work me enow of ill,
That you must haunt and vex me even now?

I swore, as we drove out into the gale,
And staggering down mid-channel went the boat,
Never at Dunkerque Pier to furl my sail,
While I and the old Lion kept afloat;
The pier where she and her French lover laughed
At the poor trusting fool who had his knife's haft,
The English fist was yet more quick and true.

She and her beaten sweetheart, do they prate
Yet of her triumph? Let them, an' they please.
I shall know naught about it, lying straight
Up on the headland, 'neath the tall firtrees.
I wish I could ha been content, my lass,
With thee, and thy blue eyes and quiet ways;
Thou hast thy tairn, and as the calm years pass,
Thou wilt forget thy stormy April days.

Thou'rt young and bonnie still, my wench. Thou'lt make
A happy wife, pet. Choose some quiet chap
Who'll love the little 'un for thy sweet sake,
And bear thee to some inland home, maybap,
We're rough and stern, we on the seabeat breed,
And can't forget, or smooth a rankling wound.
Come close; there's just one thing more to be said,
Before I'm dumb forever, underground.

Last night they watched the life-boat driven back,
The rocket battling valuly with the blast,
While the good bark, amid the roar and wrack,
Drove headlong—struck—and lay there hard and fast.
They neither saw nor heeded; as the flash
Of cold blue fire lit all, above, below,
The French flag flying o'er the whirl and crash
"Louise, Dunkerque," the letters on prow.

I saw, plunged, fought, and reached the sinking bark,
The old hot poison fierce in every vein,
Seized on two sailors, shrieking in the dark,
Bore them to land, and turned to swim again.

Clasping the rigging yet one man I found
I caught him, struggled on; the beach was near.
"Louise?" he gasped, and 'mid the roar around,
I knew the voice last heard on Dunkerque Pier.

The murderer's lust surged to the throbbing heart,
The murderer's cunning loosed the saving hand.
'Twas but to let him go; I'd done my part—
Praised and avenged! Why, thus 'twere well to land.
But she—No cloud on her bright life should rest,
An' I could ward it; love and hate at strife
A moment, then, snatched from the breaker's crest.
I dragged him, stunned and bleeding, back to life.

Somehow I hurt myself, and so it's over,
And better so for all. Thou'lt rear the lad
To make some Yorkshire lass an honest lover,
Nor tell him all the wrong his mother had;
And sometimes—for thou'rt kind—when stars are out
In the green country, where no tempests blow,
Thou'lt say, "Thy father had his faults, no doubt,
But still he died to save his bitterest foe."

—*All the Year Round.*

Select Literature.

The Ball Scandal.

When our Lord-Lieutenant, old Sir Thomas Anstruther died, I certainly did think the Government would like to have the opportunity of paying me the compliment of appointing me his successor; indeed, my social condition in the county almost gave it to me as a right. They ignored me, however, and appointed my friend and neighbor, Lord Forton.

Now, I have not a single word to say against Lord Forton, (and to show that there was no ill-feeling I cheerfully allowed myself to be made his Deputy.) He is a good fellow—in fact, I may say a very good fellow; but do all he can, he can't get his people further back than the first George. Somewhere about this time there was a Dawlish (his family name) who managed to make a huge fortune out of the notorious James Law speculations in France. I believe it was further supplemented during the South Sea Bubble. He certainly assisted the Regent Louis in France, and, report says, George, also in England. At all events, he was raised to the peerage as Lord Forton, taking his title from his Hertford estates. I have known the present man all my life. He is about ten years my junior, sowed a great number of wild oats, which considerably impoverished his rent-roll, is a careless, brave, little man, and when young, notorious for many absurd escapades. His declarations and formal propositions of marriage would fill a volume. On one occasion he proposed to a belle at the county ball, and wrote the next morning to apologise for his rudeness. For this he was called out by the brother, and after two inoffensive shots proposed they should practice at a target for ten minutes and begin again. Then, wishing to be impressive with the daughter of a very aristocratic house, he took her to the family mausoleum, and asked her if she would allow her bones to repose with his ancestors! He married the wrong woman at last. He had made up his mind to propose to the second daughter of Lady Bowmaster, and went fast asleep while cogitating on the form of his proposal. When he awoke in the twilight she was, as he thought, still by his side, upon which he dropped on one knee, and said what he had to say as tenderly as possible. The voice, however, that answered, "It shall be as you wish, Lord Forton," was that of the elder sister, who had by chance come in during his nap. Forton married her, and she has made him an excellent wife. To a nature so naturally careless as his she must have proved invaluable. She is very agreeable, and knows by instinct the exact amount of consideration to be given to each person. He may be the Lord Lieutenant, but it is she who rules the county with an iron hand, though you only see the kid glove. She has frequent sources of worry, either with Mrs. Randal Lawson, who opposes her sway in the county, or with her husband's young brother or sister.

The Hon. Percy Dawlish (commonly known as Dawley) is twenty years younger than Forton, and as mad a little scapegrace as ever entered the British Army. He is always in some shocking scrape, always impecunious, and always bothering his brother for help. Her ladyship is forever financing, arranging, or taxing her energies in some way on his account. Then there was a young sister, Emilia, (about Dawley's age) with whom she was always bickering, and who in consequence of sustained disagreements was living with the Dowager Lady Bowmaster.

A few weeks before the ball at Stonmor Hall Lady Forton was greatly perturbed, for not only had Dawley done some dreadful thing that entailed the sale of his commission, but she had received a letter from the Dowager Aunt Bowmaster, which quite alarmed her. Forton told me that whenever she came into his smoking-room with papers in her hand and closed the door carefully, he lit a fresh cigar and prepared for the worst. He knew he was in for a bad half-hour. On this occasion she was unusually excited.

'This is a wretched business, Forton,' she began. 'What do you mean to do?'

'Haven't the slightest idea—unless we cut down the trees and go to Boulogne.'

'Don't be absurd! The money must be paid somehow, and then what is he to do?'

'Perhaps you'll tell me. Why, there isn't a single respectable calling he is fitted for. He has a remarkable genius for iniquity, but where else his talents lie I know not. The first question is, 'What has he let me in for?'

'These bills appear to be drawn in conjunction with Captain Benson of his regiment. You remember him? Benson has had none of the money; but is in some way or other responsible for £2,000. He has paid £1,000. Then Dawley's other debts are terrific!'

'Well, he must make a clean breast of it. We had better see him and hear the worst.'

'I won't have him here. Why, he would upset the household.'

'I don't believe he would stop here if you asked him, for any length of time. Write up to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and get Lawson down to meet him for a day or two. He may invent a plan to get him out of the country with a clear stage.'

'Now about Emilia.'

'What about her?'

'Something most unpleasant. Lady Bowmaster writes that she is starting for Cannes, and that Emilia refuses to go with her. She also says that Emilia has been in close correspondence with Captain Benson, and that she believes they are engaged.'

'Whew! Why, she can't marry without my consent, and I'm not going to consent to the marriage of two medicants. She must come here, too.'

'Exactly. But remember, Forton, she is very quiet and very obstinate, exasperatingly so. Benson cannot have any money, and she has given all she could of her own to Dawley. The engagement is nonsense, and must not be listened to.'

'Well, you had better talk to her,' said his lordship.

'I! I may as well talk to your cigar. It is for you to speak; you have authority over her.'

'I can't sermonize,' said her husband. 'It is out of my line. But let 'em both come, and see if we can't put things straighter.'

In due course brother and sister appeared at Forton House. Dawley I had never seen in my life, but Emilia I remembered as a little girl some—well, a good many years ago. She was now grown into a tall young woman, who carried herself with extreme grace and dignity. Her face was not what is termed beautiful, but had regular, classical features. Her chief charm was her carriage. She stepped like an Empress, and had that indescribably thorough-bred air which to me is more captivating than a pretty face.

As to Dawley, he was a dissipated-looking fellow, with light hair and moustache. He wore an eye-glass, and drawled out the latest London scandal with irresistible humor. Rather bad, some of them, but it was impossible to be angry with this wicked little gentleman, for at the end of each story he would put his eyeglass to his eye and say, with the most comical drawl, 'Pin my sawl, it is the best thing I ever heard in the whole course of my life.'

With Mr. Lawson's aid the Fortons got him clear of his present embarrassments without any expose. With Emilia they were not so successful. Lady Forton had high words with her, and Forton, reminded her she could not marry without his consent. She merely kept a dignified silence, wouldn't budge an inch or promise anything. After a time Forton left it all to his wife, so the two ladies were soon at daggers drawn. At last Lady Forton confided her troubles to me.

'What a pity,' she said, 'to see such a noble creature throwing herself away! Could you not, Mr. Stonnor, as an old friend, speak to her quietly?'

'A very delicate task!' I answered. 'But your ladyship must remember that my acquaintance with Miss Forton is quite recent.'

'Oh, you have known her since she was a child. But come oftener, Mr. Stonner, come and help us. She is really destined for a higher sphere than to be the wife of a poor Captain.'

She was quite right. Emilia was fitted for a higher sphere. She was the sort of a person who had presence enough to grace the house of any county gentleman.

'I don't think Lady Forton could have confided the task to better hands than mine. It required much patience and delicate tact, but by degrees Emilia gave me her confidence, and ultimately told me all about her engagement with Captain Benson. I induced her to allow me to teach her billiards, so our conversations were generally undisturbed in the neglected room.

'I would not tell you one word, Mr. Stonnor,' she said, during one of our games, 'did I not feel sure you would keep my secrets.'

'Pray, be sure,' I replied, 'that whatever you say to me will be held sacred.'

'I do believe it. You are a man of too much refined feeling and good breeding to do anything underhand. I feel I can trust you.'

'Stonnor et Honor,' I said bowing.

'Lady Forton can think of nothing but money. As if money was everything! I suppose you believe there are such things as love and affection, Mr. Stonnor?'

'Assuredly, most assuredly,' I replied warmly.

'Now, suppose, Mr. Stonnor, you had a very intimate friend—one, in fact, with whom you had daily intercourse—and your relatives were suddenly to take upon themselves to tell you peremptorily to drop his acquaintance, what would you do?'

'I certainly would not submit to be dictated to, unless—'

'Ah! there would be no 'unless' about it. You of all others, Mr. Stonnor, would stick by your friend loyally; you wouldn't give him up.'

'I don't think I would.'

'Well, then, you cannot expect me to give up Pierce all at once, can you?'

'Perhaps not. But by degrees—'

'And you would never so far forget yourself as to burn and intercept letters that did not belong to you.'

'Do you mean to tell me that this is done here?'

'It is. Lady Forton bribes my maid, and I am not sure she does not open my letters.'

'I can scarcely believe it.'

'No man of honor could believe it; but it is now, Oh! ever so manp days since I have heard from him, and I am sure our letters must be intercepted, for he was most regular in correspondence. I want you to post a letter for me, Mr. Stonnor, and I shall at all events be sure he gets that.'

'I will gladly take charge of your letter; but don't you think—'

'I think of nothing but getting my letter posted; perhaps it is giving you too much trouble?'

'Not at all! Not at all! It shall be done.'

'And will you also take charge of the answer, if it is addressed under cover to you?'

'Now, really, Miss Emilia, this seems equivalent to being privy to a sort of clandestine correspondence. I really—'

'I cannot congratulate you on your choice of adjectives,' she said in her most dignified way, 'and if the first little office I ask of you is so distasteful, pray return me the letter.'

'Believe me I am anxious to serve you, but what will Lady Forton say?'

'Ah, there it is—Lady Forton. Perhaps you would like to show my letter to her? You are like the rest. I inferred from your kind expressions of interest that you were prepared to go a little further than ordinary courtesies. I am sorry I have been mistaken.'

'Now nothing could be better than this little allusion to myself. It forthwith identified me with her interests and made the future easy. 'Be assured,' I said tenderly, 'that you may count on me as a true friend. Don't say another word. I will take charge of your letters.' This was a little bit of finesse on my part. I yielded simply because our object could not be gained by direct opposition with such a temperament as hers. The worst of it was that this first letter and its answer led to others more bulky, till my self imposed duty as postman became rather too engrossing. One day I found Lady Forton in the billiard-room alone.

'Ah, you cunning man!' she said playfully—'you expected to find Emilia here. Let me say two words before Lord Forton and Dawley come in. Do you know I really cannot tell you how delighted I am at your progress with Emilia. I wouldn't have believed it. She is fitted for any sphere, Mr. Stonnor! I don't know what you have been telling her, you wily creature you; but Forton and I both notice that she is far more cheerful. Here comes the men to consult you about some prospective gayety.'

'Ah, Stonnor!' Forton cried, as he entered, 'you are the smartest man in the country. I verily believe that is the third new spick-span suit I've seen on you within the last fortnight.'

'Poole's cut, too, I swear!' said Dawley.

'Oh, he is teaching Milly pool, you know,' said his lordship.

'Pin my sawl, that is one of the best things I ever heard in the whole course of my life,' Dawley drawled, popping up his eye-glass.

'What about this proposed gayety?' I asked.

'Let us hear her ladyship's opinion,' said Forton, taking up a cue.

'All we could do here would be a few in his party with marquees. A ball is impossible, the floor is in such a wretched condition that a wax cloth would be useless. People don't care to dance on carpets. What is your opinion, Mr. Stonnor?'

'Tennis parties are pleasant enough,' I answered, 'and you may see a great number of people, but a Lord Lieutenant's ball would be the thing. It would be immensely popular.'

'Let Milly decide,' said Forton as his sister entered the room. 'Shall it be a ball or a big afternoon affair, Milly?'

'A ball, of course,' she answered.

'I cannot have a ball here,' said Lady Forton peremptorily.

'Look here,' said Dawley, leaning on his cue, 'let us have both—Lieutenant give big kettledrum and Deputy a ball. There's something for you, Stonnor.'

'Fie, fie! Dawley,' said her ladyship; 'this is really asking too much. Positively, Dawley, you have no compunction.'

'Compunctions! Pin my sawl I'm smothered in 'em. Stonnor is dying to give a ball.'

'A ball in your dear old-fashioned house would be very charming,' said Emilia.

'Well, I replied as gallantly as I could, 'if you and Lady Forton think it would be a success, and would kindly help me with the arrangements, I shall be delighted.'

'You are quite too dreadfully good,' said her ladyship, 'but really—'

'But, now no buts,' said Forton. 'It is all arranged. I give an afternoon and Stonnor an evening. Let us get it over as soon as possible.'

After this all was hurry and bustle. Invitations were sent, marquess hired, and the continual fine weather seemed to promise success. The ball, however, was the object, and my lady-helps were most useful. Not a day now but there was a grand confab at Forton House or the Hall about it. Emilia showed a lively interest in all the details, and I took care that she should understand that it was she I consulted, and not Lady Forton. This required tact, but my success was apparent, by ever so little increase of tenderness in her manner toward me. Really, once or twice the pressure of her hand fairly electrified me. What a noble mistress she would make for Stonnor Hall! How imperial she looked, standing in her brown velvet dress under the old escutcheon, with 'Stonnor et Honor' over her head! Oh, yes, doubtless she was born for a high social position. Then these day dreams would be cut short by the knowledge that I had in my pocket letters for her from this fellow Benson. Bah! I don't think I was sorry when a regular row occurred at Forton House about this gentleman.

A few days before the afternoon, Lord Forton received the following letter, which he threw across the table to his wife, saying it was another kettle of fish for her to cook. He told me all about it afterward:

DEAR LORD FORTON: I am staying with our mutual friend, Randall Rawson, and he proposes taking me to your party on Tuesday next. Nothing would give me greater pleasure, but before I come it is only fair to tell you that your sister Emilia has promised to be my wife. The engagement is not of long standing, and she has probably apprised you of the fact. With compliments to Lady Forton.

Believe me, yours faithfully,
PIERCE BENSON.

'Well, what next?' said her ladyship, laying down the letter. 'What shall you say?'

'Don't know! I suppose he must come.'

'Come! Forton you must be mad. Emilia certainly thinks less of him, because there has been no correspondence between them for a long time; but I doubt if she is prepared to give him his congé. He must not come on any account.'

'What am I to say to him?'

'Suppose you let me write? I could write a friendly letter, and imply that Emilia would rather he did not come here just at present. I wish he was anywhere but with those disagreeable Rawsons.'

'That sounds well—and it would get me out of a hobble—awfully clever of you!'

This was her ladpship's diplomatic note, written under the impression that there had been no late correspondence between the two:

DEAR CAPTAIN BENSON: We are so truly sorry not to be able to see you on Tuesday, but I have ventured a little note of friendly explanation, which I am sure you will take in the same kind spirit with which it is dictated. The fact is, dear Captain Benson, that Forton and myself, after the most careful consideration, have come to the conclusion that we ought to ask you to release Emilia from her engagement. Your friend Dawley's extravagancies have impoverished us all, and I am sure you, as a man of honor, would not like to deprive poor Milly of the comforts to which she has always been accustomed. I think, too, that she herself is now beginning to see the truth of these remarks, and with great regret. Believe me, dear Captain Benson, yours faithfully,

CAROLINE FORTON.

The upshot of this was that Captain Benson drove straight off to Forton House, and desired to see his lordship. The ladies were out. Benson began by producing the letter and asking if it was written with his lordship's sanction. Forton replied, rather inconsequently, that it was, but he didn't know what was in it. Then the letter was read.

'Ah, that's it!' said Forton. 'Don you see, you can't marry Milly if you can keep her?'

'I suppose not,' said Benson.

'I mean,' Forton went on, 'that you have no right to deprive her of the comforts and luxuries which she now enjoys.'

'She herself is the best judge of that.'

'No, no! Lady Forton and I are the best judges. If Milly marries without our consent, she forfeits what little Dawley has left her.'

(Continued on fourth page.)

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