Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 5 — BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1877 — NO. 13

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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.

NOTICE. All persons having any legal demands against the estate of *JOSEPH EDWIN MORSE*, Carpenter, of Bridgetown, deceased, must render their accounts, duly attesd to, within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

MARIA G. MORSE, admx.,
ISAAC P. MORSE, admr.

Bridgetown, April 25th, '77. 6m

Notice. Notice.

ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the estate of JACOB DURLING Senr., late of Wilmot, Farmer, deceased, must render their accounts, duly attested to, within twelve months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested make immediate payment to

R. B. DURLING, } Administrators.
Z. DURLING. }

Lawrencetown, Jan. 24th, '77 6m n43 t17

NOTICE!

ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the estate of GEORGE W. WOODBURY, late of Wilmot in the county of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within six months, from this date, and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to Austin R. Woodbury or

EGBERT S. WOODBURY,
Administrators.

Wilmot, March 16th, 1877.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE

FOR SALE! OR TO LET!!

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

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

For further particulars apply to

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

Paradise, May 12th, 1877 n5 tf

Ayer's

Hair Vigor,

For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved, for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous, and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS.

Avery, Brown & Co., Halifax
Wholesale Agents.

Sold by DR. DENNISON and W. W CHESLEY, *Bridgetown N. S.*

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING

Monday, 7th of May, 1877.

HALIFAX TO ST. JOHN.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Express daily, 1st Class only.	Passengers and Frght. Mon, Wed, and Frid. only.	Pass. and Freight daily.
			A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
	Halifax—	Leave	8 00	9 15	3 30
8	Bedford	"	8 24	10 00	4 05
13	Windsor Jnctn.	"	8 35	10 35	4 30
26	Mount Uniacke	"	9 08	11 23	5 10
				P. M.	
36	Ellerhouse	"	9 35	12 02	5 43
39	Newport	"	9 43	12 15	5 55
45	Windsor	"	10 02	1 00	6 30
52	Hantsport	"	10 21	1 28	6 55
63	Wolfville	"	10 50	2 17	7 33
70	Kentville	"	11 25	3 25	
82	Berwick	"	11 56	4 26	
			P. M.		
87	Aylesford	"	12 09	4 45	
98	Wilmot	"	12 40	5 26	
101	Middleton	"	12 49	5 37	
107	Lawrencetown	"	1 05	5 59	
110	Paradise	"	1 14	6 10	
115	Bridgetown	"	1 28	6 28	
123	Roundhill	"	1 48	6 58	
129	Annapolis—Arrive		2 05	7 20	
190	St. John by Steamer		8 00	.....	

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Passengers and Freight daily.	Pass. and Freight Tues., & Frid. only.	Express Daily, 1st Class only.
			A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
	St. John by Steamer		.....	.....	8 00
					P. M.
0	Annapolis	Leave	.....	6 15	2 20
6	Round Hill	"	.....	6.40	2 36
14	Bridgetown	"	.....	7 05	2 55
19	Paradise	"	.....	7 26	3 07
22	Lawrencetown	"	.....	7 39	3 15
28	Middleton	"	.....	8 05	3 32
31	Wilmot	"	.....	8 17	3 40
42	Aylesford	"	.....	9 08	4 10
47	Berwick	"	.....	9 28	4 23
59	Kentville	"	6 30	11 10	5 05
66	Wolfville	"	6 57	11 41	5 26
				P. M.	
77	Hantsport	"	7 39	12 29	5 55
84	Windsor	"	8 20	1 15	6 17
90	Newport	"	8 42	1 40	6 33
93	Ellershouse	"	8 56	1 54	6 41
103	Mount Uniacke	"	9 50	2 36	7 07
116	Windsor Jnctn	"	10 40	3 45	7 45
121	Bedford	"	11 00	4 05	8 00
129	Halifax—Arrive	"	11 30	4 45	8 20

Express trains run daily, and when signalled, or when there are Passengers to set down, they will stop at all Stations.

Steamer "Empress" leaves St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 8 a. m., for Annapolis, and returns same day, on arrival of 8. a. m. Express train from Halifax.

Intercolonial Railway Trains leave Windsor Junction daily at 9 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 5. 12 p. m., and 7.15 p. m., for Truro, Pictou, Moncton, Quebec, Montreal, and all places West.

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

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.15 a. m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

Through Tickets at reduced fares by above routes to all parts of the United States and Canada, may be obtained at the Company's Office, 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, at North Street Depot. and the principal Stations on the Railway.

P. INNES, Manager.

Kentville, May 3rd, '77

Three Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "EMPRESS."

For Digby and Annapolis.

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

Until further notice, Steamer "SCUD" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning, at 8 o'clock,—returning same day,—connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains for and from Halifax and way stations.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class...$5.00
do do do 2nd class... 3.50
do. do. Annapolis..... 2.00
do. do. Digby..... 1.50

Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class.)..... 7.50

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

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
11 Dock street.

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

STEAMER 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.

GLASS! GLASS!

1000 Boxes GLASS, in all sizes, at cheap rates.

White Lead, Oils, Brushes,

Paper Hangings of all kinds,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL,

The trade supplied on reasonable terms at 22 *Germain St.....St. John, N. B.*

BLAKSLEE & WHITENECK.
sept30 y

Dissolution.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Firm of

Pope, Vose & Co.,

LUMBER DEALERS,

has been dissolved by the retirement of Mr. James Pope. The business will in future be carried on by the undersigned, who assume all the liabilities of, and are authorised to collect all outstanding debts due, the late firm.

VOSE, HOLWAY & CO.

Lawrencetown, N. S., April 2, 1877. 13i t11

MacFarlane & Adams

Forwarding & Commission MERCHANTS.

Agents for

Canada Paper Co.

HALIFAX, N. S.

Oct. 16th, '76. 6m27

TWO CASES

FINE FELT HATS

Just Opening.

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, March 21st, 1877.

CARD.

Jno. B. Mills,

Barrister, &c., &c.,

Bona Vista House,

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

ROYAL HOTEL.

(Formerly STUBBS')

146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

Opposite Custom House,

St. John, N. B.

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

WILLIAM HILLMAN,

Silver and Brass Plater,

ELECTOR PLATER

in gold and silver.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF

CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS

No. 60 Charlotte St.....St. John, N. B
sept30 y

GILBERT'S LANE

DYE WORKS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

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

may '76 A. L. LAW.

Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully informs his friends that he is now in

BRIDGETOWN,

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

Jan. 10th '77. n36

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

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

CATARRH

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

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

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

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

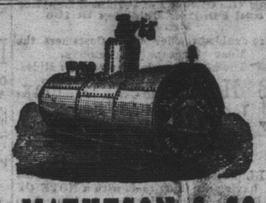
MR. T. J. S. HARDING.

DEAR SIR,—Being desirous that others may know something of the merits of your CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY, I wish to inform you what it has done for me. I am 32 years old; had been out of health for about five years. I had employed three or four different doctors, and tried nauseous medicines, without receiving any permanent benefit, but continued rather to grow worse, until last fall, when I had become so bad as to be unable to do an hour's work at a time. Had severe soreness and pain under the shoulder blades and through the shoulders, with very lame back, and a feeling in my right lung as though there was a weight bearing it down, with continual dropping in the throat and down upon the lungs. Such was my condition when I commenced to take your Catarrh Remedy, one bottle of which eased my pains and gave me an improved appetite, and after taking four bottles I was restored to health, so as to be able to endure hard and continued labor, such as chopping and clearing land, at which I have been engaged the past season. My recovery I attribute solely, with God's blessing, to the use of your Catarrh Remedy. Yours truly,

HENRY SNIDER.

Price $1 per bottle.

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



J. MATHESON & CO.,

ENGINEERS

—AND—

BOILER MAKERS,

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Manufacturers of PORTABLE & STATIONARY

Engines and Boilers.

☞ Every description of FITTINGS for above kept in Stock, viz:—

Steam Pumps, Steam Pipe, Steam and Water Gauges, Brass Cocks and Valves, Oil and Tallow Cups.

dec5'76 n34 tf

FLANNELS

—AND—

BLANKETS!

—:o:—

WHITE LANCASHIRE FLANNELS;
WHITE MEDIUM do;
WHITE IMITATION WELSH;
WHITE do do fine;
WHITE ANTI-RHEUMATIC;
WHITE SAXONY UNION all wool;
WHITE SERGES, all wool;
WHITE PLAIDINGS;
SCARLET LANCASHIRE;
SCARLET MEDIUM do;
YELLOW LANCASHIRE;
GREEN do;
INDIGO BLUE, HEAVY, PLAIN;
INDIGO BLUE, TWILLED;
SCARLET SAXONY;
COLORED do;
CANADIAN ALL WOOL, GREY;
AMERIC'N WHITE, GREY, SCARLET

BLANKETS!

WHITE, BROWN AND GREY,

FOR SALE BY

W. G. LAWTON,

Cor. King and Canterbury Streets, St. John, N. B.

October 1876.

MORSE & PARKER,

Barristers-at-Law,

Solicitors, Conveyancers,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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

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

S. R. FOSTER & SON'S

STANDARD

Nail, Shoe Nail & Tack Works

ST. JOHN, N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1849.

(Formerly W. H. ADAMS' CITY NAIL WORKS.)

Orders solicited, prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. ap10

NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS!

Having removed to the Store under the MONITOR OFFICE, and fitted the same up in Good Style, and put in a New Lot of

Watches Clocks, and Jewelry,

at Lower Prices than they could be obtained for some years past. We invite our old, and any new customers who may want such articles, to call and inspect our Stock and Prices, which we are determined to sell far below CITY PRICES, and invite all to call and see them. They consist of

WATCHES, CLOCKS,
TIMEPIECES,
Rings, Brooches, Earrings,
SLEEVE BUTTONS,
STUDS,
GOLD & PLATED CHAINS,
SPOONS, FORKS,
Spectacles, Purses, Charms, &c.

N. B.—OUR WATCH DEPARTMENT we make a speciality, and parties will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. REPAIRING done at short notice and warranted to give satisfaction.

J. E. SANCTON.

Bridgetown, Nov. 1st, '76. y

Poetry.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER'S POEM.

Among their graven shapes to whom
Thy civic wreaths belong,
O, city of his love! make room
For one whose gift was song.

Not his the soldier's sword to wield,
Nor his the helm of state,
Nor glory of the stricken field,
Nor triumph of debate.

In common ways, with common men,
He served his race and time
As well as if his clerkly pen
Had never danced to rhyme.

If, in the thronged and noisy mart,
The muses found their son,
Could any say his tuneful art
A duty left undone?

He toiled and sang; and year by year
Men found their homes more sweet,
And though a tenderer atmosphere
Looked down the brick-walled street.

The Greek's wild onset Wall-street knew,
The Red King walked Broadway;
And Alnwick Castle's roses blew
From Palisades to Bay.

Fair City by the Sea! upraise
His veil with reverent hands hands;
And mingle with thy own the praise
And pride of other lands.

Let Greece his fiery lyric breathe
Above her hero-urns;
And Scotland, with her holly, wreathe
The flower he culled for Burns.

O, stately stand thy palace walls,
Thy tall ships ride the seas;
To-day thy poet's name recalls
A prouder thought than these.

Not less thy pulse of trade shall beat,
Nor less thy tall fleets swim,
That shaded square and dusty street
Are classic ground through him.

Alive, he loved, like all who sing,
The echoes of his song;
Too late the tardy meed we bring,
The praise delayed so long.

Too late, alas!—Of all who knew
The living man, to-day
Before his unveiled face how few
Make bare their locks of grey!

Our lips of praise must soon be dumb,
Our grateful eyes be dim;
O, brothers of the days to come,
Take tender charge of him!

New hands the wires of song may sweep,
New voices challenge fame;
But let no moss of years o'er-creep
The lines of Halleck's name.

Select Literature.

The Two Love-Letters.

'We don't take boarders,' said Mrs Farquhar, looking in an owlish fashion through her spectacleglasses at Mr. Stuart Waller. 'We've got plenty and to spare without the trouble of them. You'll find the tavern three-quarters of a mile below. You must have come right past its door.'

'So I did,' said Mr. Waller, who possessed the insinuating, semi-chivalric manner that made every lady whom he addressed feel herself, for the time being, the only feminine creature in all the universe; 'but no amount of money would hire me to make my home in a place like that. Here it is a glimpse of paradise,' looking admiringly around at the shady lawns, the clematis-bordered porch, and the rose-hedges all sprinkled over with pink buds. 'I am sure madam, you will reconsider your decision, and take me in for a few days, and I will promise to be no more trouble around the house than a kitten.'

Mrs. Fraquhar was but human, and the upshot of affairs was that Mr. Waller's trunk arrived the next day.

'Oh, mother!' said Patty Farquhar, knitting her pretty black eyebrows, 'why did you let him in? And we so peaceful and comfortable here!'

'Child, why shouldn't I?' said the widow. 'He's to pay $10 a week board, and I have no use for the little three-cornered room over the parlor.'

'I don't know,' said Patty, slowly, 'but it seems to me I feel exactly as Eve must have felt when she saw the serpent writhing his way into paradise.'

'Nonsense!' said Widow Farquhar, almost angrily.

But Patty only laughed and ran away under the shadow of pink buds, to meet Morris Newton, her affianced lover.

'Little one,' said Morris imprisoning her soft white hands in his, 'I've got bad news for you!'

'Bad news, Morris?'

'I've got to go to Omaha next week, to see about those silver mines that one of my clients has an interest in.'

'Oh, dear!' cried Patty, pursing up her strawberry of a mouth.'

'I shall be gone six months.'

'Worse and worse,' said Patty.

'But, if you say so, Patty,' drawing her gently to his side, 'we can be married first and make a wedding trip of it.'

'The idea!' flashed back Patty, drawing herself out of his embrace. 'And without a single dress made!'

'We can buy the dress afterward.'

'That's all a man knows about it.'

'You're sure it is impossible?' with a disappointed air.

'O, quite!' asserted the little brunette.

'Then,' said Mr. Newton, with a sigh, 'you must be sure and write very often, and be getting your fol-de-sols ready to be married in July, as soon as I come home.'

'Yes,' said Patty, gravely. 'That's more reasonable.'

And she went back into the house, utterly ignorant that at the same time Mr. Stuart Waller was laying a wager with a boon companion, at the Eastworth arms, 'that he would cut out that conceited lawyer in less than four weeks.'

For Mr. Waller was piqued by Patty's cool indifference, and, unfortunately, his were the 'idle hands' for which Satan is said to find plenty of mischief to do.

'She's pretty, after a fashion,' said he to himself; 'and I mean to make her dead in love with me before I'm through.'

Mr. Waller was a man of the world. Patty Farquhar was as young in experience as in years. They were an ill-matched pair, and it was hardly three weeks before the tongue of gossip began to busy itself with the window's dark-eyed daughter.

Mrs. Farquhar came into Patty's room one afternoon, and found her crying as if her heart would break, and with an open letter in her lap.

'Heart alive child! what's the matter?' cried the old lady.

'Nothing, mother—nothing?' and Patty hurriedly wiped her eyes. 'Only I've got a letter from Morris, and it makes me so glad and so sorry.'

'Folks didn't cry over love-letters when I was a girl,' said Mrs. Farquahar.

But the letter was more to Patty than the old lady suspected. Every trusting word every caressing adjective, was an envenomed arrow in her heart.

Patty knew that almost unconsciously she had been led into what seemed to her an innocent flirtation with Stuart Waller. She had walked with him in the twilight, and she had written two letters, when he was temporally absent in New York—careless, girlish letters, which, although she had thought no harm at the time, she would now give worlds to recall.

'I'll ask him to return them to me,' said Patty to herself; 'and then I'll turn over a new leaf. I will go to Aunt Prudencia's while he remains here, and begin my wedding-clothes in good earnest.'

But when Patty Farquhar proffered her innocent request, Mr. Waller laughed in her face.

'My dear Patty,' said he, 'do you take me for a fool?'

'My name is Miss Farquhar,' said the girl, with flashing eyes.

'Excuse me; but when you say 'Dear Stuart'—'

'I never said such a thing!' interrupted Patty, with burning cheeks and eyes aflame.'

'In the letters?'

'I said 'Dear Mr. Waller,'' panted Patty.

'Excuse me once more—your memory plays you false.

'Will you return me the letters?'

'Miss Farquhar,' with a low bow, 'they are a great deal too precious to me!'

'You refuse?'

'I never refuse anything to a lady; but—'

Patty did not stay to hear the conclusion, but flashed out into the afternoon sunshine, with a huge lump in her throat, and a curious sensation as if all her blood were turned to fire.

'What a fool I have been,' she thought pacing up and down the tiny graveled walk, like a chained pantheress, and biting her scarlet lip; 'oh, what an idiotic, unreasoning fool! And what will become of me if ever Morris Newton sees those silly scrawls? But, surely, surely,' with a troubled effort of the memory, 'in the wildest moment of my infatuation, I never addressed him as 'Dear Stuart!' Be that as it may, however, I must, and will get those letters back!'

Fired with this determination, Patty Farquhar resolved herself at once into a private detective, searched Mr. Waller's room, and even got a false key to his trunks and went through their contents, but all in vain. And she had the sorry satisfaction of perceiving, by Mr. Waller's amused and patronizing air, that he knew all about it.

'I'll have them yet!' said Patty.

Miss Farquhar was standing with clasped hands before the wide-opened door of the old fashioned oven, built by the side of the kitchen chimney, and extending a sort of hump-backed excrescence out into the lilac bushes of the back garden, when Mr. Waller came in, one afternoon, with a string of speckled trout depending from his finger.

'*La panserosa*!' said he, lightly. 'Pardon, me Patty, but why are you so grave?'

She looked up suddenly at him.

'My thimble!' said she. 'It has rolled down into the oven—my little gold thimble!'

'And can't you reach it?'

'It is impossible;'

'Nothing is impossible where a lady's behest spurs one on!' said Mr. Waller, gallantly. 'Stand aside one second, Penserosa!'

And he sprung valiantly in the yawning depths of the old brick oven.

It was decidedly warm, for the fires had just been taken out; it was decidedly dark, but no sooner had he entered than Patty, a brilliant inspiration lighting her heart and face alike, swung the massive door to, and fastened it with the sturdy bolt.

'Hello;' shouted Mr. Waller, 'what are you doing there, Patty?'

'I'm shutting the oven door,' breathlessly responded Patty.

'But I can't find your thimble in this Egyptian darkness.'

'I don't want my thimble.'

'Patty—Miss Farquhar—what do you mean?'

'I mean to have those letters back,' announced Patty.

'Do you want to roast me alive in this Black Hole of Calcutta of a place?' gasped Mr. Waller.'

'I don't think I care much whether you roast or not,' answered Patty, deliberately.

'I shall shout for help.'

'Shout away,' said Patty, with a laugh, 'Dorcas is hanging out clothes by the river, and mother has gone to the village. *Do* shout!'

'Patty!' imploringly.

No reply.

'Miss Farquhar!' more imploringly still.

'Well?'

'Am I to be a prisoner here for life?'

'Until you give me those letters.'

'I can't!' groaned Walker. 'I haven't got them with me.'

'But you can tell me where they are, I suppose?' rejoined Patty.

The oven was hot and dark—a sensation akin to suffocation stole over Mr. Stuart Waller.

'Let me out,' said he grinding his teeth, 'and I'll give them to you.'

'That won't do!' retorted Miss Patty. 'I must have them before you come out, or not at all!'

'Impossible!'

'Nothing is impossible,' mimicked Patty, 'Where a lady's behest spurs one on!'

'Mr. Waller uttered an ejaculation, which was certainly not a prayer.

'I can't stand this broiling hole!' shouted he. 'In the little summer-house under the loose board of the table! Quick, or I shall be stifled to death!'

And Patty flew off as if her tiny feet were garnished with wings.

In the summer-house, under the loose board of the table, lay the two letters, as Mr. Waller had said, wrapped in oiled silk, and tied with a yellow cigar ribbon. Catching them up, she tore them hurriedly open.

'I knew it wasn't 'Dear Stuart!'' she exclaimed, mockingly; and then, tearing them into a shower of infinite small pieces, she flung them to the wind.

Half a minute latter, Mr. Waller, crumpled as to linen, frowsy as to hair, and streaming with prespiration, crept out of his sultry cell. Patty courtesied low to greet his egress.

'Walk out,' said she; 'coward and liar!'

'Mr. Waller made no reply. What could he have said?

He left the Farquhar cottage that evening. He said he had received a telegram. Perhaps he had; but Patty had her doubts on that subject. At all events he disappeared, and Patty Farquhar breathed free again.

Morris Newton came back in July and Patty married him. But she never told any one, even her husband, of the episode of the old brick oven and the two love-letters.

She had had her lesson; and she had profited by it, she told herself; let all else sink into oblivion.

AN ENGLISH BARRISTER SENTENCED TO DEATH IN AUSTRIA.

BOLZEN, Austria, July 2.—Henry Perreau, *alias* De Tourville, born in France, but naturalized in England, an English barrister, who, under the extradition treaty, was handed over by the English authorities to the Austrian on the charge of murdering his wife in the Tyrol, has been convicted of murder and sentenced to death. Counsel for the accused gave notice of an appeal. Henri de Tourville's trial was not expected to end as soon as it did. His crime was a notable one and peculiarly atrocious. July 15th, 1876, he went with his wife and her maid to Spondinig and ordered a carriage, in which he and his wife were to go to the top of the Stelvio Pass. leaving the vehicle near Trafoi, they went along the serpentine path on foot. An hour afterwards he went to the inn, walking at his usual pace, not at all heated or excited, and holding a parasol without a handle in his hand. He asked for some wine, and being questioned as to his wife's whereabouts said she had fallen and hurt herself—this without any signs of anxiety or sorrow. Entering the carriage with an inspector and some other men, he showed them where she had fallen, and there her hat, jacket, and handkerchief were found soaked with blood. 'They are hers,' he said, negligently. In the depths of the Klamback the woman's corpse was found, gaping wounds being upon her forehead, the face covered with blood, and the dress disordered. 'Dead! indeed,' said the husband, coldly, when the men told him of the result of their search. He was detained and searched. He was very calm; said his wife, who wore high heels and was subject to fits of giddiness, slipped and fell some feet, and was left by him leaning against a tree while he went back for assistance. Subsequently he told another story—that she had committed suicide to avoid giving evidence in the divorce case of Warwick Hunt, with whom she was charged with having committed adultery. This was not accepted, not believed, as the evidence afforded by the ground and wounds showed pretty conclusively that the woman's head had been mangled with a stone and she had been carried some distance to the chasm and cast in. The commission however, released him; but subsequently finding out that his statements as to himself were false in some respects, and that the woman's death would make him heir of nearly £40,000, reopened proceedings and secured his extradition. A clergyman was also found to whom De Tourville had said before marriage that he could get rid of an obnoxious mother-in-law and wife—the former might be shown the mechanism of revolver, which would accidently go off, and the latter taken to some mountain scenery and pushed over a precipice. It was in this way that his mother-in-law, Mrs. Brigham, did die, her death being attributed to accident. Three years thereafter, in 1871, his house took fire mysteriously, and his stepson narrowly escaped burning. It is now believed that he shot the old lady and fired the house to destroy the boy, so as to secure some property. De Tourville, whose real name was Perreau, was a London barrister of wealth.

TURKISH TITLES.

Sultan—The sovereign of the Turkish empire—the recognized organ of all executive power in the State. His headquarters are at Constantinople.

Porte—The Government of the Turkish empire.

Sublime Porte—The official name of the government, so-called from the gate of the sultan's palace.

Grand Vizier—The chief minister of the Turkish empire.

Divan—The Turkish council of State—the "cabinet."

Grand Mufti—Chief interpreter of the Mohammedan law and head of the "wise men—jurists, theologians and *literati*—who assemble for consultation on his order. He is mostly styled the chief of the faithful. A writer says a *fetwa* or decree from him would summon around the standard of the prophet all the fanatical hordes of Islam to fight to the death against the "infidels," in the firm belief that death on the battlefield is a sure passport to paradise."

Pasha — Governors, viceroys, commanders, civil and military rulers of provinces.

Deys—About the same as pasha.

Sheik—The name given the heads of the Arabian tribes or clans. It means elder, or eldest in dignity, and authority.

Osmandi—Turkish official.

Islam—The religion of Mahommed.

Islams—Mahommedans themselves.

Mussulman — A follower of Mahommed.

Ottoman Empire.—Another name for the Turkish empire, and derives its name from Osman, its founder.

Osmanlis—The Turks proper.