Weekly Monitor.

VOL 7. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1879. NO. 14.

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

HENRY S. PIPER, Proprietor.

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

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Persons? 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 13 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 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 Man'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, Admrs.

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,

N. F. MARSHALL.

n42 y

CARD.

N. H. Phinney,

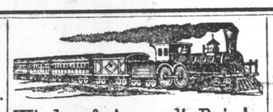
INSTRUCTOR OF

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	
56	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.	P. M.
0	St. John—leave	.....	.....	6 00
				P. M.
0	Annapolis—leave	.....	6 15	2 30
6	*Round Hill	.....	6 40	2 56
12	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 29	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

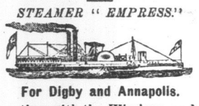
SMALL & HATHEWAY,
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

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."

BILL-HEADS, VISITING, WEDDING and BUSINESS CARDS, &c., &c., neatly and promptly printed at this office. Call and inspect samples of work.

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 the 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, $12.00 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
Walnut 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. O. 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.

The End.

The course of the weariest river
Ends in the great gray sea;
The acorn for ever and ever
Strives upward to the tree.
The rainbow the sky adorning
Shines promise through the storm;
The glimmer of coming morning
Through midnight gloom will form.
By time all knots are riven
Complex as they be,
And peace will at last be given
Dear, both to you and me.

Then, tho' the path may be dreary,
Look onward to the goal;
Though the heart and the head be weary,
Let faith inspire the soul.
Seek the right, though the wrong be
tempting,
Speak the truth at any cost;
Yielding to the weak exempting
Thus once the gem is lost.
Strong hand and keen eye be ready
To help and rebuke the foes;
Thus be strongest and fancy steady
Bear best unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining
But with evening comes the light;
Through the dark are low winds complaining,
Yet the sunrise gilds the height,
And love has his hidden treasure
For the patient and the pure;
And time gives his fullest measure
To the workers who endure;
And the Word no law has shaken
Has the future pledged supplied
For we know that when we "awaken"
We shall be "satisfied."

Select Literature.

At Her Mercy.

'Miss Charteris—Colonel Nugent.'

For in an instant the dark eyes meet the blue ones. Richard Nugent has worshiped many a pretty face, 'for a minute,' before now—and the newer the face the more ardent his admiration. Miss Charteris is an utter stranger to him and extremely pretty, therefore he bestows upon her a more comprehensive glance than usual before offering his arm to take her into dinner.

'Dreadfully hot weather, Miss Fairfax?'

Miss Fairfax is following within easy distance of Miss Charteris's train, leaning on the arm of the Rev. Augustin Whiddy. Miss Fairfax is diminutive; the curate is tall and stout, and remarkable plain of face. But Miss Fairfax allows that the weather is very hot, with an upward glance of the fascination of which she is very well aware.

'There is not much to be done in the country, when it is too hot for croquet or lawn-tennis—for ladies, I mean.'

Miss Fairfax, being of a combative nature, does not agree readily to general assertions, yet is she fair to acknowledge that this is also an indisputable fact.

'Even Miss St. George could not play lawn-tennis to-day, though I have heard her say no weather could be too warm for her.'

They are seated at a dinner-table by this time, and the young lady alluded to is on the Reverend Mr. Whiddy's left hand.

'Well, this was a screeching hot day—you must allow that. We don't often have such weather, even in Ireland. But I would have played if I could have got any of the others on;' and Miss St. George sighs at the recollection of the tennis-courts lying deserted under the baking September sun, with the idle rackets hanging in the nets.

'Nice complexions we should have had if we had played our usual score of games to-day,' Miss Fairfax observes.

Miss St. George's face is freckled and tanned to a most peculiar color.

'Oh, I don't value my complexion! The loveliest complexion in the world wouldn't make me good-looking. But, I say, Flora, were you not sold when you saw Colonel Nugent, after Mrs Chute's description!'

'It was you who described him, I fancy.'

'Oh, I described my ideal old Indian, when I heard he was coming from——rich as Crœsus, and as yellow as a guinea, a regular old fogey! It was too bad of Mrs. Chute not to tell us what he was like, really. I should have put on my best bib and tucker, and so would all you girls.'

Miss Fairfax shrugs her pretty shoulders. It would not do to betray too much interest under the curate's black eyes.

'He's awfully handsome, I think. It's good to see something different from the Charlie Blake type, at any rate.'

Miss Fairfax looks at her again, as who should say, 'You should be thankful for anything.'

But Brezie St. George knows what she would like, even if it be for ever unattainable, and will not lower her standard because her ideal would not be likely to fancy a freckled face and a snub nose.

'I hope there won't be wigs on the green about him by-and-by—that's all,' Miss St. George goes on, ignoring her own escort—he is engaged in staring across the table at some one else.

'Not likely!' Flora Fairfax exclaims, with an upward glance at the Rev. Augustin Whiddy, which, if taken literally, might have turned that young man's sleek black head.

But Brezie St. George knows that it is not very long since another individual, neither young nor handsome, carried envy and malice and all uncharitableness into this self-same circle, though the loving sod riding away of the gallant has involved all in a like disappointment.

'Doesn't Helen look well to-night?'

Miss Fairfax follows Brezie's eyes across the table.

'I don't think so. That dress is not becoming to her.'

'I think it is. She looks like one of Sir Peter Lely's Court beauties. I do hope Colonel Nugent will fall in love with her.'

'But Miss Fairfax, who is the acknowledged celebrity of the party, feels that she will lose her prestige if the new arrival is not presently found at her chariot wheel.

'Nan won't fall in love with any of you' remarks the young gentleman on Brezie's left hand, to whom Miss St. George's suggestion has not appeared palatable. 'He hates women like poison.'

'I should have thought him an awful flirt,' says Brezie, with another look across the table.

'Oh, he flirts well enough. But he don't like one of us, for all that. I heard that of him myself.'

'You're in a cynical mood, Fitz.'

'Not a bit. You may ask any one if Nugent would have anything to say to any girl. Every one will tell you the same story.'

'How delightful! Don't I wish I were as pretty as Helen Charteris, and I would soon conquer his aversion to my sex!' and Brezie St. George laughs.

But Colonel Nugent looks impregnable. He is young—not more than thirty, if so much—handsome, proud, eccentric, satirical, with a pair of keen blue eyes and a habit of smiling under his moustache at soft glances for which other men would have stared all they possessed. He does not find Miss Charteris pay him the homage to which he is accustomed. She, like himself, has too much of that kind of thing. She looks stealthy before her, and is evidently in one of her coldest and proudest moods, giving no trouble whatever to amuse her companion, or to be amused.

Miss Charteris is very nearly six-and-twenty; but there is not a line to betray the beautiful perfection of her time seems only to add to her. In fact, a young girl, Helen Charteris was never. Even at sixteen or seventeen she, ugly duckling, had showed no tendency of growing into a swan. Her features were thin and gaunt; there was no color in the face to enhance the dewy darkness of the great hollow eyes or the soft fair glory of the hair. And, if one or two had seen more in the awkward, badly dressed schoolgirl than the world in general perceived, it is rather to be wondered at than otherwise.

To-day Miss Charteris is a recognized beauty, having had the refusing of half the eligible—and ineligible—bachelors in the neighborhood. That she is the adopted child of old Charteris of Chanting Hall may partly account for this opening of the eyes of the public to her personal attractions. But up to this date the public has profited very little by its open-armed reception. Candidate after candidate has ridden from Chanting Hall, leaving his heart behind him and taking nothing away.

* * * * * * *

Boscobel is a pleasant house whereat to visit. Mrs. Chute is a jolly little woman and Chute himself the essence of good-natured hospitality.

But what is the best hostess to do with her guests when the thermometer is at eighty degrees in the shade?

'I declare this is awful!' exclaims Brezie St. George on the afternoon succeeding Colonel Nugent's arrival. 'Monday was hot, yesterday was hotter, but to-day is hottest. I think we have reached the extreme limit of human endurance, without beginning to fizzle. And I want a game of lawn-tennis so much.'

'I am very sorry for you, Brezie, dear,' Mrs. Chute says, smiling. 'I can only offer you the consolation of another cup of tea.'

'The same is better than nothing,' and Brezie takes the tea with a heavy sigh. 'I wish we were out with the boys on the lake. There may be a breath of air there.'

'Then why didn't you go with them, my dear?'

'Oh, the others feared for their complexions, as usual!'

'And I thought you were to have taken luncheon to the mountain for the shooting-party?'

'Oh, that would have done for us! I think Colonel Nugent will be able to fancy himself at home again, up on Slieve Bawn to-day!'

'You haven't told me what you think of Colonel Nugent, girls. You know I prophesied you would all lose your hearts;' and Mrs. Chute looks laughingly at the three or four girls present, pausing with her pet Dolly Varden tea-pot suspended in the air.

'I haven't lost mine,' says Brezie.

'You lost a good deal of your impudence though, when he spoke to you last night,' observes Barbara Chute.

Barbara is sitting half in and half out of the room with a big Japanese fan in her hand. The window is open with a red and white striped awning, and there are chairs out on the grass. The warm air comes in laden with the mixed fragrance of heliotrope and mignonnette and newly-mown grass; there is not a ripple on the lake; the water refracts the glare of sunshine like a huge looking glass; it is not cool even in the deep shadow of the cedars on the lawn.

'You didn't say much to him yourself, Barbara,' asserts Brezie, sipping her tea composedly.

'I didn't want to. Boff, can you see the Shark?'

'Boff, a small boy in holland knickerbockers, whose tip-tilted nose and fair pate across his forehead are an exact similitude of Barbara's own, is lying on the grass under the awning, looking through a telescope.

'I can; and you won't see one of them at dinner to-night if a breeze doesn't spring up. I've been watching them this half hour, and they haven't moved a quarter of an inch.'

'Let me have the glass, Boff.'

He hands it to her as boys usually hand things to their sisters, however well brought up.

Barbara looks through it lazily.

'There are lying on the deck with their hats over their eyes. Charlie Blake is asleep, I think, and his brother is smoking. I don't see the Rival. Oh, yes I do. He is leaning over the rail of the boat, smoking too. Goodness, how they must be baked alive in that broiler! They haven't even sense to get into the shadow of the sail.'

'If they did, they'd have her drifted down windward,' says Boff, scornfully.

'Well,' Mrs. Chute remarks, in the continuation of her own subject, 'if you can remove my friend, Richard Nugent's deeply-rooted aversion to your sex, I can only assure you that he is worth the trouble.'

Then she looks from the crewel border of her table-cloth, not at Flora Fairfax or Brezie St. George, but at Miss Charteris, who stands in another window, reading, one arm hanging straight by her side, and a bunch of heliotrope in her hand. She looks very tall and stately in her white dress. But she does not meet her friend's laughing eyes.

'I think it was awful mean of Fitz not to take me out in the 'Shark' to-day'—this from Boff, who is still watching the little white speck through a cylinder composed of his two hands.

'Who is maligning my friend Fitz?' And Miss Charteris raises her head now quickly enough.

'I am. I think it was horribly disagreeable of him.'

'You will never be so agreeable.'

'Oh, you say that because Fitz is in love with you.'

'Fitz is not in love with me,' Miss Charteris denies, laughing, 'and you are a very bold boy to say such a thing. You would not like Fitz to give you a thrashing.'

'He said so himself.'

'That he would give you a thrashing?'

'No—the other thing;' and Boff slips from the back of his sister's chair to a safer distance.

Helen Charteris does not pursue him or the subject.

'It is getting cooler now—it is really,' Brezie announces from another window. She has been gazing longingly at the lawn-tennis ground. 'Let's have a game, Boff. We can't be much worse than we are, at all events.'

Boff accepts the challenge.

Mrs. Chute leaves her tea-table and comes over to Miss Charteris.

'What is the book, Helen?'

Helen shows her, but Mrs. Chute is watching her face.

'Helen, I am sure you will like Colonel Nugent. I want you two to fancy each other.'

Miss Charteris loses her delicate color all at once.

'That will never happen!' she exclaims, quickly. 'We are far more likely to hate each other—that is, if we think of each other at all.'

'But, Helen, why should you hate each other?'

'I don't know—not hate exactly—and yet he will hate me. But it is nonsense talking of such things. He is a stranger to me—that is—you know we were introduced to one another only last night. Don't send me in to dinner with him again, please. I don't like it.'

'Very well, my dear, have your own way,' Mrs. Chute answers, with a [illegible] grin. 'Are the [illegible] calmed out there? [illegible] they have somethi[illegible] the lake water, [illegible] pleasant.'

'Come down to the [illegible] Barbara Chute proposes. [illegible] in the shrubbery, and——'

'You want to meet Charlie Blake,' laughs Flora Fairfax. 'Come, we'll go, even if it be out of the frying-pan into the fire.'

They pass through the open window, into the alley of standard roses. The glory of the roses is over, but they talk of them, and of other things, and so go on slowly, keeping out of the sun. In the shrubbery it is almost cool, the bays and laurels and syringas are so closely massed together, and a faint breeze has actually sprung up, though it is more perceptible on the lake than on shore. The 'Shark' has made good use of it, and is actually coming up to her moorings, as the three girls reach the edge of the lake.

'Look at the color of Fritz's face, for pity's sake!' exclaims Fitz's sister, and Miss Charteris laughs.

Nothing more is said of Colonel Nugent. They all walk up to the house together, Fitz with Helen Charteris. Fitzgerald Chute is not gifted with conversational powers of a high order, but not even the voluble Charlie Blanke himself would have got more than monosyllabic answers from his companion just now. And Fitz is too much under the influence of her beautiful eyes to show off his own charms of mind or manner to advantage did he possess any such. First love is not conducive to assurance or self-assertion in a naturally awkward lad of one or two and twenty. But, had Fitz been a veritable Lancelot Malmaygers, he would have been equally thrown away upon Hellen Charteris just now.

The shooting party have come back, and Nugent is leaning against the window, talking to Mrs. Chute. His eye passes over the two first couples and rests for half a minute on the tall, fair-haired girl in the white dress, with the bunch of heliotrope still in her hand, who brings up the rear. Mrs. Chute, watching him, smiles to herself, but she does not know what anguish it is for the result of this little bit of match-making on her part.

The dinner-hour at Boscobel is seven o'clock in summer and winter. It is not yet [illegible] and daylight freshness which further modification of the inches here than actual coolness, many dress at all, unwilling to go into the house. Groups and walks are [illegible] down to [illegible] stand Helen Charteris, [illegible] Charlie Blake, his hands [illegible] behind his back, talking to Fitz, he talks to any other [illegible] looking at her now and then as he does not look at everybody—quick side-glances.

Helen Charteris has lost her stiff restraint as suddenly as she assumed it. She talks to him in her own original fashion, the fashion that has burnt so many foolish wings before now, and he listens to her, and smiles very slightly, but with a new curiosity in his face. Mrs. Chute, watching them, thinks what a woonderfully handsome couple they are; and Flora Fairfax, listening to the Reverend Augustin Whiddy's dissertations on parish matters, which her soul abhors, wishes, not for the first time, that Miss Charteris was not staying at Boscobel. Charlie Blake is playing tennis with Miss St. George; Fitz has withdrawn sulkily into the shade, and pulls his dog's ears unmercifully; Boff shouts 'Love all!' and other technical expressions, at the top of his shrill young voice; and so the sun sets in a mist of glory behind Drumcarne, and sends a broad band of gold shimmering across the lake.

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In her own room this evening Helen Charteris stands before the glass, lost in a reverie. She is not looking at the reflection of her own beautiful face in the glass, or at her quaint square-cut dress of pale blue silk, with lace-ruffled sleeves reaching to the elbow. The finishing touches have been put to her toilet, her fan is in her hand, her long skirt over her arm; her hair, so fair that it looks as if powdered, is put back from her face and falls in one long curl on her shoulder; there is nothing to relieve the pale coloring of the picture but her dark eyes and straight dark eyebrows, and the wide band of dark velvet around her throat. What is she thinking of, with her eyes on the carpet? Has the marble Psyche come to life?

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Mrs. Chute, mindful of her request, does not send Miss Charteris in to dinner with Colonel Nugent. He looks a little disappointed, and perhaps, when it is too late, Miss Charteris regrets having made the request. A tall silver epergne rises between them at the diner-table, and Nugent is less agreeable to his neighbor than is his wont. Flora Fairfax, who is his neighbor, does not profit much by her position; but that she is making a dead set at him is palpably to every one present, with the exception of Mr. Whiddy. That gentleman has not yet lost his faith in human nature.

Miss Charteris is the centre of attraction to-night. Poor Fitz is not singed; he is burnt up—scorched—cremated. But the moment the male contingent return to the drawing-room, after dinner, Colonel Nugent sinks into the chair nearest to Helen, and does his best to monopolize her for the rest of the evening. In fact, he flirts with her most decidedly, if it be true that Richard Nugent never makes actual love; and Helen Charteris pay him back in his own coin. When Greek meets Greek, in a case like this, the encounter is sure is be short and sharp. But it is soon evident that both are fencing without buttons on their foils.

'Take care of yourself, Nugent,' William Chute warns his friend, in the smoking-room later on in the evening. 'That girl has broken half a score of hearts already. She ought to be marked 'Dangerous,' I can tell you.'

'There is no danger for me,' Nugent says, knocking the ashes from his cigar—'Are you so safe to win?'

'I am too heavily handicapped to go in for the race at all.'

'Nonsense! How do you mean? Debts? [illegible] will have money enough for anything. Miss Charteris is worth a hundred thousand, if he's worth a penny piece.'

'No, I have no debts. But I have my handicap, and I must carry it, so let's drop the subject.'

(To be Continued.)