

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 17.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1889.

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AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

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Some of the reasons why my coats are the BEST and MOST STYLISH CUT: They always fit close to the neck, and

They always fit into the waist with

The shoulders never wrinkle, and always mprove on your actual build. Every garment is made on the premise ander my own supervision, by first-

GENTLEMEN who have found difficulty in being properly fitted by their tailors, will do well to call on me and I will guarantee

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CASTORIA, best Spirits Nitre, Sulphurie Acid, Enos Fruit Salt, Plasters, Teaberry, Tooth Powder, Pierce's Medicines, full line, Vasileres, full lines, Paine's Celery Compound, Riege's Food for infants, Good Chloride Lime, Diamond and Electric Dyes, Insect Powders, Washing and Baking Soda, Copperas, Senna, Alum, Indigo, Nut-megs, Aniline Dyes, Puffs, Toilet Powder, Perfumeries, Lime Juice, Mack's Magnetic Medicines, Kendall's Spavin Cure, Bur dock Blood Bitters, Standard Piano and Organ Instruction Books, Sheet Music and Blank Music Paper and Books.
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THE SCIENCE OF LIFE. the great medical work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo.,
125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full
gilt, only \$1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative
sample free to all young and middle-aged
men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the Nations Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895 Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, grad uate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4, Bulfinch St.

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HAT very superior and substantially L built Two Story Dwelling, with Garden, containing 1 acre of land, well stocked with Apple, Pear and Plum Trees; also Stable, Carriage and Wood House in good repair. Immediate possession. Apply to the subscriber,

Lewis A. Dickie.

### Bridgetown, Jan. 30th, 1869. H. H. BANKS,

PRODUCE COMMISSION AGENT,

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-ALL KINDS OF-

Farm Produce Sold on Commission

FLOUR. OATMEAL FEEDING FLOUR. CORMEAL. GROCERIES STOVES, PLOWS HORSE CLOTHING.

Harnesses made to Order, REPAIRING ATTENDED TO

## INSPECTION

Butter and all Other Produce in Exchange is Invited of our Terms and Prices for all Description of Work in

# HEADSTONES, Etc.

Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.

# Drysdale & Hoyt Bros.,

OPPOSITE RINK.



LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY.

BRIDGETOWN, N:8.

(ESTABLISHED 1880.) N. H. PHINNEY, Manager. THE CELEBRATED

Bucket Chain Pump,

FORCE PUMP with Hose attached if required. We are prepared to Manufacture OODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Ratt-



FOR

# FROM napolis.

Summer Arrangement.

Commencing FRIDAY, JUNE 21st, the favorite Side Wheel Steamer "NEW BRUNSWICK" having been thoroughly overhauled and fitted, will leave Annapolis every Tuesday and Friday p. m., directly after the arrival of the Halifax express, for Boston

FARE FROM ALL W. & A. R. STATIONS

# ONE DOLLAR LESS

than by any other route,

ST. JOHN LINE The Palace Steamer "CUMBERLAND" or "STATE OF MAINE" will leave St John for Boston via Eastport and Portland, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday ing at 7.25 Eastern Standard time.

Tickets can be obtained from all agents on the W. & A. R.

W. H. KILBY, Agent, FRED. CROSSKILL. Agent, R. A. CARDER, Agent Commercial Wharf, Boston. W. & A. R. Bridgetown. Annapolis. June 25th, 1889.

BRIDGETOWN



THOMAS DEARNESS, Importer of Marble

Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.



N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice.

T. D.

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

RUBBER STAMP with your name in Fancy Type, 25 Visiting Cards, and INDIAN INK to mark Linen, only 25 cts. (stamps.) Book of 2000 styles free with each order. Agents Wanted. Big Pay. THALMAN MF'G CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Nova Scotia, on the Post Rond and in the immediate neighborhood of Railway Station, Telegraph Office, Post Office and Churches, consisting of about forty-five acres superior soil, a thriving young orchard of about one hundred and fifty Apple Trees of choice selected fruit, and conveniently divided into hay, tillage and pasture lands. Is well watered, has a commodious and thoroughly finished house, woodhouse, barn, stables, etc., in good repair. Terms easy.

JONATHAN WOODBURY.

Children Cry for

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

NO TASTE! NO NAUSEA!

### PUTTNER'S EMULSION of COD LIVER OIL with Hypophosphites

physicians for Nervous Prostration, Wasting and Lung Diseases.

# PUTTNER'S EMULSION

has especially proved efficacious in cases of nase especially proved elucates in the second second and delicate children, and those who are growing fast, for WOMEN who are debilitated, caused by nursing, family cares, over work, or troubles peculiar to their sex. For invalids recovering from sickness it is of she di

Puttner's Emulsion is sold everywhere for

Brown Bros. & Co., CHEMISTS,



THE SHORTEST AND BEST ROUTE BETWEEN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE UNITED STATES. quickest time only 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

WILL leave Yarmouth for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday Evenings, after arrival of the train of the Western Counties Railway. Returning, will leave Lewis's Wharf, Boston, at 10 a. m., every Tuesday and Friday, connecting at Yar-mouth with train for Halifax and Intermed-

The PARIOUTE series a register multiple series and it the fasters! Steams and from listoins, and it the fasters! Steams and from listoins, and it the fasters! Steams and from listoins, and it the fasters! Steams and colon.

He may be only performed for society of the part of the listoin of

The Schooner

CRUSADE. I. S. CESNER,

WILL make weekly trips between this port and St. John during the season, calling along the river. LIME ALWAYS ON HAND. Apply on board, or to

GEO. H. DIXON. Bridgetown, May 27th, 1889.

Administration Notice, spirit hand, prayer meeting night.

LL persons having any legal demands But to this day the perpetrators of the Heart Hea

CARD W. G. Parsons, B. A., Barrister, Solicitor, Etc. MIDDLETON, - N. S.

# By ELIZA ARCHARD. [CONTINUED.]

and roast them in the ashes, and eat them," continued the child. "The smoke gets into eir eyes, and they get cold and muddy, but ney say the grub tastes ever so much better nan the cooking at home. They call it grub," "Where's Robbers' Cave?"

"Get the lantern, Shirley, and I'll take you the enemy 'll surprise 'em. Rip is ther chief, though he's the littlest. hey've all learned to smoke, and they've got whisky there. They've lots of other things, oo, and when they get enough, they re going to run away, and Rip's going to sell them and hey're going to start a robber band in the vest, Rip says,"

I only heard 'em talk last night. I found Dear Miss Carstone: eir cave long ago. It's dug in the hillside, The Psycho-physic red with leaves and weeds and limbs Robbers' Cave. They crawl in underground, and they lay a flat rock over the hole. They've a curtain to shut out the light. When they hear a noise they say 'douse yer glim.' That means put out the light. They think it's the

All this time Shirley and the child were walking rapidly over stones, undergrowth athematical exactness at a large flat rock. any more difficult to understand. and Pancreatine is largely prescribed by It looked extremely innocent, They moved it and made a little noise. "Douse yer glim!" they heard a voice say.

"Stand here, sis, right by the curtain," whispered Harry. "O ho! fellers the enemy is upon you!" he shouted aloud. There was a stumble and a push against the curtain. But in the blind darkaess the

amateur robbers could not get out. "Now we've got you where Moses was when the light went out," said the tantalizing child. "Guess that conundrum. Say, boys, where was Moses when the light went No answer. Shirley lifted the curtain sud-

pistol, a jewsharp and a coil of rope. this! You, Pet—the boy father used to sing to sleep in his arms till you were 5 years old because you were afraid of the dark! cept to listen. For Shirley, listening was much. Nice boy you are, aren't you?"

ignobly to their dungeon cells, otherwise have it.

shiny.

Consternation seized all. Deacon Durham recovered himself first. He made a dash for the door. The spirit hands held it closed on the outside. It was impossible to open it. The Deacon made a dash for the front door.

The Deacon made a dash for the front door.

Was the same, that the whole the deep, melveled smile she knew so well, the deep, melveled smile she she knew so well, the deep, melveled smile she knew so well, the deep, melveled smile she knew so well, the deep, melveled smile He ran around the outside of the church. All was darkness and silence. Sinful hands had profaned the church back door, and affixed a bolt to the outside.

time the curtain falls. There was no preaching next Sabbath.
The minister was not well, it was said. But Capt. Longmire.

NOTICE

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late OLDHAM WHITMAN, of Bridgetown, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to render the same duly attested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

SALT and LIME ALWAYS IN STOCK.

When vessel is not in port, apply to CAPT. PETER NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, March 12th, 1889.

Bridgetown, any form of the same duly attested of the clate old and the teacher and children were admitted. On the pulpt desk—yea, perched upon the very Bible itself—was a sheep's head. Upon the sheep's head, alas the day! was the identical wig clutched from the minister's head by the sheep's head, alas the day! was the identical wig clutched from the minister's head by the spirit hand, prayer meeting night.

As in a soul remembering in y sould in the soul remembering in y sould in the soul of the agency of the gone to the city to get a new wig.

Yet a fresh profanation of the sanctuary froze with horror the marrow of the devout in Linwood. The children assembled for Sabbath school as usual. The key of the sacred edifice could not be found. Suddenly, when the whole school was waiting, the key was produced, the door was opened, and the teacher and children were admitted. On the pulpt desk—yea, perched upon the very Bible itself—was a sheep's head. Upon the sheep's head, alas the day! was the identical wig clutched from the minister's head by the sheep's head, alas the day! was the identical wig clutched from the minister's head by the sheep's head, alas the day! was the identical wig clutched from the minister's head by the sheep's head, alas the day! was the identical wig clutched from the minister's head by the sheep's head, alas the day! was the identical wig clutched from the minister's head by the sheep's head, alas the day! was the identical of the clate of the intervent wig.

Then he spoke easily and lightly:

Then he spoke

Headstones, &c.

Also Monuments in Red Granite

Gray Granite, and Freestone.

Gray Granite, and Granite is a demands against the estate of the late Albert were duly attention, its original forms and them." He smiled

Linwood school. That was something. But she had adopted other means to help on the fortunes of the Carstone family.

It may or may not be credit to a woman to

SIIIRLEY CARSTONE, wrote short essays and sketches, and got paid "Do you mean to say you are not here to attend the Psycho-physikethicological institute?" literary work was pointed especially with strong, practical sense. In truth, she caught the ideal and made it the real. That was her two days, on private business. Let me see way in all things.

She had no extraordinary and romantic it?" difficulties in getting modest newspaper employment. Her power was recognized there of paper she had covered, "How long is it? from the first. That much in her life at least All day long." was easy. But her existence had fallen into seemed to her to be wearing itself out, like a since I left. I thought you would have been mill wheel that turns around and around in married long ago, Shirley.'

one spot. She felt it sadly. letter was an answer to her silent thought. death, of the loss of her fortune, of how she It read:

port of their wisdom in The Morning Herald, Will you go to Langham and report the thing for us, and can you start at once! "But why do you not write your poem?"

ham. If some of the inside lunatics escape I must do all I can to get money. I—I have so still it was out there, so entirely all and get mixed with the outside lunes and go so much to look after. It seems as though I nature seemed unconscious of anything unand mud to an out-of-the-road little ravine a quarter of a mile away. Harry stopped with tion livelier, but the proceedings will not be think that "never get time to commence my poem. But to speechmaking, it will make the convented unconscious of anything under the proceedings will not be think that." To which she answered:

> I will go, and I can start at once. SHIRLEY CARSTONE. death of her father, six years before. The frettings of her mother, the troublesome, hind. Shirley was happy.

miles out, did not annoy her. pistol, a jewsharp and a coil of rope.

"And here, as I live, you've got father's sword in this dirt hole! Now tell me who did this! You, Pet—the boy father used to sing plained that she did not look after the boys. Now at Langham she had her time to her-the boy father used to sing plained that she did not look after the boys. Now at Langham she had her time to her-the boy father used to sing plained that she did not look after the boys. Now at Langham she had her time to her-the boy father used to sing plained that she did not look after the boys. Now at Langham she had her time to her-the boy father used to sing plained that she down of those who sympathy. It is the down of those who did not look after the boys. Now at Langham she had her time to her-the boy father used to sing the look after the boys. Now at Langham she had her time to be the down of those who did not look after the boys. Now at Langham she had her time to her-the boy father used to sing the look after the boys. Now at Langham she had her time to her-the boy father used to sing the look after the boys. Now at Langham she had her time to her-the boy father used to sing the look after the boys. Now at Langham she had her time to her-the boy father used to sing the look after the boys. Now at Langham she had her time to her-the down of those who did not look after the boys. Now at Langham she had her time to her-the boy father used to sing the look after the boys. Now at Langham she had her time to her-the boy father used to sing the look after the boys. I had a contract the down of those who did not look after the boys. I had a contract the down of the down o self. She had nothing to do but write, ex- Little things are much to a woman, very

The FAST STEEL STEAMER

The boys had a deep grudge at the Presbyterian minister. How they paid it off remains to be recorded. This devout and
learned man was extremely dignified. He
was also particular in his personal appearance. What could be more proper in a
site arrival of the train of the Western
Counties Railway. Returning, will leave
Counties Railway. Returning, will leave
Lewi's Wharf, Boston, at 10 a. m., every
Thom much delving in lore and much profound thoug'st, the good man had lost his
that Stations.

The posy had a deep grudge at the Presbyterian minister. How they paid it off remains to be recorded. This devout and
learned man was extremely dignified. He
was also particular in his personal appearance. What could be more proper in a
teacher of that gospel which proclaims that
cleavies wharf, Boston, at 10 a. m., every
mouth with train for Halifax and Intermedinter Stream
The boys had a deep grudge at the Presbyterian minister. How they paid it off remains to be recorded. This devout and
learned man was extremely dignified. He
was also particular in his personal appearance. What could be more proper in a
teacher of that gospel which proclaims that
cleavies wharf, Boston, at 10 a. m., every
from much delving in lore and much profound thoug'st, the good man had lost his
firm a bush beside the walk and fastened it
in her hair. Our girl was very beautiful.

A gentleman who had strolled out alone in
off his head. In truth, he was as bald as an
onlon.

The Doys had a deep grudge at the Presbyterian minister. How they paid it off re
mains to be recorded. This devout and
the tremedous deliberations of the institute
and the thermometer the day was very beat the trememedous deliberations of the institute
and the thermometer the day was very lock.

The institute kindly accepted the aid of the
the trumber of the trumber of the willows that day long ago. Now it came
the tremendous deliberations of the institute
the trumber of the trumber of the willows the day was very lock.

The beach

bore it gently away to realms of air. The door was closed silently and suddenly by invisible spirits. The minister was left standing there in sight of all the folk, bald and intensely down once more into hers. Oh! it start.

strong, beautiful ones!

Lower and lower the southern moon dipped; with his hand, called her his Shirley, darling, he implored her to speak to him. It have a proposed across the waterfall, but they did not heed it. At last he arose with a intensely down once more into hers, Oh! it start. was the same, that face with the sweet, half

He came and sat down beside her. She tried to think of something to say. She did say:
"I didn't think you would have known me, Over the scene inside the sanctuary mean-Mr. Morrison. For answer he quoted softly:

"Mr. Morrison!"

"I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends."
Then he spoke easily and lightly:
"What in the world are you doing here,

That's what really floors me, you know.

They just pour out their souls upon the fundamental archetypes of sociology."

denly.

"Look there!" she said.

A face was pressed ago Shirley was 22.

For six years she had been teacher of the Linwood school. That was something. But she had adopted other means to help on the she had adopted other means to help on the fortunes of the Carstone family.

It may or may not be credit to a woman to write for newspapers. It depends on what she writes.

The y just pour out their souls upon the fundamental archetypes of sociology."

"Look there!" she said.

A face was pressed against the glass outside, staring at them with wild, demoniac eyes. It was waxy white and emaciated. In all her life Shirley never again saw a countenance so frightful, so full of devilish malice as that. She shuddered from head to foot in spite of herself.

An awful look cume into George Morristeen," but, ah! he loves the latter, though she writes.

The great was pressed against the glass outside, staring at them with wild, demoniac eyes. It was waxy white and emaciated. In all her life Shirley never again saw a countenance so frightful, so full of devilish malice as that. She shuddered from head to foot in spite of herself.

An awful look cume into George Morristeen," but, ah! he loves the latter, though silver and gold, houses and lands with silver and gold, houses and lands with the glass outside, staring at them with wild, demoniac eyes. It was waxy white and emaciated. In all her life Shirley never again saw a countenance so frightful, so full of devilish malice as that. She shuddered from head to foot in spite of herself.

An awful look cume into George Morristeen, "but, ah! he loves the latter, though silver and gold, houses and lands with the glass outside, staring at them with wild, demoniac eyes. It was waxy white and emaciated. In all her life Shirley he she with the glass outside, staring at them with wild, demoniac eyes. It was waxy white and emaciated.

A face was pressed against the glass outside, staring at them with wild, demoniac eyes. It was waxy white and emaciated.

A face was pressed against the glass outside, staring at them with wild, demoniac eyes. It wa

NO. 18. "Do you mean to say you are not here to

the report you make, Shirley; how long is

He would not talk of himself. He only said uch a humdrum rut that she sighed for he had been in the west, and had been busy change day by day. She was the same all these years.

strong, bright spirit as of old, ever ready for "Tell me what has happened in Linwood," what her hand found to do. But her life he said. "I have not a heard a word from it

She looked at him a little reproachfully; One morning, at the beginning of her vaca- then suddenly, as the thought of all she had tion, Percy brought her a letter from the lost since he left her came back, a shadow of postoffice. It was from the editor of The grief and pain came over her bright, sweet Morning Herald, for which she wrote. The face. She told him of her father's terrible

was in his old place as teacher. ast night, I found dug in the hillside, ind weeds and limbs dever know 'twest dever know 'twest off in Langham. They meet day after tomorrow. It is found advisable to print a re- to a dot, too, what effect the new dog tax where the face had been. The master was

ED. MORNING HERALD.

P. S.—The State Insane asylum is at Lang-valid," she said. "We need so many things." think that.

Her voice quivered a little. The master read and perceived. That afternoon she sped away from Chester- father and mother and bread winner to them tion, aided by a crooked pane of glass, have ton on the wings of steam. It was the first all. I never looked for this for you. My dear time she had been away from home since the girl, my poor Shirley."

finite tenderness. though well beloved children, the wearing, petty cares indoors and out that harrowed her without ceasing at home, were all left berestless and ill at ease. He spoke of going Above all and before all, too, there was the Even the music mad young lady, who sat from day to day, though he did not go. He behind her and trilled to herself for sixty was reserved, and kept apart from the rest. | was wrong, he, the master, would set it right. But he hovered about Shirley always, not He would see that no harm came to her. denly and let light into the proceedings. As she did so half a dozen boys dodged back into the recesses of an underground hole deep enough to stand apright in. Among them were Tom, Percy and Pet Carstone. The rest were Tom, Percy and Pet Carstone. They slunk in quickly made their escape. They slunk in silence before a glance of command which they knew too well to disobey. The cave that she had not known for many a day. She knew and met her every little wish, almost before it was formed. He never seemed to be looking for her, but ever his eyes sought they knew too well to disobey. The cave She had a sense of freedom about her work. she was too well to disobey. The cave she was too restance, too, that was very grateful. Hitherto what she wrote had to be done in time snatched strangely sweet to her, the lonely girl, to find I never believed such joy was to be for me, shirtly picked up and shife, a rusty she wrote had to be done in the somebody who thought she needed help and Shirley Carstone."

easy, though it is not so for everybody. She It was the first time since her father died Looking down the valley into the years felicitated herself.

"Do you know how late it is, Shirley?" "No," says Shirley, "and I'm afraid to ask,"
They entered the tiny boat hastily. The
last rays of the southern moon glinted across the whispering waterfall. In the cool night silence they went to Shir-



# High-Pressure

and Heart Diseases - General Debility, Insomnia, Paralysis, and Insanity. Chloral and Morphia augment the evil. The medicine best adapted saparilla. It purifies, enriches, and vitalizes the blood, and thus strengthens every function and faculty of the body. "I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for years. I have found it

### invaluable as A Cure

for Nervous Debility caused by an inactive liver and a low state of the blood." - Henry Bacon, Xenia, Ohio. "For some time I have been troubled with heart disease. I never found anything to help me until I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have only used this medicine six months, but it has relieved me from my trouble, and enabled me to resume work."-J. P. Carzanett,

Perry, Ill. "I have been a practicing physician for over half a century, and during that time I have never found so powerful and reliable an alterative and bloodpurifier as Ayer's Sarsaparilla." - Dr. M. Maxstart, Louisville, Ky.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle-

## CHAPTER XIII.

"SHE IS MY WIFE." What did it mean? The face vanished in an instant. As puickly as she could collect her senses, Shirey followed Mr. Morrison out the hallway. nowhere about. No living creature was there. She stepped out upon the lawn be-yond, and peered about under the starlight.

She saw nothing, heard nothing. All was night and silence, So still it was out there, so entirely all that she had imagined the face in the glass. There was a dim light inside the room, a "I see it all," he said sadly. "You are not the optical laws of refraction and reflecbrighter light outside in the porch. Might object into that distorted, demoniac shape?

He stroked her hair softly, and with in- She had read of such things. At any rate, Shirley was not one supreme comforting thought, if anything

> That was the thought in her mind as she went back inside the cottage, and to her own The room, it will be remembered, was upon

He hung his head.

The Carstone boys surrendered unconditionally to General Shirley. Three fallen heroes marched sullenly and silently in front of the enemy to the house. They vanished and rural and sweet, as Shirley loved to their dungeon cells, otherwise.

The Carstone boys surrendered unconditionally to General Shirley. She made herself comfortable. She had a pleasant room on the ground floor of a cottage overlooking a little lake. All was clean and rural and sweet, as Shirley loved to their dungeon cells, otherwise.

The carstone boys surrendered unconditionally to General Shirley. She made herself comfortable. She had a pleasant room on the ground floor of a cottage overlooking a little lake. All was clean and rural and sweet, as Shirley loved to be the could come and claim her. heir beds.

And Shirley—well, when Shirley had disbrain and fingers had been trained to her

The world shaking deliberations of the master loved her. That knowledge would be brain and fingers had been trained to her

Psycho-physikethicologians drew to a close. She even thought of that. What then? The And Shirley—well, when Shirley had disposed of them, she went to the room mutually occupied by herself and the youngest Carstone, and sat down and laughed as she had not done in years. It was the youth in her that laughed—the daring, fun loving, eternal youth.

But there was no more Robbers' Cave.

The boys had a deep grudge at the Presby—the had been trained to ner task.

The last afternoon these phosphoric intellects so far forgot their mission as to have a pic nic. One blushes to record it. They amused the massion as to have a pic nic. One blushes to record it. They amused themselves. Many went on boat excursions over the lake.

She laughed in the face with the finishing touches on her manuscript.

Shirley," said Mr. Morrison, "I want you to come with me this evening. This is the last. Wear your white dress, too, and put a seemed gone when the master left her under

The wild woman flew at him like a panher. She tore his face with her nails. She buried her teeth in his hand to the bone. Once more he mastered her by main strength and dragged her away from the hed. Two strong men had followed hm in through the window. One of them carried a strait-

ley's cottage, they two. The swinging lamp Shirley opened her eyes. The wild woman saw it, and made as if she would spring at her again. But the two keepers had got her into the straitjacket.

Mr. Morrison motioned them to be gone. "Take that devil away," he said, "before I crush the life out of her!"

The wild woman snarled at him like a savage beast. The keepers forced her out through

jacket. He gave her into their hands. It

was with difficulty that even they could hold

the doorway. As she went she gave George Morrison a last look of helpless rage, and "I hate you! And you would marry me!" Shirley heard her say it. She lived over the horror of those few moments in her reams, sometimes in after years, and would waken to find herself standing upright, shricking frightfully, her brow wet with

drops of cold perspiration.

She had heard the wild woman mutter: "I hate you! And you could marry me!" The master stood still by the door with s deathly pale face, and blood dripping from his hand. A streak of blood coursed down his cheeks. Shirley turned her eyes on him. She was quite in her senses now.

### "Who is that woman?" she said. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

she writes.

The poem in which Shirley's heart was bound up had to be put aside. At times she wrote brief bits of verse as of old, but not her, to hear her voice. It seemed to be a relief from embarrassment for her to run on.

Money the Carstones must have. Shirley.

An awful look came into George Morrison. She asked him;

An awful look came into George Morrison. She asked nothing. It was as if the frost of a thousand years had suddenly entered his heart. "I will see what it is at once," he said. "It is nothing, don't mind it, Shirley."

He turned and left her with a bound.

She asked him;