ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 8. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1881. NO. 50.

Job Work.

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job presses in this province and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all descriptions of first-class work. We make a specialty of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues Bill-heads, Circulars, Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention.

We endeavour by close attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $8.00; two months, $12.00; three months, $15.00; six months, $22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

A COLUMN—First insertion, $10.00; each continuation, $3.00; one month, $14.00 two months, $20.00; three months, $28.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $80.00.

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

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER

Has been in constant use by the public for over twenty years, and is the best preparation ever invented for RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOR AND LIFE.

It supplies the natural food and color to the hair glands without staining the skin. It will increase and thicken the growth of the hair, prevent its blanching and falling off, and thus AVERT BALDNESS.

It cures Itching, Eruptions and Dandruff. As a HAIR DRESSING it is very desirable, giving the hair a silken softness which all admire. It keeps the head clean, sweet and healthy.

The State Assayer and Chemist of Mass. and leading Physicians endorse and recommend it as a great triumph in medicine.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS

will change the beard to a BROWN or BLACK at discretion. Being in one preparation it is easily applied, and produces a permanent color that will not wash off.

PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

Complimentary Notices.

— The Bridgetown MONITOR comes to us greatly-enlarged and improved. If it keeps up to the standard of its issue of yesterday, it will be the best of our country exchanges.—*Hx. Herald.*

— The Bridgetown MONITOR, an excellent country newspaper, has lately been enlarged and improved.—*Chronicle.*

The Bridgetown MONITOR has been recently enlarged and improved. Its publication evinces wise management as well as enterprise.—*Wesleyan.*

One of our most welcome exchanges is the Bridgetown MONITOR which comes to us this week much enlarged and improved in appearance.—*Presbyterian Witness.*

The Bridgetown MONITOR, one of the best of our Provincial exchanges, has increased its dimensions. Allow us to congratulate you, Brother Piper.—*Temperance Watchman.*

ENLARGEMENT.—We omitted to mention last week that our contemporary, the Bridgetown MONITOR, now comes to us considerably enlarged and improved, and is now one of the largest as well as one of the best filled of our country exchanges.—*Western Chronicle.*

— The Bridgetown MONITOR appears in an enlarged form—an evidence of prosperity which is well deserved.—*Yarmouth Herald.*

GOING AHEAD.—The Bridgetown MONITOR appeared last week as a thirty-two column paper, having previously been issued the same size as the MAIL. The literary work of the journal is superior for a country weekly and we trust our contemporary may attain the success it deserves.—*Windsor Mail.*

JOURNALISTIC.—We note, with pleasure the enlargement and improvement of a valued Provincial contemporary:—the Bridgetown (Annapolis Co.,) MONITOR. It is now the largest of our Valley exchanges. We wish friend Piper unbounded success.—*Port Hawkesbury, C. B., Eastern Beacon.*

The Bridgetown *Monitor*, always a lively and valuable local paper, has lately been enlarged and greatly improved otherwise. It is now one of the best country papers published in this Province.—*New Era.*

FOR SALE.

Iron and Steel, asstd. Sizes,
Hoop Iron and Rivets;
Horse Shoe Nails;
Nails and Spikes—Asstd. Sizes,
Sleigh Shoe Bolts, &c.;
Slate Roofing Paint, Various Colors, Ready Mixed;
Planed Clapboards, and Sawn Shingles;
A number of Abrams & Kerr's Patent Root Pulpers, in hand for Sal

AGENT FOR
New England Boston Paint Co.'s Paints;
Walter Wilson, Saw Manufacturer, St. John, N. B.
Honey's Patent Fanning Mill,
H. FRASER.

Encyclopedia Britannica.

Subscriptions will be taken at this office. Payments are made very easy and extend over a period of five or six years, enabling a person of very moderate means to secure this invaluable work.

$3 Watches, Stem Winders $3.50, White Metal Hunting Lever $1, Ticker in gold $6. Solid gold $12. Elegant and best Opera Glasses for one dollar. New Patent. Valuable Catalogue free. Thompson & Co. 102 Nassau St. N.Y.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

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

A careful examination of the insruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT. Will find it their advantage to Correspond with THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY, Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN
On the Loss of
MANHOOD

We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practise, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands every youth and every man in the land.

Address,
The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box 4586.

DENTAL NOTICE
Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends in Annapolis County, that he has just returned from Kings County, and will be at his office in

BRIDGETOWN

for a few weeks. FRIENDS, PLEASE NOT DELAY.

Nov. 19th, 1879. n31tf

For Sale, or To Let.

A SMALL PLACE CONTAINING
FOUR ACRES OF LAND,
with comfortable
HOUSE AND BARN.
B. STARRATT.
Paradise, May 10th, '80.

Administrator's Notice.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Andrew McKenna, late of Bridgetown, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within six months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

JOHN LOCKETT,
Administrator.

Bridgetown, Sept. 8th, 1880.

GREAT BARGAIN!

THE Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT or private Contract,

His Beautiful Residence
at
LOWER MIDDLETON.

The House contains 11 rooms all in thorough repair. Good Stabling for 3 or 4 Horses, Carriage House and Wood House. The grounds consists of 2 acres in a high state of cultivation with a very fine orchard of 100 or more superior trees, (choice varieties of fruit) nearly all which are in bearing, some trees producing yearly 3 Barrels or more. The Guarden is also well stocked with a good variety of Fruit trees. The situation is convenient to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very healthy.

ALSO, Small Farm, situate in NORTH WILLIAMSTON, about two miles from Lawrencetown Railway Station. The House contains 6 Rooms, the ground flat only being finished. Good Barn, and a number of useful and necessary outbuildings. The Farm consists of about 70 acres, 30 of which are in hay and under cultivation. A good Orchard, in bearing, producing yearly 25 to 30 barrels, and with care will soon increase to 100 or more barrals. Cuts about 14 tons Hay yearly, with a superior chance to increase largely at a very small outlay. Location public, healthy, convenient and desirable particularly to a person with moderate means. Possession at once if desired.

Terms for both places easy.

EDWARD H. PHINNEY.
Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1889.

Ready - Made CLOTHING!
BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of
Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers.
All a
Splendid Assortment
of
FALL SUITS
Pants and Vests. Also,
1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes.
Horse Blankets.
All the above will be sold very
LOW FOR CASH.
BEALES & DODGE,
Middleton, Nov., '78

CUSTOMERS MAY REST ASSURED THAT THE MOST CAREFUL ATTENTION WILL BE GIVEN TO ALL ORDERS FOR JOB WORK.

TO LAWYERS.

A FRESH LOT of Summonses and Executions just printed and for sale at this office.

IMPORTATION OF
FALL DRY GOODS.

1 CASE EACH OF Black Silk Velvets, Colored Silk Velvets, Bl'k and Col'd French Silks, Colored Satins, Lace Mitts and Ribbons, Straw Hats, Hat and Bonnet Shapes, Dress Trimmings and Ornaments, French Wove Corsets, Ladies' Belts, Book Muslins, L. R. Braces, Scotch Tweeds, Waterproof Coats, Ginghams and Dark Galateas, Oxford Shirtings, Table Damasks and Towels, Towellings, Pillow Cottons, all widths, English White Cotton, Gentleman's Scarfs & Ties.

2 Cases each of Dress and Ulster Buttons, Fashionable Dress Materials, Lining Cottons, Bleached Sheetings.

3 Cases Knitting Yarns; 8 Cases Prints; 14 Cases Cotton Swansdown Flannels; 1 Bale Fine American Unbleached Cotton.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Manchester, Robertson & Allison,
St. John, N. B.

$72 a week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Agusta, Maine.

APPLES for LONDON!!

CARCIA, JACOBS & Co.,
Fruit Brokers, London.
Represented in Nova Scotia by
Jack & Bell,
Pickford & Black's Wharf, Halifax, N. S.

ALL consignments of apples to the above firm will be attended to in Halifax by us free of all commissions. If shipped from the depot there will be no charges at all in Halifax. If the fruit has to be stored, the very lowest charges for truckage. Wharfage and storage will be made.

Parties shipping by us have no trouble with their fruit after it is on board the cars.

Frost-proof storage secured if desired.

Direct line of steamers from this wharf monthly from London.

All information regarding prices, packing, &c., by

JACK & BELL, Agents.
Halifax, Feb. 16th, 1881. n44 2m

OPENING FOR 1881
THE MIDDLETON
Drug Store.

IN STOCK.

The New Remedies
Prescriptions Legally Filled.

DENTAL and Toilet Goods, School Books and apparatus, &c., Stationery &c., Fine and Fancy do. Jewelry and Silver Ware warranted Goods.

TERMS CASH. NO CREDIT.
PAYZANT & Co.
Middleton, Jan. 3rd, 1880.

SPECIAL NOTICE

IN order to meet the demands of our numerous customers, we beg to announce that, we have added to our extensive

Slipper and Larrigan Factory

the necessary Machinery for the Manufacture of

Men's, Women's, Misses', & Children's
BOOTS AND SHOES
in all the leading styles.

By continuing, as in the past, to use first quality of material, we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage in our new branch of business, as well as a continuance of public favor in our old business.

Vincent & McFate,
240 Union Street, St. John, N. B

MONCTON Refined Sugars.

ALL grades of the above will be delivered in barrels, at any station on the line of the Windsor & Annapolis Railway, in lots to suit purchasers.

At Prices guaranteed Lower than from any other source.

Prices quoted on application. Orders solicited from the merchants of Kings and Annapolis Counties by

WILLIAM B. TROOP,
Agent Moncton Sugar Refinery.
Granville, Feb. 3rd, 1881. 3m

CARD.

Dr. E. N. Payzant,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & DENTIST.
Middleton, N. S

Books, - - Stationery.

Buckley & Allen,

OFFER during the Autumn Season, at low prices a large stock of STAPLE STATIONERY, and School supplies. Fancy Stationery, and Stationers' Sundries. Novelties in Ink Stands and Paper Knives. Special inducements to purchasers of Photograph, Autograph and Scrap Albums. An immense variety of Bibles, Church Services and Prayer Books. All the Seaside, Franklin Square and Standard Libraries. Complete supply of the Poets, large assortment of Miscellaneous and Standard Books. Call and inspect for yourselves, Don't forget the address

BUCKLEY & ALLEN.
124 Granville St., Halifax.

BRIDGETOWN
Marble Works.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

THE subscribers are still importing and manufacturing

Monuments & Gravestones

OF ITALIAN and AMERICAN Marble.
ALSO:
Granite and Freestone Monuments.

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad

Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work.

DANIEL FALCONER. JOLDHAM WHITMAN

COME TO THIS OFFICE FOR YOUR BILLHEADS.

Carriage-Hardware AND STOCK EMPORIUM,
MIDDLETON,
Annapolis County, N. S.

WE beg to call the attention of

Carriage and Sleigh Builders

to our complete stock of Goods suitable for their use. By late importations, we have in stock:

SLEIGH RUNNERS and RAVES,

LATEST PATTERNS, BASSWOOD PANELS for Sleigh Backs and Dashers, 40x30 and 36x18.

Whitewood Boards,

16 and 18 inches wide, free from KNOTS and CHECKS—WELL SEASONED.

PLUSHES, FELTS, and CORDS for Sleigh Coverings

AMERICAN MOSS, (XX) CURLED HAIR, (XX), and all UPHOLSTERINGS requisite,

HALF OVAL NOSING IRON ¾, ⅞ and 1 in.

SLEIGH STEPS, WROUGHT SLEIGH COUPLINGS,

SLEIGH and SLED SHOE STEEL, all sizes.

In fact everything that Sleigh and Carriage Builders use in their trade, will be found in our establishment.

MASURY'S PAINTS and LAKES, ground in Japan expressly for Carriage Builders, and in all the leading colors. TRANSFER ORNAMENTS.

GOLD, SILVER and BRONZE LEAF and BRONZE POWDERS.

We would call the attention of Horseshoers and Carriage Smiths to our

American Snowball Shoes,

our very superior brand of

HORSE-SHOE IRON,

to the excellent quality of our *Small Rounds and Flats.*

MONEY'S HORSE NAILS, CARRIAGE MALLEABLES.

WROT-CARRIAGE GOODS, &c., &c., &c.

This, with our usual stock of SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE, makes one of the best assorted stocks in the Province.

Wholesale and Retail.

BESSONETT AND WILSON.
Middleton, Annapolis Co. nov.17

THE STEAM SHIP
'NEPTUNO!'

100 A 1, 555 tons register, 130 Horse Power, Arthur H. Bromage, commander, especially fitted for the Fruit Trade, due at Annapolis,

the 29th March,

will load apples direct for London. First-class passenger accommodation.

F. H. MITCHELL, Agent.
tds pd Tupperville.

ESTABLISHED 1845.

HARNESSES

LEATHER! BOOTS & SHOES!

Of Every Description.

THROUGH my long years of experience I feel confident at the beginning of a New Year, in calling attention to my present facilities to supply Harnesses, &c., at the very LOWEST PRICES:—

1st, I import mountings direct from manufacturers.
2nd, I manufacture the Leather
3rd, I employ the best workmen in the County.
4th, Am satisfied with a small margin.

I am thankful to my many patrons, and wish them in the coming year every prosperity, and that there may be a growing demand for first-class Harnesses.

COARSE BOOTS,
UPPER, GRAIN AND WAX, CALF, SKINS, SOLE LEATHER, ETC.

GEORGE MURDOCH.

WANTED.

ONE THOUSAND HIDES, for which the Highest Cash Price will be paid. n36

Fall and Winter Clothing!
SPLENDID STOCK JUST IN.
John H. Fisher,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Side Door, Masonic Building, Bridgetown,

BEGS to inform his numerous friends and Customers, that he has but lately returned from Halifax, where he has been selecting one of the largest and most complete stock of cloth that has ever been in this town. And as the foreman of his shop is MR. COLBERT, who always makes a perfect fit, satisfaction is guaranteed.

Bridgetown, Oct. 18th, 1880.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Christmas Cards,
Christmas Cards!
Christmas Cards!!

ALSO—A good assortment of USEFUL and FANCY ARTICLES, suitable for CHRISTMAS and NEW YEARS presents, at

Mrs. L. C. WHEELOCK'S,
Dry Goods Store,
LAWRENCETOWN.
Dec. 15th, 1880.

O. R. O. COLLAR!

Best Now in Use, Largest Stock in Town, All Sizes.

New Jewellery—Rings, Brooches, Ladies' Sets, Cuff Buttons and Shirt Studs, Fancy Goods, &c.

I will from this date to Sep. 30th sell for CASH at SMALL ADVANCES IN COST balance of Summer and Spring Goods.

EXPECT BARGAINS—As a special inducement I offer ten per cent. discount on all bills paid in full with CASH before 30th inst.

J. W. TOMLINSON

Lawrencetown, July 15th, 1880

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

Poetry.

Bide On

When the heart 'neath its troubles sinks down
And the joys that misled it are gone;
When the hopes that inspired it are flown,
And it groups through thick darkness alone,
Be Faith, then, thy cheer;
Scorn the whispers of Fear:
Look trustfully up, and bide on.

When Fancy's wild meteor ray
Allures thee from duty to roam,
Beware its bewildering way,
Abide with the soul in its home,
And hearken its voice;
Let the stream of thy joys
From the Fountain of Purity come.

When by nature and nature's God shaped
The future looks hopelessly drear;
And each day as it flies with the frown
Tells how hopeless, how abject we are;
Let nothing dismay
Thy brave effort to-day;
Be patient, and still persevere.

Be steady in joy and in sorrow;
Be truthful in great and in small;
Fear nothing but sin, and each morrow
Heaven's blessings upon thee shall fall;
In worst tribulation
Sum low consolation,
And trust in the God that sees all.

Select Literature.

Gipsy Golden.

Time and tide drifted me to the shores of England. Inclination and the train carried me to Rochester, the quaint, old-fashioned cathedral town immortalized by Dickens in "Edwin Drood." Imagine reaching the place by train! What a rude sweep that gave to preconceived romance. Vanished for evermore all vision of stage coaches; of a ride on the box seat beside the driver; of the tavern with relays of horses and mugs of cool frothy ale; of the corpulent landlord, with jovial face, rubicund nose and garrulous tongue: of the ostler, forever chewing a wisp of straw; and the chambermaid with a distracting, pretty cap setting off her coquettish face. Did they get into the old coaches at the first whistle of the first locomotive and trundle off to fairyland? Did they go west? Or, have they gone to join the lords and ladies of long ago, knights errant and Crusaders, Don Quixote and Jack-the-giant-killer, in the realm of imagination ruled over by Mother Goose?

'Train or no train,' said I to myself as I stood upon the platform, 'this *is* Rochester and if there is a grain of romance left in the old place I will unearth it.' I could not with impunity resist the offer of the porter to carry my trunk, but I rejected the proposal of a man dressed in a tweed suit of antiquated make, to test the 'New Railway Hotel.'

I left the modern porter and the staring new station and went out into the road, as new as it is possible for a road to be without being under process of construction and the sun-light glaring down upon it and reflected back into the eyes until they ached again. Here and there its gravelly banks were ornamented with tufts of frowzy grass, contemplating one of which stood a forlorn sheep with patient eyes, evidently waiting for more to grow before considering it worth his while to begin dinner. Gradually as I proceeded, the obnoxious newness at which I took so serious offence, became interspersed with much that was old-fashioned and dirty.

When I entered the High Street, almost the first object that caught my eye was the queer old clock that projected over the pavement out of a grave red brick building, as if Time carried on business there and hung out his sign, and I knew that at length I had reached the home of the Worshipful Master Richard Watts, of Richard Dubledick, the Reverend Septimus Crisparkle, Miss Twinkleton and of Jasper. I half expected to meet the pretty Rosa Bud coming down the street under the shadow of the out-stretched, oddly carved wooden gables, arm in arm with Helena Landless.

In the absence of the wayside inn for which my soul yearned, I stopped under protest of a hotel. However, it was delightfully old, perhaps not quite so clean as the effeminacy of our latter-day civilization demands, but by way of recompense offered as many low projections against which it was easy to knock one's head as the most ancient of taverns could possibly have done.

I retired to my room and my past life came back and haunted me. It had been an exemplary life, one long, pure, innocent, childlike existence, spent for the most part on the Stock Exchange. Towards midnight I wandered forth in search of the romantic. As I passed through the office the clerk eyed me. The great, projecting clock which was now illuminated not from the inside but the outside, showed me that it wanted but fifteen minutes to midnight. The High street was entirely deserted, save by three drunken sailors, who were rolling and pitching along the sidewalk as if a stiff breeze were blowing and the good ship 'Rochester' was heeling to leeward dreadfully. Having run foul of a lamp-post, they struck up that everlasting tune of 'Nancy Lee.' I fled up a stone archway that was almost opposite the clock. The drunken chorus died a sudden death, and I found myself in a stillness that from its intensity was almost startling. Through the archway I caught my first glimpse of the cathedral. I took in the foreground and proceeded to investigate. It was a churchyard and an old one, so full of tombstones that the sexton might with propriety—no, not with propriety, with truthfulness, paint upon the gate, 'Standing room only.' Suddenly, the moon came out from behind a cloud. It was like a transformation scene. The cathedral—but I paid no attention to the cathedral, for all at once the tombstones became unpleasantly distinct and white. I admit that I ran. I even doubled, for a moment, the expediency of railings—they prevented anything like a short cut. Now, I found myself under the shadow of the castle. It is a vast pile of ivy; with here and there an irregular gap and now and then a glimpse of rough hewn stone; but for the most part ivy. A crooked street led up to it, with the churchyard on one side and houses on the other. Pretty little houses in which none but good old-fashioned folk could live and thrive.

I wandered up to the run in order to pluck some of the dark green ivy leaves from its walls as mementoes. The utter stillness was unbroken even by the note of a bird; the trees were motionless. It was as though all mankind lay buried in the old churchyard, and I remained the 'last man.' I stretched out my hand, reached the ivy and broke off some leaves. Turning to go something glistened in the grass at my feet. It was a gold bracelet, elegant and of fine workmanship. Like much else that I had discovered since my coming, it was undeniably new. But it was a bracelet and I had found it at the dead of night among the ruins, as it were, of a long covered ruin.

I hastened back to the hotel. Everybody was in bed and the house dark. In fact, it took the united efforts of myself and a solitary policeman, who, contrary to tradition, turned up when required, to so excite the hotel bell, that the clerk with the suspicious eye, was at length led, through a merciful providence, to believe that the place was on fire, and in effecting an escape by the front door, offered me a chance to enter of which I availed myself without wasting time in vain explanations. I stumbled into wrong bedrooms and upset numerous vials of wrath upon my head before I found my own. By the light of a candle I re-examined my treasure and made a fresh discovery. At the back of the centre device, a name was engraved:

'GIPSY GOLDEN.'

For safety's sake I placed the bracelet under my pillow, and was soon asleep. Of course, I dreamed of Miss Gipsy, and fell in love with the little black-eyed beauty—she must be black-eyed or why call her 'Gipsy'—and would have married her but for that idiotic clerk, hammering at my door. I told him to come in. I did so, merely that I might have a boot at his head. I am good at a short range. What was the use of his telling me that it was twelve o'clock at noon and that he had quite expected to find me dead in my bed of apoplexy or something. It was useless to try to go to sleep again and go on with the ceremony. I inquired of the suspicious clerk if there was anyone of the name of 'Golden' living in Rochester or the neighborhood.

He replied: 'Not that he knowed.'

The ancient waiter came to my assistance and said:

'Old Golden keeps the 'Blue Boar,' and he's the only one of that name I know of here or elsewhere, he is.'

I did not think that Gipsy—I called her Gipsy and would have shortened it to Gip only it sounded too much like a dog's name—I say I did not think Gipsy would have been connected with a common tavern or an 'Old Golden,' but I held my peace.

'Was he sure?' I asked.

'Was he *sure*?' this with a falling inflection and indignant emphasis. What did I take him for? He wasn't born in Rochester and hadn't lived in Rochester for eighty years for nothing, he hoped. I also hoped not, but in secret feared he had. However, he directed me to the 'Blue Boar,' and that was something to have lived for after all.

What a long way off it was, away out of the town and on a country road, just beyond a toll-gate. The painting on the sign looked more like a rhinocerous that had a fit of the blues, than a boar. But that made the place all the better. What you expect to find in a good, old-fashioned inn is irregularly reduced to a system. You want to let yourself drift back to the time when they called a spade a spade although it was more like a plow-share on the end of a flag-pole. If you get into the spirit of the thing and can wipe from your mind all remembrance of Fifth avenue and spring beds you are all right. I went into the parlor. The floor was sanded; two long boards on trestles constituted the tables, and wooden benches were ranged along the walls. There was little else in the room except four primitive spittoons, a few old prints of fox-hunting subjects and an odor of malt; and the fresh country air flapped the window blinds, and flew upon my face laden as it was with sweet odors of flowers and with the sound of chirping birds. Presently Mr. Golden entered.

My ideal landlord stood before me; portly, round as a beer barrel, with jovial face and rubicund nose.

I said I wanted some ale and a pipe, but that I would hire a room if he had one and stop there—until I went away. I saw my room and was satisfied; it was such a room as I had dreamed of. I heard the cackle of hens under the window. It is a foolish thing for a hen to cackle, I think, for who can hear it and not think of spring chicken broiled? So I went down and ordered one and couldn't get it, but was accommodated with a couple of new laid eggs instead. Then Mr. Golden came in and sat down and talked, just as I had wanted him to talked—talk incessantly, so that there was no need for me to do anything but listen. He talked of himself and the country, and of—himself, and one or two of the folks round about, and of—himself and what good beer would do for a man, and of—himself. Chiefly of himself. And I thought 'this is what I yearned for, and now I have it and can enjoy it;' I could sit and listen to this delightful flow of rural language for—about another five minutes and then I should like to go to sleep and forget all about it.

But Mr. Golden said:

'You've come along just at the right time, sir. It ain't often we can offer much attraction to a city gent like yourself, but my niece is here from Lunnon. Her father's a brewer, rich as a prince, and proud as punch of her. She's out just now with Polly, but come up stairs this evening and you'll see Gipsy; that's her name, a queer one, ain't it?'

By Jove! I had forgotten the bracelet. Was it possible that I had forgotten Gipsy for new laid eggs and beer?

'Old Golden' left me and I went up the road thinking of Gipsy and Polly. Who the dickens was Polly—was she another niece? If so, I suppose I won't have to find another bracelet. As if bracelets could be picked up as easily as eggs or bad habits! In the evening there came a soft rap at my bedroom door, and when I opened it there stood my ideal chambermaid! She had a pretty face, with dimpled cheeks, bright blue eyes and the most bewitching of white caps to set off her charms. She had come with an invitation from Mr. Golden to spend the evening with him.

I asked this pretty chambermaid her name, and she said:

'Polly, sir, if it pleases you.'

Which quaint little speech did please me because now I knew who 'Polly' was and my mind was relieved with regard to the strange bracelet. I went down stairs and into the private parlor, and there sat 'Old Golden' and Gipsy.

A veritable gipsy, too. You might pick out all the black-eyed gipsies from all the tribes in the lands and set them beside her and they would not compare with her. Her face was a gem, saucy and coquettish and her hair was as black as the orthodox raven's wing. 'Old Golden' did the honors and I enjoyed myself and fell in love. I really did fall in love and never gave it a thought that perhaps a few dozen other young men had fallen in love with her before I saw her.

During the evening 'Old Golden,' without my having mentioned it, told me the story of the bracelet. She had lost it, out walking a week before, and he himself had offered a reward of ten pounds for its recovery. He took me to the little box and showed me one of the bills. This was Golden's version of the story, evidently as he had been told; but I noticed that Gipsy turned her head away and colored as he spoke of it, and I shrewdly concluded that his version was imperfect. I held my tongue and concluded to keep the bracelet until I could find some opportunity to get the real story in exchange for it.

Gipsy and I were soon familiar enough to take walks together, and I made love at a furious rate, and made progress in it too. As no ardent admirer came to vie with me or tempt me to do deeds of rashness with my revolver, I concluded that her heart was free. The days glided by, and my projected tour on the continent was forgotten or postponed until a more convenient season.

It was a day in August. The grain was golden, and the trees bending beneath their loads of fruit. One hot day when the birds sought the cool shade of their nests and a brook bubbling over its rocky stony bed made sweet music; and we—Gipsy and I—like the birds sought the only shade we could find, which was provided by a haystack.

'Gipsy,' said I, 'what a delightful place this is, isn't it?'

And she said it was.

There is nothing like a perfect unanimity of sentiment between man and wife. I thought. This promises well. So I said:

'Gipsy, I should like to stop here all my life, wouldn't you?'

'No,' she replied, 'I should think it would grow dull.'

After all, thought I, it is as well to differ on some points for the sake of variety. So I concluded to try again.

'Gipsy.'

She looked up at me and said:

'Well?'

This was confusing but I re commenced:

'Gipsy, if I were to find that bracelet for you would you give me a reward?'

'No. I don't care whether it is found or not. Uncle would give you the ten pounds, I suppose.'

'There it is,' said I, 'now may I ask for a reward?'

She took the bracelet and stared at it, changed color and toyed with it, but did not express much surprise and no pleasure; so I went on:

'Gipsy, what I want is yourself.'

She just laid her head down upon my shoulder and burst into tears. But she smiled through them soon and I found the way to her rosy lips, and sealed the compact with a kiss. After a-while, when the sun had almost sunk behind the horizon, she asked me to take her down to the river. It was one of the longest of our frequent walks, but the loveliest. When we stood upon the bank she took the bracelet and deliberately threw it into the water.

'That is the second time I have thrown it away,' she said as I stared with astonishment. 'The first time because I had received it from a man I hated, and who wanted me to marry him; and this second time, although I have received it from the man I love best in the world, I have thrown it away to show him that there are no ties in the past that prevent my heart from being his, and his only.'

I admired the sentiment, but considered it a waste of property. How does it strike you?

A HERO.—The *Times of Natal* contains an account, obtained from native sources by Mr. Osborne, the British Resident in Zululand, of the memorable disaster at Isandlana. The description of the stand made by 'the last man' is full of pathos: 'He struggled on and on, retreating higher and higher up the hill, till he reached a small cave or recess in the rocks, into which he crept, and with his gun kept off the enemies. The ground in front of the little cave (which was pointed out to me) falls steeply down, and the Zulus, taking advantage of the rocks and stones scattered about, endeavored, two or three at a time, to approach and shoot him. The soldier, however, was very cool and wary, and invariably shot every Zulu as he appeared. He did not blaze away hurriedly, but loaded quietly, took deliberate aim, and killed a man with every shot' till at last, the Zulus being now very tired, a number of men, good shots, were brought up with guns, who fired simultaneously at the unfortunate man and so killed him.'