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. 10. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1882. NO. 28.

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 description 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 closest 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 alteration

DIPHTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Dont delay a moment. The question is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

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.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood, in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps.

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

DENTISTRY.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

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

BRIDGETOWN,

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

DR. S. F. WHITMAN.

Jan 2o1., 1882.

HATHEWAY LINE.

Direct Between
BOSTON & NOVA SCOTIA
NO TRANSFERS.

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

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

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis on Wednesday after arrival of Express train from Halifax, for Boston direct—landing her passengers in Boston in 26 and 28 hours from Nova Scotia. Returning, leaves Boston on Monday morning.

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

Low Fares and Cheap Freights.

Free of Boston Wharfage.

For further particulars apply to Station Agents on the W. & A. R. and W. C. Railways, or to John Walsh, Digby.

Hatheway & Co.,
22 Central Wharf, Boston.

F. W. HATHEWAY, Agent, Annapolis.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED
First-Class Route
BETWEEN
Nova Scotia and the Unitted States
Via the Splendid
STEAMER "EMPRESS,"
Between St. John Digby Annapolis.
And thence to PORTLAND and BOSTON via the splendid Steamers of the
Insernational Steamship Company.

Superior Accommodation with Fares as Low as by any other Route.

Special Reduced Rates of Fare.

	1st Class Limited to Continuous Passage.	1st Class Unlimited to Portland.	1st Class Unlimited to Boston.
Windsor to Boston			
Portland,	$6.50	$8.00	$8.50
Kentville to Boston or Portland,	6.00	7.25	7.70
Annapolis to Boston or Portland,	5.00	5.70	6.20

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

STEAMER "EMPRESS"

Leaves Annapolis on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY afternoons

After arrival of Windsor & Annapolis Railway Express Train from Halifax, Windsor, &c., and will leave Digby after arrival of Express Train, Western Counties' Railway, from Yarmouth, Weymouth, &c., for St. John, where passengers bound West or South can take one of the splendid Steamers of the International Steamship Co., which leave Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston.

Further information to be obtained of F. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents of that Company; C. E. BARRY, 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, or also from J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendant, and the several Station Agents of the Western Counties Railway, and of

R. B. HUMPHREY, GENERAL AGENT.
45 Duke St., St. John.

E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS AND DEICRIPTION EXECUTED AT THE OFFICE OF THIS PAPER.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

(0:0)

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.

NOVA SCOTIA STEAMSHIP CO.

(LIMITED.)

Shortest and most Direct Route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

1882-YARMOUTH LINE-1882.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT
Yarmouth and Boston.

(Commencing Saturday, June 3rd, 1882.)

THE splendid sea-going, Side-wheel Steamer "New Brunswick," will leave Yarmouth for Boston every SATURDAY, p. m., after arrival of the Express train from Halifax, Kentville, Annapolis, Digby and Weymouth.

Returning, will leave Battery Wharf, Boston, for Yarmouth, every TUESDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, connecting at Yarmouth with the Western Counties Railway for Halifax and all intermediate stations, and steamer "Dominion" for St. John, Eastport and Grand Manan.

Yarmouth & Portland.

Steamer "New Brunswick" will leave Yarmouth for Portland every WEDNESDAY, p. m., after arrival of Express train from Halifax, Kentville, Annapolis, Digby and Weymouth, connecting at Portland with Eastern and Boston and Maine Railways for Boston, and Grand Trunk Railway for Montreal, Toronto, and all points on the Grand Trunk Railway.

Returning, will leave Portland for Yarmouth every FRIDAY p. m., after arrival of Eastern and Boston and Maine trains from Boston, (Express train leaves Boston at 8.30 a. m.) and Grand Trunk Express train for Montreal, connecting at Yarmouth Saturday morning with Express train for Halifax and intermediate stations.

YARMOUTH, WESTPORT, ST. JOHN, EASTPORT & GRAND MANAN.

Steamer "Dominion" will leave Yarmouth for St. John, calling at Westport every WEDNESDAY, after arrival of steamer "New Brunswick" from Boston; and St. John for Grand Manan, calling at Eastport, every THURSDAY morning at 6 o'clock. Returning, will leave Grand Manan every FRIDAY morning at 6 o'clock for St. John, calling at Eastport; and will leave St. John for Yarmouth, calling at Westport, every SATURDAY morning at 6 o'clock, connecting at Yarmouth with steamer "New Brunswick," for Boston.

Steamer "Dominion" connects at Eastport with steamer to and from Calais, St. Stephen and St. Andrews.

Rates of Passage as Cheap as by any other route.

CONNECTIONS—Boston, Portland and St. John, with all Railway and Steamship Lines; Yarmouth, with Fishwick's Steamer for Shelburne, Lockport, Liverpool, Lunenburg, and with Patten's Coaches for Argyle, Pubnico, Barrington, etc.

E. E. CLEMENTS,
General Manager.

Sep. 5th, '82—tf

New Store,

New Goods.

MIDDLETON STATION.

THE subscriber having just completed the enlargement of his premises respectfully invites the inspection of his new and varied stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes,

Especial attention is invited to one of the LARGEST STOCKS of Boots and Shoes to be found outside of the Cities, and at prices that defy competition. Ladies' and Misses' Fine KID BOOTS and SLIPPERS a specialty.

Ladies' and Mens' Overshoes and Rubbers.

Also, Crockery, Ware, and everything found in a well stocked country store.

Always on hand, Flour, Meal, Lime, Salt, etc., at prices as Low as the Lowest.

It is not my intention to advertise impossible prices, but a comparison of prices is corally invited. Close cash buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a call.

WANTED—100 doz. Good Home-knit Socks, at 25c. per pair; good double and twisted Yarn, at 60c. per lb; Cloth, butter, eggs, at the highest market rate — also, Lumber, Shingles, cordwood, etc,

J. H. CHUTE.

Jany. 16th, 1882. n40tf

ANNAPOLIS, SS.

SUPREME COURT,

In Equity, 1882.

On the petition and application of John Morgan, of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, Esquire, praying Foreclosure and sale under Chap. 95, Revised Statutes, 4th Series.

TO BE SOLD AT

Public Auction,

by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his Deputy, at Lawrencetown, in the said County, on

WEDNESDAY,

22d DAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT, AT TEN o'clock in the forenoon,

Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein, on the fifth day of July, A. D. 1882, unless before the sale the amount due the said petitioner on the mortgage herein, together with interest and costs be paid to him or to his Attorney,

ALL the interest and equity of redemption of the late Nathan E. Montgomery and Melissa Montgomery, widow of the said late Nathan E. Montgomery, in and to the following lot, piece or parcel of

LAND,

and Premises, situate in the Township of Wilmot, and bounded as follows: Beginning at the East by lands of the said John Morgan; on the North by same; on the West by lands occupied by John W. James and Church Lot; and on the South by Church Lot and Railroad ground, containing one acre and a quarter, more or less, together with all and singular the appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Terms: Ten per cent deposit at time of sale; remainder on delivery of the Deed.

Dated at Annapolis Royal, in the county of Annapolis, the 14th day of October, A.D. 1882.

AUGUSTUS ROBINSON,
High Sheriff.

E. RUGGLES, Atty. of Petitioner. 27 51

BANKS & MERLIN,

Produce Commission Agents,

COLONIAL MARKET, ARGYLE ST., HALIFAX.

WE the undersigned have leased the above named Market, where we carry on a Commission Business in the Produce Line. Ample room for Storage of Goods. Consignments carefully handled; Returns promptly remitted. Consigners will be kept well posted in Market Prices.

H. HAVELOCK BANKS.
WM. H. MERLIN.

n8 6m]

Middleton Hotel,

MIDDLETON, ANNAPOLIS CO., N. S.

C. C. DODGE, Proprietor.

THE Subscriber wishes respectfully to say to the general public that the old well known Middleton Hotel still stands on the old site, and its proprietor is still on the acting side, "hale and hearty."

He thanks the public (travelling and local) for past patronage, and with confidence solicits a continuance of their favors.

No exertion shall be spared (in the future as in the past) by the Proprietor, to make his house a pleasant and agreeable home for all who may take up their abode at his house, permanently or temporally.

A COMFORTABLE CONVEYANCE will attend all trains to convey passengers to and fro.

Good Stabling,

and a respectful, attentive hostler always at call.

Charges Very Moderate.

C. C. DODGE.

Middleton, March 27th, 1882. 1y

THE "PERFECT"
SPRING BED!

The only reliable bed in the market.

A new supply of the above just received and for sale by

THOS. KELLY, Sole agent.

Bridgetown, June 28th, 1882.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of Harris Harding Morse, late of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to within six months from date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

MARGARET E. MORSE,
J. L. MORSE,
L. S. MORSE,
Executors.

Dated May 31st, 1882. 6m

Flour and Meal.

THE Subscriber has a large consignment of FLOUR, CORN MEAL and OAT MEAL which he offers for sale at

LOW RATES,
EITHER
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE, SUCH AS WOOD, BUTTER, EGGS, RYE-STRW, BEANS, POTATOES, ETC.

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, January 5th, 1882.

Edmund Bent

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Sales attended to promptly in any part of the County. Consignments solicited. Prompt returns made.

Bridgetown, N. S., May, 1880. n5tf

300,000

TULIPS,
LILIES,
HYACINTHS,
CROEUS, &c.

Catalogue to all applicants.

25 Tulips, assorted, $1.
8 Hyacinths, " $1.
4 Lilies, $1.
100 Croeus, mixed, $1.
20 Bulbs, assorted, $1.

By mail or express, prepaid, to any address in Canada.

Address

JAMES H. ANDREWS

WILLOW PARK NURSERIES,
Halifax, N. S.

STRAYED

on the premises of the subscriber, about the 1st September, three yearling cattle. The owner of the same will oblige by calling and looking after them, and paying expenses.

W. R. TROOP.

Granville, Oct. 17th, '82. 27tf

W. B. Almon Ritchie

BARRISTER, &C.,

Annapolis, - - N. S.

n13 3m

ARE YOU GOING TO

PAINT?

We call your attention to the

Averill Paint

—FOR—

House Painting.

Remember it is a pure Linseed Oil and Lead Paint, combined with ingredients to render it glossy and hard.

See testimonial of a practical painter of 16 years' experience:—

I have used the Averill Paint and am fully satisfied that it is far superior to lead and oil mixed in the old way. It gives a heavy body and high gloss, and I am confident that it will prove far more durable. One gallon of it will cover as much surface on an exposed building as one and a half gallons of lead and oil. I consider it as cheap if not cheaper than the best lead. I cheerfully recommend it to the public as a first class article.

W. WHINARD,
Painter.

S. N. JACKSON,

Clarence, Agent.

N. B.—The subscriber keeps constantly on hand a general stock of GOODS, low for cash or prompt barter.

Photograph Gallery

THE subscriber, who has been for some time established in this town, has lately procured a first class set of Photograph, View and Copying Lenses, and is now prepared to execute all orders for work in his line in first class style and at short notice.

VIEWS of dwellings, stores, streets, etc., a specialty, and orders from any part of the country attended to.

Enlarging.

Portraits copied, enlarged, framed and finished, either in oil or colors. The portrait to be copied must be either a good tintype or photograph.

Photographs and tintypes will receive best attention.

Pictures taken in any weather.

Charges reasonable.

Please call and inspect samples of his work at his rooms,

OVER "MONITOR" OFFICE.

J. N. RICE.

Bridgetown, August 7th, 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT
THE GREAT CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM
As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS. It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of rheumatism can realize.
THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst form of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE $1. LIQUID or DRY, SOLD by DRUGGISTS. (4) Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.
Acts at the same time on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.
KIDNEY-WORT

TESTIMONY OF AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.—The physicians which authenticated the claims of NORTHROP & LYMAN'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES to be regarded as the finest pulmonic in use, emanate in many instances from physicians of eminence. Dr. J. Corlis, of St. Thomas, writes as follows:—

"During ten years of active practice, I have had occasion to prescribe Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Since your preparation came under my notice I have tried it, and take great pleasure in saying that it has given great satisfaction and it is to be preferred to any I have ever used or recommended. I have used it in my own family during heavy colds, and in every instance a happy result has followed. I cheerfully recommend its use in all cases of debility arising from weakness of the muscular or nervous system.

What can be more convincing than this. Here is a professional man of long practice and high reputation bearing direct and positive testimony to the value of a remedy which he has thoroughly tested. Who can read and doubt? Assuredly no one of common sense.

This matchless specific for throat and lung disease is also most servicable in scrofulous cases. Purchasers should be careful to observe that each wrapper has a *fac simile* of the firm's signature upon it. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Canada.

WANTED.

AN Experienced FIRST CLASS FEMALE TEACHER, to take charge of the Primary Department, School Section No. 28, Paradise, for one year, one who has a Normal School diploma preferred. Best of reference required.

Apply immediately, stating salary, to

EDGAR BENT,
Sec. Trustees.

Oct. 10th, 1882.—n26tf

Real Estate for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale the premises known as the

STEELE PROPERTY,

situated in Centreville, containing two acres good land, on which are apple, pear, plum and cherry trees, a good dwelling house, barn and outbuildings. A well of pure soft water is also on the premises.

Terms—Half purchase money down, remainder may remain on mortgage.

For particulars apply to

MATILDA MILLNER.

Centreville, Oct 3rd, 1882. tf 25

THE

"BLUE"
STORE.

I take great pleasure in announcing to my numerous customers and the public at large, that my Fall Stock is now complete, comprising

ENGLISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS, ENGLISH WORSTED SUITINGS, and WEST OF ENGLAND BROADCLOTHS.

Persons wishing clothing made up at short notice can be accommodated at my establishment, as I can complete a suit in twenty-four hours after receipt of order. I am pleased to show my goods at all times and to all persons. Call and see them.

JOHN H. FISHER.

Poetry.

[Written for the Monitor.]

FALLING LEAVES.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

The autumn winds are blowing now,
The leaves are falling fast;
Earth's tender plants must droop and die,
Before the stormy blast.

But Winter's reign will have an end;
Spring's sun shall banish gloom:
The lovely flowers, chilled by the frost,
Anew shall rise and bloom.

Yes, Spring shall come to those who low
Are laid beneath the sod;
The trumpet's voice, the dead will hear,
And rise to meet their God.

So though we lay our loved one down,
And shed the bitter tear;
We hope again to see her face,
Where death we'll never fear.

J. MCLACHLIN.

Bridgetown, Sept. 20th, 1882

Select Literature.

Destiny.

On a stormy March day a fresh-faced young girl was (I am tempted to say "manfully!") "womanly" making her way along the main street of a New England factory village. A bright daring face was hers—one that said, as plainly as brown eyes, red lips and piquant features could say: "Here I am. Let fate send her worst. I shall fight the good fight. The very curls on her temples, blowing this way and that, under her simple straw turban, looked fearless, almost saucy, yet without any suggestion of that hideous, straight-hanging, modern crank of fashion termed "bang." She wore a neat waterproof suit, sensible in length, and pepper and salt in hue, though a shrewd physiognomist might have been willing to wager that somewhere among her feminine adorning would be found a vivid dash of scarlet. She carried her cotton umbrella without endangering people's eyes, and appeared altogether business-like and self-sustained. A passing stranger, glancing at her eager face and quick gait, would think, "That girl is in dead earnest.'

She looked occasionally at the pictures, vases and other pretty trifles in the shop windows, but without a twinge of envy in her healthful soul. She was wont to say that she could enjoy them four times a day (except when she carried her dinner) without the trouble of taking care of them. In short, she seemed fully equipped for "possessing in the very best sense. She did stop, however, before a confectioner's window, where some tempting oranges were displayed, counting the contents of a shabby little purse, then snapped the steel clasp with a determined shake of the head. 'Nettie Randall you're a selfish coward," was her mental comment as she walked resolutely on.

Turning into a quiet street, yet not too far from the business centre of the village, she entered a small frame house, by the door of which was tacked a modest tin sign, lettered, 'Ladies' Trimming Store, F. & A. Randall.' In the front windows hung a few ribbons, cheap laces, Hamburg edgings, etc.—a most unpretending establishment. As Nettie closed the door upon her dripping umbrella and the great discomfort of a storm and fast thickening darkness outside, a cherry warmth and light greeted her, and another fresh-faced, brown-eyed girl a year or two younger, looked up with a bright smile from her seat behind the counter, where she was swiftly and dexterously drawing the bristles through those indispensable aids to civilization—tooth brushes.

'How's 'Destiny'?' asked Nettie, in a matter of course way, as she hung up her outer waterproof and pushed her overshoes under the stove to dry.

In explanation, let it be here stated that these two were once singing that beautiful poem, which begins:

'Though the day of my destiny's over.

And the star of my fate has declined;'

a tiny, lisping cousin caught the melody and piped out: 'Though the day of my destiny's 'clined.' 'Destiny's 'clined' become thereafter a most appropriate expression, when the 'best laid schemes' seemed obstinately bent on 'ganging aglee."

The answer to Nettie's question came promptly:

'Awful! Just 15 cents in the cash drawer! I haven't sold anything to-day but a paper of needles and a yard of elastic.'

'That means oatmeal for supper again, I suppose,' said Nettie. 'I hate it,' she added savagely, her good humor oozing away at the uninviting prospect. She had been working all day for 'cut down' wages, in a woollen factory, and was wet, tired and most unsentimentally hungry.

'That's because you haven't got far enough in 'Epictetus,'' said her sister serenely.

Nettie glanced around at the hanging shelf of carefully selected volumes, ancient and modern, gathered for these two, in years past, by a studious father's loving hand and judicious brain.

'We can't eat Greek philosophy. If we had the original manuscripts, we might make papyrus soup. I'll tell you what it is, Flo,' she continued decidedly, as she put her feet up to warm, 'something must happen pretty soon. My pay won't amount to much this month, and the next installment to Mr. Stone falls due on the 17th, you know. Besides, the coal is nearly all gone.'

'Oh, dear! Those payments to Mr. Stone! What do you suppose ever become of that money, Nettie?'

'We have asked ourselves that question for the last two years, Flo, and we don't come any nearer the solution of the riddle—whatever we accomplish toward the solution of the debt.'

'Is it a debt, I wonder,' said Flo—'a legal one, and I shall not give up trying to pay it as long as I can fill a brush or—mop a kitchen floor if it comes to that. Our literary ventures don't amount to anything. I should rather write stories and paint pictures than make brushes, I'm sure, and you would rather give dramatic reading than be tied down to a factory bell—but we are evidently not headed for the temple of fame, and may as well give up.'

'Fame?' rejoined Nettie, 'who cares for the empty bubble? It's the money we want. I wish we had back all we have spent in postage stamps on the miserable scribblings.

'I suppose it's true (as some editors tell us in their polite little notes) that writers seldom accomplish anything of real literary merit till they are at least thirty. We don't belong to the group of phenominal geniuses,' and Flo twitched away her finished brush from the vice, with a quick, practised movement, and began to spread the table for their simple supper, in the back part of the store. In cold weather they lived in this room as much as possible, to save fuel.

Nettie toasted her feet luxuriously, and looked admiringly at her pretty hands lying idly in her lap. Her work at the factory was by no means detrimental to their shapeliness.

'If Mr. Stone had only been at home the night father brought the money for him from Ashfield, it would have been all right. Or if father hadn't had the stroke before morning.' Her lips quivered, and her eyes filled at the memory.

'Nettie,' said Flo, solemnly, as she cut the rye loaf, 'we are sure that Mr. Sackett is an honest man, and he never would have said that he sent the money by father if it hadn't been true.'

'Why do you emphasize Mr. Sackett so strongly? Don't you suppose Mr. Stone is honest too?'

'I don't know anything about it,' said Flo. 'People can't always help their suspicions. Perhaps he was at home that night.'

Nettie laughed incredionsly.

'Nonsense! Don't you suppose people would have found him out before this if he was a rascal? I don't think myself he's very amiable. Father very likely put the money in such a safe place till morning that nobody will ever find it, unless the old homestead should be pulled down or struck by lightning, it will probably be discovered in some mysterious cranny of the floors or walls. Secrets come to light in strange ways sometimes.'

'I know one thing,' said Flo, resolutely, 'you and I are going to pay back that money, Nettie (or the remainder, seeing that Mr. Stone took the very house from over our heads), if we have to live on dry bread and oatmeal for twenty years.

(Ah, how easy is prospective heroism at sixteen!)

'We shall be almost old women at that time, and cross and ugly, as like as not,' said Nettie, taking a discontented bite at her buttercuss bread. Despite her buoyant demeanor on the street, she was more subject to ups and downs than Flo.

'We needn't be cross and ugly,' answered Flo, carefully measuring out her share of milk from her tiny pitcher. 'I hope the lamp won't smoke again to-night. How nice it would be to have a new burner.'

A short, bobbing figure, in an immense rubber cloak, with an umbrella in one hand, and a yellow quart bowl in the other, pressed a gleaming face against the glass upper half of the door.

'Miss Mellavine! said Flo joyfully, and sprang up to admit her.

Their next door neighbor, Miss Mary Lavina Murry (who had given herself the name of "Mallavine' when a little child) was what Flo and Nettie called 'a walking sunshine factory.' Many a time had her kindly deeds helped to tide them over a threatened collapse in the commissionary department, and her gifts was as delicately bestowed as they were timely. A simple, unlearned woman, with a heart of gold.

'You dear things! I hope you haven't finished your tea, for I said to myself this boiled dinner is so very savory this afternoon (you know my habit of two meals a day in winter, my dears) those girls must have a taste. Don't get a chair—I musn't sit down.'

She did; however, and smiled on them benevolently, while pretending not to see just how acceptable was her neighborly offering.

'Oh, I'm used to all sorts of days, you know, Miss Mellavine. That 5 o'clock whistle haunts me in my dreams, but I hope for something better some day. These parsnips are perfectly lovely. (I believe that is the current phrase these days.) And what have you done to pass away the time?'

'Oh, odds and ends, my dear—odds and ends. A little mending and my house work, a letter to my sister Clinda's son, because its his birth day, off among strangers, dear boy, and a bit of flannel sewing for one of poor Bridget Malony's little tribe. I'm so glad you like the things. Some folks ain't any hand for boiled dinners, but I must say I like them. You get so much in a small compass. You may cut off two yards of that 12-cent rouching, Flo, my dear. Now, I really must go. (Never mind about the bowl this time.) Caleb stone is very sick again—taken very suddenly, they say, and Mirandy wants me to come over to-night. He's dreadful fidgety and wants to see me about something particular, she says. Mirandy is no hand to do for sick folks, you know, though she's not to blame, never having been brought up to it,' and the short auburn curlss lightly shivered on each side of the round smiling face, nodded 'good will' and 'good night' as she disappeared in the cavernous depths of the rubber cloak and stopped out into the rain.

'Caleb Stone very sick! If he should die we may have to hurry up the payments to the lawyers or somebody,' said Flo rather apprehensively, getting her dish pan ready.

'I shan't worry over that,' answered Nettie, blithely, as she tried on a large apron preparatory to dish wiping. She had recovered her elasticity since the advent of the parsnips, etc.

'If there's an out-and-out angel on the face of this selfish earth it's Miss Mellavine. What a difference a good meal makes in one's moral barometer. I was cross before supper, Flo, dear,' said she penitently, giving her sister a quick dab of a kiss on the left ear, 'if any one has a right to be cross it's you, shut up here all day—with no exercise except to do errands in the evenings when I'm at home. You're twice as good and patient as your unsatisfied sister Nettie.'

Enough of Miss Mellavine's benefaction remained to give a flavor to the breakfast, and Nettie went to her work with a light heart in the dark of the wintry morning. Her duty in the factory was packing and labelling stockings. About the middle of the afternoon her quick eye detected something wrong in a pile of stockings that had just been brought to her for packing.

'How's this Richard?' said she to the messenger, 'there must be a mistake, Mr. Barker has given you the wrong kind. These stockings are part cotton, and my labels say superfine wool.'

The boy gave a knowing wink. 'I guess it's all right. Barker knowed what he was about. Mum's the word, Miss Nettie, if you and I want to keep our places."

With sparkling eyes and scarlet checks Nettie carried the box of stockings into an inner room where sat Mr. Barker the overseer of her department, a heavy, flabby man, with pale eyes, pale hair and a hanging under lip, and with him one or two clerks.

"These are not the right stockings for my labels, Mr. Barker. They are half cotton.'

Mr. Barker fumbled the stockings with his thick fingers, looked at the lables, and then at her with a beery smile.

'My dear young lady you surprise me. The stockings are all right. Your legitimate business is simply to put on the labels which we provide.'

Higher mounted the color in Nettie's cheeks. Her voice trembled, but her courage did not falter.

'Then I must decline to do it,' Mr Barker.

'Ho, ho, indeed!" said the beery Barker, with sudden energy. 'Here Simpson,' to one of the draper clerks just passing through the room. 'Be kind enough to step to Mr. Wiggins' desk and ask him to settle accounts with this exceedingly conscientious young woman, and provide her with a ticket of leave,' and Mr. Barker turned abruptly on his heel.

Nettie's nerve and indignation carried her through the next few moments, and soon she had closed the factory door behind her.

'I know I've done right, and I shall find something to do. I hope Flo won't be very much overcome!'

Her sister looked up surprised at her early return. On hearing her story she gave a half hysterical laugh.

'You match my experience, Nettie. That 'drummer' from the Worcester firm was here. Do you notice anything very strange?'

Nettie looked around, and beheld showcase and rope-lines nearly emptied.

'We hadn't the money ready, you know,' said her sister, 'so the goods had to go. He was vewy sawhy—disagweeable dewty—and all that sort of thing of course. Such 'genteel' kid gloves he wore, and such a 'genteel' case he brought to pack the things in! I sat in stony silence, working away, and never lifted a finger to help. Mean of me, wasn't it?'

Nettie slowly sank into the little splint rocker and stared helplessly.

'No,' said Flo, proceeding briskly with her brushes, 'the question is what to do next. I shall get two quarts of New Orleans molasses, and start a candy trade tomorrow.'

'I suppose I might take a flat basket, and peddle the sticks after you make them,' said Nettie half bitterly. 'I might possibly strike a gold mine, in the shape of a rich old lady or gentleman who is fond of taffy and would like to adopt a likely bairn about my age.'

'I hope we won't eat too much of it ourselves,' said the provident Flo.

'Where's the tin pail,' said Nettie, jumping up with alacrity. 'Oh! here it is. I'll go the Dickerman's right off for the molasses. You will need every spare minute for your brushes now—till you teach me how to make them too. After all I don't see why it won't be just as respectable to sell candy as anything else, if we deal in pure goods, and give honest measures. I'm sure authors sell their books, and artists their paintings. It's only a question of degree.

'And even monarchs and great statesmen receive compensations,' laughed Flo.

The molasses was soon bubbling merrily in the porcelain-lined kettle, and until the time of constant stirring should arrive Nettie sat down by her sister to take a lesson in brush making.'

'We can take a few dollars of your pay, Nettie, and lay in a small stock of candy to-morrow. The school children will soon find it out. I can take some comfort in having you home, for a time, at least. Why can't we indulge in a good supper, to-night, as long as you have your pay? I'm getting reckless. Let's have oysters.'

'Agreed!' said Nettie, delighted to see Flo so ready (for once) for a comparative luxury, ''scrimption' has its limits!"

'Oh, oh!' cried her sister, in mock horror. 'Labors of Max Muller! How can you, Nettie? There!—the candy nearly boiled over! run and stir it—quick!'

(In the midst of the stirring and the fun, enters Miss Mellavine in a state of unwonted excitement.)

'Such a surprise, my dear! What do you think? But first of all, I suppose you have heard that Caleb Stone is dead?'

She dropped into the nearest chair, and fanned herself with her brown check apron though it was wintry March outside.

'Why, no!' exclaimed the girls in a breath, while Nettie held her spoon suspended in the air, with ropes of taffy gracefully pendulous therefrom.

'I must begin at the very beginning,' said Miss Mellavine, 'or I shall be sure to forget something I ought to remember. He died at four o'clock this moaning, but Mirandy couldn't bear to have a mess of half strange women around, she said, so she begged me to stay on—though I'm free to confess I ached to come and tell you as quick as I decently could. I can't get over the turn it gave me. To think that all this time—(but I shall be sure to let it out before I get around it after all, if I'm not careful.) When I went up last night he was asleep, and Mirandy was setting by the fire, and the little fellow had gone to bed. 'I'm so glad you come, Mellavine' says she 'for Caleb is that set on seeing you that I was afraid he might dress himself to go to your house if you didn't come. He's been out of his head more or less all day, but the doctor gave him another small dose of morphine, and he's resting easier now.' She hadn't more than got the words out of her mouth when he turned his head on the pillow and opened his eyes.

'Is that you Mellavine?'

'Yes sir,' said I, going up to the bed.

'Mirandy,' you go out and sit by the kitchen fire till I want you again,' and to humor him she went. Just as quick as she shut the door he clutched me by the arm and pointed to a heavy black box that stood on the bureau.

'There! there it is!' says he. 'It's clutching at my throat as if it had fingers Take it away! Take it away!' he almost shrieked.

'Yes, yes, presently,' said I to pacify him.

'Why don't you take it! The key hangs around my neck. Here, unlock the box and take away the—package! It's clutching me, I tell you! Be quick!'

'I did just as he told me (you've got to be with a ravin' man, you know) not expecting to find anything important. I unlocked the box, and the first thing I see—oh, I pretty near let it out that time, but you've guessed it like as not. I declare, I don't know when I shall get over the scare it gave me!'

(Flo and Nettie exchanged quick, startled looks, and drew nearer to Miss Mellavine, while the molasses bubbled unheeded in the porcelain kettle.

'Tell them,' he says, 'that I've not had an hour's peace since I locked it up there. Their father's sudden death put it in my head—the temptation came like a whirlwind then, oh, the misery! You know the rest. Afterwards I could not confess. They are good girls—good girls. John Randall's daughters could not do anything else. Tell them to keep it all—all. It is doubly theirs. I have so wronged them, I do not want them to pay another dollar on the old account. It is the only reparation I can make. Beg them to keep my secret. I don't deserve that they should have mercy on my good name, but, oh! for Mirandy's sake and little Joe's beg them to show it. They are good girls. Now call my wife,' he says, and drops his head back on the pillow without another word. There I've tried to tell it word for word, just as it happened—and, you dear things, nobody could be gladder to put it into your own hands than my very own self—but that miserable man's looks and motions will haunt me to my dying day, I verily believe.'

She drew from the bosom of her calico dress a packet which she placed in Nettie's hands. The lost money! as the reader has doubtless guessed.

'From Loran Sackett of Ashfield to Caleb Stone, $1,800, payment for live stock. Sent by kindness of John Randall.'

For two years, hidden in Caleb Stone's strong box, while two heroic girls, turned out of their homestead to gratify his guilty greed, were working their lives out to make good its assumed loss!

Flo and Nettie wept silently at the side of their good friend. Mingled with the inexpressible relief at their good fortune was pity (such as few in like cases would have been able to feel) for the wretched, guilty man who so used them, and sorrow for his innocent child, that this gain must come from their grief and loss! Ah! John Randall's daughter's were indeed good girls!

'After all,' said Flo, finally jumping up and running to the stove, 'I don't believe it good economy to let the candy burn!'

They kept the dead man's secret faithfully, compassionately. They made the remaining payments to heirs, as if nothing had occurred, then went to Boston, Nettie to take a thorough course of education, and Flo as an art student. They were not wanting numerous Paul Prys of both genders who 'couldn't for the life of them see where John Randall's girls got money to fool away on such doings! To such Mellavine discretely replied that as far as she could say, it was a present from a very kind friend called 'Destiny.'

Measu