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The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

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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. 9. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1881. NO. 25.

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 for first-class work. We make a speciality of fine work—either plain, or in colors and, in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

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Weekly Monitor

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.

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ONLY $1.50 PER YEAR.

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Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of

Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers.

All a

Splendid Assortment of

FALL SUITS

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Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very LOW FOR CASH.

BEALES & DODGE.

Middleton, Nov.. '78

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ALL orders for the above received on or before the

LAST DAY OF MAY,

will be filled and delivered the

FIRST WEEK IN JUNE,

—BY—

W. B. TROOP.

Granville, May 23rd, 1881.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 29 King St., West Toronto, W. W. Butcher, Manager, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.

Watches, Stem Winders $2.50. White Metal Hunting Cases 5s. Imitation gold 8s. Solid Gold $15. Cheapest house in the world. Agents wanted. Samples, Catalogue, Watches, Jewelry, &c., free. Thomas & Co., 334 Nassau St. N.Y.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

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—(0:0)—

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

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

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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.

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Registered Under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1879.

English, American, Canadian and Australian

MEATS

—AND—

Provision Depots.

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BONDED WAREHOUSES—Cold Storage Wharf, Cousin Lane, E. C.

BANKERS:—The London and County Bank, 21 London Street, E. C. D. TALLERMAN, Esq., Gen. Manager.

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To parties desirous of shipping apples, &c., to London, for sales and returns, the Company can offer advantages to be found in no other quarter. By use of the refrigerators, decay or deterioration is arrested, while every facility is afforded for sorting, sampling and laying out sound fruit, as well as for repacking such as may be injured on the voyage Shippers who may wish more speedy returns than can be forwarded by regular mail, can realize an advance which will be ordered by Telegraph immediately on receipt of consignments landed in good condition.

Information in detail can be obtained by application to the undersigned, who are authorized to make advances to Shippers, and, if desirable, to take an interest for the Company in the profit and loss of operations.

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171 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

THOS. S. WHITMAN, Agent,
Annapolis, N. S. 43tf

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BUCKLEY & ALLEN.
124 Granville St., Halifax.

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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, 1880.

BRIDGETOWN Drug Store!

THE subscriber has removed the Bridgetown DRUG STORE to

QUEEN STREET,

where you may find Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Fancy and Toilet articles, Sponges, Brushes, and perfumery. Stationery, &c., Choice Tobacco, Cigars and Confectionery.

Physician's Prescriptions carefully compounded, and orders answered with care and dispatch. Terms Cash.

J. DENNISON.

n8 3m

Rubber Bucket

PUMPS

THE subscribers wish to announce to the public that they have ordered a large stock, and are prepared to fill orders with promptness.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Parties can be supplied with pumps complete, or in parts to suit by addressing

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO.

LAWRENCETOWN, A. C,

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

THREE TRIPS A WEEK,

Steamer "EMPRESS."

Between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting at Digby with the Western Counties Railway for and from WEYMOUTH, YARMOUTH, &c., and at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, for and from KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX, and intermediate stations; also, with the Stage for Liverpool. And at St. John with the International Steamship Co., and the Provincial and New England All Rail Line for Portland, Boston, and other points in the United States and Upper Canada.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, June 6th and until further notice, the splendid, fast, and staunch sea-going Steamer EMPRESS, will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, St. John on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at EIGHT O'CLOCK, Returning will leave Annapolis for Digby and St. John, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY afternoons after arrival of Express Train from Halifax.

Fare—Annapolis to Digby.....75c.
" St. John.....$2.00
Fare Digby to St. John.....$1.50

The splendid Steamer of the Intercolonial Steamship Co. leave St. John on Monday Wednesday and Friday Mornings, at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston, thus forming connection with "Empress" each way every trip.

Express Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John at 8.15 a. m. and 9 p. m. every day, excepting Saturday night and Sunday morning.

Through Tickets from Annapolis, Digby and all Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis and Western Counties Railways, to Boston and Portland, issued at special reduced rates.

Baggage Checked Through. Low Rates Freight.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents of that Company; also from S. BRIGNELL, Esq., General Superintendant, and the several Station Agents of the Western Counties Railway, and of

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

E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

☞ By request Return Tickets, at One Fare, will be issued from Annapolis and Digby, respectively, to St. John, on Saturdays, good to return on Monday following. These tickets to be confined exclusively to these days, and not to be transferable.

St. John, N. B., June 1st, 1881.

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. T. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

SEPTEMBER BULLETIN!

Good News for the Blind!

AT THE BRIDGETOWN JEWELRY STORE, P. Post Office building, you can purchase a pair of

Steel Bowed Spectacles,

such as are sold by pedlars, for $2.50, at the very low figure of

$1.00,

and get a twenty-five cent case thrown in. Call and see for yourself.

☞ Can fit anybody—old or young.

J. E. Sancton

STOVES AND TINWARE!

THE attention of the public is respectfully drawn to the fact that the old firm of

COX BROTHERS

still exists and is doing business on the old principles.

A FULL LINE OF KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS, ZINC, LEAD PIPE, SHEET LEAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

In addition to our present stock of Stoves, we propose, during the month of September, to add a full line of the most approved patterns in COOKING and PARLOR STOVES.

Cox Brothers.

Bridgetown, Aug. 31st, '81. 3m

Poetry.

Song of the Mystic.

I walk down the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim voiceless valley—alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me—save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the human and sin.

I walk through the world with the wordly;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said, 'in the world each Ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is toned on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave.'

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
And still find the False with the True;
I sought mid the Human of Heaven
And caught a mere glimpse of its blue
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal
Veiled even the glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on heart tired of the Human;
And I moaned 'mid the masses of men;
Till I knelt long ago at an altar
And heard a voice call me; since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond human ken

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis my trysting place with the Divine;
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And about me a voice said 'Be mine!'
And then rose from the depth of my spirit
An echo: 'My heart shall be thine.'

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my power, like a perfume from censor,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim Valley
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to men, like the doves of the Deluge,
The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard dreams in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley,
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred!—
And they wear holy veils on their faces—
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the Valley like Virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angel are there;
And one is the dark mound of Sorrow,
And one, the bright mountain of Prayer.

FATHER RYAN.

Select Literature.

A Love Conspiracy;

OR,

TEACHING A WOULD-BE LADY-KILLER A LESSON.

BY CLYDE RAYMOND.

'What a lovely spot!' exclaimed my bosom friend, Ned, taking his cigar from his lips and surveying, with a long, loving look, the cool mountain tops and winding, shady roads of the beautiful Summer resort we are visiting in Virginia.

It was the last night of his stay, and we sat smoking far into the star-lit hours upon the hotel verandah.

'Fitz, old boy, I envy you.'

'And well you may,' I returned, complacently; for, while he could only spend a few days from his business in the city, the state of my finances happily allowed me to stay and make a summer campaign of it. 'Did you notice those three beauties at the table this evening? You remember I nudged you as they came in?'

'Of course I did. Regular stunners, weren't they? But one of them had a husband with her.'

'Husband, pshaw! she's too young to be married. Not a day over sixteen, I'll wager. Judging from their resemblance to each other, I am certain that he is her brother, and I caught something that he said about going to leave them all to-morrow. 'Now, Ned,' I continued, warmly, 'I am willing to bet you one hundred dollars that I'll be engaged to one of those three charmers before I get back to the city.'

'Done!' cried Ned, enthusiastically. 'I take the bet. But you don't seriously intend matrimony, Fitz?'

'Well—hardly,' I slowly replied, brushing the ashes from my cigar, 'not if I know myself. An engagement and actual matrimony are two slightly different things, you see; especially to Anthony Fitz-Morgan.'

The lovely Summer days wore on, and all too rapidly, I thought, as I basked in the admiring smiles of the three beauties with whom I had soon managed to become acquainted. I am not exaggerating when I speak of them so, for they were that, only differing from each other in their several types of loveliness as 'one star differeth from another.'

There was Miss Alma Cole, with a mass of nut-brown hair coiled low on the whitest neck in the world; brown and sparkling eyes, and a form just full enough to be bewitching. I fell in love with her at first sight.

Then there was little Jessie Brown—somehow it seemed an impossibility to be formed with her—whose rosebud mouth, bewitching blue eyes, and showers of natural golden curls, took my heart captive every time I looked at her—that is, as much of it as Miss Cole's charms had spared intact.

But when I come to the last and youngest, as I thought, of the 'three graces'—Miss Marie Van Berg—I don't know how to describe her. I think I was afraid of her at first, sometimes, she seemed to me all spirit, then again all fire. I never saw any other human being with such changeable moods. But it was not long until she, as well as the others, began to bestow her smiles upon me, and it is safe to say that in two weeks' time I was as hopelessly 'mixed' in regard to my affections as any fellow who considered himself an accomplished flirt well could be.

On warm, sunny mornings, when Alma came gliding into the breakfast-room in a cool white wrapper, with white roses at her throat and such liquid depths of coolness in her clear brown eyes, I felt that life would be a pleasant dream if I could always have her to preside over my breakfasts in that charming fashion, and in such moments I would resolve that it should be.

But, alas, for the weakness of human resolutions! No sooner did the petite Jessie, all gold and blue and snow in the matter of hair, eyes and complexion, with her dazzling little face smiling and dimpling in the sunshine, flash across my enraptured vision, than Alma was forgotten, and la petite Jessie enthroned as temporary queen of my fickle heart.

Yet, after all, it was Marie Van Berg—Marie, with her Spanish eyes and manners—who set my heart most aflame, as she came slowly down the long verandah with her graceful, serpentine motion, to drop her fan at my feet, and then murmur her thanks in that low, beguiling tongue, and let her little white hand come in thrilling contact with mine for an instant as I restored it.

Or at night, walking up and down the long shady avenue with that lovely hand resting on my arm, that thin, dark, ever-changing face so near me, and that silvery voice now rippling out in sweetest laughter, now thrilling my soul with some impassioned thought born of the deep poetry of the star-lit skies. Oh, then the others faded from my memory, and I longed to clasp this slender, beautiful creature to my heart and hold her there forever.

'If there were only three of me!' I sighed, contemplating my manly charms in the mirror in the seclusion of my room. 'I can't marry them all, and Heaven knows I can't decide which one I most want. Upon my word, I am beginning to wish the women didn't worship so at the shrine of Anthony Fitz-Morgan. It places me in such a deucedly embarrassing position.

An alarming vision of tears, sighs and reproachful pink notes from the two who must, in any case, be left, floated through my waking hours and mixed themselves up in a thousand perplexing combinations in my dreams.

Of course, I anticipated no trouble in my wooing, for was I not Anthony Fitz-Morgan, 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form?'

The innumerable diversions of a Summer in the mountains brought me into such constant contact with all my inamorati that a proposal to any one of them would have been the easiest thing in life were it not that just as I had made up my mind to declare my passion one of the others was sure to come across my path, clothed in some fresh charm, when, in a moment, I was all at sea again.

Time was passing, however, and I realized that something must be done, so, at last, I concluded to leave the decision of my fate to chance. There was to be a mountain picnic on the following day, and I would offer my hand and heart to the first one with whom I should chance to be alone long enough to do so.

The occasion was not long in coming. The day was lovely and the picnic a perfect success. The 'three Graces' looked equally radiant and beautiful, and I thought that with whichsoever one fate selected for me I should feel well satisfied and thereafter devote myself to her alone.

As if divining my thoughts, Alma soon detached herself from the circle of merry companions who surrounded her, and, placing her pretty hand upon my arm, looked up into my face with her enchanting smile, and asked me if I could tell her where she might get a draught of clear, sparkling water from some mountain spring.

'I am so tired and thirsty,' she said, with a little weary droop, 'and so anxious for a little solitude and quiet,' with a glance which seemed to say that solitude with one congenial spirit was what she really meant.

I was only too happy, and we walked arm-in-arm to a secluded glen, where gushed a never-failing spring of crystal water, and as she half reclined against a mossy rock, I knelt and held to her lips a delicate chalice of broad green leaves filled with the fresh, delicious beverage.

How divinely pretty she looked in her gray suit, with faint blush roses at her throat and belt and in the low coils of her brown hair. Then her dress was slightly lifted, just exposing a dainty button boot, and I adored a pretty foot. With a bright blush her eyes met mine, when, forgetting all else in my delight at the choice which chance had made for me, I threw away the leafy cup, and, still kneeling, poured forth my love with genuine fervor.

'I am sorry for this, Mr. Fitz-Morgan,' she said very gently, after hearing me through, 'I—I thought you cared no more for me than for the other girls, you have been so impartial in your attentions. And—and pardon me if, under that impression, I have been too kind.'

She looked really distressed, and prettier than ever.

'But you know it is yourself now, Alma, dearest Alma. I will wait, only promise to love me some time.'

I pleaded still more earnestly now that I found some difficulty in winning the prize that I had thought so easy.

'No, Mr. Fitz-Morgan, you must not hope,' she replied, shaking her head sadly. 'I am already engaged to one whom I love dearly. But Jessie! Oh, don't break Jessie's heart. She is so tender, so loving!' Then, half wildly, 'Oh, what am I saying? What have I done? Oh, don't tell Jessie that I have betrayed—' but here she buried her startled face in her hands and wept.

Well, here was one lady-love out of my reach. I was really sorrowful and 'blue' for awhile; but upon getting back to our companions the sight of Jessie's bewilderingly charming face, and the memory of Alma's earnest, agitated words concerning her sent my thoughts off in her direction very soon. After one long, earnest look at Alma's flushed checks, she seemed to understand the situation, and from that on devoted herself to me.

The little fairy perfectly bewitched me, and, although Marie Van Berg, beautiful in pure white from head to foot, hovered near us most of the time, I now felt, that though I had the two to choose from, duty as well as inclination pointed to the tender-hearted Jessie. I therefore resolved to make her happy before we parted next week. But my intentions were somewhat hastened.

We chanced for a moment to be rather apart from the crowd, when Jessie, with a cry of childish delight, left my side and scampered off over some rocks for a wild flower. The next moment I hear I a sharp cry of pain and, springing after her, I was agonized to find her crouched down among the rocks crying and trying in vain to rise.

'Are you hurt, Miss Jessie?' I asked, in wild alarm.

'Oh, Anthony, my ankle! Please help me up.'

Anthony! the first time her sweet lips had uttered that name. My heart was melted lava in an instant.

'Darling!' I murmured; then catching her in my arms, I whispered another tale of love.

'Why, Anthony,' opening her blue eyes very wide, 'I was sure you loved Alma.'

'No, darling,' said I, coloring uncomfortably, 'I thought so, too, for a little while. But she is not free, and I don't want her love now, anyway. Don't let that trouble you, dearest. I want only you'

'Well, my poor boy,' said the little witch, innocently, 'I am very much afraid you can't have me.'

'Jessie!' I exclaimed, in utter astonishment, 'why can I not?'

'Oh, because, you see, I am engaged, too. And he is old enough to be my father,' she added, with a little laugh.

'Jessie!' I repeated sternly, 'surely you cannot love him?'

'Well, he is ever so sick, you see,' replied my fair enslaver, with a serene smile and a world of mercenary speculation in those childish blue eyes, 'but, in fact, I don't think I could love any man very much. I suppose I have flirted with you dreadfully, Anthony; but please forgive me. I couldn't help it. I do so love to flirt; don't you?'

'No!' said I, emphatically, believing just then that I was telling the truth.

She sighed, plaintively.

'If I could only love like Marie, now. Oh, how she can love! And how jealous she is! Why, I was almost afraid of her to-day.'

'Why so?'

'Why, didn't you notice how she kept near us all day? and how she looked at you? But what am I saying,' with a sudden look of alarm.

'Do you mean that Miss Van Berg cares for me?'

'No, sir!' she flashed out, hotly, 'I mean nothing of the kind. Ask her yourself, if you want to know. Do you think I am mean enough to betray a friend's secret?'

I smiled, triumphantly. The artless little dirt had already betrayed it.

And, upon reflection, I felt glad that my choice had narrowed down to her; for there was some charm about her that, when away from the others, always fascinated me far more than they. Yes, thank Heaven, it was to be Marie!

All the rest of that week I studied the variable moods of Mari Van Berg, and came to the conclusion that Jessie was right. She did, indeed, love me. But I felt so content that it was not until the last evening of her stay that I cared to exchange my blissful anticipations for the sweet certainty.

We had been waltzing together, and the dreamy strains of the music, added to the passionate light in her dark eyes, as I held the slender form in my arms, thrilled me with love unspeakable.

The waltz ended, I led her out into the grounds, and down into the shadowy clump of trees at the farther end. Clad in a soft, thin dress of deepest black, with deep-red roses at her throat, and a black lace shawl thrown over her head and shoulders, her Spanish beauty almost drove me wild.

Seizing the small white hands, I declared my passion in burning words.

'I fear you are a terrible flirt, sir,' she replied, after listening quietly, 'but if you are very, very sure you love me, Anthony—' with a most alluring smile.

'Love you? I swear by the eternal Heavens, Marie, that you, alone, can make me happy. Oh' Marie, my darling,—' I was about to clasp her to my breast, when she stepped back, her black eyes flashing fire in the starlight.

'Hold, sir! how dare you thus insult me, a married woman?'

'Married, Marie!' I could only gasp, staggering under my surprise and horror.

'Mrs. Van Berg, sir,' she corrected, idly, 'and now let me inform you that my husband, who is the most jealous man alive, will, no doubt, challenge you for this. He comes to-morrow. Be prepared!'

Thunderstruck and terrified I turned to fly, when my angry beauty burst into a loud, long, ringing laugh.

'Stay, most noble Anthony!' she exclamed, 'and I will tell you all about it. You remember the gentleman whom you saw with me upon the day of my arrival? Well, he is my husband. As we sat talking in our room late last night we overheard the bet which you made with your friend that you would be engaged to me or one of my friends before your stay was over. I told my husband that, if he would trust me to flirt a little, I thought I could teach you a lesson.

Accordingly I informed the girls of what you had said, and we entered into a regular conspiracy against you. We read the state of your mind and morals exactly, and every incident that occurred at the picnic that day was planned by us beforehand. Five minutes after one had refused you the others both new it.'

At this point she broke into another merry laugh, which was reinforced by two other girlish voices, and the next instant Alma and Jessie stood beside us, holding their sides with mirth.

'What does this mean?' I cried, angrily, not knowing which way to turn to escape my tormentors.

'Oh, nothing,' laughed Mrs. Van Berg, 'only I told the girls that if you and I left the ball-room together they must follow us; so, you see, they have heard every word of your proposal.

'And now,' she added, 'let me advise you to make yourself 'scarce' immediately; for the gentlemen will be all here to-morrow, and, I assure you, they will hear the whole story of Anthony Fitz-Morgan's bet. Perhaps this will teach you, hereafter, not to make a woman's heart the subject of a disgraceful bargain.'

I took her advice and was seen by them no more. Of course I lost the hundred dollars, as well as my three beauties, but I have ever since remained a wiser if not a better man.

Charlotte Cushman.

AN EXCITING RIDE ON AN ILLINOIS PRAIRIE, AS DESCRIBED BY A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

While en route to the White Mountains last summer we made a short stay in Boston. Among the various objects of interest we visited was Mount Auburn, the famous burial place of that city, and the oldest garden cemetry in the United States.

As we were slowly riding through one of the beautiful avenues of the grand metropolis, we came upon the grave of Charlotte Cushman, who, in her day was one of the greatest of living actresses. She was a pure, noble woman, distinguished alike for her intellectual greatness and goodness of heart.

At the time of our visit to Mount Auburn no monument had been placed in the Cushman lot. The last resting place of this queen of the tragedy was simply covered with long, dark, shining sprays of myrtle. But there is soon to be erected over her grave an obelisk of Hallowed granite, an exact reproduction of Cleopatra's Needle, as it stood at Heliopolis.

One of our party was the superintendent of a Western Railroad, who, before his promotion to that responsible office, had been a locomotive engineer. He was greatly interested in visiting Charlotte Cushman's grave; and after we had returned to our hotel in the city, he gave us the following personal reminiscense of this remarkable woman:

'When I was running a locomotive on the Chicago and Great Western railroad, I received an order one day to have my engine the 'Hercules,' ready to take a special train of two cars, containing Charlette Cushman, her luggage, and attendants, from Logansport to Chicago.

The great tragedienne had lost a connection, and was very axious to go in the shortest possible time by a special train. It was a cold, rough afternoon, a bad day, for railroading on the prairies in any event, but particularly so for a 'special,' that had to 'make time', with the fierce winds beating and howling over them as I believe they never do anywhere else where railroad tracks are laid, except off Lake Michigan. But I had mp imperative orders to put the train through with this, our fastest engine, so that Miss Cushman might be in season to fill her engagement that night in Chicago.

The train had arrived at Logansport ten minutes behind time, and we started out with the least delay possible. I had carefully inspected my engine, and for my fireman I selected the very best man to 'make steam' that could be found in the railroad corps of that city. But, in spite of these precautions, about four o'clock in the gray November afternoon we came to a dead halt on the open prairie. I jumped down from my cab, with oil-can in one hand, but the mighty gust of wind that swept against me made me glad to crawl back into the shelter of my cab.

Presently one of the brakemen, with his cap tied on his head with a stout scarf, came forward to tell me that Miss Cushman desired to see the engineer in the passenger car. I sent back word that I could not leave my engine; that I would do the best I could with our train, and nothing could be said or suggested even by the distinguished passenger which would make the least gain in our headway.

The brakeman took himself off; and I was not at all pleased, I must confess, when Jake, my fireman, who was at that moment looking out of the cab window down the track in our rear, shouting above the gale:

'There is the lady herself coming now to the engine. With her skirts and things she'll be surely blown across the prairie?'

Sure enough, there she was, looking as if she were the spirit of the wind. At first she walked resolutely and majestically forward, the wind-storm seeming to make no impression on her stout, erect figure, Soon, however, the queenly form succumbed in the sweeping wind, and she began to cling to the side of the cars.

After we had dragged her up into the cab, and she was sheltered from the gusts, she stormed about the delay long enough, it appeared to me, to subdue any or all of the elements. She tried high tragedy to me, and my good engine 'Hercules,' until she saw it hadn't the least effect.

'Rest assured, Madame,' I said to her, entirely unmoved by her excited and rather vehement manner, 'that I shall do everything that can be done to get this 'Special' into Chicago at the required time. After 'Herclues' has had time to breathe a little, I think he will pull us along in good shape, but I imagine he will find working ahead of old Boreas, in his present temper, to be a harder matter than any immortal labors his great namesake undertook.'

The great actress, somewhat appeased now, smiled graciously, doubtless over the fact that a man of my calling should know anything at all of mythology and its heroes. She now changed her tact and demeanor. The agreeable beamed from her countenance, and the low, soft tone of the woman's voice appealed to me in their honeyed, moving persuasiveness. I began to feel the wonderful power of her personal magnetism. My fireman gazed at her in round-eyed amazement. She had put new life into me, and it seemed as if the 'Hercules' drew strength from my touch, for the steam-gauge ran up to almost blowing-off figures.

I told my distinguished passenger that if she would now return to her car I would see what progress I could make. She begged me to permit her to ride on the locomotive, at least a few miles, but I was inexhorable in my refusal (for I had become a little nervous over the state of the crown sheet of my engine, for some reason; beside one of the rules on the line that no woman should ride on the locomotives), she had no alternate but to return.

We helped her down the steps of the cab; and, as she refused to let us accompany her to the rear of the train, she started back alone. I thought the merciless wind would surely take the resolute woman off her feet, and drive her past the train; but we soon saw her grasping the step-guards of her car with a will, and she was pulled upon the platform.

We started. I clapped on all steam. The 'Hercules' nobly answered to the opened throttle, and presently we were making fair headway against the yet remorseless gale. As my engine was now regularly laboring along, I glanced back to the train and saw Miss Cushman standing at the forward end of the car nearest us, (which was half baggage and half smoking car) watching us intently through the top-window of the door.

She nodded and smiled whenever I looked that way, still remaining at her post as we shot along with increasing speed. Her great, speaking eyes were aglcam with excitement, and there was a look of suppressed power in her face that I never saw on any other human countenance. I felt that she could, if she so pleased, have carried us along by the force of her own will.

We reached Chicago at 7.30 p. m. After descending from her car, instead of immediately entering her carriage that stood waiting for her, she came, transformed now into a gracious elegant lady, to the engine, thanking me heartily for my efforts in her behalf, told me she should expect me to attend the theatre that night, to see how she played after her 'adventure,' and asked me to give the street and number of my boarding house (which I noticed she took no written note of), shook my grimy hand as cordially as if it had been dressed in immaculate kid, and bade me good-bye.

Half an hour afterwards, while I was hurriedly eating my supper, a messenger from the theatre called with a note for me in Miss Cashman's own hand, containing an order that I should hereafter be admitted free to any theatre where she might play an engagement.

You may be sure that I went to hear her that night, in the crowded theatre, where, in one of the best seats near the stage, I was honored by a glance and a nod of recognition from the great woman whom the throng was loudly applauding.

I saw her at different places afterward, and she never failed to greet me cordially, calling me by name and referring pleasantly to that trip across the prairie, and to the brave 'labor' of the old 'Hercules.'

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—A harness that has been on a horse's back several hours in hot or rainy weather becomes wet; if not properly cleaned, the tanning of the