ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

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H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

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Weekly Monitor

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FOR

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ON THE

1ST OF DECEMBER,

I shall advertise a list of FARMS I have for sale in the

Toronto Globe,

Toronto, and will continue to advertise in that and other Newspapers abroad once a month, until next Spring. All farms on my Registry will appear in the list without charge to those Registering. Parties wishing to take advantage of this means of advertising abroad must send in a description of their Farms or Properties for sale previous to the

15TH OF NOVEMBER.

MONIES INVESTED
—AND—
Loans Negotiated.

List of Farms now in Registry.

No.	Contents.
1.	—130 acres; Situated in Wilmot.
2.	—106 acres; Situated at Round Hill.
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10.	—22 acres; Situated in Wilmot.
11.	—50 acres; Situated in Victoria Vale.
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15.	—75 acres; Situated near Bridgetown.
16.	—200 acres; Situated at Paradise.
17.	—50 acres; Situated near Berwick.
18.	—150 acres; Situated in Granville.
20.	—53 acres; Situated in Wilmot.
21.	—108 acres; Situated at Paradise.
22.	—140 acres; Situated at Havelock.
23.	—175 acres; Situated near Bridgetown.
24.	—300 acres; Situated in Granville.
25.	—150 acres; Situated at South Farmington.
26.	—150 acres; Situated at Wilmot.
27.	—40 acres; Situated at Granville.
28.	—202 acres; Situated at Brooklyn.

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Attorney at Law.
Notary Public and Conveyancer, Bridgetown, N. S.

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Watch and Clock Maker,
Opposite
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ANNUITY INSURANCE CO.
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NEW GOODS!

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which will be sold at low prices for cash. Also.—A well assorted stock of

GROCERIES,

in Sugar, Spices, Salt, Tobaccos, Brooms, Soaps, Raisins and Currants. Canned Goods, Biscuits, Syrups, &c., &c. A quantity of Cow Corn.

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BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
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Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

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For SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints, these Pills are the best known. Try them and prove their value. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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SAMPLES OF CLOTHS,
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GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS'
CUSTOM MADE CLOTHING,
IS ON VIEW AT
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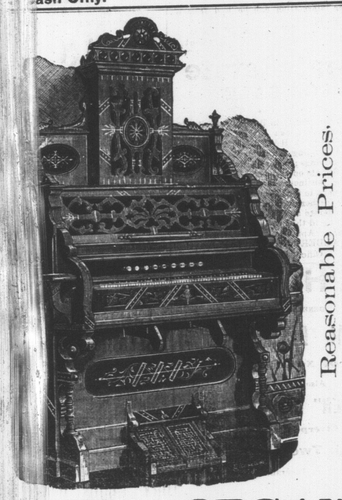

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Reasonable Prices.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,
Warerooms in Reed's Furniture Factory.
BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.
JOHN PRICE. A. E. SULIS.

Poetry.

Maximus.

I hold him great who for love's sake
Can grow with generous, earnest will;
Yet he is greater for love's sweet sake
Who grows more generous still.

I honor the noble mind
That from some great wrong forgives;
Yet holier the one forgiven
Who bears and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still
The lowly, steadfast heart;
Yet harder those has to fill
A nearer part.

Glorious to wear a crown
Of a hard-earned and pure success;
Yet he who has won how to fail has won
A more precious lustre is not less

Great may be he who can command
With just and tender sway;
Yet in the end wisdom taught
Better him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God
The martyr's crown of light;
Yet better lives for God may be
The conqueror in His sight.

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

Short Literature.

The Pawn Game.

Paul Gregory, standing alone in the recess, saw a dark figure against the sky, sweeping his eyes over the domain. It is as he had expected, in the words of the poet,

"Monarch of all I survey,
There is none to dispute."

There was a mighty contrast between the young man himself and his possessions; and, in his own way, he was plainly conscious of this. Across a poor New England farm, with stone walls, in some places four feet thick, covered with moss, like tombstones, betokened the toil of the soil and bore witness to the labors of his predecessors. Many a weary and many a sigh of utter disgust must have been the portion of those who cleared this unlucky ground and left it now aged and gnarled and apple-trees. The thin, weedy soil looked as if it would say, "I have done what I can, have given you all there is!" Beyond, a little spindling wheat drooped, as if in sympathy. The whole scene was dispiriting, to the eyes of the practical farmer, unusually so,—although it did not lack a certain picturesque beauty, as seen now in the evening light.

Yet the owner of these acres is plainly in no way responsible for this state of things. A frown of bitter resolution on his stern features—handsome, nay, even classical—and the flash of his dark eye tell of eager, angry energy held in check. His shoulders are broad, his frame muscular; he might be the giant Antæus in person, or one of King David's "mighty men." The conclusion is irresistible, that either he had just begun his Herculean task of "renewing the face of the earth," or else that his labors are in some way hampered. He strikes impatiently at a tall mullein stalk with his whip, as if the weed vexed him, then turns abruptly to look down the road beyond the orchard as if expecting some one.

Presently a cloud of dust rises on the the tawny highway, and a party of horseback riders comes in sight—ladies and gentlemen evidently out pleasuring. The young farmer utters an exclamation of disgust.

'Why should one half the world play, while the other half is hard at work?' he mutters to himself. 'Rich and idle. A nuisance, like these weeds!' And again the golden mullein-top received impatient chastisement.

The merry party were, by this time, in full view. One lady in a dark-blue riding-habit was cantering on in advance of the rest, plunging down the hill in somewhat reckless fashion. Paul Gregory stood motionless, like a sentinel at his post, held there by some presentiment of danger.'

'She looks like a blue-bird,' said he to himself, pleased, in his own despite, by the soft color and brightness of the approaching vision. Another moment, and the horse had stumbled over one of the miserable rocks from his own hillside. Springing down he caught the frightened animal by the head, and not a moment too soon, either for the saddle-girth had given way under the plunge. The lady kept her seat wonderfully well and showing few signs of terror. She even bent down as if to reassure Paul and said gravely,

'It is nothing.'

'No,' he replied, 'only the girth is broken; you will have to dismount'

And before she had time to protest, she felt herself lifted to the ground, and Paul Gregory had looked into a sweet face, which he was never again to forget. It was a revelation which quieted his wrath and overpowered it. Those serene blew eyes made him think of the sky; the still, calm smile stone like something unearthly. Indeed she was beautiful!

Meanwhile the rest of the party had ridden up, and Paul retreated before a clamor of exclamation and inquiry. The scornful curl returned to his lip, as he strode away. He would leave these fine gentlemen to repair damages.

Soon another figure appeared upon the scene, his brother Philip, for whom he had been waiting. A slight lad, of fragile build, having the same large, dark eyes, but a more amiable expression of countenance. He naturally stopped a moment to inquire the cause of the confusion. But, as he stood listening to a somewhat prolix account of the case given by one of the gentlemen, a sweet voice suddenly accosted him:

'Excuse me, but I think your brother, Mr. Gregory, was the gentleman who stopped Black Bess. Will you kindly thank him for me. He was very good.'

Bearing this message, and bewildered, in his turn by the blue-eyed beauty of the speaker. Philip joined his brother on the other side of the slope, repeating the words of the message mechanically. Then, in answer to the question the other was too proud to ask, he volunteered the information:

'It was a Miss Elmer—Miss Margaret Elmer, and she is staying with Mary DeBlois.'

'That is enough Philip!' replied his brother, with a gravity which was almost sternness. 'We have enough to do without minding fine ladies or their guests.—Look at that wheat.

With an effort the younger man stopped gazing after the gay company, now disappearing down the highway, and gave his attention to the matter in hand. Some little birds came fluttering by over the bushes unchecked by their presence; a line of willows waved their gray tops against the ruddy sky; even the obnoxious weeds shone golden in the general splendor,

'A pretty place, Paul, I call it!' burst out Philip, eagerly. 'I don't care if it is unprofitable.'

'But what can we do with it? It is hopeless work, this trying to run a farm without any capital behind it, to say nothing of the mortgage gnawing at it night and day, devouring it, like the grasshoppers.'

'True! the land is exhausted. And Paul if you undertake its renovation, it will drain your life, and suck your blood like a leech. At fifty you will be what our father was, a poor, broken-down, discouraged man, prematurely old, and the farm will be—just about what it is now."

'No Philip; we must do better than that and we will. I have paid off a part of that mortgage, to-day. And, next year, I shall buy stock and try enriching the land.'

Philip shook his head, but did not prolong the discussion. The farm, whose possession gave them so little satisfaction, had been long in their hands. Their father, known troughout the region as 'Old Sam Gregory,' had been a iconscientous, hard-working man, but was not what his neighbors called 'fore-handed,'

'Unlucky,' they averred; 'continoually runnin' in debt! But he's got some nice boys!'

In fact, the father's ambition finally centred itself in the one hope of educating his sons. They had both bravely seconded his efforts. Paul had contrived to work his way through college, and his subsequent earnings had gone far towards the support of his parents in their later years. He had also helped Philip to gain a fair share of book-learning, and the younger lad had nearly reached the point where such help would be needless. Now, his father and his mother were both dead; and the old farm, their paternal inheritance, with its weeds and mortgages, had fallen to him and Philip. Would it pay them to go on working it, to redeem it from long neglect? Or was it best to sell it at a sacrifice?

'Our legislation is all against the farming interest,' pursued Philip, slowly resuming their conversation. 'It favors capital and the manufacturer, every time, at the expense of the laboring class. I do honestly believe in the cause I am supporting!'

Paul Gregory smiled. The lad's enthusiasm was so evidently sincere that he could not help respecting it, though perfectly aware of its unpractical side. Philip had espoused 'a lost cause,' in the daring spirit of him who said, 'The world against me, and I against the world!' To be an agitator, in these days, is to be popular, forthwith. And the young man was putting lance in rest, like a veritable Crusader, and the spirit of chivalry was going forth to champion the oppressed. He had eagerly espoused the views of certain Labor Reform politicians, without stopping long to investigate their roundness, and was now lecturing throughout the farming region, striving in every small settlement to establish a Grange or Farmer's Union. He was a good speaker, fluent, at times fairly eloquent; meeting with some success on the whole and sure at all events of a kindly reception. How could any farmer however-beaten and crusty, fail to be mollified by the bright young face and the eager voice pleading his cause?

'Every question has two sides, Phil,' said Paul, slowly answering the young man's appeal, 'We won't discuss that, now. Save your wits for the platform, my lad! But you mean to redeem this farm, hard work has got to come in. No more lecturing, my boy, but a plough and a hoe!'

'Early the next morning the young Granger started out afresh on his mission, his object being to deliver his lecture in the neighboring city of H——. To be sure H—— was a manufacturing place and its audiences not of the rural type; but the success of his party at the polls would largely depend on the vote cast there and upon the influence used by its moneyed men. The vote of H——was usually the vote of the county. So our hero determined to face the foe in his stronghold.

The long, hot, dusty ride to his destination somewhat damped his enthusiasm, and a severe headache, brought on by the heat, did nothing to mend matters. He had difficulty, too, in finding the person who had charge of renting the hall he needed for his lecture. The man in question was out of town.

'Why don't you go and ask Squire DeBlois?' suggested an idle young fellow, more good-natured than the rest, who was dawdling round the office of the city clerk. 'He's chairman, you know'—a puff of smoke between every clause—'of the board—board of aldermen.'

Philip thanked him and turned away in a more irritated mood. He had objections to presenting himself at the elegant residence, where he was sure to meet people whom he did not want to see. Yet there seemed to be no help for it. The squire was not at his office, and he must either see him or fail in his object. The servant ushered him into a cool, shadowed room, fragrant with flowers, the sun shut out by heavy crimson draperies, which drooped over the long windows opening upon the piazza. There was a flavor of soft ease and luxury about the graceful belongings of the apartment gratifying to Philip's artistic nature. He was alive to its sharp contrast with his farm-house home.

Presently, he heard floating through the crimson folds of the curtains from the piazza without,—musical, well-bred voices in harmony with the rest.

'How can I help overhearing them?' throught Philip, angrily. 'So much for decorative art! I wish the squire would come!'

'Then a man's voice, languid, disagreeable in its quality, made itself heard.

'Check to your queen, Miss Maggie!'

They were playing chess, then. And 'Maggie' must be Miss Elmer. 'How very impertinent,' thought Philip, as the sweet, blue-eyed vision of the roadside came before him. He remembered the graceful poise of the head, and the kind of dignity it implied.

'You are playing a pawn game, to-day,' pursued the obnoxious voice, with a kind of drawl intended to be English.

'Oscar Wilde,' muttered Philip, in disgust. 'To think of any sensible New Englander imitating that type of a man!'

'A pawn game is a strong game!' replied the young lady calmly. 'I shall certainly win unless you play better.'

'Do attend to your game, Allan! Pray don't let her beat you, again!' said a lady, whose voice Phil recognized as that of Mary Deblois. And the young man must be her brother, Allan, the squire's eldest son. He had been away from H—for some years, in Europe and elsewhere, and this was the first intimation that had reached Philip of his return. To say truth gossip did not often penetrate the lonely farmhouse, where Paul, especially, lived an almost hermit life. Half curiously Philip scanned in rapid mental review the numerous advantages, social and educational, which had fallen to the lot of the squire's son. 'And to think of his coming home a drawler like that!' he said to himself. 'Europe! Heaven defend us from Europe, I say! It spoils our people!'

'It is the innate viciousness of the situation,' pursued the young aristrocrat, in a tone of annoyance. 'There is always a pawn in the way. The pawns represent the people you know. That is the problem, now, in Europe, and here, too, for that matter. What shall we do with our lower classes?'

'Treat them decently!' growled Philip, under his breath,' and do yourselves a little credit.'

'They are getting discontented, even here where they are a thousand times better off than they were any where in the known world. Look at the strikes and labor combinations! They will have to give it up, though all the same. The inevitable drift is against them. As the rich grow richer, the poor must grow poorer. It has always been so in every country and it will be so here.'

'But Allan,' put in his sister, 'there are some elements in the problem, here, which are certainly unusual; important factors, very hard to measure! Given a republic, free schools, a free press, religious liberty, plenty of Bibles—what then? The world never saw the labor problem before, under all these conditions.'

'Matters are growing worse every day, Mary, in spite of all that! The workmen feel the pressure, as capital increases and centres. We are getting a more cultured upper class in this upper country,—an aristocracy, if you choose to call it so—and the gulf between rich and poor widens every day. A struggle will come, of course but capital will win.'

'And on which side is the Lord likely to be found, Mr. Deblois? On that of Dives or Lazarus?'

It was the same clear voice Philip had heard once before; but as if to settle the point beyond doubt, just then a breeze parted the silken curtains and he saw in the mirror opposite, the pure expressive face which, once seen, he felt he could never forget. It was a pretty picture. The graceful head, its golden hair just ruffled by the breeze, the blue eyes earnestly uplifted, and the soft white hand hovering over the scarlet and ivory carvings of the Oriental chessmen.

'I think you are check-mated Mr. DeBlois,' added Miss Elmer, significantly.

'Of course you are,' cried his sister. 'You have been talking instead of minding your game. If the aristocrats do that of course the pawns win. The only danger of the upper classes lies in their own silliness"

Then came the general stir among the party on the veranda which Phil had dreaded, as he had some acquaintance with Mary DeBlois and might have to face a series of introductions. 'It would be awkward,' thought Phil, 'now that I have overheard their views; especially as they know mine well enough.' And he was duly thankful when the well trained butler invited him down stairs into the library, where he found Mr. DeBlois, senior, who had just come in from the greenhouses. He had no trouble in securing the use of the hall, and was charmed, in his own despite, by the old-time courtesy of his host. 'What a pity,' thought he 'that the son is not like the father! Have our cultured classes come to the degenerating point?'

His meditations were not cheerful during his long ride home. Never had his own prospects and his brother's seemed so discouraging; never had his present money anxieties weighed so heavily. A pair of blue eyes had altered the balance of things! How pretty she was, and how nicely she had played her pawn game! She was among the patricians, and there of right; yet she did not seem like the others at all! He would tell his brother the whole story.

Paul listened to the recital gravely, and there was a moment's silence at its close. Then Paul spoke decisively.

'I don't know what we have to do with it all. The young lady is charming Very true! And old DeBlois is rich,—and young DeBlois may be a spoilt American, for all I know.—But what is that to me? Will it pay off our mortgage, or build a rod of that fence at Moore,s meadow? The cattle have been getting in again, today through the gap.'

And yet even as he spoke, the devil put in an answer to his thought—'If you had a rich wife, it would do it!' Paul started as if a snake had stung him.

The eventful Thursday of Philip's lecture soon arrived. It was a new thing to to him to address such an audience as he found gathered in the hall at H——. Instead of old farmers, he had now before him merchants and manufacturers, nearly all thinking men, and some few even of the scholarly type. Mill owners and farmers having interests far from identical, it was a doubt whether Philip would please his listeners. Yet he did succeed in doing so, from the very outset. The bright face and melodious voice had their own charm His boyish enthusiasm was contagious, and even the solid men who did not fall in with his views, were disposed to treat him kindly. 'Rising man, that young Gregory!' 'Talks very well! These,and similar favorable comments were heard on every side.

Paul had a quiet seat under the gallery, well situated for observation. Not far from him sat Squire DeBlois with his party of ladies; for the old gentlemen made it a point to patronize local entertainments, and, moreover had been really attracted by Philip's graceful ways. Paul easily recognized Miss DeBlois and Miss Elmer. he could not forget the bright face of the equestrienne; it had haunted him for weeks, though he would not for worlds have confessed the fact

'She is lovely!' he said to himself, as he caught the soft gleam of the blue eyes, which somehow made him think of the sea. She had on a soft, silken wrap, whose lustrous sheen added to the impression. 'Like the sea-born Venus, in a white cloud—yes, I am right! Venus, not Diana, that face is! There see it light up like the sun on the spray! And for a time he sat, absorbed in dreaming, more like a poet than a philosopher.

He heard not a word of Phil's argument; and only awoke to feel a pair of angry eyes answering his, and to see that young DeBlois had quietly placed himself between him and the object of his admiration. It was a mute challenge. Paul's wrath rose. 'If these were duelling days, I would call him to account for that!' A black cloud had come between him and the sun. The dull, heavy, blind rage that won such swift mastery over him might have shown him the strength of his passion and his imminent peril. But he could not reason. Calmness seemed to be impossible! He could only feel the charm of the new strange beauty. It had woven a spell over him; would his strong nature yield to it without a struggle?

Philip was getting on rapidly with his address, and, when Paul turned to listen, had already given most of his statistics on the labor question, and was presenting the case in its most hopeful aspects. He touched on the strange history of our Republic, pointed to our "Ship of State' as having ridden many storms and shown itself sea worthy, recounting at some length its perils in the Civil War. He alluded to the wonderous unifying forces at work in the nation, absorbing the many foreign elements cast on our shores, from Ireland, Germany, Italy, Africa and China, the whole mass being modified by these importations and yet, after all proving a very satisfactory composite population. He pointed to the Anglo-Saxon leaven, as silently but surely permeating the nation for good; dwelt on the general patriotism of the land despite its corruption in politics; on the good-will existing between the various States amidst all their conflicting interests, and so on If the hearers had feared to find young Gregory an ill-disposed agitator, they soon found out their mistake. Yet he had spoken some lain words on the danger of monopolies and the duties of the capitalist to consider the welfare of those below him. He had shown how this duty, neglected, brings retribution.

At the close of his address many of the leading citizens of H—lingered to shake hands with the young orator, and none were more cordial than Squire Deblois. If anything in the young man's views had displeased the old gentleman, he would be the last to own it. Was the calm of his mature,high bred culture to be ruffled by a boy's opinions? The ladies were equally cordial; and almost before Paul knew it, he had been duly presented to Miss Elmer, and her blue eyes were shining up into his, as she praised Philip.

'I am on his side of the question. It is certainly the right.'—She made the assertion with some warmth.—'Poverty is hard, she continued, 'very hard! And the poor man should have more than one voice raised in his behalf?

They had all taken a fancy to Philip. Invitations began to come from 'The Elms' very freely, after this. Lawnten nis and croquet parties were incomplete without Philip. He was also invited to dine with the old squire,—often when some distinguished man was to entertained—and the lad heartly enjoyed these little breaks in his dull life. Paul declined most of the well meant invitations from motives of prudence. He dreaded a quarrel with young Deblois, with whom Phil seemed to be getting on very amicably. And he dared not meet Miss Elmer often. It would be the old story of the moth and the candle, if he did. He lectured himself sharply, over his farm work. 'You must learn to live without luxries, Paul Gregory! Fair ladies' smiles are as much out of your sphere as Titians, bric-a-brac, or Rhine wines. Keep out of temptation if you can!'

Philip, however, was intoxicated with the sweets of praise. He fluttered about the Deblois mansion, like a yellow butterfly over a thistle in full bloom,—stings and possible prickles completely ignored. In vain did his brother gravely disapprove. He was young, happy and in love. Paul had not the heart to be stern, besides he felt the inconsistency of blaming in Philip the weakness to which he might be himself in danger of yielding. 'I am not sure that I could resist that face, if I saw it often,' he admitted to himself one day—and then, came a fuller burst of candor. 'Paul, tell the truth! You know you couldn't! You would be more helpless than Phil, a hundred times!'

So he attended to his farm persistently, doing his own work and Philip's, too, in hopes that hard labor might prove a cure to this foolish fascination. Butcupid had noted the weak spot in his armor, for all this, and sent a neat little arrow straight into it.

He had just come back from H——, whither he had been to return some books that Philip had borrowed. He had spent some little time with the Rector of St. David's, an aged man of scholarly tastes, in his fine library, and had driven home in a gracious mood To be well-dressed and in the society of educated people are advantages, which we only learn to prize through being deprived of them, and Paul had missed them more than he knew. He lingered a few minutes looking off into the golden light of the afternoon as it lay on the meadows; then all at once he perceived a little figure coming towards him down a by-path which led from the hills. A slender graceful form, almost willowy in its lightness, and a pair of blue eyes which he had surely seen before, convinced him that it was Margaret Elmer. Touching his hat, not ungracefully, as the sweet face became recognizable, he went to meet her, the subtile pleasure of the surprise flashing over his grave features. The rare smile attracted Margaret. She held out her hand, impulsively. 'I am very glad to see you, Mr. Gregory! I think I have lost my way, Does this road lead to H—?'

'Certainly, if you take the right turn a little further on. Did you get puzzled over it?'

'Yes. A few minutes ago I was thoroughly lost. Your brother was telling us the other day about Hazel Dell, how beautiful it was there! So this morning, Miss Deblois persuaded me to set off with her on foot to find it. But she got very tired, I was afraid she would faint away, it was a longer stroll than she thought! Finally, though, Miss Vaughn came driving by in her pony chaise and kindly took her home. So I have to walk back alone.'

'And are you sure that you feel equal to it? It is three miles at least.'

'Oh, yes! thank you! I am used to long walks. And your brother was right about the Dell! It is charming, with its black shadows, and the white flash of the foam! It is like fairyland. See these ferns! The spray has kept them fresh through all this hot August.

Paul could not help wondering what charm had availed to keep the young girl herself so fresh and sweet in the midst of an artificial society. As he looked at the dainty cluster of waving ferns it seemed to him that she embodied much of their fragile beauty.

'May I not walk on with you a little way?'

Margaret smiled, and accepted his proposal with evident pleasure. She wanted to become better acquainted with this shy, hero of the dark eyes, who declined the DeBlois invitations and stood aloof from the DeBlois civilities. They all liked Philip, and she was sure this brother of his would be even more likeable, only his haughtiness stood in the way. So she tried to amuse him as they walked on, telling him about her old home on the Hudson, describing the last commencement at Dartmouth, which was his college—she had learned that of Phil,—and then darting off into 'bits of travel,' not all borrowed from H. H. Paul enjoyed it all heartily. He noticed, or rather felt, a subtile flavor of something peculiar and very pleasant in her way of treating these common topics. It was like a beautiful touch on the piano. The silvery voice, a dainty use of language the power of drawling little word-pictures vivid enough to take strong hold of the imagination, all contributed to this impression.

'I wish I could analyze it,' thought he. 'She is doing this well, wonderfully well. It is something more than society training though that helps her. It must be talent originality, rather.'

Presently she led the conversation to himself, trying gently enough to break through his reserve.

'Really, we are anxious to know you better Mr. Gregory. Why should you decline our invitations?'

'I am a busy man; Miss Elmer,' he replied with a sharp searching glance. 'Moreover, I am poor. Poverty and hard work must be my excuse. They leave small space for golden dreams or butterfly temptations.—I doubt if you can understand this, in any adequate way! I think no one can, who has never been in the position of a toiler. But you see that I must resist the temptation, or be a very feeble man in my own eyes. I should not dare to tell you what a struggle it is! Or, how mighty, how potent a lure you are holding out! It would be presumption to suppose you would either understand or care!'

(*To be Continued.*)

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