Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 4 — BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1876. — NO. 13.

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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

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, $4.50; each continuation, $1.00; one month, $7.00; two months, $11,00; three months, 14.00; six months, $20.00; twelve months, $35.00.

A COLUMN.—First insertion, $8.00; each continuation, $2.00; one month, $12.00 two months, $18.00; three months, $25.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $70.00.

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

JOB WORK.

AT the office of this Paper may be obtained to order and at short notice:

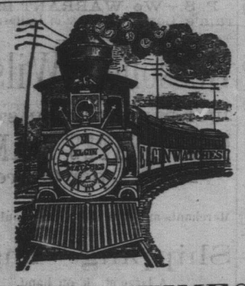
Pamphlets,
Circulars,
Programmes,
Bill-Heads,
Dodgers,
Business Cards,
Wedding Cards,
Visiting Cards,
Shipping Tags,
Posters.
Tickets,
&c., &c., &c.

Magistrates' Blanks

Kept constantly on hand.

Call and Inspect Samples of Work.

CHARGES REASONABLE



HARD TIMES Are Upon Us.

OWING to the hard times I am determined to sell at

LOWER PRICES

THAN EVER BEFORE,

and I now offer at my store on Queen Street a nice selection of

JEWELRY

—AND—

FANCY GOODS,

far below CITY PRICES, and invite all to call and see them. They consist of

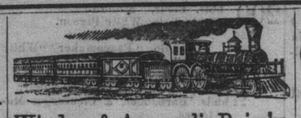
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
TIMEPIECES,
RINGS,
BROOCHES,
EARRINGS,
SLEEVE BUTTONS,
STUDS,
GOLD & PLATED CHAINS.
SPOONS,
FORKS,
SPECTACLES,
PURSES,
CHARMS, &c., &c.

All parties now owing the subscriber are hereby notified to pay up.

N. B.—OUR WATCH DEPARTMENT we make a specialty, and parties will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. REPAIRING done at short notice and warranted to give satisfaction.

J. E. SANCTON.

Bridgetown, Oct. 27, '75 y



Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING

Thursday, 8th of June, 1876.

HALIFAX to ST. JOHN.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Exp.	Pass. and Frgt.	Pass. and Frgt.
			A. M.	A. M	P. M.
0	Halifax	Leave	8 00	9 15	3 00
8	Bedford	"	8 22	9 43	3 30
13	Windsor Jnctn	"	8 35	10 35	3 55
26	Mt. Uniacke	"	9 08	11 25	4 43
36	Ellerhouse	"	9 35	12 05	5 20
				P. M.	
39	Newport	"	9 43	12 18	5 32
45	Windsor	"	10 02	1 00	6 15
52	Hantsport	"	10 21	1 28	6 40
63	Wolfville	"	10 50	2 17	7 18
			P. M.		
70	Kentville	"	11 20	3 25	7 45
82	Berwick	"	11 52	4 26	....
87	Aylesford	"	12 05	4 47	....
98	Wilmot	"	12 33	5 29	....
101	Middleton	"	12 41	5 41	....
107	Lawrencetown	"	12 57	6 04	....
110	Paradise	"	1 05	6 16	....
115	Bridgetown	"	1 19	6 36	....
122	Round Hill	"	1 36	7 03	....
			1 55	7 30	....
129	Annapolis—Arrive				
190	St. John by Steamer		8 00	....	....

ST. JOHN to HALIFAX.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Pass. and Frgt.	Pass. and Frgt.	Exp.
			A. M	A. M.	A. M.
	St. John by Steamer		....	.....	8 00
					P. M.
0	Annapolis	Leave	.....	6 15	2 20
7	Round Hill	"	.....	6 40	2 37
14	Bridgetown	"	.....	7 05	2 55
19	Paradise	"	.....	7 26	3 07
22	Lawrencetown	"	.....	7 39	3 15
28	Middleton	"	.....	8 05	3 32
31	Wilmot	"	.....	8 17	3 40
42	Aylesford	"	.....	9 08	4 10
47	Berwick	"	.....	9 28	4 23
				P. M.	
59	Kentville	"	6 30	11 10	5 05
66	Wolfville	"	6 57	11 41	5 26
77	Hantsport	"	7 39	12 29	5 55
84	Windsor	"	8 20	1 15	6 17
90	Newport	"	8 42	1 40	6 34
93	Ellerhouse	"	8 56	1 54	6 43
103	Mt. Uniacke	"	9 50	2 36	7 12
116	Windsor Junctn	"	10 40	3 45	7 55
121	Bedford	"	11 00	4 00	8 10
129	Halifax—Arrive		11 30	4 30	8 30

Trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Annapolis and Halifax run on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays only; trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Kentville and Halifax run daily.

Trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Halifax and Annapolis, run on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Steamer "Empress" leaves St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 8 a. m. for Annapolis, and returns next day on arrival of 8.30 a. m. Express Train from Halifax.

International Steamers leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8 a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.00 a. m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

Through Tickets at reduced fares by above routes to all parts of the United States and Canada, may be obtained at the Company's Office, 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, at Richmond, and the principal Stations on the Railway.

P. INNES, Manager.

Kentville, June 8th, '76

Three Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "EMPRESS."

For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.

On and after MONDAY, June 12th, Steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY MORNING, at 8 o'clock. Returning on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class...$5.00
do do do 2nd class... 3.50
do. do. Annapolis..... 2.00
do. do. Digby..... 1.50
Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class)..... 7.50

Return tickets to Clergyman and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
11 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., June 5th, '76.

STEAMER EMPRESS

AND THE

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

FREIGHTS for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendence at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7, a. m., and 6. p. m., daily, to receive Freight.

No freight received morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

DESK FOR SALE.

A LARGE-SIZED, substantial Office Desk, with five large drawers on the side, and book-rack on top. Made at J. B. Reed's Cabinet-making Establishment. Will be sold CHEAP, not being large enough for the subscribers' use.

SANCTON & PIPER,
May 15th, 1876. MONITOR Office.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for a Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. 1y t48

$12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 1y t48

W. H. OLIVE,

Custom House, Forwarding,

COMMISSION,

Railroad and Steamboat Agent.

Prince William St.....St. John, N. B.

May 3rd, 1876. y

GEORGE WHITMAN,

Auctioneer & Real Estate Agent,

Round Hill, Annapolis, N S.

Parties having Real Estate to dispose of will find it their interest to consult with Mr. Whitman in reference thereto.

☞ No charge made unless a sale is effected, or for advertising when ordered so to do.

may 22 '73 tf

CARD.

Jno. B. Mills,

Barrister, &c., &c.,

Bona Vista House,

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

ROYAL HOTEL.

(Formerly STUBBS')

146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

Opposite Custom House,

St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND.....PROPRIETOR.

sept '73 y

WILLIAM HILLMAN,

Silver and Brass Plater,

ELECTOR PLATER

in gold and silver.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF

CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS

No. 60 Charlotte St.....St. John, N. B

sept30 y

Great Bargains

—IN—

DRESS GOODS.

A LOT OF

SUMMER DRESS GOODS!

Now Being Offered at Cost, by

M. C. Barbour,

48 Prince William St. St. John. N. B

THOMAS PEARNESS,

Manufacturer of

Monuments, Grave-Stones

TABLE TOPS, &c.

South Side King Square,.... St. John, N. B.

P. S.—Mr. Pearness will visit Annapolis and neighbering counties at stated intervals to solicit orders.

GREAT REDUCTION!

FOR CASH.

Tweed Suits,

$20 to $24,

FORMER PRICES, $26 TO $33.

MENS' FURNISHING

and all other Goods

PROPORTIONATELY LOW.

J. E. WHITTAKER.

Cor. Germain & Princess Sts...St. John, N. B

THE subscriber wishes to inform his old customers and the public in general that he still continues to carry on the

SADDLERY BUSINESS

in all its branches, keeping on hand a large stock of Ready-Made

Harnesses,

comprising Silver, Brass and Japanned Mountings. A large amount of *HARNESS MOUNTINGS* at the Lowest Prices.

☞ All kinds of LEATHER kept in variety.

☞ The highest prices paid for Hides in exchange for leather.

GEORGE MURDOCH.

Bridgetown, Dec. 8th, 1875. tf n36

NEW

FURNITURE WAREROOM!

AT LAWRENCETOWN.

THE subscriber has opened as above, and will keep constantly on hand a full line of Superior Furniture of every description, consisting in part of

Elegant Walnut (in Hair Cloth, Rep, &c.) Parlor Sets, Marble Top, and Plain Walnut Centre Tables, Parlor Chairs, Easy Chairs, Rockers, Sofas, Couches, Lounges, Bedroom Sets in variety, Tables of all kinds, Bureaus, Sinks, Stands, Cane Seat, and Wood Bottom Chairs, Children's Chairs, Common Bedsteads, Picture Frames, Hat Racks, &c, &c, &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Just opened—A large and Varied Assortment of Mens' Youths', and Boys', and Womens', Misses', Girls', and Infants' Boots, Shoes, and Slippers, in every style and quality.

—ALSO:—

Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Meal, Tinware, &c., &c. For sale at low figures to suit the times.

Money can be saved by purchasing at this Establishment.—Call and be convinced.

FRED. LEAVITT.

Lawrencetown, April 28, '75 y

MARBLE WORKS!

THE undersigned having entered into Co-Partnership for the purpose of manufacturing all kinds of Marble, hereby notify the public that they are prepared to furnish at Short Notice and on Reasonable Terms,

MONUMENTS,

Headstones, Table Tops, &c.,

One of the Firm, MR. FALCONER, has had three years experience in some of the best establishments in the City of Providence, Rhode Island, and feels assured that he can give every satisfaction to those entrusting their orders to them.

All orders left at their workshop, next door to J. B. Reed's Furniture Factory, Bridgetown, will receive prompt attention.

DANIEL FALCONER,
OLDHAM WHITMAN.

Bridgetown, April 12th, 1876. 13 t14

THE BANKRUPT STOCK!

—OF THE—

Estate of Lansdowne & Martin

HAVING been purchased by MAGEE BROTHERS is now being sold at

BANKRUPT PRICES!

and will be continued until May 1st, 1877, at the

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

Cor. King & Prince William Sts.

Visitors to St. John will find superior advantages offered for procuring

CHEAP DRY GOODS

at this establishment Fresh importations are being constantly received from Europe and the United States to keep the Stock well assorted, and are sold at

COST PRICES.

MAGEE BROTHERS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., May 1st, 1876. y

BEARD & VENNING,

Albion House.

WE have received per Anchor and Allen Line steamers

95 Packages

Containing a Full Assortment of FRESH and SEASONABLE

DRY GOODS,

which we offer WHOLESALE AND RETAIL at the Lowest Possible Prices, and solicit inspection.

BEARD & VENNING,
PRINCE WM. STREET.

St. John, N. B., May, 1876

BOOK AGENTS AND GOOD SALESMEN

Are "COINING MONEY" with the famous

BIDA DESIGNS,

The French Edition of which sells for $165, and the London Edition for $200. *Our Popular Edition* ($5.50), *containing over One Hundred full-page quarto plates*, is the CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT PUBLICATION in America, and the BEST TO SELL. Critics vie with each other in praising it, and the masses *buy it.*

From local agent in Southport, Conn.: "In our village of eighty houses I have taken sixty-five orders; have canvassed in all about twelve days (in village and country), and have taken orders for *One Hundred and Six Copies.*"

FULL PARTICULARS FREE. *Address*

J. B. FORD & Co., Publishers,
11 Broomfield St., Boston.

Just Received.

1 BBL. SCOTCH SNUFF;
SIMPSON'S CATTLE SPICE;
POWDERED TUMERIC;
BORAX, SALTPERTE;

Ayer's Hair Vigor, Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime, Kidder's Liniment, C. Brown's Chlorodyne, Essential Oil of Orange, very fine, Essential Oil of Bergamot. For sale by

J. CHALONER,
Cor. King and Germain Street.

St. John, N. B., May, '76.

Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

is now at his office in

BRIDGETOWN.

PERSONS requiring his professional services will please remember that in consequence of other engagements his stay must necessarily be short.

April 25th, '76.

NEW GOODS!

Victoria House,

Prince William Street,.....St. John N. B.

Spring, 1876.

NOW receiving per Freight and Mail Steamers a Choice Stock of

DRY GOODS

in every department.

The attention of the Trade as well as of Retail buyers solicited.

E. D. WATTS.

195,000. The DAILY and WEEKLY Editions of the

MONTREAL STAR

have now (it is estimated) an audience of One Hundred and Ninety-five Thousand Readers, which makes them the most widely circulated and influential newspapers published in Canada. 1y t45

Poetry.

A KISS FOR A BLOW.

BY MARY E LAMBERT.

There Charley! don't blush so and bluster,
We know what is taught you at school;
You are told that forbearance is virtue,
And a kiss for a blow is the rule.

It wasn't a blow? he just kicked you?
That certainly alters the case.
Now tell me the story unvarnished—
Why were you sent home in disgrace?

You were in Tommy's way, and he kicked you!
And then you pitched in for a fight;
He was bigger than you are, but clumsy,
And you pounced him with all of your might.

Must you go up to bed without supper?
Hungry, tired, and nervous withal?
No; that would spoil good resolutions,
Quite enough to make even saints fall!

I want you to be manly, Charley,
And generous to friends and to foe;
But only in very few cases
Do I tell you to give kiss for blow.

If a girl in weak anger should strike you,
Don't touch her, my boy, you are strong:
And to strike back one crippled or younger.
Would be cowardly, Charley, and wrong.

Be kind and obliging to playmates;
I do not like fighting, you know;
But if one your own age ever hits you,
Just give him a blow for a blow.

Select Literature.

BARBERRY.

(Concluded.)

'Good gracious, did you think I was crying? Why, I made a bet with a friend of mine that I would go in there and impose upon the very priest by my imitation of their performance; and as I kneeled there the idea of what a lark it was came over me, and I fairly shook with laughter. I didn't know I was imposing on you as well as the Baptists.' And Barberry laughed again until the tears ran down her cheeks.

'Is it possible! I was sincerely sorry when I thought you came in here as a worshipper; but now that I find it was as a mocker—'

'It is something more than sorrow, I suppose; out and out horror perhaps! And so good of you, Doctor, when after all I am not even a charity patient of yours.'

'Excuse me. I was quite aware of my presumption in addressing you. Your youth, my profession, and the fact of so often meeting you in my own church, must stand for my poor excuse.'

'Rather poor, I am sorry to agree with you. And so you own the Church of the Four Gospels, do you? Well now, how strange that I should have belonged to it for three years and never found it out.'

'When I say 'my church' I mean the church where I attend and belong,' explained Maurice, patiently, 'and I am glad to know that you have belonged to it for three years, since that period must embrace pretty nearly all your responsible life.'

'Don't agonize any more about my age. I was seventeen on the third day of last May, so we can let that topic rest; and if you have quite done with your lecture, sir, and will pass round the hat, I will contribute my mite to ward the encouragement of your benevolent efforts.' And carefully extracting a five cent piece from the breast pocket of her jacket, Barberry made a feint of offering it to the young man, and then dropped it in the alms chest, saying:

'Never mind. We'll give it to the poor; some of your charity patients perhaps, may profit by it.'

'I wonder how you knew that there were such beings as charity patients, since you always drive away the poor people who address you, not even permitting them to reach the rector, whose corcern rather than yours I should imagine them to be,' said Maurice, bitterly.

'Yes, but you see the dear rector is so good that he believes everbody, and is always being fearfully imposed upon. So I make it my business to keep all the poor people away from him that I can, and those who get in in spite of me are twice too many as it is.'

'But those whom you drive away be really deserving persons, and you do not inquire to see who are the impostors and who are not.'

'Oh, they are all impostors, and get on somehow, I suppose; and if they don't what matter? There, I am going now. Good night, Doctor Guardian-of-other-people's-bodies-if-not-souls.'

'That is rather a long title to use often. Perhaps you will accept a card bearing my more usual name.'

'As I don't intend it 'to use often,' the longer one will do for me; so good night.'

And the wild girl walked away, leaving the young man *planté*, his card in his hand, and a very angry smile upon his lips.

'I won't have Edith acquainted with her any longer; that's settled,' muttered he fiercely, and yet for some unknown reason he never, in his formal interviews with Miss Winter, alluded to this objectional friend of hers, whom, indeed, he did not know as yet under any other name than that of Barberry.

But now there came upon the city where all these people lived one of those scourges of pestilence whose full terror is only known to the dwellers in cities, where constant personal contact with strangers is almost inevitable, so that one never walks the streets, rides in a horse-car, enters a shop, attends a place of amusement, or even one of worship, without feeling that the seeds of suffering and death to himself or those he love may in that hour have infected his blood or his clothing. Dr. Oldfield found in this great necessity his opportunity, and soon became known throughout the city as one of the few men who understood and cured, under God's control, the plague; so that his days and nights were soon full to overflowing, not only among the wealthy and influential, who sought him unceasingly, and offered him any reward for the healing he might bring to their beloved, but among those humble and friendless ones whose blessings and prayers were their only wealth. Poor Mary Norcross was one of these, and the daintiest lady in the city received no tender or more constant care from the young physician than did she. Here, however, was the appointed door for her escape from suffering, and poverty, and loneliness, and she passed through it, her hand in Maurice's, and saying with her latest breath.

'Give my love to dear Miss Winter. She and you are all I leave on earth—and she loves you.'

Up-stairs also they told him of Miss Winter's constant attendance and devotion to the sick and again, in another plague stricken home, and in yet another he heard her name, and always coupled with praise, and blessing, and gratitude.

At last, one evening, he called to see her and thank her as well as to refresh himself by an hour's respite from his painful labors. A quarter of that time was spent alone in the drawing-room, and when the young lady appeared, it was with so uncertain and hesitating a manner, and so powerful an odor of disinfecting drugs hanging about her clothes, and she so decidedly withdrew from his offered hand, that Dr. Oldfield stared in surprise, and at last said:

'Surely you are not afraid of me, Miss Winter?'

'Oh, certainly not, doctor. I suppose of course you change all your clothes after coming out of those dreadful places where they say that you go.'

'And they say that you go too, Miss Winter,' replied Maurice, smiling tenderly. 'I do change my clothes, to be sure; but you run ten thousand times the risk of infection during one of your visits, in which, by the way, I never can can catch you, than in seeing me. I came to-night on purpose to warn you, and at the same time to thank you over and over again for the noble work you have done among my poorest patients. Everywhere that I go among them I hear your name and the stories of your courage and devotion. But—are you ill?'

'A little faint—excuse me—another day I will apologize, but now——'

And with a gesture of leave-taking, Edith tottered from the room, her face white as the cologne-saturated handkerchief which she held over her mouth and nose.

Full of concern, Maurice waited for a while, and then rang for a servant to inquire if Miss Winter was ill and wished to see him professionally. A written answer in her mother's name was presently returned, that the young lady was only faint from over-fatigue, and need not trouble Dr. Oldfield, who was, however, requested to call again in a friendly capacity.

'Over fatigue from these visits to the poor and sick,' said the doctor to himself, as he walked down the street. 'What an admirable girl! You wouldn't find that Barberry fatiguing herself in that way. What can have become of that child? Now I have no time for church haunting I never see her. I dare say she has left the city to avoid infection; what a pity so bright and fascinating a creature should be so heartless.'

Arrived at home, the doctor glanced a little wearily over the list of applicants who had called during his absence, and rapidly classified them, so far as he knew their names, according to the urgency of their cases. Four of these were quite new, and the nearest address to his own home among them was that of 'Christie Love.' To this address the doctor at once took his way, wondering a little as he went whether Christie Love was a married or a single woman, young or old, very ill or only frightened, and where she had heard of him.

The address led him to a quiet home in a retired street, and hardly had a pallid servant-girl opened the door when a woman's voice sharp with terror called from the top of the stairs:

'Is it the doctor? Please to come directly up.'

Laying aside coat and hat, Maurice went up the stairs, and followed the dark figure awaiting him into a dimly lighted room, where, tossing herself to and fro upon the dainty white bed, lay Barberry, her great gray eyes shining like stars, her cheeks and lips glowing crimson red, and the masses of her shining dark hair flowing over her slender form like the shadows of coming night—gloriously beautiful, with a beauty that struck a chill to the heart of the young physician as he held the scorching hand, and watched the glowing face.

'Miss Winter, Miss Winter, Miss Winter! I thought winter was cold, and I'm so warm—so burning hot!' babbled the bright lips again and again, and the mother, standing helplessly by, moaned:

'She's delirious, you see, doctor, and oh, she's so very sick, and I cannot lose her! Doctor, she my only child, and I am a widow. Save her, save her for me!'

'Madam, I cannot try to save her unless those about her are perfectly calm. Even in delirium the patient is affected by the moods of those around. Please to tell me quitely how long your daughter has been ill, and if she has been exposed to the fever.'

'Indeed she has, doctor,' replied the widow, her voice subdued and her agitation controlled to a nervous tremor by the mere force of the other's look and tone. She has been round among these dreadful poor people ever since the fever broke out. I had it last year so she said there was no danger of bringing it home, and that she had a charmed life herself. She always did just as she pleased, doctor, and I never tried to control her, for she was all that I had, and——'

But here the enforced calm gave way, and with a wild gesture, the mother darted from the room and into another, whose door she softly closed.

Maurice Oldfield looked about him; a girl's room this, with its white maidenly couch and hangings, its little prettiness, its childish trifles, and hints of dawning womanly tastes; its volumes of fiction and poetry, and its shelf of worn school books not yet quite done with; upon one corner of the mirror hung the black velvet sailor-hat, with its bunch of barberries, and on the other was festooned a rosary with a pendant crucifix, at which Maurice frowned until he perceived that it was too elaborately arranged to be often taken down; upon a table lay a book which he had last seen in the hands of Mary Norcross, with the words 'Miss Winter' written across the cover; but here his observations were cut short by a low laugh from the sick girl, as she said:

'Just in time to escape the doctor. Ugh! How the clothes in this closet smell; maybe they have the fever in them. I wish he'd go; but I won't come out till he goes, if it's all day. He shan't find out Miss Winter yet. Oh dear, it's so warm, so warm, and the clothes smell so feverish! Maurice, Maurice! What a pretty name! I wonder if Elinor Winter will call him Maurice. He never cared to come and see me, though he goes there. Never mind, I wasn't a very nice girl, and so young; but he shouldn't have spoken so, and looked so. It breaks my heart. Oh, it breaks, it breaks my heart.'

And she broke into a passion of grief, whose sounds reached her mother's ear, and brought her rushing back to the sick room, crying.

'Christie, Christie, darling! Oh, for God's sake, doctor, do something for her. She said you could. It was almost the last thing she said before she went out of her head. 'Mamma,' said she, 'I have the fever, and I shall be very ill. Send for Dr. Oldfield, and let him write my name upon his slate, Christie Love, although I do not believe he knows who she is; but I will have my own name for once.' Those were her very words, doctor, and what she meant I don't know; but I did just as she said. I always do.'

Maurice did not reply. A strange light had broken upon his mind, and he was busy, even while tenderly caring for his patient, in recalling their few brief and stormy interviews, and tracing the workings of the wilful, sensitive, proud, yet most maidenly nature which had so carefully hidden all its own best side from one who had misjudged it, and which had taken a perverse delight in deepening the false and bad impression accidently given at first.

All that night, and for a great part of the next day, Maurice Oldfield stood or sat beside that bed, battling as never he battled yet with the fell destroyer, for this fair young life which each had determined to make his own—all night and all day, and when night came again he knew that he was vanquished, and must yield; but still he sat and knelt beside that white couch, that now became a death-bed, while the moaning, almost lifeless mother lay prone upon the floor beside him, that, like Hagar in in the wilderness, she might not look upon her child's death.

The delirium was over now; the fever had burned itself out in exhausting the springs of life, and from the stupor in which he thought she would have passed away the dying girl woke suddenly, and fixing her great shadowy eyes upon those bent so agonizingly upon her face, smiled wanly and said.

'I am glad you have come at last. I sent for you when I was first taken sick, for I knew that I should die, and I didn't want you always to remember me as what I pretended to be.'

'I know, darling—I know it all,' whispered the young man hoarsely, 'I have been such a brute toward you. Say that you forgive me, dear, for I love you so dearly.'

'Do you love me! I thought—but it is no matter now, although I should have been so glad if I had known it when I used to think you despised me so. I didn't really turn away the poor people, you know, but I kept them from worrying the rector until I had followed them home and found out if they were really worthy of his attention; and when I found you liked Ellinor best I thought I would let her have whatever credit I might have claimed; so I wrote her name upon the book, and left it for you to see; and then I felt so badly that I fancied going into that Roman Catholic church to ask a little help, as they do. It was foolish perhaps, but I didn't like to go to our own lest some one should see me. And you thought I was a hypocrite, and so I helped it on; and I always said I was Miss Winter everywhere; and Maurice I think Ellinor likes you, and she is a right good girl, and never does improper things like me—I am so tired—so tired and faint!'

Eighteen months after this Maurice Oldfield married Ellinor Winter. Why, I do not know except because Mrs. Scott still said that it was best for a physician to be married, and because she was an unexceptionable young lady; and the tepid affection she plainly cherished for him was preferable to utter indifference or to a passionate love which he did not want.

In her betrothal hour she conscientiously confessed her want of candor in accepting praise and admiration for charities she had never preformed, but did not feel quite magnanimous enough to disclaim.

Maurice forgave the want of candor, but did not explain the enigma which Edith had never solved.

Neither did she ever know, or even wonder, why the only artistic ornament of her husband's study was a panel on which was exquisitely painted a bunch of barberries; nor did she ever guess how many lonely moments he spent motionless before that little painting, a mournful smile upon his lips, and unwonted dimness in his eyes.—*Jane G. Austin, in Galaxy.*