BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

SIRS,—I sell more Opeleka Cough Mixture than all other kinds put together. I assure you that it gives perfect satisfaction in every case.

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

BRIDGETOWN
MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS
Importer of Marble
and manufacturer of
Monuments, Tablets,
Headstones, &c.
Also Monuments in Red Granite,
Gray Granite, and Freestone.
Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice. T. D.

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

Extension
OF TIME
Is often asked for by persons becoming unable to pay when the debt is due. The debt of nature has to be paid sooner or later, but we would all prefer an
Extension of Time.

Puttner's Emulsion
OF COD LIVER OIL
WITH
Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda
may give this to all who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, General Debility, and all wasting Diseases.
Delicate Children who otherwise would pay the debt very speedily, may have a long
EXTENSION OF TIME.
Try Puttner's Emulsion
BROWN BROS. & Co.,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGISTS,
Halifax, N. S.

New Stoves!
R. ALLEN CROWE
Having purchased the retail business of the BRIDGETOWN FOUNDRY COMPANY offers the largest stock in that line ever offered before in Bridgetown.
RANGES & COOK STOVES,
Parlor and Hall Stoves,
STOVE PIPE,
SHEET ZINC,
LEAD PIPING,
SINKS, OVEN MOUTHS,
ASH PITS, PUMPS,
MASLIN KETTLES
LANTERNS, GRANITE IRON WARE,
STOVE BOARDS,
COAL HODS,
FIRE SETTS,
TIN WARE,
and all articles usually kept in a
FIRST-CLASS TIN SHOP.
Jobbing a specialty.
R. ALLEN CROWE.
Bridgetown, Sept. 16th, 1890. 24 6m.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.,
(LIMITED).
Commencing Monday, Oct. 6th,
THE S. S. "CITY OF MONTICELLO,"
R. H. FLEMING, Commander.
will sail from the Company's dock, Reed's Pt. St. John, every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings, at 7.30, local time, for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS, connecting there with the W. C. and W. and A. railways, returning same days, due at St. John about 7 p.m.
HOWARD D. TROOP,
Manager, St. John.
J. S. CARDER,
Agent, Annapolis. 9 4m

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great medical work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4, Bulfinch St.

Executor's Notice!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late GEO. REDGATE, of Margaretville, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render all accounts, duly attested to, within three months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment within said time to
WILLIAM ROY,
Sole Executor.
Margaretville, Feb. 3rd, 1891. 44 13i.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1891. NO. 50.

Parsons' Pills
These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills. One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 50 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.
PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS.
The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

Make New Rich Blood!

BRIDGETOWN GROCERY.
JUST RECEIVED:
TEAS AND COFFEES, UNEQUALLED FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOR.
SPICES, Warranted Pure.
CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
BISCUITS, Fresh from the Manufactory,
SYRUPS of all kinds,
SUGARS, MOLASSES, PORK, BEANS, TOBACCOS, PICKLES.
FRUIT: ORANGES, LEMONS, and BANANAS.
AT LOWEST CASH PRICE.
GEO. H. DIXON.

BUY MY MAKE OF
Boots & Shoes
And you will never be annoyed by customers grumbling on account of ripping and poor material. Every Dealer who reads this will find it to his advantage to see my
LATEST STYLES
which are considered superior to any in design and workmanship, and made of the best material the market produces. If our Traveller should not call upon you when you require goods, send for sample lots. PRICES ARE REASONABLE. All orders by mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.
JAMES T. HURLEY
BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,
23 and 25 Chipman Hill, St. John, N. B.

W. H. BANNISTER,
Optician,
—GRADUATE—
New York Optical College,
136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.
A Beautiful Line of
SILVERWARE!
JUST RECEIVED.
J. E. SANCTON.

NOW IN STOCK!
At Wholesale or Retail,
the following choice brands of FLOUR:
50 bbls. "PEARL,"
25 bbls. "ACADIA,"
75 bbls. "WHITE DOVE,"
50 bbls. "FIVE ROSES,"
75 bbls. "ANCHOR,"
25 bbls. "MYRTLE,"
25 bbls. "FUSCHIA,"
30 bbls. "CLOVER,"
25 bbls. "A. B. C."
CORNMEAL:
200 bbls. KILN-DRIED CORNMEAL.
OATMEAL:
20 bbls SUPERIOR OATMEAL, Tilson's Standard Brand.
A few bags MIDDLINGS left in Stock.
Grocery and Provision Supplies constantly on hand.
Stock the best. Prices low as the lowest.
P. NICHOLSON.
Bridgetown, Oct. 21st, 1890. 29 1y

DR LOW'S WORM SYRUP
DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD

FRANK E. VIDITO,
DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALTED BEEF, LAMB, PORK, BACON AND VEGETABLES.
THE subscriber has lately established business in the premises known as the PAYSON PROPERTY, first door east of the Post Office, where he intends to conduct the Meat and Provision Business in the best style, and so as to meet the requirements of the trade in all particulars. By strict attention and by dressing the best of stock, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage.
My team will run to Round Hill and Granville weekly.
Bridgetown, June 10th, 1890. 10 1y

TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!
As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda
is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures
CONSUMPTION,
SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK.
Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper; at all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

PALFREY'S
CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.
THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29 1y

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of the late WILLIAM H. NIXON, deceased, of Nictaux Falls, transacted since September 1889, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within three months from date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make payment to
SAMUEL NIXON.
Nictaux Falls, Dec. 16th, 1890. 37 3m

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

Her Wings.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

What made any of us love her, who can say?
Just a piece of winsome mischief all the day,
Flittering fluttering, like a rose-leaf here and there,
Reedy voice, and tangled sunshine in her hair.

One day, when her sins were many—of their kind
Clambering down the well, fairyland to find,
Tossing, for a lesson, puss into the brier,
Mocking the sweet mocking-bird an octave higher.

On her dimpled shoulder then I laid a hand,
"Angels up in Heaven have wings, you understand,
But," I said, "we have to start them here, you know;
Isn't it quite time that your wings began to grow?"

"They grow best when we live as the angels do,
Loving duty, loving everybody, too;
You're so tall now—yes, indeed—if you had wings,
They would start just here, I think, the lovely things!"

Then I took that hand of hers and passed it down
Where the little shoulder-blade escaped the gown,
"Let me see—why, what is this? Now you don't believe—
Can a wing have started just behind your sleeve?"

Stretching back and feeling, with many a grimace—
What a gladsome wonder settled on her face!
"Will they be like real angels wings?" she said,
"Reaching to my feet and up above my head?"

"Real angel wings, when grown, will your wings be!"
Circling as a bird does, full of whistling glee,
"Oh! my wings are growing!" she sang as off she flew;
"I will love the neighbors just as I love you!"

But how often after that I had to say,
If those shoulder-blades were doing the right way,
"Really," said I, "don't you think they've grown, yourself?"
"Oh, I've tried to be so good!" replied the elf.

Then we questioned of their color when complete,
Those great plumes that stretched along from head to feet;
Should they be the tint of violet's purple grain
Where the sunshine through them takes a royal stain?

Should they be a yellow, like the primrose bloom
Opening with the evening star in twilight gloom?
Azure, like the baby's eyes in morning glow?
"Oh, the sky's so blue," she said, "they wouldn't show!"

"Mine," said I, at last, "shall be a flush of rose
Burning at the very ends to dazzling snows."
"Mine shall be," she said, "when in Heaven I wake,
Just the color that it pleases God to make."

What a heart-break haunts remembrance of that day!
Ah, what idle words, those colors and that play!
Silver gray as doves, or white beyond the moon,
I had not dreamed that she would wear those wings so soon!

Select Literature.

The Only Out About Him.

The teams loaded to the top with supplies for camp were on the point of starting for the woods, the impatient horses pawing the snow and tossing off showers of bell tones; whips were cracking and men were exclaiming and boys were running, and Mr. Sibley was getting angrier every minute. The second teamster was nowhere to be found. "By gracious, I'll discharge him!" roared Mr. Sibley. "You run right home, Annie," he said, in a different tone, to the young girl with a face like a bunch of flowers, who came along and paused on the edge of the confusion. "Your mother wanted them crackers right away. Can't you find him?" as old Peachblow came across the square.

"Reckon he's discharged himself," said one of the men, snapping his long whip.

"Just when he'd orter be on the spot or die! And if they don't make Palterer's to-night the storm'll be on them"—

"It's no use, sir," said old Peachblow. "He's over at Boosey's, used up. He don't sense nothing."

"Then I'll give him his come-uppance to-morrow!" roared Mr. Sibley. "You bet your life I won't keep a man who drinks or smokes tobacco."

"Could I do instead, sir?" asked a young fellow standing by, whose glance had flashed on and off the pretty girl like the light that plays from the glass in the sun, while at the word tobacco the men gave that placid stare at each other which answers all the purposes of a wink.

"You? What in thunder do you know about horses?"

"I think I can drive that team, sir."

"What could you do in the camp after you get there, with your build?" glancing the new comer over—a pale, slender stripling. "Look's if you were made of white satin ribbon."

The young man laughed, showing his white and even teeth. "Do?" he said. "Not much, sir, perhaps, but find my way out. I don't suppose I could handle the logs."

"Where'd you come from?" suddenly.

"Over beyond," with a backward movement of his head in a direction across the bay.

"What do you call yourself?'

"John Dean."

"John Dean. What were you doing last?"

"Running a machine."

"Why ain't you running a machine now?"

"Wanted a change," indifferently, his hands in his pockets, perhaps that no one might see how they were trembling.

"Well, I don't see but I shall have to risk it. Can but try," said the busy little man. "John Dean! Get up there and take the strings and drive to No. 10. Don't urge them horses because they're free. It's the best team in the state, and I'd rather lose their weight in spruce gum than have them go lame. And don't waste no time bringing them back. Do you hear?" For John Dean had already climbed the seat and taken up the reins, and the whole procession was starting while he spoke. "And no swearing, boys!" Mr. Sibley cried after them. "Blamed if I'll have swearing in my camps!"

"Like ter see yer drive these blasted cattle er mine without it," said a big fellow on one of the teams. "Gol darn ye, can't ye stand up?"

The best horses in the state! John Dean almost trembled again as he took the reins. What did he know about horses, indeed? Was taking their charge something on the same line as that he had left? But what else was there to do? Yes, it was a bad beginning—but his intentions—with intentions of bed rock, might be not? Well, nothing venture nothing have. And it was a great stroke of luck, this chance, after—

"Pick up your reins, lad," said the little old man on the team behind. "Them horses mean business."

John gathered up his reins. But presently came the voice again, "Hold in going down hill, if you don't want to break their knees."

John held in. And now it was: "Don't saw them horses' mouths that way! They ain't made of iron."

"Who's driving these horses, anyway?" asked John over his shoulder.

"You hadn't orter be! You'd better change an' take my old plugs."

"I'd like to," said John. "But these horses were put in my charge, and I can't. But you might go ahead and let me see you do it."

"Well, Miss Nancy, I'll do better 'n that, or my name ain't Peachblow. Whoa, there, whoa, I tell ye," with some further language that would have made Mr. Sibley's hair stand up. "Come now, I'll tie my lines to your team a spell, an' learn ye what I know. "Twont take long." And he was presently sitting beside John, and instructing him with as much zeal as if he were preparing him for the hippodrome.

"I allers take to the young fellers," said Peachblow. "An it's easy enough going up, with this load, and the rest along. But you've got to come back, alone; more snow coming, with critters in the woods, an' the way half blazed. So keep your bearings, young man. Chaw?"

"Used to," said John. "But it's against orders now."

"Moist goods?"

John laughed. "Don't like them," said he.

"Guess we've got a young reverend with us," said Peachblow, when they put up at Palterer's that night. "Don't chew, don't drink, don't cuss. No cards either."

"Not a card," said John.

"Look here, Johnny," cried another then, "you're in the wrong company."

"Oh, no," said Johnny. "Company's all right. I'm wrong. If I chew it makes me sick. If I drink it goes to my head. If I play—I might cheat."

"Well, you're going to be sick, then," said the big fellow, cutting off a chunk of his black sweet and advancing upon Johnny.

"Give it to him, Sam!" cried Palterer.

"I wouldn't advise you to try it on," said John, as he stood by the big fireplace.

"Now you take this!" exclaimed the big fellow, putting one hand on Johnny's shoulder, and with the other making a motion to force the tobacco between his teeth.

"And you take this!" cried John, a smile on his face; and a swift, straight blow sent the man across the room backward, tripping, staggering and falling in a heap.

"Anybody else?' said John, looking round with an expression of imperturable good nature. "Anybody want to drink with me? Or have me take a hand at poker? No? Then we'll call it square, and begin friends, if you please."

And in the hour that followed over Palterer's beef and potatoes the stories that John told, and the drolleries that he practiced made even the big bullying Sam forgive him.

"Too sweet to be wholesome, though," said Sam to Peachblow, on the shakedown later. "There's some out about him."

"He's all right," said Peachblow, sleepily. "Came from Boston. Lessons from John L. Lick you out of your boots ef you don't let him alone. That's all the out there is about him."

"Knows too much," growled Sam. "Who is he, anyway? Where'd he come from? What's to hinder his taking the team and whipping into Canada? Blamed ef I believe the boss'll ever see his mares again!"

As soon after reaching camp as the horses were rested, which gave him a little time to familiarize himself with the lumberer's work, John started down in spite of Sam's prediction and reached Palterer's without any event, and there the next day he took in Mrs. Sibley and her daughter, who had come from a place across country where they had been spending a day or two, and who, with the straw packed beneath them and the buffalo robes tucked in about them, were made sufficiently comfortable.

But here John's trouble began. Whether it was because when he went over this part of the road he had been learning how to manage his horses, and had consequently taken little note of the way, and now could not tell the main road from the wood paths that ended nowhere, but uncertain of which teams had broken the way through the snow, or whether it was by reason of glancing ever and anon at that little blossom face of Annie Sibley's beside him, something had confused his recollection; he began to feel that unfamiliar as the best, the way was far too unfamiliar now for safety, and presently his tremors grew into a settled apprehension, and he saw that he had lost the road, and that with his employer's family in his care.

To his surprise, Mrs. Sibley took the matter rather as a jest than otherwise, and when they had turned about and chosen another track, and come to the end of that in deep woods and snow, she was all ready to go back and try another. Perhaps she assumed the gayety to prevent her daughter's alarm for the rich soft color came and went on Annie's cheeks like a danger signal and with every glance he gave them John regretted more and more his rashness in undertaking to handle that team.

They stopped at last to rest and feed the horses, and then, went on only to be lost again on another false lead; and all at once it was twilight about them and stars were hanging overhead like fruit upon the branches of the great pines.

"Oh!" said Annie, with a shock of horror in the cry. "We are lost in the woods. And it is night!"

"We shall be all right to-morrow," he said, cheerily. "When we have tried all the wood paths one of them must be the right one." And he proceeded to tread down a circle in the snow, and with the hatchet to cut off the tender hemlock boughs with which first he heaped the sledge, and then made a dry spot for the horses, which he fed and blanketed. And after they had divided the ample luncheon they had brought from Palterer's, he had the mother and daughter lie down on the hemlock boughs, covering them with the thick robes, and took up his round as a sentinel about them.

"Oh, mother," he heard Annie whispering, "there are wolves in these woods! They will smell the horses!"

"Not down as far as this," said John. "Peachblow says there isn't a wolf south of the camp. You can sleep as safe as if you were down in Port. I shall keep watch all night." And he did, pacing round and round his little bivouac, watching the stars wheel slowly down, where the roof of the forest boughs was thin, and pausing now and then to gaze at the young girl in her innocent sleep, where the long lashes swept the pale rose cheek, and the lips seemed to him to be half parted, as if they were speaking to angels in her dream. He felt, with a sinking heart, as he gazed, that if she knew who it was that watched her, she probably would have less feared the wolves. More than once, the mother, waking from her own dreary drowse, saw him leaning there against the bole of a big tree, with folded arms, his eyes upon the sleeper as if upon a saint in a shrine, and then a look of anguish writhing over his face, as he turned away, that belonged not to a strong and happy youth, but such as one might have if shut out from heaven.

But in the first gray of the morning the horses were put in, and while the others still lay on their hemlock boughs the team was making its way out again.

"I have found the lay of the land by the way the stars were going," he said to the mother; and before long they were in the open road—dawn flushing all the heavens above, the snow below, and turning the whole forest into a twinkle of rainbows—and on the way to a safe end of their journey.

"He's a man worth keeping," said Mrs. Sibley to her husband. "I wouldn't lose sight of him."

"He's brought home the horses all right," said Mr. Sibley. And he took John home with him that night, and found plenty for him to do in the great warehouse of supplies, and listened to various suggestions that seemed to occur to the youth as a new comer there, kept him busy, and when spring came sent him behind the Morgan colts with a wallet full of money to pay off the men in camp.

"He's a treasure, that lad," said Mr. Sibley, when John returned with his vouchers all correct. "Luckiest day's work I ever done when I come across him. Saved me his keep a'ready in small leaks. He's too too good to last. Some out about him somewhere. Durned ef I can find it though."

"I don't believe in crossin' bridges 'fore you come to them," said the fussy little man's wife. I don't believe you'll ever come to this one. He's as good a boy as treads sole leather"—

"As good a boy as hasn't been found out. Well, you spread your saving grace over him, mother, and let's see if he'll want a better home 'n this is."

And in his few spare half hours John was invited into the sitting room, and presently if anything was wanted by the home people it was to John that they went instead of to the busy husband and father, and it was taken for granted that on Sundays he should have a seat in the family pew. And thus one year passed and another; and the third year found John Dean keeping Mr. Sibley's books and his bank account, collecting his moneys, making his payments, going and coming between the lumber camps, engaging and paying off the men—in short, the trusted and faithful intimate of his business, always firm and strong and ready, always bright and gentle and obliging. Mr. Sibley used to say it was as good as an open fire and a mug of cider to see John's face on a gloomy evening; and there was many a rosy young girl in the Port who thought no less and looked shyly askance at his face once so bleached and now with a healthy tan and a ruddy color beneath the white brow, at his wholesome mouth, whose bright laugh was not hid by the tawny shadow of the recent mustache, at the sparkle of his happy eyes, at his shapely shoulders and his easy bearing.

But of late this cheeriness of John's that Mr. Sibley liked was going under a cloud. Mr. Sibley thought he must be tired and was for giving him a vacation. Mrs. Sibley thought he must be ill and was for dosing him with herbs. Annie Sibley, if she thought anything about it, only showed her thought by a heightened color on her cheek and a brighter star in her eye when his name was mentioned, or when she saw him coming up the garden walk.

Certainly an unknown young fellow who had found a place almost without asking for it, had been taken into his master's confidence and into his family and had every reason to think his future secure and fortunate, ought to have worn a gayer face than John Dean was wearing now. It is true his good nature was continually the same on requirement, but gradually all jests and quibs and drolling, as Mrs. Sibley called it, had ceased, and he went about his work pale, and preoccupied and silent, and Sundays he strayed off over the fields, instead of listening to little Annie singing in the choir or walking home with her as he had been used to do. Perhaps it did not occur to him that any one might be troubled by this; perhaps he was not aware of it himself; he certainly did not see the paling of the bloom on Annie's cheek.

But Mrs. Sibley did, and it smote her heart to see the girl's eyes follow John and fall again, she taking shame to herself that they did, to see the unconscious pretty ways in which she tried to win him out of his gloom. "She might do worse," said Mr. Sibley, when his wife spoke to him about it, as a good wife should. "He's a likely fellow. I'm going to raise his salary the first of the year. And he'll be a rich man yet"—

"But—father—you—you wouldn't be willing to let the first comer have her—and he, as you may say, a sort of—of—hired man?"

"Hired man be—I mean," said Mr. Sibley, who didn't allow swearing, "he's my confidential man of business!"

"But we don't even know where he came from!"

"Steady as a clock, faithful as a dial. There's some out about him somewhere, of course, but I can't find it. Perhaps that's it. I guess we can find out where he came from. I'll ask him. I don't never want ter know, though, a mite more'n I know about him. Always under our eye, an' this the third year. What's she pale about? Does she think I wouldn't like it? You tell her I say she might go farther and fare worse!"

"Oh, father, I couldn't speak to her about it!"

"Well, then, you turn over ter sleep an' let the Lord take care of it. When I see two young folks a-making love I don't believe I can improve on natur'."

Perhaps the mother had some of the same reverence for Annie in her sweet innocence that John himself had, as she watched her going about her simple duties and pleasures like something just above the earth but not on it. Every one in the Port had a touch of this same feeling about Annie Sibley—the old woman to whom she gave an arm on the street, the little child whose hurt she soothed, the sick girl with whom she walked. Even the sailors in her father's lumber schooner counted it luck if they saw her sweet face before sailing, as other people do when they see the moon over their right shoulder. She had the gentle word, the gentle deed, for all people, the tender judgment, the unfailing pity.

"Annie Sibley," said old Peachblow, voicing the sentiment of all the community, "she's as nigh perfect as they make 'em."

It would have been no wonder, then, had despair fallen on John Dean when he found that he, too, was under the spell, and that he would rather be condemned for life to the solitary cell with bread and water than pass that life without her. And what was he that he should dare—

As he sat there on the doorstep his head fell forward on his knees, and a sob escaped him full of anguish. In the next moment some one sat down beside him, a hand stole into his, and Annie was whispering some indistinct, comforting murmur. How could he help returning the clasp of that little hand with an unconscious strength of grasp that was almost pain, suddenly raise it to his lips and cover it with kisses, and as suddenly fling it from him as though its touch had stung him, and then seeing her withdraw, startled, grieved, hurt, turn and snatch her to his wildly beating heart and hold her as if they were one body and one soul.

"Oh, what have I done? what have I done?" he cried, as he opened his arms and released her. "I love you! I love you! and I must leave you. I must go away from here, for I can never marry you!"

But for all answer little Annie had only clung to him the closer, her face upturned on his shoulder, with its appealing eyes, the red lips parted, the blush going and coming, the trembling smile melting to one of tenderest sorrow.

"I ought to have gone before it came to this!" he said. "I have been meaning to go, day after day. And I could not, I could not! My will was strong, but it could not drag my feet after me!" He disengaged her clasp, and took her face between his two hands, his great gray eyes looking into hers long and passionately. "Kiss me!" he said. "Once. For the last time. And now forget me!"

He told Mrs. Sibley that night that as soon as Mr. Sibley returned from his western journey he should have to leave them.

"Leave us, John!" she said. "What for?"

"It's about time," he answered carelessly. "My travelling cap is on."

"But John—why John! Are you dissatisfied? Isn't Mr. Sibley doing right by you? Has anything—has anything made you unhappy?"

"Unhappy!" he said, with an air of surprise. "Oh, I'm not unhappy," he answered, with a look in his eyes then that made her heart ache.

But Mr. Sibley's journey was a long one, into the timber district of a western state. When he came home, six weeks later, he found a very different condition of things from that which he had left. The men were in the woods, the camps supplied, the new year promising to open well, and all had been ordered and attended to by John. But John himself was sleeping in the counting room; as he did not go up to the house any more, Mrs. Sibley was sending dinner down to him; and Annie, his little wind-flower, looking as if the wind could blow through her, had grown into the white shadow of herself, large-eyed, pallid and frail, not as a flower, but as the ghost of a flower.

They were alone in the warehouse next day, the porter and the boy having gone home for their nooning. "I've been waiting for you to come back, sir," said John, in a voice meant to be calm, but which sounded in his own ears as hollow as if it came from an empty shell. "Because I must take my turn now. It's the close of the year. I find I cannot be with you another year."

"You mean you want a little rest and change? Certainly," said Mr. Sibley, fussily. "Certainly. That's right. I've been advising it, you know. How long, say?"

"For—for good and all, Mr. Sibley. I—I can't work here any longer."

"John!"

No, sir. You see, yourself, I'm only good at anything about so long. I've grown reckless. I must go."

"I don't see anything of the sort," roared little Mr. Sibley.

"Yes, sir. I thank you for your kindness to me. It's been more than you think. More than you can ever know. It it breaks me all up—to go. But I must."

"Look here!" cried Mr. Sibley, "I always said there was an out about you, if I could only find it. And here it is! What is this bee in your bonnet? John—is it—is it Annie?" he said in a different tone, one that had all a father's tenderness in it. "Because if it is"—as there came no answer—"that's all right."

"I—I cannot—marry her, sir," with down-hung head.

"You can't marry my daughter, sir!" began the master, and he stopped, thunder-struck, to comprehend the statement. Then, "You can't marry my daughter, sir!" he cried again, lashing himself into a rage. "I should like to know what's the reason you can't marry my daughter! Do you mean to say that you came here, a young whipper-snapper, from nowhere, a nothing, a nobody, and break my daughter's heart, and ruin her life, and"—

"Stop, stop, stop, Mr. Sibley!" cried John, as white as ashes. "I should ruin her life, indeed, if I stayed."

He waited a moment, looking his employer full in the face—as Mr. Sibley afterward told his wife—as fixed as if he were a saint carved in marble among all those bales and barrels. "I meant to tell you," he said presently, moving his lips as if with an effort. "I mean't to tell you as soon as you began to be so good to me. And then I felt it was my only chance in life, and I couldn't. I thought, too, it would give you pain—a man's punishment pursues him all his life, you see—and I hated to. And I hated to see the look you would have to give me when I told you. And I thought then, perhaps, you would never know—it was in a state a thousand miles away. And I kept along. And when I found I was beginning to care for her, I made up my mind that I must go—and it was hard—and I—I never dreamed of her caring for me! I would as soon have dreamed of an angel out of heaven stooping to me! And when I found she did, I felt sure she would get over it with me out of the way—and—and I only waited for you to come back"—

"What in thunder are you driving at?"

"A man who helps the helpless gave me a suit of clothes, and I worked my passage down here. When you gave me that team to drive I was just a fortnight out of prison for theft."

"That so?" said Mr. Sibley. And he turned on his heel and went into the little counting room and shut the door.

How many minutes, how many hours, John stood immovable, just as he had been left among the tuns and bags and boxes, he could not have said. All thought, all emotion seemed to have been wrung out of him—he was not even suffering. At last one of the hands returned; John nodded to him, took his hat and coat and went up to the house to put his things together.

They were few, his possessions there, but his hands trembled so that it took him some time. When he was through he heard the murmur of voices down below. Should he leave the house where he had been so kindly treated, without a word? He went down and hesitatingly turned the handle of the sitting-room door. Mr. Sibley was there, too.

"I—I only came—to say good-by. Oh, sir! I would give my right hand if"——

"You can give your right hand now, John," said Mr. Sibley. "You can give your right hand to Annie. I'm willing. Her mother's willing. She's willing. As for what you said in the store, we won't consider that. I'm glad that's the only out about you! You couldn't have been anything but a boy when all that happened. You're hardly more than a boy now. I don't believe there's 10 men alive that hasn't taken pennies, or apples, or something that didn't belong to them, sooner or later. You got into bad company some way, I suppose, and a temptation came that was too much for you when you were weakened. You've grown since then, grown the right way, strengthened. If you'd been born crooked, you've had every chance since you've been with me to feather your nest. You could have run away with a handy capital for a rogue, more than once. You're an honest man by nature, John"—

"Oh, I am, I am, I mean to be!" cried John, with shaking voice.

"We're forgiven our sins," said Mr. Sibley, solemnly, "when we've become so that nothing on earth could make us commit them again. The Lord forgave you long ago, John, when the possibility of your doing that wrong again was drowned out of you. I don't know why I should set up to be any better than the Lord. Now well never speak of this again. We'll begin the year by putting the old things behind us. You're as honest a man as me, John. Your mother an' me go together here; we believe in you; we're going to prove it by giving you the dearest thing on earth that's ours. It shall be a new year for all of us. It shall give me what I wanted all my life and never had, and that's a son—and if I picked the world over, John, I couldn't find one more to my mind than what you be, John. Come, now," said Mr. Sibley, putting up his bandanna, "you ain't going to have time to think it over. Old Peachblow's in the kitchen, just down from the woods. I'll send him for the minister. Mother, there's some black cake in the stone jar, ain't there? Well, we'll have a quiet wedding here this afternoon and settle things, and then you and Annie can go off for that little change we was speaking of. You go to Annie in the west parlor, now, John."

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
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