

VOL. 6.

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

BRIDGETOWN Marble Works. ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

FALCONER & WHITMAN are now manufacturing

Monuments & Gravestones Of Italian and American Marble.

Granite and Freestone Monuments.

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad.

Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work.

DANIEL FALCONER. OLDFIELD WHITMAN

NOTICE. ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of SAMUEL T. NEILLY, Esquire, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within six months from this date; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

L. S. MORSE, BURTON D. NEILLY, Executors. Bridgetown, April 20th, 1878. 6m 12c

Dental Notice. Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist, WOULD respectfully inform his friends that he is now in

BRIDGETOWN, to fill engagements previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please not delay.

Jan. 10th '77. n36

MORSE & PARKER, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Conveyancers, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC. BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER. Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. 1y

ROYAL HOTEL. (Formerly STUBBS') 146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, Opposite Custom House, St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, PROPRIETOR. sept '73 y

The average daily circulation of the Montreal Evening Star is 12,154, being considerably larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the Evening Star in the City of Montreal is 10,200, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day that of any other paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by any other journal. Its circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the Star has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

Bill Heads in all sizes and styles executed at this office at reasonable rates.

DR. WILLIAM CHART'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. The Great English Remedy for all kinds of Venereal Diseases, including Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Stricture, and all other ailments of the Urinary System, which follow as a consequence of Self-Abuse, or Excess of the Venereal Disease, or any other cause. It is a purely Vegetable Preparation, and is entirely safe and reliable. It is sold by all Druggists, and is the only medicine of the kind that has ever been known to cure these diseases. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sent by mail free of charge. Address, W. W. CHELSEA, 10, South Street, New York.

W. W. CHELSEA, 10, South Street, New York.

For Sale by all Druggists. W. W. CHELSEA, 10, South Street, New York.

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ALEXANDER FORBES, Tin Pedlar, of Windsor,

has rented Bookwith's Shop, near Railway Station, and is prepared to supply the public with all kinds of

Tinware, Groceries, etc.

Produce, Wool-picking, Cotton Rags, Colored and White, Lead, Brass, Copper & Pewter

taken in exchange. Liberal prices given. Bridgetown, May 14th, 1878. 3m 17

Established 1814.

L. H. DEVEBER & SONS, ST. JOHN, N. B., Will offer at their

New Warehouse, Prince Wm. St., On, or about the 15th MARCH, a perfectly

New and Extensive Stock

DRY GOODS

in all the Departments.

ALSO: A Very Large Stock of

Groceries,

To which they would call the attention of the Trade.

Special Inducements offered to CASH purchasers.

AT Middleton Station.

JUST Received, per Intercolonial, from Toronto 100 BBL. SUPERIOR FLOUR. In Store.

100 Bbls. Choice Kiln Dried Corn Meal. Very Low For Cash.

General assortment of Groceries &c. Always in stock.

Lumber and Shingles

For Building purposes always on hand. Persons wishing to purchase, please call on the subscriber.

N. F. MARSHALL.

BRICK. 30,000 Superior made Brick, enquire of Job T. McCorack at Lower Middleton, or the subscriber.

N. F. MARSHALL. n42 y

GILBERT'S LANE DYE WORKS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

It is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dyeing to make them look as good as new.

Carpets, Feather, Curtains, Dress Goods, Shoes, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemen's Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c., &c., dyed on reasonable terms. BLACK GOODS a specialty.

AGENTS—Annapolis, W. J. SHANNON, Merchant; Digby, Miss WILKIN, Millinery and Dry Goods. may '76

NOTICE. ALL persons are hereby cautioned against buying or negotiating a NOTE OF HAND in favor of JACOB SPINNEY, dated in September last, past, due the last of December next, amounting for the sum of twenty-six dollars. Not having received value, I shall resist payment of the same.

JAMES L. BROWN. n33 ff

Three Trips a Week. ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "EMPRESS"

For Digby and Annapolis. Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway and Western Counties Railway for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, and intermediate Stations, and with Stages for Yarmouth and Liverpool, N. S.

Until further notice steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 8 o'clock returning TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax and intermediate Stations.

FARE—St. John to Halifax, 1st class, \$5.00 do do do 2nd class, 2.50 do do do Annapolis, 2.00 do do do Digby, 1.50 Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (not class), 7.50 Return tickets to Clergyman and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHWAY, 11 Dock Street. St. John, N. B., April 2nd '77.

STEAMER "EMPRESS" AND THE WINDSOR & ANnapolis RAILWAY.

Fares for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates. A careful agent in attendance at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7 a. m. and 4 p. m. daily, to receive freight.

No freight received morning of sailing. For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to SMALL & HATHWAY, ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

VISITING CARDS. Neatly executed at the office of this paper.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway. Time Table, COMMENCING Tuesday, 3rd June, 1878.

GOING WEST.

Table with columns: Station, A.M., P.M., and Express Daily. Rows include Windsor, Kentville, Wolfville, and Annapolis.

GOING EAST.

Table with columns: Station, A.M., P.M., and Express Daily. Rows include St. John, Annapolis, and Kentville.

N. B.—Express Trains run daily and when signalled, or when there are Passengers to set down, they will stop at Stations marked thus (S).

STEAMER "EMPRESS" leaves St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 8 a. m., for Annapolis, and returns every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY on arrival of Express Train.

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

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8 a. m. and 8.40 p. m. daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations. P. INNES, Manager. Kentville, May 29th, '78

To the Electors of Annapolis County.

As the time is approaching when you will be called upon to deposit your ballots for a Representative to the Legislature, I respectfully offer myself a candidate for your suffrages.

Party politics being at the present time a dead issue, it becomes our duty to look more especially to our local interests; therefore, pledge myself, if elected, to give my strict attention to the Agricultural, Manufacturing and Industrial interests of this Province and County. I further pledge myself not to be a follower of any political intriguer, and will endeavor to the best of my ability to discountenance any combination of merchants in interfering with the free expression of the farmer at the polls or otherwise.

The farmer is the provider: he furnishes the raw material which is at the basis of human progress.

Still further, the Agricultural Interest pays four-fifths of the taxes of this County, and the Agricultural class, more than any other, must defend our country in case of an invasion. I ask, if you should not the farmers of this Agricultural County demand and have their just rights—in electing an Agriculturalist to represent them in the Local Parliament? I also call upon the volunteers of this County to stand by their commander.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen, Your obedient servant, W. E. STARRATT.

NEW SPRING GOODS. Ex "Nova Scotian."

SEVENTEEN PACKAGES CONTAINING: 20, 26 and 28" do. Worsteds, Coatings, New Patterns.

Scotch Tweeds, Fancy Dress Goods, Black Brilliantines, Fancy Prints, Spring Styles, Regatta Shirts, Spring Styles, Scotch Yarns, Fumie Creas, Alhambra & Honeycomb Quilts.

Also, Four Packages containing a large assortment of Buttons, Coat Binding, Hosiery, Braids, Combs, Needles, etc.

FOR SALE AT LOWEST PRICES.

Thos. R. Jones & Co., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Poetry. FAITH.

In the gloaming, when my darlings, In their dainty robes of white, By their mother's knee, have murmured, "Jesus keep us through the night."

To their little crib, white-curtained, Where the upper shadows fall, Nestled in my arms, I take them Through the dim unlighted hall.

Swift in rayless absence round us, Close the deepening shades of night; "Dark!" my blue-eyed Willie whispers, Half in awe and half in fright.

"Dark!" the baby-brother echoes, With a hush upon his glees, When my Willie, nestling closer, Whispers softly, "Papa see."

Blessed, blessed faith of childhood! Father, grant this faith to me; Dark the shadows round me gather, But I know that Thou dost see!

REGRET. I did not love him: Long ago Instead of Yes, I gave him No.

I did not love him, but to-day I read his marriage notice. Pray

Why was I sad, when never yet Has my heart known the least regret

Over the whispered No? and why, Reading the notice, did I sigh?

No analyst can guess the cause: A woman's reason laughs at laws.

Sure, I am glad to know the wound I gave is healed, that he has found

Love's blessedness and peace, and yet To-day I seem to see him stand

With every glance a manly career, Still pleading for the longed-for Yea.

His early love for me is dead— Another lives in that love's stead.

And if he loves her well, as men Should love their chosen ones, why, then

He must be glad that long ago, Instead of Yes, I gave him No.

Perhaps that is the reason why I read the notice with a sigh.

Select Literature. A Wife Hunt.

(Concluded.) 'She had risen a moment before he entered, and fitted in a hap-hazard dainty way over to the music stool just left vacant by the Western belle whom she had silently ousted from the room. Her pretty little fingers in a careless way, bringing out one or two chords that were full of harmony, and made you ask for more; but to all petitions for a piece of music she gave a shake of her charming auburn head. 'I didn't ask her to play, I knew better. But most of the men who heard her careless strumming went away with the impression that she was a finished musician, who might be allowed a musician's caprices. George, as I said, descended on this carrying, disgust to the men and consternation to little Miss Jennie. She arose, pink with indignation, but not without her wits about her.

'What is it?' she said, affecting anxiety. 'Is papa ill, or mamma?'

'George was so happy to see her that he could not speak at first. He kept hold of the hard little hand which he had seized, and devoured her with his eyes.

'No, no,' said he at length. 'I've come on my own hook—a vacation, to see you, Cousin Jen.'

'Oh, said Jennie, pulling her hand away. Her face said, 'Who asked you to come?' Her lips said, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself frightening me so!'

'What was do you intend to take back to the city?'

George assumed a piteous expression of contentment, and said he had not made up his mind.

'I hate men who have not made their minds up on every subject!' said Jennie, with unnecessary fierceness. 'The reason I asked you because I have a commission for you: I want you to take something to my mother-in-law. From the way her eyes roved about the carpet I knew she was noticing some excuse, some fictitious pretext, to get rid of George.

He looked her straight in the eyes. 'Of course I will do what you want me to,' he said. (As to having his mind made up, I purposely left that question of going back, of leaving you, open, because it makes me unhappy. Jennie, I have made up my mind on one point—that you are to be my wife, if asking you now, and working my life will accomplish it. Jennie, I want you to marry me!'

Jennie turned several shades paler, and seized hold of the piano in a stupefied state of mind. I was for sliding away and letting them fight it out by themselves, but there was an agonised appeal in Jennie's glance at me that meant stay. So I remained. George did not like it, but he had no time for repentment. The look Jennie gave me revealed for the first time how weak she was. What was she going to answer? To judge from her face, one report after another presented itself, without finding vent in words. At last she burst into a laugh that was not very joy-

ous, and escaped from the room. We could hear her running upstairs to the apartments of the friends where she was staying. It seemed to me that I would have given up all hope if a woman had laughed in my face in that way; but it was different with George. He sat down very quietly, and although very grave, was perfectly at his ease. You might have supposed that offering himself and being rejected before a third person was with him an every-day affair. He rested himself on the music-stool, and touched the keys gently without striking a note. It seemed to me only fair to endeavor to get him out of the house, in order to spare Jennie as much as possible, but he would not listen to any proposals for driving, walking, or leaving. So I left him sitting there, his head a little bent, evidently waiting for Jennie's return.

'It must have been two hours before I saw him again. He had waited in vain for Jennie. That little woman had quickly got the better of her vexation, and apparently resolved that nothing should interfere with her enjoyment. Descending by another staircase at the extreme end of the long hotel, she had pressed into her service the young matron with whom she was staying and several other of her friends, and was now preparing for a game of croquet. It lade fair to be a languid sport to judge from the indifference of all the others save Jennie. A man was waiting, and I was deputed to hunt him up; it was while I was thus engaged that I found George, still grave but serene, encamped before the piano. I nodded and was about to withdraw, when George suddenly started up.

'Have you seen her?' he asked. 'Where is she?'

'George had never spoken to me about Jennie since our memorable explanation; and, when alluding to her, never used her name, but always said 'she' or 'her,' like affectionate married people who think of each other so continually that the name of the loved one sounds formal, and is consequently avoided.

'Well then, come with me; I cried after a moment's thought. 'Can you play croquet?'

'So I brought George up to the languid group where Jennie was bustling about in an unusual state of excitement, and chuckled to see the various expressions with which they regarded the new-comer. Jennie gave me a look of indignation, which deepened into wrath when she saw my mouth twitching. She felt like training me with her mallet on the spot. However, there was no help for it. George was quiet and self-possessed, and the others, finding that their insolent stares made no impression, accepted the inevitable, and began the game. Jennie avoided us both as much as possible, contenting herself with casting withering glances at me, to which I responded with depressing gestures. The distinguished company talked to each other very loud when discussing the absent, and in a moderate voice when making fun of George. But the latter did not, or did not choose to, hear. Jennie was enough for all his faculties. He watched her without a shadow of pretence, and in that way only added to her vexation, because she knew every one was remarking it. The position was a hard one for all, although the little sister richly deserved it. As I said, she was the only energetic player, and before any one else had gone far in the game, she was around the circle, and free to play the role of hawk among the pigeons. The first ball she poined upon was that of George. Her eyes snapped vindictively as she placed one slender foot on the balls and gave it a vicious push into the sandy ground to ensure its firmness.

'Where shall I send you, Mister Brooks?' she asked, as she tapped the other ball close to her own, so that there could be no failure of her coming blow. The ground sloped for a long distance beyond the immediate croquet field, and Jennie was already triumphing in the thought of sending George far down the slope. She would be rid of him that much, anyhow. But George was not so stupid as he looked. Somehow his mallet and his big foot were in the direct line of the shot, and that forced Jennie to pause.

'Jennie,' said he, in a low voice, 'don't send me away at all. Let us be partners, and play against the world. We can meet at times when I am of use to you, otherwise you can be free. No one else will give you the freedom I will, even if they could love you as I.'

'I don't know what you are talking about,' cried Jennie, hotly.

'You must know what I mean. I want to work for you. When you are my wife, you shall have not only a true and loving husband, but greater freedom than you now possess. Give me a little hope before sending me away.'

'Mr. Brooks, will you take your mallet out of the line of my shot?' answered Jennie, almost ready to cry with vexation. George stepped aside and allowed the angry girl to raise her mallet. It descended and the ball flew away, but the blow did not sound clear. George did not look at his ball, but regarded Jennie anxiously. She was very pale, and leaned on her mallet. The stick had struck the inside of her foot, where a great bundle of nerves renders a blow almost insupportable. The agony was so great that she was unconscious of everything but pain. Before she

had time to fall, George had picked her up, and was taking long strides toward the hotel. His enviable role did not last long; Jennie came to, and, overwhelmed with mortification, lobbied away among the women.

Jennie had been very much hurt for the time being, but I doubt whether George did not suffer far more. His face expressed the most exquisite anguish. Very naturally he imagined that the delicate little creature he had held for a moment in his arms must possess far more delicate sensibilities than any one else; to her tender physical organization he attributed equally refined mental emotions. Whether he was right or not is not for me to say. We both thought that no more would be seen of the auburn locks that day, and George had determined to stay over, when the dinner gong rang. You know how it is in one of those hotels. Every one rushes pell-mell to the dining-saloon. George and I went in with a rear detachment, and I took him over to the table where our party usually sat, intending to seat him in the vacant place of Jennie. But when we arrived, there was little Miss Jennie eating her dinner as composedly as if she never had fainted in her life, and under no circumstances had made two men feel the tortures of Hades out of mere sympathy with a mallet blow against her pretty foot. There was an empty chair next her, and George took this at once. Jennie looked at him, but without any protest in her face; it was a blank—neither gracious nor ungracious, neither attractive nor repellent. Her mood was sombre, and her manner listless. She allowed George to talk to her as much as he pleased, but answered only in monosyllables. You must acknowledge that I am something of a man of the world; I have some savoir-faire; well, I assure you nothing could have induced me to sit up there and talk to the girl I love as George did. He was as cool as if it had been the merest matter of business—as if he were compromising a suit of law with another attorney. Among other things, he said—

'Look here, Jennie, I don't make any illusions about myself. I know I am an uncouth and ugly as you are charming and beautiful, but that is all the more reason why you should accept me. Suppose you marry a good-looking man used to society; he will be sure to have other women taking too much notice of him for your peace of mind, and is even more certain to haunt the clubs. You don't want a club man for a husband; you have too much sense. As to my uncouthness, that will wear off. I am improving every week as it is, and with a little kindness and advice from you I promise wonders. But I am not in good circumstances. Well, if you knew as I do the way money disappears in New York among people supposed to be beyond all question wealthy, it would make you skeptical. But say you did get a solidly rich husband, he must have been bred to easy habits, perhaps to vicious habits, and he can not be expected to have any business in life. You know what it is to have a husband who does nothing; you have seen such cases among your friends. Do you know of any wives more unhappy? Jennie, I am going to make my mark in the world—if you do not break my heart at the first outset. I am going to be a great lawyer. Ten years hence my wife will be proud of me; she will have a stand among people of intelligence, on my account, no matter who she may have been. I need a wife who has good manners and a knowledge of the world—in the best sense; who will attend to the social side while I am fighting for a livelihood and fame. Don't break my heart and ruin my future. You may say that it is none of your affairs, that my heart may have been made to be broken; it is quite true. You are not to blame. But then I love you so—so terribly! You have everything I lack—beauty, grace, tact, care of small things, propriety, knowledge of the world, skepticism. You are dreadfully skeptical. It may seem absurd to argue that because I have not these things you ought to be my wife; it seems all one-sided and selfish. But I am confident you will find as many things in which you lack. I will give you faith by being always your devoted lover; I will teach you, by example, to love. Don't think I am trying to wound you, but—you have no conception of love; you don't know what a terrible and yet delightful thing it is. Give me a chance; take me on probation; let us be engaged conditionally.'

'Just then Jennie arose from the table, pushed back her chair, and left the room quietly before George could do anything. Her quick eyes had noted that one or two people were beginning to remark the earnest manner of the low-voiced speaker. I could judge nothing from her firm face; I was not sulen, and yet it was anything but joyous.

'George made no remark; and set to at his meal, which, as you may imagine, had been neglected. But he ate very little, considering his determined and easy air. His eyes roved out toward the sea, where Jennie had been fixing hers during the long argument, and seemed to find in that monotonous segment of a blue sphere much the same absorbing vista. Jennie found that I did not feel at all jealous of this ardent lover to whom Jennie had been listening so very quietly. Was I still so positive that his efforts would be useless? or could I be a little cool in my own love for

the charmer? It was a subject requiring thought, and alone, so I retired to the bluff and made my way down to the beach in order that I might get counsel from the sea-brood. Achilles, or Hector, or some one of the old buffers we used to read about in College, did that, and to great effect, too, if I remember rightly.

'Well, I thought of that and a hundred other things, but all to no purpose, and after a long stroll and a look in the arm, returned to the beach opposite the hotel. Who should I meet there but Jennie? She was with her married friend, and was looking over her shoulder as she walked, as if fearing some one was following. But George was not in sight. They proposed to bathe and demanded my escort. You know the women have a way of asking things of that kind in such a tone that escape is impossible, so I resigned myself to the fore-fated. Jennie would be there at any rate, and she never looked ugly in any thing. Her dress was a marvel of becomingness, although it did not exactly cling to her figure, still—you understand me. So in we went. Imagine Jennie's dismay when, just as we left the first ripple touch our feet, the voice of George was heard, and that monster appeared, lung with hissing apparatus so small for him. I say monster, but the truth is, the less clothes he has on the better he looks. And when he was thoroughly wet he made a fine sight. Somehow his big face was in keeping with his big muscles, and the big ocean was in keeping with his big manhood. As she gave a shy glance at his figure, George took Jennie's hand with perfect simplicity and good faith, never dreaming that I had undertaken this affair solely for the pleasure of being near her. The matron fell to me, and we made the best of it; not so very bad, when I tell you she was only a few years older than Jennie, and twice as lucky.

'You know what an abominably ridiculous thing surf-bathing is. Well, we were all, except George, as ridiculous as we could be. Luckily they had chosen the hour when few people were about. We were banded about and upset the usual number of times—at least I was. George managed better, and little Jane found it necessary to hold to him as if he were a post.

'Jennie,' said he, as a great breaker curled over toward them, 'what am I to do if had luck come to me like that? If I have not you to care for, I will lie down and let it beat me all to pieces—just like this!'

'No don't—please don't?' cried little Jane, holding on with all her might, and afraid that he would not catch the breaker rightly.

'This is glorious fun,' said he, coming up from the roller, and setting Jennie on her feet. 'I can not leave this and go back to that work in town. I tell you what I will do: if you say positively you never intend to marry me under any circumstances, I will walk out and see what the under-tow has to say for itself!'

'Oh, George!'

'By Jove, I am in earnest. It might as well be all over at once. I have nothing to live for. Nobody will miss me.'

'Another breaker fell on them, and again Jennie had to cling to the big-boned fellow.

'Jennie,' said George, holding her tightly still after the billow broke; 'if you say yes, I go back to land with you; if you say no, you must go alone. Yes or No?'

'Jennie looked up in his face to see if he was in joke; but he was solemn as if he meant. Then she looked at the next wave rearing a huge glossy curve of opaqueness before them. 'Y—es, dear George, yes! Oh! They did not bathe any more.

'Well, this is spinning out longer than I thought. But the end is near. George went back that night, and Jennie was a different woman. She would have no more to say to me, except that it was all over between us. Of course I protested, became furious, and pretended I would be abusive. But Jennie cut me short by affirming that I did not love her so very much, after all—a fact I then indignantly denied, but now acknowledge. So there was an end of that. I passed a very uncomfortable summer, and returned to town in order to find George installed as favorite in my place. Of course I continued my visits. It would not do for me to appear jealous or like a rejected suitor. So I was compelled to hold a very disagreeable position.

Jennie was by no means a docile pupil in that school of love which George had spoken of with so much assurance. He had privileges, but she was very touchy. She could not bear the shock of an announcement, although