ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

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Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 9. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1881. NO. 18.

Job Work.

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province, and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description for first-class work. We make a speciality of fine work—either plain, or in colors and, in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues, Bill-heads, Circulars Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention.

We endeavour by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Weekly Monitor

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The State Assayer and Chemist of Mass. and leading Physicians endorse and recommend it as a great triumph in medicine.

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will change the beard to a BROWN or BLACK at discretion. Being in one preparation it is easily applied, and produces a permanent color that will not wash off.

PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

HELLO!

AGENTS can make more money selling our new

TELEPHONES!

than in any other business. Send $4 for sample pair and wire to put up and exhibit. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Large profits.

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KEEP YOUR MONEY AT HOME, BY PATRONIZING A LOCAL INDUSTRY, AND STOP TAKING DOLLAR WEEKLIES THAT CONTAIN ONLY GENERAL MATTER, WHILE THE MONITOR LABORS FOR YOUR BENEFIT IN EVERY WAY.

ONLY $1.50 PER YEAR.

Ready - Made

CLOTHING!

BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of

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

All a

Splendid Assortment of

FALL SUITS

Pants and Vests. Also,

1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes.
Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very LOW FOR CASH,

BEALES & DODGE.

Middleton, Nov., '78

MONCTON

Refined Sugars.

ALL orders for the above received on or before the

LAST DAY OF MAY,

will be filled and delivered the

FIRST WEEK IN JUNE,

—BY—

W. B. TROOP.

Granville, May 23rd, 1881.

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

$2 Watches. Stem Winders $3.50. White Metal Hunting Cases $5. Imitation Gold $6. Solid Gold $12. Cheapest and best for business or speculative purposes. Valuable Catalogue free. Thompson & Co., 152 Nassau St., N. Y.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

(0:9)

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

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

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,
Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

A Great Cause of Human Misery

Is the Loss of

MANHOOD

We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practise, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box 4586.

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[Limited.]

Registered Under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1879.

English, American, Canadian and Australian

MEATS

—AND—

Provision Depots.

CAPITAL - - - $100,000.

OFFICES—Central Depot and Market: 84 Upper Thames Street, E. C. (Under Cannon Street Station) London, E. C.

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

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

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of Shippers of Cattle, Poultry, &c., to the ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND CANADIAN PROVISION DEPOTS, 84 UPPER THAMES ST., LONDON. Furnished with Refrigerating Chambers of large capacity, where Produce of all kinds can be preserved for any length of time, at any season of the year. The advantages to shippers of live cattle are evident, inasmuch as by slaughtering immediately on arrival Expenses Cease, and the most advantageous moment may be seized for the disposal of the consignment.

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

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

WM. HARE, Agent,
171 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

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

Books, - - Stationery.

Buckley & Allen,

OFFER during the Autumn Season, at low prises a large stock of STAPLE STATIONERY, and School supplies. Fancy Stationery, and Stationers' Sundries. Novelties in Ink Stands and Paper Knives. Special inducements to purchasers of Photograph, Autograph and Scrap Albums. An immense variety of Bibles, Church Services and Prayer Books. All the Seaside, Franklin Square and Standard Libraries. Complete supply of the Poets, large assortment of Miscellaneous and Standard Books. Call and inspect for yourselves, Don't forget the address

BUCKLEY & ALLEN.
124 Granville St., Halifax.

GREAT BARGAIN!

THE Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT or private Contract,

His Beautiful Residence at

LOWER MIDDLETON.

The House contains 11 rooms, all in thorough repair, Good Stabling for 3 or 4 Horses, Carriage House and Wood House. The grounds consists of 2 acres in a high state of cultivation with a very fine orchard of 100 or more superior trees, (choice varieties of fruit) nearly all which are in bearing, some trees producing yearly 3 Barrels or more. The Guarden is also well stocked with a good variety of Fruit trees. The situation is convenient to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very healthy.

ALSO, Small Farm, situate in NORTH WILLIAMSTON, about two miles from Lawrencetown Railway Station. The House contains 6 Rooms, the ground flat only being finished. Good Barn, and a number of useful and necessary outbuildings. The Farm consists of about 70 acres, 30 of which are in hay and under cultivation. A good Orehard, in bearing, producing yearly 25 to 30 barrels, and with care will soon increase to 100 or more barrals. Cuts about 14 tons Hay yearly, with a superior chance to increase largely at a very small outlay. Location public, healthy, convenient and desirable particularly to a person with moderate means. Possession at once if desired.

Terms for both places easy.

EDWARD H. PHINNEY.

Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

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

THREE TRIPS A WEEK.

Steamer "EMPRESS."

Between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

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

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

Baggage Checked Through. Low Rates Freight.

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

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

E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

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

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

Spring Goods arriving; Prices very low; Everything thriving

—AT—

Murdoch & Co's.

2 TONS WHITE LEAD, best quality in the market.
5 BARRELS RAW AND BOILED OIL.
VARNISHES, DRYERS, BRUSHES, &c., &c.

To Grangers and Farmers,

Attention is called to 30 bus. TIMOTHY, and 500 lbs. RED CLOVER, in stock and offered very low for CASH.

GARDEN and FIELD SEEDS in abundance

1200 Rolls Room Paper at cost.

BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS, the cheapest in the market.

Full stock of Groceries and Hardware.

Notice is hereby given to all those indebted to us on note or book account, that payment must be made at once or in 30 days from 1st April.

MURDOCH & CO.

Bridgetown, April 1st, 1881.

Rubber Bucket

PUMPS

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

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

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO.

LAWRENCETOWN, A. C.

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

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

THEY CURE

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

$1000 IN GOLD.

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

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

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

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.

Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

BRIDGETOWN Drug Store!

THE subscriber has removed the Bridgetown DRUG STORE to

QUEEN STREET,

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

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

J. DENNISON.

n8 3m

Poetry.

Fifty Miles an Hour.

MRS. GARFIELD'S RIDE TO WASHINGTON, JULY 2ND, 1881.

BY GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, D. D.

"Clear the track to Washington!!
Flashed the order from New York.
Commerce, travel, all must wait;
Business, pleasure, play or work!
"Clear the track to Washington!
Fire the steam to lightning power,
Engineer, your orders are:
Fifty miles an hour!!"

"Bring out 'Long-legged Tom,' whose wheels
Stride eight yards at every round!
Let them burn along the steels!
Make the splendid engine bound!
Like a fiery dragon's flight,
Let the train the road devour!
Engineer, your orders are:
Fifty miles an hour!

"Why?" "A mad assassin's hand
Shot our President this morn.
Garfield's wife to Garfield flies,
Like an angel, whirlwind borne!
Engineer, be bold and true!
Test your art's consummate power!
Put this little woman through,
Fifty miles an hour!

"Fifty million patriot hearts
Weep, and rage, and curse, and pray:
'Save, O God, our President!
Shield his wife and speed her way!'
Engineer, not this for you:
Yours to stand a brazen tower
And put this one weak woman through,
Fifty miles an hour.

"Ten hours' time to Washington.
You must cut it down to six!
For our Garfield's hero soul
Trembles on the shores of Styx!
Grim Charon's bark grates on life's strand;
But love shall snatch his lifted oar,
For love can bear the fearful strain
Of fifty miles an hour!"

Strong men, bare-browed, cheer the train,
Like a thunderbolt hurled past!
Women's tears fall thick as rain
Sibbok from rose-trees by the blast.
O Wedded Love! ne'er angel flew
From Heaven to earth with richer dower!
Angles! waft this true wife through,
Fifty miles an hour!

Philadelphia hails the car,
Like a meteor on its road;
Baltimore, thrilled at its jar,
Waves it on, with prayer to God!
Venus's chariot, d awn by doves,
Fluttering from love's myrtle bower,
Changed to steed of steel and flame,
At fifty miles an hour.

Aye, 'twere need! The Nation's choice
Bleeding lies, at point to die!
Aye, 'twere need! the Nations voice
Bursts to God in myriad cry:
'Save, O God, our President!'
Dash aside this tearful shower;
Love is life and Love comes flying,
Fifty miles an hour!

The true wife comes! Love fights with Death!
The Nation's prayer is heard!
E'en Shylock Wall Street's 'bulls' and 'bears'
With a human thro are stirred,
And a million, gold, were not too much
To make that brave wife's dower,
Who rode six hours, to save her lord,
At fifty miles an hour!

Bridgefield, Conn., July 8th 1881.

Select Literature.

The Two Fishermen.

I was strolling along the beach one fine summer evening amusing myself by picking up pebbles and throwing them into the sea, while memory was busily employed in retracing past events, when my reveries were broken in upon by a slight tap on the shoulder. I turned around and beheld an old sailor whom I often visited during the summer months at his pretty cottage in L.—

'What! all alone?' he said, with his usual beneovolent smile. 'Can you not find better employment, my pretty miss, than that of throwing stones into the water?'

I attempted to make some excuse for the foolish manner in which I was wasting my time.

'Do not make any apology, Annie, I know you of old. You will contrive to draw some grave reflections from your childish amusement, and tell me that the ocean reminds you of time, and that the pebbles you cast into it resemble the fate of man, making a stir for a moment, agitating the bosom of the water then sinking forever and leaving no trace on the surface.'

'It is even so,' said I, unconsciously dropping the stones I had in my hand one by one on the beach.

The old man sighed deeply, and an expression of sorrow almost amounting to anguish convulsed his features.—It was but a passing cloud; his fine countenance was again illuminated by his usual placid smile as, seating himself on a large stone, he motioned me to do the same.

'Come, Annie, sing me the song that I dearly love, and I in return will tell you a long story, which you may turn to what account you please, so that you conceal the names of the parties concerned.'

I loved his stories; they were always told with such simplicity and warmth of feeling that he ceased to be the mere narrator, and the hearer might fancy him one of the principal actors in the drama. The song he wished me to sing, and which he always called his favorite, was a very sad one.

'I will not sing that song,' I said, 'it is so very sad.'

'The better suited to my perfect feelings,' returned the old man.

Now I wished to hear his tale; curiosity conquered my scruples, and I did my best.

A long pause succeeded. At length the old man, passing his trembling hand over his eyes, pointed to a small white cottage with the roses over the porch.?'

'Tis an old-fashioned looking place,' said I, 'and would make a pretty picture.'

'Forty years ago,' he continued, 'that house was built by two brothers, who gained a comfortable living by engaging in the fisheries, which were then carried on to a great eqtent in this village and the adjacent town. George and Henry Gordon were early left to struggle with the world. Their father died at sea, and their mother did not long survive her loss. The boys were brought up in the house of an uncle who was the father of two sweet little girls. The children tenderly loved each other; time strengthened their natural attachment; the uncle, before his death, consented to their union, add the brothers jointly erected that dwelling to receive their promised brides.

'The rising sun smiled upon their labor of love, and the shades of evening could scarcely wile them from it. George was grave in his deportment and plain in his person. Henry was gay, passionate and thoughtless. The difference in their dispositions often produced hot words between them, yet the brothers were fondly attached to each other.

'The marriage was a matter of rejoicing to the whole village. The bells rang forth a merry peal, and old and young came out to meet the bridal party and welcome them to their new abode.—The children strewed flowers in their path and matron and maid wished that long years of happiness might attend their wedded life.

'For a while the young people bade fair to realize the fond hopes of their friends. Cemented alike by brotherly and sisterly love and conjugal affection, the harmony that reigned in that little cottage became the topic of conversation to the inhabitants of the village. Dora, the wife of George Gordon, possessed a heart too gay and joyous to contend with the ills and sorrow of life.—I see her now, the feelings of her innocent heart lighting up her smiling and beautiful face, round which her dark curls wandered like the tendrils of a vine. How often have I paused beside you rose-bound porch of a summer evening to hear her gay laugh ring in the clear air while she tied up the flowers or playfully wove them into wreaths for her flowing tresses! Dear girl! There was music in her step and gladness in her eye, and both were combined in the witching tones of her voice. I have heard it exerted to its utmost pitch to reach the ear of her husband as she stood upon the cliff watching the return of the boat by the clear beams of the moon.—That voice has been mute many a day, and the grass has grown old upon her grave.

'Harry and Florence, after the first months of their marriage were over, did not possess that happiness and unity of mind that were so conspicuously displayed in the domestic felicity enjoyed by their next door neighbors. Harry was rash and obstinate, and often found fault with every scheme that his mild partner devised in the vain hope of pleasing him. All her endeavors to fulfil his wishes were frustrated by his unfortunate temper. He loved her, it is true, but he loved himself better, and viewed the happiness of George and Dora with a jealous and discontented eye, not considering that it was his own fault that he did not enjoy the same.

'You never seem glad to see me, Florence,' he would exclaim, as he threw down the nets he had been fishing with in a corner of the room, 'or sing such a sweet song to welcome my approach as Dora does.'

'I have no voice; I cannot sing,' was the meek reply of poor Florence; 'but indeed, Harry, I am always happy to see you.'

'Ay, that's the old phrase; but deeds show. Dora is gay and cheerful; that renders George so, and makes his home happy; while you greet my return with upbraidings, which drive me from mine.'

'It's your own fault, Harry, said Florence, bursting into tears, and leaving the room. 'Would you curb your temper, we too, might be happy.'

Seldom a day passed without some dispute of this nature, and the kind-hearted Dora saw with grief the fiend discord had thrown her apple into their once happy circle.

'One evening they had met at George's house to while a few hours by his cheerful fire-side. It was a wintry night, and the rain fell in torrents, and the wind roared without and shook the cottage to the foundation. Harry had been on the sea with a boat, which was their mutual property, in the earlier part of the day, and George, hearing the tempest rising to a pitch of fury, asked his brother if he had taken the precaution to draw up the boat and secure her against the violence of the water which burst in tremendous force against the cliff.

'Harry answered harshly in the negative.

'Then I must go and do it myself,' said George, the color mounting to his cheek. 'If you are careless with regard to your own property, you should have some respect for mine.'

'Let me perish if you leave this house on such a night as this on any fool's errand!' said Harry, rising and placing his back against the door. 'She will take no harm, and is just as much my property as yours.'

'Stand back from the door? said George, giving way to sudden passion. 'If I want to go, no one shall dare to bar my passage in my own house!'

'I tell you that you shall not go!' returned Harry, 'and I will make good my words.'

'You must do it in another place,' then George said, with a threatening air.

'With all my heart,' was the reply.

The women now interposed, and with tears and entreaties endeavored to win the brothers into a reconciliation. Dora finally succeeded, for when did she ever plead for her husband's heart in vain? Kissing her pale cheek and quieting her fears, he turned to his brother, and holding out his hand in token of amity, said:

'Harry, we have both acted hastily. I forgive you for you late intemperate speeches, and expect you will extend to me the same favor. There is my hand upon it; and now let us assist each other in securing the boat.'

'Harry, whose passion had not so soon subsided, consented with a sullen air, and they left the house together.

'During their absence Dora continued to pace the cottage with rapid steps, and often hurried to the door and listened to the howling of the tempest with an expression of alarm and anxiety.

'The night is dark and stormy,' she said. 'The billows are mountains high. Oh, how I wish my husband would return?'

'Don't alarm yourself, my dear sister,' returned Florence, rising and approaching the open door. 'They will doubtless return in a few minutes. But see,' she continued, your clothes are wet through with the rain. Consider your situation, and be more careful for your husband's sake.'

I can see a dark figure advancing along the brow of the cliff,' replied Dora, disregarding her sister's caution. 'It is he—It is my husband!'

In spite of Florence's efforts to detain her, she sprang from the cottage and sank almost fainting into the arms of Harry Gordon, who, without undeceiving her, carried her gently back into the cottage.

'When Dora perceived her mistake, her fears reached a climax of agony. Turning with a degree of fierceness quite foreign to her nature towards Harry, she demanded of him what he had done with her husban l.

'Is the woman mad?' he exclaimed, in an angry tone. 'Am I accountable for her husband's actions?'

'You are! You are!' shrieked Dora. 'He left the house with you, and should have returned with you. There's blood upon your hand—your clothes are dyed with it! Almighty God! You have murdered my husband!'

'She sank senseless at his feet, and Florence, turning toward him with a face as pale as death, said—

'Speak, Harry! Tell me what is this you have done? What are these fatal stains? Where is your brother?'

'Let me be cursed to all eternity if I know!' said the fisherman, stamping furiously on the floor. 'These women, with their suspicions, are enough to drive a man out of his senses!'

'Seeing his wife trembling from head to foot, he added in a calmer tone—

'I left him with the boat; he will be here in a few minutes, to laugh with me at your folly.'

'During this speech, Dora had half risen from the floor, and she caught his arm wildly.

'It may be true. Forgive, Harry, a wife's agony. Come and help me look for him.'

'This idea appeared to inspire her with fresh hopes, and, springing to her feet, she darted through the doorway and fled with the rapidity of thought toward the cliff. The wind did not impede her course, nor the drenching torrents that beat on her uncovered head; one dreadful supposition alone possessed her mind; the uproar of the elements was congenial with the feelings it produced in her distracted breast, and she never paused till she reached the spot where the boat was generally moored. The moon, which had been obscured, now struggled through the haze and cast a want uncertain light on the surrounding objects. She stood alone on the sands; no sound of human voice reached her ear, no living creature met her eye. She called in frantic tones on the name of her husband.

'George! George! Where are you!'

'The hollow cliffs returned her voice, and the wind and waves alone answered.

'Harry now arrived on the spot with a lantern, accompanied by several fishermen from the neighboring houses. They found the unhappy wife of George Gordon in a state of almost unconsciousness. Two of the men carried her back to the cottage, while the rest proceeded to search for her husband. On examining the boat, they discovered the pebbles all around it stained with blood, and the sand deeply indented by the pressure of contending feet. The men looked at one another, and then at Harry.

'What are those stains on your face and garment, messmate?' said an old man, eyeing the young fisherman with a glance of peculiar meaning.

'It is blood,' he returned, in a sullen voice; 'but it is my own. In drawing the boat higher up on the beach, I had the ill luck to cut my finger with a sharp flint, and the blood is still coming.'

'You will have to give a more satisfactory account of the accident if your brother is not forthcoming,' replied the old man. 'In the meantime, I shall consider it my duty to retain you in custody until he is found, or you confess what has become of him.'

'Of what do you accuse me?' exclaimed the agitated young man.

'Of murder!'

'He uttered a scream of agony, and, raising his hand toward Heaven, made the most solemn assertions of his innocence, and called on God to attest their truth.

'The men pitied him, but no one in sober reason could acquit him of the deed. He then implored them to let him take a last farewell of his wife before they hurried him off to prison, and this mercy was not denied him.

'Unconscious of the horrors of her situation, or the trials that awaited her, Florence was standing by Dora's bed, watching in unspeakable sorrow the last flutterings of expiring life. Sorrow had pressed but once on that young, gay heart, and the chord of life was severed in the contest. Her anxiety of mind hurried the event of motherhood, and she died in giving birth to a male infant, who survived the loss of its unhappy parents.

'She had just performed the last melancholy task, and closed the fair lids that shrouded forever the one joyous glance of her sister's radiant dark eyes, when her husband sprang into the room, and, catching her arm, exclaimed, in a wild tone:

'Look on me, Florence! Tell me that you believe me innocent of the horrible crime they have laid to my charge!'

'The low wailing of an infant met his ear, and his bloo ishot eyes fell on the pale, inanin ate form of once beautiful Dora.

'Ah, she is dead! And they will say that I murdered her, too!' he cried, as he threw himself on the floor and wept aloud in the paroxysm of despair.

'Florence knelt by him, and raised his head tenderly. Here was a misery too deep for tears; she kissed with trembling lips the swollen brow in which the veins seemed bursting, and said, in a faltering voice—

'Oh, my husband! I know not what to think, but I will not believe you guilty!'

'God bless you for those words, my poor wife! Heaven will prove my innocence. For I swear to you, Florence, by Him who made me, I am as ignorant of my brother's destiny as you are. We parted friends, and never in my wildest fits of passion could I have raised my hands against his life.'

'I believe you,' exclaimed Florence, throwing herself into his arms.

'The officer of the law entered, and tore them apart.

'We shall meet again, Harry,' she cried, as they bore him from the room; 'both here and in another world.'

'As the village bells smote on her ear she turned toward the pale, crushed flower, over whom her tears flowed unceasingly.

'Poor Dora!' she said, stooping and kissing the cold brow of her sister. 'Thy sorrows are over—thy heart is at rest.—That gay, gladsome voice is hushed forever. I shall never again envy its tones of melancholy, or hear thy bounding step spring forth to meet him who has vanished from among us like a dream. Oh, that I could lie down and sleep like thee, and bury in the dust the anguish of a broken heart!'

'Days, weeks, months, rolled away, but George never returned. Harry was tried for the murder; the presumptive evidence was too strong to admit of a doubt as to the perpetration of the crime, and he suffered the penalty at the age of three-and-twenty.

'Florence remained a lonely inhabitant of the cottage, pitied and respected by all her neighbors. She found a melancholy pleasure in bringing up the orphan her unfortunate sister had in dying bequeathed to her care. She bore her dreary lot with a meek and lowly spirit, patiently submitting herself to the will of Heaven. The cottage, however, wore a different aspect. roses that had been trained up by the hand of love were unbound, and floated on every breeze.—The pretty garden, once the scene of Dora's rural labor, was overgrown with weeds, here and there a solitary lily rearing its sunny crest, to bring back to Florence the memory of departed hours.—When the moon shown down in beauty on the spot she would lean her head pensively on her hand, and fancy she heard the sweet voice of Dord sinking in the porch, as she playfully shook the dew out of the roses on the dark locks and sunburnt cheeks of her husband. 'Ah, they were happy days,' would the solitary mourner say, 'but they are gone forever!' * *

'Six years had rolled on, and the little orphan had grown into a fine, ruddy boy, with his mother's lovely smile and sparkling beauty. Florence marked his growth with melancholy pleesure, and he became more dear to her from the resemblance he bore to her sister.

'One bright summer evening as the rosy child was swinging on the front gate and watching the restless billows as they slowly broke against the cliff, a woe-worn and weather-beaten man approached the gate. The child, frightened at his haggard looks, would have fled but the stranger caught him in his arms.

'Tell me,' he cried, in a hurried voice, 'whose little boy are you?'

'Mother Florence's,' said the child, struggling in his grasp. 'I don't know you; please let me go.'

'Do your father and mother live here?'

'My mother does, but I have no father,' said the boy; 'he died before I was born.'

'Poor Harry! he is gone, then?' said the stranger, greatly agitated. 'Tell me, dear child, if your aunt, Dora Gordon, is living'

'Aunt,' said the child, looking earnestly in his face. 'I had once, they tell me, another mother; but she lies in the church-yare. I never saw her, but mother Florence always makes me pray for her and my father, too.'

'Oh, my child, my child!' exclaimed the stranger, pressing the child wildly to his heart, while his tears fell fast on the glittering ringlets of the cherub boy.

'At this moment Florence advanced from the cottage. At the sight of the stranger she uttered a terrible scream, and, catching his arm, cried out in a trembling voice—

'Speak to me, in God's name, George! Tell me you are still of this world!'

'Alas—to my misery!' groaned forth the unfortunate man.

'Florence clasped her hands mournfully, and raised her streaming eyes toward heaven

'My wife—my brother!' he exclaimed, dashing his hand against his head.—'This is a horrible dream—it cannot be true that they both died for me!'

'After the first burst of feeling had subsided, Florence entreated him to reveal the cause of his long absence.

'Harry's tale was true,' he said. 'We dragged the boat, which was nearly afloat in the serf, high up on the beach; in doing so Harry cut his finger severely with a large flint, and I begged him to leave me to fasten the boat, while he ran home and got the wound—which he considered dangerous—bound up. Thank God, we parted friends! He had not left me many minutes before a band of smugglers emerged from a cave in the cliff, and, observing me imprudently turn my head, and look earnestly at the place of their retreat, they surrounded and threatened me with instant death if I dared to reveal their hiding-place. I promised, nay, even bound myself to secrecy, by the most powerful oaths that language could suggest. 'Do not trust him,' said one of the crew. 'Kill him and throw his body into the sea. We shall then be sure of his silence.' My wife rushed across my mind. I implored their mercy. 'If any of you are husbands and fathors,' I said, 'have compassion on me. I have left in that cottage a wife on the eve of confinement with her first child—a wife whom I adore. Do not commit a double crime by destroying both.' The leader of the gang relented. 'I have thought of a better scheme,' he said, nodding to his companions. 'We will not take his life. Just at this moment I heard approaching footsteps. I struggled desperately to gain my liberty and was thrown with such violence to the ground that the blood gushed copiously from my nostrils; a handkerchief was tied over my mouth, and I was forcibly dragged to the cavern. Oh, Florence, imagine my feelings when I heard the voice of Dora calling on me in tones of despair, while I, bound hand and foot, was denied even the power of utterance! Were I to live for eternity, I should never forget the horrible presentment of approaching ills which crowded on my mind during that dreadful night.

'Toward morning the smugglers got their vessel under way, and they put me on board, and in the course of three days we were landed in Holland. Without a half penny in my pocket, or the least knowledge of the language, I was reduced to the necessity of soliciting the charity of the passer-by. But the anxiety of mind brought on a violent fever. I was picked up in the streets and conveyed to the hospital, where I languished for upwards of twelve months, and when restored to health and liberty, new miseries awaited me. Luckily, I fell in with the captain of a trading vessel, who, pitying my forlorn condition, agreed to take me with him to England. Just as my hopes were nearly realized I was again plunged into despair. Our vessel became the prize of a privateer, and I was carried a prisoner to France, where I remained until the exchange took place a few weeks ago. We had a quick passage and arrived safe in old England.—My joy was so great on once more beholding my native country, that it was some time before I could moderate my feelings. I begged my way hither, anticipating the kind welcome I should receive from my wife and family after so long and painful an absence. And what have I found? My wife in her grave, and my brother executed for my supposed murder.'

Here the old seaman paused, and seemed so deeply affected that it was some time before I could summon up resolution to address him.

'And what became of poor Florence?'

'As though she had lived only to deliver up that boy into his father's care, she soon after sickened and died, and we buried these two sisters of misfortune in the same grave. The boy, Annie, you have often seen. He is a gay, high-spirited young officer who is frequently the companion of your evening rambles.'

'How!' I cried, starting from my seat. 'Herbert Clinton? He is, then, your son?'

'Yes, Annie, I was the happy husband of the beautiful Dora Gordon.'

He pressed my hand to his lips, and walked slowly toward the deserted cottage; I could not follow him.

A Surveyor's Experience in a Cyclone.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

A surveyor of the Minneapolis and St. Paul B. R. writes: "On Friday, the day of the storm, we were surveying a preliminary branch running a westerly course from the main line, when we saw a large black cloud approaching. We started for camp, and were within about three miles of it, when the cloud in the centre turned green and purple; lightening flashed, and heavy thunder rolled. About a mile from camp the heavens looked like an immense cloud of dust. We got in just in time to unhitch the horse from the wagon when the storm struck us. Seven of us tried to hold the tent, but failed. We were scattered in a short time in all directions. Henry Wales was thrown against a tree, and had his left side smashed in. The wind hurled me through the tent as he fell. I tried to hold on to a tree, but in vain, and was thrown about four rods against more tree, and this time I struck, while the air was filled with sticks and iron flying in every direction. One of Finley's boys was about sixty rods north of us with a large herd of cattle. He was carried into the air and cast to the ground, a lifeless lump of humanity. When found the only article of dress he had on was his shirt collar. His father's house was entirely destroyed. A mile southeast of us lived a family named Oliver. The father, mother, and four children were killed, and another child fatally injured. The heavy sills of a bridge near us were picked up and driven into the ground from four to six feet. Ducks, prairie chickens, and all kinds of birds were found skinned for a pot pie. Our outfit is totally destroyed. The tents level, the transit, flags, grips, and clothing are all gone. The wind tore the harness off the horses into shreds. One of the horses was killed and another badly crippled."

A BAD CASE.—Among those who have decided to make the States their future place of residence, is T. Blair, cabinet maker, Alliston, Ontario. The worst feature of the case is that he has taken with him a young girl, a resident of Alliston, instead of his wife and family. What makes the matter worse is that his wife supplied him with the means of starting business, and now to go and leave her without anything to support herself or family is very hard.

A Torpedo Ram for the Fenians.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—A Troy despatch says William Kennedy, an inventor of this city, is reported to have invented the sinking apparatus of the Fenian ram which was found in New York. The boy Kennedy, who is an enthusiastic Fenian, says that the ram was a miniature model with a defect which can be remedied by an invention known only to one man. The larger vessel will carry forty men, and can be provisioned for six months. It can run seven miles an hour, stay 1,000 feet under water for four hours, and after ten minutes respite on water can go down again for four hours more.

—Till of late years every advocate who entered at the Scottish bar made a Latin address to the Courts, faculty, and audience in set terms, and said a few words upon a text of the civil law, to prove his knowledge of Latin and jurisprudence. He also wore his hat for a minute in order to vindicate his right of being covered before the Court. This is said to have originated in the celebrated lawyer Sir John Hope having two sons on the bench while he himself remained at the bar.