ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writer's 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. 10. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1882. NO. 19.

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 of 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

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $8.00; two months, $12.00; three months, 15.00; six months, $22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

A COLUMN—First insertion, $10.00; each continuation, $3.00; one month, $14.00 two months, $20.00; three months, $28.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $80.00.

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

DIPHTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

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.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood, in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps.

I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public in Annapolis County, that he is now at his office in

BRIDGETOWN,

for a few weeks. Persons requiring artificial teeth will find it to their interest to give him a call.

DR. S. F. WHITMAN.

Jan 2nd., 1882.

HATHEWAY LINE.

Direct Between
BOSTON & NOVA SCOTIA
NO TRANSFERS.

Via the staunch sea-going HUNTER, and the all steel Steamship SECRET, in connection with the W. & A. Railway from Halifax, and the W. C. Railway from Yarmouth, and Stage connection with Liverpool.

Until further notice Steamer Hunter will leave Annapolis on Monday afternoon after arrival of Express train from Halifax—for Boston direct. Returning will leave Foster's Wharf, Boston, on Thursday afternoon.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis on Wednesday after arrival of Express train from Halifax, for Boston direct—landing her passengers in Boston in 26 and 28 hours from Nova Scotia. Returning, leaves Boston on Monday morning.

Close connections made with all Railways and Steamers for West and North West. First class accommodation.

Low Fares and Cheap Freights.

Free of Boston Wharfage.

For further particulars apply to Station Agents on the W. & A. R. and W. C. Railways, or to John Walsh, Digby.

Hatheway & Co.,
22 Central Wharf, Boston.

F. W. HATHEWAY, Agent, Annapolis.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED
First-Class Route
—BETWEEN—
Nova Scotia and the United States
Via the Splendid
STEAMER "EMPRESS,"
Between St. John Digby and Annapolis.
And thence to PORTLAND and BOSTON via the splendid Steamers of the
Insomnia Steamship Company.

Superior Accommodation with Fares as Low as by any other Route.

Special Reduced Rates of Fare.

	1st Class Limited to Continuous Passage.	1st Class Unlimited to Portland.	1st Class Unlimited to Boston.
Windsor to Boston			
Portland,	$6.50	$8.00	$8.50
Kentville to Boston or Portland,	6.00	7.25	7.70
Annapolis to Boston or Portland,	5.00	5.70	6.20

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

STEAMER "EMPRESS"

Leaves Annapolis on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY afternoons

After arrival of Windsor & Annapolis Railway Express Train from Halifax, Windsor, &c., and will leave Digby after arrival of Express Train, Western Counties' Railway, from Yarmouth, Weymouth, &c., for St. John, where passengers bound West or South can take one of the splendid Steamers of the International Steamship Co., which leave Red's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents of that Company; C. R. BARRY, 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, or also from J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendent, 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.

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS AND DEICRIPTION EXECUTED AT THE OFFICE OF THIS PAPER.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

—(0:0)—

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

A careful examination of the insuruments 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.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of Harris Harding Morse, late of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to within six months from date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

MARGARET E. MORSE,
J. L. MORSE,
L. S. MORSE,
Executors.

Dated May 31st, 1882. 6m

NEW

Spring Goods!

A Large and well selected Stock of—

CLOTHING!

mostly made by the well known and reliable house of H. Shorey & Co.

A heavy lot of SCOTCH & Canadian Tweeds and Homespuns.

A Fine line of PRINTS & DRESS GOODS,

With especial value in Black Cashmere, Coburgs and Lustres.

Mens' Heavy Wool, Cotton and Wool & Park's Cotton Shirtings.

GREY AND WHITE COTTONS,
TICKINGS. OSENBURGS,
COTTANADES, TOWELLING,
CRASH TABLE LINEN,
CORSETS, SUSPENDERS,
PARK'S KNITTING COTTON
HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
HATS AND CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
AND RUBBERS, HARDWARE,
GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS.

Together with everything kept in a first-class country store, all of which will be sold as low for cash or on reasonable time, as can be sold by any dealer who expects to pay his bills.

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, April 24th, 1882.

New Store,

New Goods.

MIDDLETON STATION.

THE subscriber having just completed the enlargement of his premises respectfully invites the inspection of his new and varied stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes,

Especial attention is invited to one of the LARGEST STOCKS of Boots and Shoes to be found outside of the Cities, and at prices that defy competition. Ladies' and Misses' Fine KID BOOTS and SLIPPERS a specialty.

Ladies' and Misses' Overshoes and Rubbers.

Also, Crockery, Tinware, and everything found in a well stocked country store.

Always on hand, Flour, Meal, Lime, Salt, etc., at prices as Low as the Lowest.

It is not my intention to advertise impossible prices, but a comparison of prices is cordially invited. Close cash buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a call.

WANTED—100 doz. Good Home-knit Socks, at 25c. per pair; good double and twisted Yarn, at 60c. per lb; Cloth, butter, eggs, at the highest market rate — also, Lumber, Shingles, cordwood, etc,

J. H. CHUTE.

Jany. 16th, 1882. n40tf

Rubber Bucket
CHAIN PUMPS.

THOUSANDS have been sold and the demand is still increasing. Now is the time to send your orders before the weather gets cold. Parties can be supplied with pumps complete, or in parts to suit by addressing

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO.

LAWRENCETOWN, A C,

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose one teaspoonful to one pint food.

Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

Flour and Meal.

THE Subscriber has a large consignment of FLOUR, CORN MEAL and OAT MEAL which he offers for sale at

LOW RATES,
EITHER
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE, SUCH AS WOOD, BUTTER, EGGS, RYE-STRW, BEANS, POTATOES, ETC.

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, January 4th, 1882.

John Z. Bent

WILL be found at his OLD STAND opposite the Railway Station, where everything in the way of

Pictures and Framing

will be done at short notice.

—ALSO:—

UNDERTAKING

in all its branches. Caskets and coffins constantly on hand or made to order. Coffin Mountings for sale. A first class HEARSE in attendance, Charges moderate.

Middleton Station!

Just opened:

A GENERAL LINE OF

DRY GOODS,

FIELD AND GARDEN

SEEDS,

Selling Low for Cash.

Agent for L. O. Neily's FERTILIZER.
Cash paid for Eggs.

N. F. MARSHALL.

May 17th, 1882.

TREES! TREES!

CORRESPONDENCE solicited, and orders taken from persons desirous in obtaining reliable and hardy varieties of Fruit Trees, profitable for market or garden, viz.: Standard Apple, Pear, Cherry, Plum and Quince. Also—Dwarf Apple, Pear and Cherry trees, Grape vines, Currant and Gooseberry bushes, as well as the rare and beautiful varieties of hardy keeping and upright ornamental trees, hedge plants, shrubs, &c. I am now prepared to give information as to varieties hardy and best suited for market or garden, as well as best method in obtaining such, at moderate prices from the reliable and well known

Rochester Commercial Nurseries,

William S. Little, Esq., proprietor, Rochester, N. Y.

Ladies ordering hardy "Hybrid perpetual Roses," roses for house culture, bedding plants, creeping vines, or green house plants, &c., will receive them at a DISCOUNT on retail catalogue prices.

ELLIOTTS' HAND-BOOK FOR FRUIT GROWERS supplied to those ordering trees, &c., at 60cts each, retail price, $1.00. Also—ELLIOTTS' LANDSCAPE GARDENING, at $1.00 each, retail price, $1.50.

These works will be found invaluable, giving practical information on Fruit and Floral Culture, and well as for beautifying the homestead.

Address all communications, enclosing stamp for reply, to

S. C. PRIMROSE, M. D.,
Lawrencetown, Annapolis Co.

Orders will also be taken at this Office.

FOR $1.00

I will send to any one, by mail postage paid

30 Packets of Seeds!

all different. Among them will be one packet each of WHITE RUSSIAN OATS, FOTLER'S BRUNSWICK CABBAGE, (for which dealers charge 50c. per oz.) CRYSTAL WHITE WAX BEANS, &c.

As good seeds as are grown anywhere, and which would cost, selected from any of the fine catalogues now published, over two dollars. Try them.

JOHN H. HICKS.

Bridgetown, N. S. March 7th, 1881. 47tf

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN order to meet the demands of our numerous customers, we beg to announce that, we have added to our extensive

Slipper and Larrigan Factory

the necessary Machinery for the Manufacture of

Men's, Women's, Misses', & Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

in all the leading styles.

By continuing, as in the past, to use first quality of material, we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage in our new branch of business, as well as a continuance of public favor in our old business.

Vincent & McFate,
240 Union Street, St. John, N. B

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.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated KIDNEY-WORT as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. This distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed. If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the same time on the Bowels, Kidneys, Liver and Stomach.

Edmund Bent

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Sales attended to promptly in any part of the County. Consignments solicited. Prompt returns made.

Bridgetown. N. S., May, 1880. n5tf

BILLHEADS EXECUTED IN THE BEST STYLES AT THIS OFFICE. GIVE US A TRIAL.

ARE YOU GOING TO

PAINT?

We call your attention to the

Averill Paint

—FOR—

House Painting.

Remember it is a pure Linseed Oil and Lead Paint, combined with ingredients to render it glossy and hard.

See testimonial of a practical painter of 16 years' experience:—

I have used the Averill Paint and am fully satisfied that it is far superior to lead and oil mixed in the old way. It gives a heavy body and high gloss, and I am confident that it will prove far more durable. One gallon of it will cover as much surface on an exposed building as one and a half gallons of lead and oil. I consider it as cheap if not cheaper than the best lead. I cheerfully recommend it to the public as a first class article.

W. WHINARD,
Painter.

S. N. JACKSON,
Clarence, Agent.

N. B.—The subscriber keeps constantly on hand a general stock of GOODS, low for cash or prompt barter. may28

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of Edmund F. Bent, late of Lawrencetown, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

S. M. BENT,
Administrator.

Lawrencetown, May 30th, 1882.

Schr. "IVICA,"

CAPT. J. H. LONGMIRE, will ply as a Packet between Bridgetown and St. John, N. B., this season. All freight consigned to him carried cheap, and handled with every care.

Also—Plenty of the best

LIME,

at vessel or out of store. Apply to

MRS. LONGMIRE,
Bridgetown.

sp19n1tf

Something Worth Knowing!

IF YOU WANT TO GET GOOD VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY BUY AT THE

Cheap Cash Store.

Middleton Corner.

Where you will find a New and well assorted Stock of

DRY GOODS,

In great Variety.

LINEN LAP ROBES, Very Cheap.

Tapestry Carpeting from 55c

HEMP AND JUTE CARPETING.

BOOTS & SHOES,

very low.

GROCERIES. CROCKERYWARE, TINWARE, &C.

Timothy, Clover and Garden Seeds.

A FIRST-CLASS MILLINER, in the Establishment.

WANTED—Socks, Yarn, Eggs, Homespun, Butter, &c., for which the highest market price will be paid.

S. L. FREEMAN & CO.

Middleton, May 10th, 1882.

Administrators' Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of George P. Gesner, late of Granville, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within six months from the date; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

WILLIAM Y. GESNER,
GEORGE R. GESNER, } Admrs.

Granville, June 12, 1882.

NEW GOODS!

THE subscriber has just recieved a genera assortment of

Spring, Summer, Staple & Fancy

DRY GOODS,

NAMELY;

BLACK GROS GRAIN SILKS,
SATINS,
BROCADE SILKS,
WATERED SILKS,
CRAPES,
JET GIMPS,
MANTLE ORNAMENTS,
FRINGES,
HATS,
BONNETS,
FEATHERS,
FLOWERS,
SUNSHADES,
UMBRELLAS,
&C., &C.,

Mrs. L. C. Wheelock

Lawrencetown, 17th May, 1882.

AT ALL SEASONS, but particularly during the winter persons whose lungs and chests are weak should take every precaution against a cough or cold, as the breathing organs if naturally feeble speedily succumb to its ravages. In spite of sanitary precautions, however, coughs are very apt to fasten themselves upon weak lungs. In such a case ordinary prudence dictates the prompt use of a reliable specific. The ordinary cough remedies are too often inefficient. The best substitute for them is the highly sanctioned, long recognized remedy, Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of lime and soda. As is well known the action of Cod Liver Oil is particularly marked in lung, rheumatic and strumous diseases. In this preparation it is characterized by peculiar purity. The phosphorus in the hypophosphites furnishes a vital element of the blood, brain and nervous tissues, and the lime and soda supply their strengthening properties to the bones of which they are natural constituents. This emulsion promotes expectoration, enabling the bronchiæ to throw of the irritating mucus which obstructs and distresses them; renders the vitiated secretions healthy and heats the lungs. This remedy has also been used with the most beneficent effects in cases of scrofula. As it is exceedingly dangerous to permit a cough to gain headway, the early use of the medicine is urged upon those whose throat or lungs are affected. Look for the *fac simile* of our signature on the packages and the firm's name blown on the bottles.

Poetry.

The Secret of Death.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

'She is dead?' they said to him. 'Come away?'
Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay.
They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair,
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;
Over her eyes that gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch:
With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;
About her brow and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace;
And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—
Which were the whitest no one could choose;
And over her bosom they crossed her hands,
'Come away?' they said—'God understands.'

And there was silence and nothing there
But silence and scents of eglantere.

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said: 'As a lady should lie, lies she.'

And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread,
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,
He lit his lamp and took the key
And turned it—alone again, he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; but she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved ere-while.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: 'Cold lips and breasts without breath,
Is there no voice, no language in death—

'Dumb to the ear, and still to the sense,
But to heart, and to soul distinct, intense?

'See now! I will listen with soul not ear;
What was the secret of the dying, dear?

'Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you could ever let life's flower fall?

'Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

'Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep:

'Did life roll back the records, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

'And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is?

'There must be a pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet.

'I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed,

'I would say, though an angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

'You should not ask vainly with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise—

'The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring.'

A foolish world! O most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With sweet, soft voice in the dear old way,

'The utmost wonder is this—I hear—
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear,

'I am your angel who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never died.'

Select Literature.

"Perseverance."

Just at the instant of sunset the light broke through the leaden masses of cloud like a belt of brass, red, threatening, yet most welcome. For there, darkly outlined against the sullen glen, stood a little cabin, with its thread-like wreath of smoke curling upward, and an old fisherman sitting mending his nets on a bench beside the door.

And Mr. Cheston, who had been wandering hopelessly among the marshes for some time, with a lively sense of the inconvenience of getting lost in those saline deserts, stood and stared at it as if it were a will-o'-the wisp.

'I'm sure it couldn't have been there five minutes ago,' he pondered within himself.

'Evening, stranger!' said old Zadoc Peck. 'Been a shootin',' eh?'

'I've lost my way,' said Cheston, plunging through the tall reeds, until at last he gained a secure footing by the cabin door.

'Well, I thought likely,' commented Zadoc. 'Aint many folks comes here a purpose.'

'Could I obtain a night's lodging and some supper?' hinted our weary sportsman.

'I guess so,' serenely answered Mr Peck, 'if you don't mind sleepin' up garret. As for supper, Perseverance has gone to dig clams for us. Like baked clams, eh?'

'His son' thought the major. 'What a quaint couple they must be!'

But he sat down in the red light and looked at the morning-glory vines trained to the window, the busy fingers of the old man, the murmuring wilderness of reeds and rushes beyond.

'That's right,' said Zadoc; set down and take it easy. Perseverance will be back pretty quick with the clams and then you'll get some good, hot supper. Perseverance is a master hand to cook.'

'Perseverance' came presently but, to Major Cheston's infinite surprise, she was no lubberly boy, nor half civilized young man, but a tall, blooming maiden of sixteen with jetty black hair floating down her back—large, dark eyes, long lashed and almond shaped—and cheeks like roses. Her short, gipsy-like skirts revealed shapely brown ankles and pretty feet, yet bearing the impress of the wet sands where she had waded out to dig clams, and on one arm she carried a basket of clams, whose weight would have been no trifle to the stalwart muscles of this major of cavalry.

She was not at all embarrassed by the presence of a stranger, but came frankly up to him, setting down her basket to examine the contents of his game bag.

'You've had poor luck, stranger, haven't you?' she said pityingly. 'I could ha' done better myself, on them marshes at this time o' year.'

'Perseverance is a first rate shot,' chuckled the old man. 'Go now, girly, and cook us some supper.'

The roast clams, coffee and corn bread were most palatable: and after supper, Major Cheston gave Perseverance a newspaper from his pocket.

'It is this morning's,' said he. 'Would you like to read it?'

But she motioned it away.

'I can't read,' she said indifferently.

'You can't read!' echoed the amazed major. 'Why how old are you?'

'Sixteen,' Perseverance answered, reddening.

'My sister Kate is only sixteen,' said Major Cheston, speaking without due reflection, and 'she reads and writes four different languages, plays the piano and guitar, draws and paints, and—'

'Pshaw!' said Perseverance, arching her slender neck. Can she shoot black duck and curlews?'

'That is hardly one of the accomplishments prescribed for young ladies, said the Major, smiling.

'Can she swim?'

'No, but—'

'Can she clip a blue heron on the wing? or get in a haul of blue fish when the tide is strong and the wind due east? or fight a shark, hand to hand, with only a marlin spike for a weapon?'

And once again Major Cheston was compelled to answer in the negative.

'Well,' said Perseverance, complacently, 'I can?'

And she rose and went out of the room, and Major Cheston saw no more of her that night.

'She isn't offended, is she?' he asked of old Zadoc Peck, who was smoking a pipe and staring hard at the fire all the while.

'Offended? Our Perseverance offended?' echood the old man. 'You don't know her, stranger!'

'But, really,' hagarded Cheston, it is scarcely right to bring up a girl like that in such total ignorance, now is it?'

'Well, we haven't no schools nor academies hereabouts,' said the old man 'And if we had, Perseverance wouldn't go to 'em. I don't see but what she gets along first-rate!'

And Major Cheston wasted no more time in argument.

He slept well and soundly that night under the sloping roof of the little garret, through whose shrunk boards the quiet stars peeped down at him, and at daybreak he went down upon the shore.

The reeds were all effaced now—the tide was coming in with a rush and a roar, and an occasional flying shower of spray. The fresh wind took off his hat, and whirred it into the water. He made an involuntary plunge after it, lost his footing on the slippery sands, and the next instant he was struggling for dear life with the surf, dragged constantly down, and still further out to sea by the treacherous undertow. In a last effort to regain himself, he struck his head against a jagged point of stone and knew nothing more.

* * * * * * *

'You needn't thank me, stranger,' said old Zadoc Peck, as he stood over the recovering patient, with hot towels and brandy flask. 'I didn't know a thing about it till she ran up, as white and breathless as a snow flurry, to get me to help you in She had swum out to sea, and dragged you back to land herself! She's a brave girl is Perseverance, and there's nothing she can't do if once she sets herself about it.

MajorCheston thanked his young rescuer earnestly; but nothing would induce her to take the gold he offered her.

'It must be a poor creature that wants reward for saving a man's life, said she with a short laugh.

And Cheston desisted.

'The girl is too pretty,' he said to himself. 'No one but the hero of a third-class romance ever marries a half-civilized young savage, because she has dark eyes and hair growing low on her forehead. I must get away from this place—and I must be Physically this was an easy thing to do; but mentally—what is there but the wild winds of heaven so uncontrollable as a man's thoughts?

At the end of a year he came back from Switzerland, and went straight to the Long Island Marshes.

'I must see her,' he said to himself. 'I must tell her that I love her. I must ask her to be my wife.'

But in the train which ran out to Nineveh, the nearest station, a tall, beautiful girl in a cashmere dress, sparkling with jet, and a saucy black hat, came to him, holding out her hand.

'You are Major Cheston?' said she.

'And you,' he answered, 'are Perseverance Peck?'

She smiled and nodded. How beautiful she had grown!

'I was going out to the old house,' he said.

'I do not live there any more,' said Perseverance. Father's dead, and I'm being educated. 'You see,' she added, 'the your words, hard and cruel, as I then thought them, were not without their effect. I am staying with some friends, and I share the advantage of their governess. And Mr. Russell thinks I am not a stupid scholar.'

'Russell!'

The name was very familiar to him.

'At Castle Point, a little way down the island,' explained Perseverance.—'They know you very well. Hugh Russell and I often talk about you.

Hugh Russell? A dagger thrust of jealousy went through Major Cheston's heart. Hugh Russell, whom he remembered such a handsome, darling young fellow! Was he, then, too late in his decision? Had some other hand gathered this exquisite wild flower?

And then, with the innocent hypocrisy of lovehood, he vowed that he had intended all along to visit the Russells, and accompanied Perseverance thither at once.

'Yes,' said placid Mrs. Russell. 'Is she not beautiful? She used to come to my Sunday school class, last summer, at the little Sandy Point chapel, and when her poor old father died I took her to stay with me. And we are all so attached to her, and she is so lovely and winning. Quite like my own daughter.'

Late that evening Major Cheston went out on the stone-payed terrace, where Perseverance was sitting on the rail, looking up at the million golden stars which spangled the violet sky. She welcomed him with her quiet, self-possessed smile.

'Perseverance,' he said, 'you are seventeen years old, now?'

'Yes.' she assented, 'I am seventeen years old.'

'Almost a woman,' said he.

'Quite a woman,' she responded.—'Oh, it seems as if I had grown so many, many years older since poor father died!'

'Has any one spoken to you of—love?' he asked, abruptly.

'No,' she answered, with gravity.

'But they will—sometime?'

'I suppose so,' said Perseverance.

Evidently there was nothing of the coquet about her.

'Would you be very much surprised, Perseverance, or displeased,' he said, 'if I were to tell you that I loved you?'

She started and colored to the very roots of her hair.

'Surprised?' she repeated. 'Yes—oh, yes! For you despised me in those days.'

'Never!' he cried.

'Or at least I fancied so,' she faltered.

'But I love you now, Perseverance—sweetest, precious treasure of my soul!' he went on, reading some dim encouragement in the downcast eyes, the red, quivering mouth. 'I will not let you go until you promise to be my wife.—You have saved my life and it is in your power to save it from further ship-wreck now.'

Hugh Russell had spoken the same words of love in her ear two hours before, and she had run away from him, half angry and wholly frightened. But this—this was different.

'Will you promise me, Perseverance?' he gently reiterated.

'Yes,' she answered.

And that was the way in which Major Cheston, whose heart had been so long regarded by his lady friends as an invulnerable fortress, won the beautiful young wife who was as unlike the other belles of society as is the tropical blossom of the scarlet pomegranate to the common-place red roses of the garden border.

It was a strange meeting, a still stranger wooing, but a most happy marriage. And perhaps this is the most satisfactory record that any love affair can leave.

Beauty Rules.

'Rule one—A woman's power in the world is measured by her power to please. Whatever she may wish to accomplish, she will best manage it by pleasing. A woman's grand social aim should be to please.

'Rule two—Modesty is the ground on which all a woman's charms appear to the best advantage. In manners, dress, conversation, remember always that modesty must never be forgotten.'

'Hardly likely to be,' I murmured. 'Is it?'

'Understand me,' answered Sophia, briskly. 'I mean modesty in a very extended sense. There is now-a-days a tendency in women to rebel against old-fashioned modesty. The doctrine of liberty is spreading among us, for which I thank God,' Sophia said (she was the oddest little mixture of tory and wig and radical ever compounded on this eccentric earth). 'But the first effects of that doctrine on our mind are a little confusing. We are growing more independent and more individual. Some of us fancy that to be modest is to be old-fashioned, and of course we want the newest fashion in all things. I maintain,' Sophia said, growing a little warm, as if she fancied that I might argue back—'I maintain that a modest woman is the reply of her sex to a brave man—you can no more have a true woman without modesty than a true man without courage. But remember, I use the word modesty in a high sense.'

'Just what I was going to ask,' I said.

'Not prudery,' she added. 'Prudery is to modesty what brag is to bravery. Prudery is on the surface; modesty is in the soil. Rosalind in her boy's suit is delightfully modest, but not,' Sophia said with a twinkle of her eye—'not very prudish, is she?'

I assented, and thus made way for—

'Rule three—Always dress up to your age or a little beyond it. Let your person be the youngest thing about you, not the oldest.

'Rule four—Remember that what women admire in themselves is seldom what men admire in them.

'In nine drawing-rooms out of ten,' Sophia said, seeing me give a look of inquiry as she read this rule, 'Miranda or Cordelia, as novel heroines, would be voted bores. Woman would say: 'We utterly decline to accept these watery girls as typical of us; we want smartness and life. I don't really care much for Miranda or Cordelia myself. Now, this seems to me to caution us against trusting too implicity or too far our own notions about ourselves. Another course of misunderstanding comes from the novel-readers, and the novelists are forced to write heroines to suit our taste. He does not want to offend us. Thus it comes about that even the male novelist is too often only depicting women's women, after all. And I believe scores of modern girls are seriously misled for this very reason. They believe they are finding out what men think of them, when in truth they are reading their own notions handed back to them under a pretty disguise.

'Rule five—Women's beauties are seldom men's beauties.

'Rule six—Gayety tempered by seriousness is the happiest manner in society.

'By which I mean,' Sophia said, looking at me with knitted brows, as if she were about to explain some matter not altogether clear to herself, 'that in all our gayety there ought to be a hint of self-recollection. Do you understand me?'

'Not quite,' I said.

'This I know certainly,' she replied. 'The most agreeable woman I have met with—and I think the most regarded—have been women of rank, who have been trained with a due regard for religion. Their worldly education had made them mindful of grace and loveliness; their religious education kept these qualities under a particular sort of control, which is perceptibly different from mere good breeding. It seems to me that vivacity and sprightliness are greatly enhanced by a vein of seriousness. Certainly no woman ought to be a mocker.

'Next,' she continued, seeing I did not speak, 'comes—

'Rule seven—Always speak low.'

'I wonder why I put that down. It is so obvious. In support of it I need only quote your Shakspeare, who calls it an excellent thing in woman.'

'Rule eight—A plain woman can never be pretty. She can always be fascinating if she takes pains.

'I will remember,' Sophia said, after reading this, to me, rather questionable assertion, 'a man who was a great admirer of our sex telling me that the most fascinating women he had ever known was not only not pretty, but as to her face decidedly plain.

'And now,' she went on, seeing I did not speak, 'here comes my last rule—as yet:

'Rule nine—In all things let a woman ask what will please the men of sense before she asks what will please the men of fashion.'

'I by no means intend,' she added, 'that a woman is not to have regard to the opinion of men of fashion, only she should not give it the first place. She will carry the men of fashion sooner by methods that please the men of sense than men of sense by methods that please men of fashion. And, besides, listen to the men of fashion. They always praise a woman for things which begin to perish at 25. But if she remembers that she has charms of mind and character and taste, as well as charms of figure and complexion, the men of sense will follow her half a century; and in the long run the men of fashion will be led by the men of sense.'

'And there,' Sophia cried merrily, throwing the paper down on the rug beside her—'there are my rules for reforming our little world of women!—'Lady Beauty,' in *London Society*.

A Word About Newspapers.

It is of infinitely more importance what a newspaper should not print than what it should print. In deciding what style of article should be admitted to the columns of a paper the new comer to an office is always impressed with the rule 'when in doubt on an article leave it out.' In fact it is more what is kept out of a paper than what is put in that makes it a successful journal.

In the early history of journalism a writer was expected to be a jolly good fellow; to take a drink when asked, and in fact to go so far as getting drunk on important occasions. The man of literary genius was never expected to pay a bill, must work by fits and starts; must wear his hair long, roll his eyes, and cultivate poetry and a long mustache, and be renowned for some pet eccentricity.

In fact, however, the genius with glaring necktie, flowing hair and rolling eye has been knocked out of time, and the printing office sees him no more.

In his place is found the plain man who is addicted to plain facts, and whose imagination is generally like his cash, viz., limited. At least if not so, it is the least used of any of his mental faculties. It is always his endeavor to select such articles for the public as can be read aloud before refined persons of either sex. He can appreciate the ludicrous side of life; he enjoys fun; can take a joke, admires poetry—when it is not too long,—and his selections have a tendency to elevate the morals of the community in which he may be placed.

Now-a-days it is only when some half-witted, egotistical youth gets hold of the printing press that it begins to turn towards raking up scandal and prying into private characters. Ignorant himself, generally with a limited education, egotistical to a large extent, without any moral balance and with little sense of responsibility, he has just wit enough to copy from large newspapers, without the judgment and ability to grapple with those sterling qualities which go so far towards making up our standard periodicals. Failing in this, he bends his immature mind toward personal failings and moral dirt, and in a short time becomes a terrific little social pest.

He goes poking his nose around for human weaknesses, and when he finds them parades them before the public. And the deeper he can stick his nose into a moral sore the prouder and more conceited he is. He represents the survival of the worst, and a mean, puny survival at that. However, the public sense of decency and a social feeling of mutual protection and preservation soon pushes him to the wall to give place to the plain man, who lives with his family, pays his debts, goes to church, and keeps himself clean in body, and mouth, and spirit, and behaves himself.

Honest and decent journalism should not be credited with his incompetence and violence any more than the honest profession of the law should be held responsible for the disreputable doings of some third-rate police court shyster.

—In Switzerland, where capital punishment was for a time abolished, it has now been re-established in some of the cantons, and probably will be reintroduced in others. In some the proposal to re-establish it has been repeatedly rejected. Liberal journals now point out, as noteworthy and significant, that the cantons which have been most eager to rebuild the gibbet, and in which rampant crime seemed to prove the death penalty urgently necessary, are those in which Roman Catholicism is the controlling form of belief. There is, however, danger at all times in sweeping deductions, and it is to be noted that in one of the smaller Catholic cantons, that of Unterwalden, the death penalty seems not to be needed, and an attempt to restore it has been defeated.