Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 21. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1893. NO. 16.

Professional Cards.

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

N. H. PHINNEY,
DIRECTOR OF
—Oratorio and Choral Music.—
TEACHER OF
Singing, Voice Culture, and Thorough Bass.
Dealer in Pianos and Organs. Write for wholesale prices. 14 1y

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882.

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - - N. S.
Office.—"Dr. Gunter" building.

J. B. KINNEY,
Architect and Civil Engineer.
Designs, Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for all classes of buildings.
Office at residence of Wm. E. Reed, Bridgetown, N. S. 1 1y

G. O. GATES,
PLEASANT STREET, TRURO, N. S.
PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Pianos & Organs.
Manufacturers' agent for Leading American and Canadian Instruments. Tuning and repairing a specialty. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Offers his professional services to the public.
Office and Residence: Queen St., Bridgetown.

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROAKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
Will be at his office in Middleton, the last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

WILMOT HOTEL!
J. RANDOLPH BROWN, Proprietor.
This large and commodious hotel, situated near the Wilmot Railway Station, now under new management, has been re-fitted and arranged with a view of providing for the greatest comfort and convenience of guests and summer tourists.
First-class Livery Stable in Connection, where good teams, with or without drivers, may be secured at all times. Travellers conveyed to any part of the country by team.
Terms reasonable. 6 6m

EDWIN L. FISHER,
Real Estate & Insurance Agent.
Exclusive attention paid to the sale and purchase as well as the rental of
Houses, Stores, Farms & Furniture.
INSURANCE AGENT FOR
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, MARINE and PLATE GLASS at lowest possible rates compatible with security.
Money to loan on Real Estate Security.
Correspondence solicited.
29 1y P. O. Box 16, Bridgetown.

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business. 51 tf

SCHOONER
"CRUSADE,"
CAPT. W. Y. GESNER,
WILL PLY BETWEEN
Bridgetown and St. John,
touching at all intermediate ports, during the coming season.
For particulars enquire of Neily & Crowe, Bridgetown, or those on board.
May 10th, 1893. 6 13i

NOTICE!
The Packet Schooner
TEMPLE BAR,
will, as usual, ply between this port and St. John, N. B., during the season of 1893.
The subscriber will keep for sale as formerly Lime and Salt. J. H. LONGMIRE, *Master.*
When Schooner is not in port apply to Capt. P. Nicholson, Bridgetown.
St. John address: SOUTH WHARF, care of G. S. DeForrest & Sons.
Bridgetown, March 28th, 1893. 52tf

Executors' Notice.

All persons having any claims against the estate of HUGH FRASER, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.
ELIZA FRASER, *Executrix.*
ROBT. E. F. RANDOLPH, *Executor.*
Bridgetown, N.S., Feb. 25th, 18. 436m

Nova Scotia Wins.
A Tiverton Miracle.
Twenty-five years of intense suffering which baffled the combined skill and treatment of six of the best doctors in this province completely cured by
DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER,
THE KING OF REMEDIES.
From Ross C. C. Handspiker, Esq., of Tiverton, N.S.:—
"I have been afflicted with fearful running sores on my legs for 25 years. Have employed at different times, six of the best doctors I could get. But all of their skill and treatment did me no good, and I was left sometimes unable to walk. Last year my legs became so bad after an attack of la grippe that I never expected to walk again. In this condition I concluded to try Dock Blood Purifier, and before the first bottle was half gone I felt a great change. I continued on to use the medicine, and applied to the sores Norton's Healing Balm. Before I had finished the third bottle my sores were all healed up and my health better than for years, and would highly recommend Dr. Norton's Dock Blood Purifier to all afflicted with sores of any kind.

FARMERS!
We Can Sell Your Apples,
Poultry Eggs, Cheese,
FAT CATTLE, PORK,
or Berries, in season
At Best Possible Advantage.
Respectfully soliciting a continuance of your favors, we remain, yours sincerely,
FOSTER, FOSTER & Co.
HALIFAX, N. S. 1y22

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
HORSE LINIMENT
IS INFALLIBLY THE REMEDY FOR
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Enlargement of the Glands, Affections of the Kidneys,
—AND FOR—
SPLINTS, CURBS, BOG SPAVINS, STRAINS OF THE JOINTS AND TENDONS, BRUISES, ETC., ETC.
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION
IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
DINNER PILLS
ARE A SURE CURE FOR
INDIGESTION, in all its forms.
For the Removal of DYSPEPSIA, Chronic Diseases of the LIVER, PILES, JAUNDICE IRREGULAR ACTION of the HEART, Etc., Etc., these Pills are
EMPHATICALLY THE REMEDY.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - - PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

Groder's Syrup Will Cure SICK HEADACHE

SURELY IF WE ACCEPT THE TRUTH
FROM ANYONE
It Must be the Clergy!
The Rev. J. E. Warner, Rector, of Middleton, says:—
"For more than twenty years I have been afflicted with Chronic Constipation. Have been treated by several physicians here and in the States, and have tried many of the *cures* advertised through the press without receiving any permanent benefit.
In consequence of the complications arising from this disease I have been obliged to undergo a painful surgical operation, and was compelled last year to give up work. About six months ago I consulted Dr. Miller, who gave me a box of his DINNER PILLS, and I can cheerfully testify that their effect in my case has been little less than magical. Since then I have recommended them to some of my friends, who have experienced like good results from their use and returned me their warmest thanks, and I confidently give them a public recommendation, as I have found them, by far, the best medicine I have ever used."
(Signed.) REV. J. E. WARNER,
The Rectory, Middleton.

Use Dr. Miller's Compound Syrup Tar Cough Mixture for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and all diseases of Mucous Membranes throughout the body.

Rev. John L. Sponagle, Methodist Clergyman, Middleton, says:—
"Suffering from Bronchial affection—aggravated by cold—and having heard of the healing properties of your "Tar Cough Mixture" I was induced to make trial of it, and I am glad to inform you that I received much benefit from its use. In my case it soothed and allayed irritation, and aided expectoration. I keep it constantly at my home."
For Sale by all Druggists and Respectable Dealers.

St. Macey, 10,033.
5 Years Old, 16 Hands, 1100 lbs.
THIS SPLENDIDLY BRED STALLION WILL TRAVEL BETWEEN BRIDGETOWN AND LUNENBURG DURING THE SEASON OF 1893.
St. Macey is the best bred stallion that will stand for public service in Annapolis County this year. It will pay those who intend to breed their mares to wait and see and examine him.
He has already proved himself able to sire large, handsome, good-gaited, fast and sound foals.
His breeding can hardly be better. Twenty of the greatest brood mares are represented close up in his pedigree.
Be sure and not breed to any stallion till you see St. Macey and be convinced that what I say is correct.
No trouble to show him, whether you breed or not. He can stand the most critical examination.
For tabulated pedigree and further information send post card to
HORACE H. FEINDEL,
Elm House, Lawrencetown.
March, 1893. 52 tf

BRIDGETOWN
MARBLE WORKS
THOMAS DEARNESS,
Importer of Marble
and manufacturer of
Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.
Also Monuments in Red Granite, Gray Granite, and Freestone.
Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.
N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice. T. D.
Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

P. G. MELONSON,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER
MIDDLETON CORNER.
REPAIRING punctually and thoroughly attended to, and satisfaction in all cases guaranteed. I have constantly on hand complete lines of Watches Clocks and Jewelry.

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS AT THIS OFFICE

Do You Want a Bargain
—IN—
HARNESSES?
THE subscriber, who has fully decided upon closing up his Saddlery business and going entirely out of the manufacture of the same, now offers his many past patrons and the public in general the balance of his entire stock at
Lower Prices than ever before.
It comprises a few sets of Silver, Nickel and Brass-mounted Harnesses, Heavy Draught Harnesses, and odds and ends. An inspection and quotations as to prices will convince all inquirers. GEO. MURDOCH.
P. S.—To those indebted either by Note of Hand or General and Running Accounts, I would say that all outstanding matters of this nature must be satisfactorily arranged at once.

PASTURE!
I have between thirty and forty acres of land, capable of pasturing three or four cows, near the town, to let for the season or for sale.
GEORGE MURDOCH.
Bridgetown, May 8th, 1893. 6 13i

R. ALLEN CROWE
Has just got in a lot more of those
BARREL CHURNS
that gave such good satisfaction.
Butter Trays, Butter Ladles, Butter Molds, Sheet Zinc, Patent Steel Sinks, Magee's Patent Sink, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe,
RUBBER HOSE,
Plain and Wire bound.
RANGES AND COOKS
AT LOWEST PRICES.
Window Screen Wire Cloth, Kitchen Furnishings,
CREAMERS AND TINWARE.
Plumbing and Job Work
a Specialty.
—AGENT FOR—
THE GOODS BICYCLE CO.
R. ALLEN CROWE.

New Stock
—AT THE—
MONITOR OFFICE!
Our many patrons will please note that we have recently added to our usually well-equipped Stock Department, new lots of
WEDDING STATIONERY,
embracing all the Newest Styles. New lots of
ENVELOPES,
Official and Commercial, of all grades, colors and sizes. Church
OFFERING ENVELOPES,
opening at top and end. Splendid assortment of new
NOTE PAPER.
Give us a call for any kind of Job Work. Send for samples and prices.

THE
GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL
(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)
BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA,
STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable. Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge.
E. G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29

NOTICE!
LAW OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
WILL BE AT OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
THURSDAY, 7th and 21st JULY
and every alternate *Thursday* thereafter, in the office occupied by
ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, ESQUIRE.
Office open at 9 a.m.
49 tf J. M. OWEN,
Annapolis, March 7th, 1893. 47 tf

Dr. Fowler's
Extract of Wild Strawberry is a reliable remedy that can always be depended on to cure cholera, cholera infantum, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, dysentery, and all looseness of the bowels. It is a pure
Extract
containing all the virtues of Wild Strawberry, one of the safest and surest cures for all summer complaints, combined with other harmless yet prompt curative agents, well known to medical science. The leaves
of Wild
Strawberry were known by the Indians to be an excellent remedy for diarrhœa, dysentery and looseness of the bowels; but medical science has placed before the public in Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild
Strawberry
a complete and effectual cure for all those distressing and often dangerous complaints so common in this changeable climate.
It has stood the test for 40 years, and hundreds of lives have been saved by its prompt use. No other remedy always
Cures
summer complaints so promptly, quiets the pain so effectually and allays irritation so successfully as this unrivalled prescription of Dr. Fowler. If you are going to travel this
Summer
be sure and take a bottle with you. It overcomes safely and quickly the distressing summer complaint so often caused by change of air and water, and is also a specific against sea-sickness, and all bowel
Complaints.
Price 35c. Beware of imitations and substitutes sold by unscrupulous dealers for the sake of greater profits.

CASH SALE!
I BEG TO NOTIFY THE PUBLIC GENERALLY THAT FOR THE
NEXT SIXTY DAYS
I will sell any article in my store
AT COST
AND CHARGE OF IMPORTATION.
This is a *bona fide* sale and will be strictly carried out.
Call and Inspect!
No Trouble to Show Goods!
B. E. CHUTE.
Bridgetown, May 23rd, 1893.

Now in Stock
—AT—
MEDICAL HALL
HAWKER'S NERVE TONIC,
HAWKER'S CATARRH CURE,
HAWKER'S PILE CURE,
HAWKER'S PILLS,
South American Nerve Tonic. Woolford's Sanitary Lotion, South American Rheumatic Cure, Dr. Manning's German Remedy, Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry.
—ALSO—
Balance of Seeds at Cost!
In Stock and to arrive
Hellebore, Paris Green and London Purple.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded

UNDERTAKING.
Messrs. ROOP & SHAW
MIDDLETON, N. S.
Beg to announce to the public that they intend carrying on the Undertaking Business at Middleton, and have now in stock a varied and comprehensive line of
Caskets, Coffins, Trimmings,
AND ALL OTHER FURNISHINGS.
Parties requiring their services can rest assured of prompt and satisfactory attention, at most reasonable charges.
ROOP & SHAW.
Middleton, June 16th, 1891. 11 tf

REMOVAL!
MISS ELDERKIN
begs to inform the public that she has moved into the store lately occupied by Miss Lockett as a Millinery Store, and will now be in a better position to wait upon her customers

IMPERIAL
Fire Insurance Company,
OF LONDON, ENGLAND,
ESTABLISHED 1803.
CAPITAL, ... £1,200,000.
ASSETS, ... £1,631,015.
AGENTS:
EDW. RUGGLES, at Bridgetown, N. S.
T. A. PEARSON, at South Farmington, N.S.
J. M. OWEN, at Annapolis, N. S.

NOTICE!
THE subscriber will continue the business formerly conducted by the late Hugh Fraser in its various branches, including Hard and Soft Coal.
ELIZA FRASER.
Bridgetown, Feb. 28th, 1893. 48 tf

BULL AND BOAR
For Service. Thoroughbred Holstein Bull Fee $1 if charged; Cash, 50 cts.
Service fee of Boar $1.00.
McDIVERN STOCK FARM.
Bridgetown, May 17th, 1893. 7 tf

Potter's Liniment
IS SOLD AT
W. W. CHESLEY'S.

Poetry.

The Old Friends.

The old friends, the old friends
We loved when we were young,
With sunshine on their faces,
And music on their tongue;
The bees are in the almond-flower,
The birds renew their strain:
But the old friends, once lost to us,
Can never come again.

The old friends, the old friends!
Their brow is lined with care;
They've furrows in the faded cheek,
And silver in the hair;
But to me they are the old friends still
In youth and bloom the same,
As when we drove the flying ball,
Or shouted in the game.

The old men, the old men,
How slow they creep along!
How naughtily we scoffed at them
In days when we were young.
Their prosing and their dozing,
Their prate of times gone by,
Their shiver like an aspen leaf
If but a breath went by.

But we, we are the old men now,
Our blood is faint and chill;
We cannot leap the mighty brook,
Or climb the breakneck hill.
We maunder down the shortest cuts,
We rest on stick or stile,
And the young men half ashamed to laugh
Yet pass us with a smile.

But the young men, the young men,
Their strength is fair to see;
The straight back, and the springy stride,
The eye as falcon free;
The shout above the frolic wind
As up the hill they go;
But, though so high above us now,
They soon shall be as low.

Oh, weary weary drag the years
As life draws near the end;
And sadly, sadly fall the tears
For loss of love and friend,
But we'll not doubt there's good about
In all of human kind;
So here's a health before we go
To those we leave behind!
—*A. G. B., in the London Spectator.*

An End-of-the Century Girl.

I belong to the end of the century;
I am as glad as I can be
That the century's far beginning
Is 'way, 'way back of me.
I can row a boat, I can drive a steed,
And saddle and ride him, too,
And there's nothing my brother can do, at need,
That his sister cannot do.

I play lawn tennis, I've tried base ball,
I climb as swift as a squirrel,
Pick myself up if I have a fall,
And laugh, though I am only a girl.
Plucky and merry and ever so strong,
I hie where the great waves brim,
And the surf rolls in with its thunder song—
For, of course, I've learned to swim.

My great grandmother was just my age
When the century was new;
She had to sit for hours each day
Pulling her needle through.
Tiny holes in a bit of card,
Or sewing a long, dull seam,
And one must confess that her fate was hard—
The poor little ghost of a dream.

They would never allow her to jump or run;
She must never look flushed or warm,
A dozen things that I may do
Were then not thought "good form."
I'm glad I'm an end-of-the-century girl,
Healthy and happy and gay,
As free as a boy to study Greek,
And as free as a boy to play.

Select Literature.

A Dread Secret.

I made the acquaintance of Leonora Lennox in an unusual way. Her father, Professor Brittain, falling into brown study in the busiest part of Broadway, had nearly got himself run over, when I, rescuing him from a policeman who was about to arrest him for being drunk and disorderly, escorted him home. He was greatly obliged to me and was very hospitable and shortly told me that he must introduce me to his daughter. The lady proved to be a charming woman, a young widow of about twenty-five.

She was overwhelmed with gratitude and insisted on asking me to tea, and to cut a long story short I fell in love with her, and in a very little while we were engaged and about to be married with the full consent of the professor, her father.

The day of our wedding was fixed, when, calling one evening, I found the landlord in possession of the beautiful furnished flat in which the professor dwelt and received from him the information that his tenants had flitted in the night, though the rent was paid in advance.

"Left a note for you," he said, "if you are Mr. Alfred Merrick."

I snatched the note and tore it open. Within were the words:

MY DEAREST ALFRED.—Never did I love you more, but I must leave you, and I fear forever. A hideous secret parts us. Your broken hearted. LEONORA.

"What can this mean?" I asked myself, aloud.

"It's very queer," said the landlord. I shouldn't have thought such a respectable old gent and such a well mannered lady could be shady. But you never know about folks. They've thrown away a lot of money and don't owe anyone anything. But plainly they are queer folks."

I wanted to knock him down, but after all it was only a natural conclusion, and how could I prove there could be no sin, however much of sorrow there might be in Leonora's life? I had made her acquaintance rather informally; as I have said and knew only what they had told me.

"You were keeping company with the widow, weren't you?" asked the landlord. "Probably the first husband has turned up and she has to run for fear of being shot or something."

Yes, I acknowledged to myself, it might be that she had fancied some brutal husband dead and discovered that she was still in his power. But at least I might have been trusted. I would have been her friend, her brother. The old professor could not help her. He trembled on the borders of dotage. But I would find her. She could not hide from me."

And now began a life which I can compare to nothing but waiting forever on a lonely shore for a ship that never comes. It wore upon me terribly. Happily I was a rich man, for I could have attended to no occupation, followed no profession, in such a state of mind. I advertised, I traveled here and there—you can imagine all I did—but no clew reached me until a cousin in whom I had confided—an art student in Italy—wrote to me to the effect that, though he did not wish to give me any false hope, he fancied he might have found the professor and his daughter in an old gentleman and a handsome lady, whom her father called Nelly; that a gossiping maid had told him that the lady was living so quietly because of a jealous husband, who wanted to kill her and from whom she had run away, and that she cried a great deal.

I made sure that I had found Leonora, and I instantly prepared to cross the ocean. I had but a few things to buy, among them gloves, and almost at the last moment I bought an exceedingly warm pair to wear if the weather should be cold at any time during the voyage. A small thing to mention, you may say. Why do I not also tell you of my neckties and collar buttons? But in this life the things which seem most unimportant may be those of which our lives turn. So it was with these gloves, though the weather being delightful, I did not wear those gloves once during the voyage, and they lay in the blue envelope marked with the marker's advertisement for many, many weeks.

I arrived at my cousin's studio in due time I questioned him. His answers strengthened my hopes. Armed with shade hats, umbrellas and easels, we set forth to sketch near the little residence.

I saw the father and daughter in the garden. The former was a stuffy, puffy man of 60 odd, with a red nose and a white mustache; the daughter a showy, vulgar sort of a person of 40, with an air and a glance that fully accounted for her husband's jealousy.

Now, the professor was a pale delicate old bookworm, and my lost Leonora as gentle and delicate as the pictured St. Cecilia, with which we are all familiar.

I had crossed the ocean for nothing. Well, it was my own fault, and it would have been absurd to go back at once. And who knew but Leonora and her father might be in Italy after all? And so I went about and visited the galleries, and the old curiosity shops, and the churches always looking for that one face in the world and never finding it.

It was three months after my arrival in Italy that I began to put my possessions in order for my return voyage and came upon the blue envelope which held my thick gloves I surely should need them some time on this voyage, for it was now October. I took them from the paper and tried them on.

As I slipped my finger into the left one I became aware of something hard in the third finder and pulling it out it was a ring. Not only was it not mine, but it was a lady's, and it had a familiar look to me. It was exactly like a ring I had given to Leonora on our betrothal. I looked at the inner side. There were our names.

It was the ring, but how in heaven's sake, did it come there in a glove new, bought at a glove store, never out of its envelope? A man's glove too? I was bewildered beyond expression.

I started for New York by the next steamer, and on the day of my arrival inserted in a prominent daily paper an advertisement which read thus:

"Found in a new glove bought at—'s three months ago, a valuable ring. Owner must prove property by telling the words engraved on it."

There were four answers from persons who hoped to regain lost rings. And one young lady wrote that "Yours till death," ornamented one that she had lost—she could not say where—while another wrote that there was nothing on hers "but chasing." But it was not until my advertisement had appeared every day for a week that I received this note:

"I have lost a ring that is very precious to me. The words engraved are, 'From Alfred to Leonora.' Will you meet me at the Fourteenth street station of the elevated road at 7 o'clock to-morrow evening? If you will accept a reward, I shall gladly give one. I shall wear a blue veil and carry a small gray satchel."

"She is coming for it herself," I thought and with a beating heart sought the rendezvous. A woman appeared upon the platform cloaked and veiled almost to the point of disguise. But I knew Leonora at a glance and walked up to her.

"My correspondent, I think," I said.

She uttered a low cry.

"I have found you, darling," I said, "and we must not part again. Tell me first how I came to find this ring in a new glove—and a man's glove at that?"

"It is very simple," she said. "I bought some gloves for my father, and in examining them slipped my hand into one. I thought I had dropped the ring on the floor. I have grieved over it—but now—I ought to return it to you."

"At least wear it as a friend's gift?" I pleaded. I drew off her glove and slipped it on her finger. "Will you walk with me?" I said. "We attract attention here."

"I must not do that," she said. And we descended to the street together.

"Now tell me all, Leonora?" I whispered.

"I cannot" she replied.

"I have guessed the truth, I fear," I said. "You discovered that you were not a widow. Your husband whom you thought dead, returned; you fled from him and from him and from me."

"There is no such romance in my life," she replied. "My young husband, to whom I was married but a few months, sleeps in the college churchyard. The secret is not mine, but it must part us." Tears were in her voice.

"Leonora," I said, "there is but one sorrow in the world for me—to be severed from you. Since you do not belong to another man let me share your trouble."

"I cannot," she replied. "Another's life depends upon its preservation. Now bid me adieu. Do not seek to know where I live. Remember I am not to blame, and that I never can forget you."

"Dear, dear," said a voice at our side.

"How terrified I have been. I fancied you had been apprehended. I came in search of you."

We turned. There was Professor Britain in a dressing gown and skull cap shivering in the cold.

"Two men are watching us from behind the church steps," he whispered.

His voice, his manner, told me that his mind was unhinged. I offered him my arm. Leonora gave him hers also. At the door of a wretched tenement house we paused.

"Our home is here not for necessity, but from purposes of concealment," said the professor. "Enter, I beg."

We ascended to an upper floor. A little room luxuriously furnished lay behind the wretched door.

The professor toddled to a chair.

"Hush! he whispered, "they follow us!"

"No, no," sighed Leonora, "no one has seen us."

"That is well. I think I will confide in our friend," said the professor. "This life is unendurable. Tell me, has anyone suspected me?"

"Of what, sir?" I asked.

"Of murder," he whispered. "I plunged my knife in his back and fled. I awakened my daughter in the night. We left our home and have been hiding ever since. Hush! Some one is on the fire escape!"

He tiptoed into an inner room.

"Whom does he fancy he has murdered?" I asked.

"He will never tell me," said Leonora. "Only that the officers of the law are in search of him. My poor father! He must have had some frightful provocation, he is so kind, so gentle. I fear remorse will turn his brain'——

The professor returned.

"A false alarm," he said. "But I am sure I am a suspect."

"My dear professor," I said, "it is so good of you to confide in me, but you have not told me the particulars, and I cannot serve you as I would if I knew them."

"Very true," he answered, "my excellent friend, but my poor daughter had better leave the room. Her nerves, poor child!"

"Oh, no," I said, "it will be better for to remain."

"Very well," the professor replied. "Very well, remain, my love. It was the Czar of Russia whom I killed. He was about to bribe the mayor to deliver New York into his hands. I did it with my penknife. I was moved by patriotic motive, but the police will not take that into consideration. I fear that I shall yet be electrocuted."

I looked at Leonora and saw that she understood at least that which I had seen at once—that on this point her father was insane.

She left the room in tears, and I did not see her that evening.

The next day I told the professor that I made inquiry; that the Czar always wore a coat of mail under his clothes which a penknife could not penetrate and was unharmed, and the affair of the stabbing had been kept a secret.

Not long after this Leonora and I were married, and we all went upon a voyage together. Shortly the professor seemed to forget his delusions and lived for years longer absorbed in his old occupation and surrounded by fossils and petrified objects, as of yore. It was some time before his daughter recovered from the terrible excitement of those years in which she fancied her poor father a fugitive from justice. But it is a half forgotten dream to day, and we are very happy.—*Mary Kyle Dallas, in Fireside Companion.*

Gathering Apples.

The lowering sunrise had turned into a bright day after all: a brisk October wind was shaking down the red leaves on the hill, and Lisbeth Lockwood stood at the door, looking thoughtfully around, while Barbara, her sister, boiled the breakfast coffee on the stove.

"So," said she, with a curve of her lip, "this is the baronial hall—this tumbledown old farmhouse, with a few acres of stony soil!"

"And this," crisply retorted Barbara, "is the banquet—a baker's loaf a week old, a pipkin of oatmeal and a pot of Rio coffee! But you'd better come in and partake of it."

"Bab," cried Lisbeth, flinging back her tawny yellow tresses, "I never was so disappointed in my life!"

Bab shrugged her shoulders.

"My opinion exactly, Tip!" said she.

"Here, all our school-lives-long," tragically uttered Lisbeth, "we've looked forward to coming home to an elegant place, to dwell in luxury. Well! We get a telegram on graduation day that our Uncle Hopkins has paid the debt of nature, and we hasten to take possession—"

"Of our inheritance!" laughed Bab, serving out a blue-edged saucer of coarse oatmeal and deluging it with milk. "The tumble-down farmhouse and the stony acres, the old red horse that we neither of us know how to drive, and the cow that we're both afraid of."

"Bab," cried the elder sister, "what are we to do?"

"Tip," solemnly responded the younger. "I have not the least idea."

Lisbeth reflectively sipped her coffee.

"If we hadn't put on such airs about being heiresses," groaned she, "and boasted of going home to Hopkins Hall to lead a life of luxurious ease, we might have secured one of those nice situations to teach, that Miss Primrose got for the other girls."

"It's too late for that now!" sighed Bab.

"We've got to do something," said Lisbeth.

"Yes," admitted Bab; "but what!"

"We used to rave about art," said Tib; "but who would buy the sort of pictures we could paint?"

"Then," added Bab, "there was your examination composition. Miss Primrose said it showed great talent. If one could take up literature—"

"I sent that to three different editors," interrupted Tib, sardonically smiling. "Not one of 'em would have a word to say to it. It's up stairs in my trunk now, in case we should need kindling paper."

Bab whistled—a soft little whistle of dismay.

"Evidently," said she, "we're not calculated for a career. If we were not boys, instead of girls, we could run this farm."

"Oh, if! Don't let's have any more ifs!" impatiently cried Tib. "What can we do? There's the question."

Bab passed her pretty pink finger around the blue edge of the plate before her, with downcast eyes and just a tinge of rising color.

"Well, since you ask the question," said she, half smiling, "I think one of us could perhaps—marry."

"For a living?" scornfully demanded Tib.

"Not that, of course," said Bab. "Merely in the course of human events."

"You mean Rolf Woburn?"

"I do."

"He's a nice fellow enough," said Tib, indifferently. "If he really means business!"

"Lisbeth!" cried indignant Bab; "how can you speak so coarsely?"

"I'm only regarding things from the career point of view," said provoking Tib. "To be sure, the fact that he has followed us out here might be construed to mean something. At first he naturally supposed us to be the heiresses that we supposed ourselves. But," with a comprehensive wave of the hand, "he has seen Hopkins Hall. He is undeceived by this time. If ever there was a disinterested passion, his is one."

"Tib!"

Bab's eyes sparkled wrathfully.

"Have some more coffee, Barbara? Not a drop? Well, I don't blame you; it's poor stuff."

"Tib," almost sobbed poor Barbara, "if you don't like Rolf, I'll give up the idea."

Lisbeth rushed around the edge of the table to give Bab a hug and a kiss.

"You darling!" she cried. "Do you suppose I'm such a jealous monster as all that? I do like Rolf Woburn as well as I can like any one who wants to take my Bab away from me. But as for thinking him good enough for you, why, the President's son wouldn't be that!"

"Of course," faltered Bab, wiping her eyes, "I've no reason to suppose—"

"No, to be sure not," nodded Tib. She's got to wait until she's asked. Well, wait, Bab, dear. But in the meantime, I've an idea that I picked up in my before dinner walk."

"A money-making idea?" said Bab, her blue eyes shining wistfully through their scarcely dry mist of tears.

"Yes, a money-making idea. There are those big sweet apples up in the orchard dropping down like a red rain—nice table apples, too; not the poor stuff they pick up to make cider of and feed to the pigs. Why shouldn't we put 'em in barrels—there are lots in the barn—and sell 'em at Baker's Falls? Miss Primrose used to pay three dollars a barrel for apples no better than those."

"Are there many there, Tib?"

"Thousands of 'em!" responded sanguine Lisbeth. "And picking up apples is easy work—work that women can do. We'll pack them so carefully that we shall be able to command the very best market price. They're not common, cheap fruit, but round and rosy and full of rare, sweet juices. Get your hat, Bab; we'll go right to work."

In the cool, frost-touched air of the old orchard, gathering the lovely red spheres of sweetness into crimson heaps, both girls soon forgot all but their occupation.

Their eyes shone, their cheeks were rosier than the apples, and the wind blew the silky tendrils of their hair to and fro as if bent on a frolic.

"You're never going to climb the tree, Bab?"

"I must?" cried Barbara, lightly swinging herself up into the forks, "or else I must lose those beauties up at the very top. Reach me the basket, Tib. Oh, you can't imagine how perfectly splendid it is up here?"

Tib laughed.

"You'd have made your fortune as one of Barnum's acrobats," said she. "But if you're going to take our only handled basket, I've just got to run to the barn for another."

Light as Atlanta's self she sped over the hilly slopes, down the bowery lane, across the plank bridge which spanned the little brook, to the dreary old stone barn behind the cedar trees.

"How provoking!" she cried. "Not a basket here! Well, it's only a step across the sheep pasture to Mrs. Hawley's, and she'll lend me one, I'm sure. Mrs. Hawley is always ready to lend everything."

While Bab, up in the breezy tree-top, was forgetting her task in a sort of day dream, she over-heard these words:

"Just exactly here!" said a deep, and not unmelodious voice. "See that old stone stile? And the well-curb beyond? Well, that's where the line is projected."

Bab's heart began to flutter.

Would she not have known Rolf Woburn's accents, had it been in the Desert of Sahara?

"You—don't—tell—me so!" drawled an unctuous tone. "And the station—they'll have to put it pretty near here, of course?"

Woburn laughed lightly.

"They can't put it anywhere else," said he.

"Whew!" whistled the other man. "In that case, we must somehow manage to get hold of the old place—"

"A farm!" interrupted Woburn. "Seventy acres!"

"What is it valued at?"

"At pretty much nothing," chuckled Woburn. "It belongs to two women, and they've no idea what it is worth. Nobody has, and nobody will have, until the new railway is heard from. We can buy at our own terms, for a month or two at least—and I can buy cheaper than any one else."

"How's that, eh?" The oily voiced man was lighting a cigar. "Young women, are they? Oh, you sly dog! You're at you're old tricks, eh—making love to the girls? Is it one of them, or both—hey? And what will Miss Vatemar say?"

Woburn laughed a low, amused laugh.

"Miss Vatemar will never know," he said. "All this, old fellow, is in the way of business. The Lockwood girls are very pretty and agreeable, and if they choose to draw false inferences, I can't help it, can I? You don't need your measuring line, Hale. I can tell you the number of feet to a nicety. Just here, you see, and—"

The voices died away, under the slope of the hill.

Barbara Lockwood, nestling up among the boughs like some fair human birdling, drew a quick breath. Her eyes shone like stars; her cheeks blazed hot scarlet.

"If we choose to draw false inferences," she murmured, under her breath. "But I don't think we shall choose to do anything of the sort, Tib and I. So we are to be used to help on a speculation, are we? Perhaps there may be two opinions on that subject."

And to the last day of her life, Barbara Lockwood never knew quite how she drifted down from that tree among the red apples that covered the short grass below. She was there. That was all she could tell.

"I've brought the basket!" called Tib, from the stile beyond.

"Never mind the basket," said Barbara. "I've something else to think of just now."

And two conspirators in the days of the Guelphs and Ghibellines could not have held their heads closer together than did Bab and Tib on way back to the old farmhouse that day.

When Mr. Woburn sauntered in, on the edge of the evening, the sisters were packing red apples carefully into a row of barrels on the kitchen floor.

He smiled that soft, caressing smile of his, and proffered assistance at once.

"No," said Bab, in a business-like way; "we're just through now. Mr. Adams is to take them to town for us to-morrow. It will probably be the last money we shall ever make out of the Hopkins Farm."

"Really?"

Mr. Woburn lifted his brows.

"We have sold it," said Bab, "to old Doctor Russell for twenty thousand dollars. It seems that a new railway is to run right through the old sheep pasture"—she eyed him keenly as she spoke—"and they're thinking of locating the depot at the north end of the orchard. Doctor Russell is a good business man, and thinks he can make a fair financial arrangement out of it. And we are quite satisfied with the terms. Don't look so amazed, Mr. Woburn. You see you were mistaken when you believed that you could get this place for "pretty much nothing" because it belonged to two women who didn't know what it was worth."

"Eh?" gasped poor Woburn, in sore amazement.

"Yes," wickedly added Tib; "and now the best thing you can do is to go back to Miss Vatemar, whomever she may be, and tell her that the Lockwood girls are not in any danger of drawing false inferences from your agreeable attentions. A shallow knave, Mr. Woburn, is the silliest sort of a knave. Oh, no explanations, please! We wish you a very good evening!"

And so Rolf Woburn's great railway land speculation fell through, and Bab Lockwood escaped heartfree.

"And if we're not heiresses, after all," said cheerful Tib, "we're independent, and that's quite as good."

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Mrs. G.—Oh! well, I hope you'll drop in some day.

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