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Nov. 19th, 1888.

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VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1890. NO. 15.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

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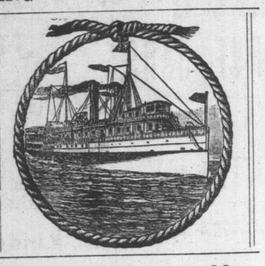

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Having been thoroughly repaired, will leave ANNAPOLIS (calling at DIGBY every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, directly after the arrival of the Express Train from Halifax. Returning: Leave BOSTON MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings.

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Commencing MONDAY, May 5th, one of the Palace Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN for BOSTON via EASTPORT and PORTLAND every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 7.25 Eastern Standard Time.

For further information apply to

F. Crosskill, Agent, W. & A. R., Bridgetown.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late GEO. E. DODGE, of Clarence, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render their accounts duly attested, within three months from date, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to

BENJ. K. DODGE, Administrator.

Belleisle, May 9th, 1890. 7 3m

Executor's Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against Isabel Hatley, late of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis, spinster, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same, duly attested, within three months from this date, and all persons indebted by note or otherwise are requested to make immediate payment to

J. G. H. PARKER, Sole Executor.

Bridgetown, April 11th, 1890. 2 3m

NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late ARTHUR RUMSEY, of Torbrook, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within six months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to.

SARAH EMMA RUMSEY,
FLETCHER WHEELOCK,
Administrators.

Torbrook, Nov. 12th, '89.

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late Henry S. Piper, Publisher, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

MINNA K. PIPER, Sole Administrator.

Bridgetown, Aug. 10th, 1889.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of JOSEPH FADER, late of Gates Mountain, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are hereby required to render the same, duly attested, within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to

H. J. ANDREWS, GEORGE A. FADER, } Executors

Gates Mountain, March 29th, 1890. 52tf

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SPRING ROLLER BLINDS ALSO ON HAND.

B. J. ELDERKIN, Central Book Store.

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THE S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO.

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will leave the Company's wharf, Reed's Pt. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday at 7.30, local time, for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS, connecting there with the W. C. and W. and A. railways, returning same day, due at St. John about 7 p.m.

HOWARD D. TROOP, Manager, St. John.

J. S. CARDER, Agent, Annapolis.

9 4m

Poetry.

Let It Pass.

Be not swift to take offence;
Let it pass!
Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass!
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cherry song,
Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away
Like the dewdrops on the way,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let them pass!
Let them pass!

If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass!
Oh! be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

—*Selected.*

Growing Old.

They call it "going down the hill" when
we are growing old,
And speak with mounted accents when our
tale is nearly told;
They sigh when talking of the past, the
days that used to be,
As if the future were not bright with immortality.

But it is not going down; 'tis climbing high
and higher,
Until we almost see the mountain that our
souls desire;
For if the natural eye grows dim, it is but
dim to earth;
While the eye of faith grows keener to discern the Saviour's worth.

Who would exchange for shooting blade,
the waving, golden grain;
Or when the corn is fully ripe, would wish
it green again?
And who could wish the hoary head, found
in the way of truth,
To be again encircled with the sunny locks
of youth?

For though, in truth, the outward man
must perish and decay,
The inward man shall be renewed by grace
from day to day;
Those who are planted by the Lord, unshaken in their root,
Shall in their old age flourish, and bring
forth their choicest fruit.

It is not years that makes men old; the
spirit may be young
Though fully threescore-years-and-ten the
wheels of life have run,
God has himself recorded in His Blessed
Word of Truth,
That they who wait upon the Lord, they
shall e'en renew their youth.

And when the eye, now dim, shall open to
behold the King,
And ears, now dull with age, shall hear the
harps of heaven ring,
And on the head, now hoary, shall be
placed the crown of gold,
Then shall be known the lasting joy of
never growing old.

Select Literature.

Peg's Pug.

The father was almost straight-nosed, and the baby was undecided, but all the rest of the family (with the exception of Peg), consisting of the mother and three elder daughters, were aquiline.

Peg, brown-haired, gray-eyed, cherry-mouthed Peg, was unmistakably pug. Her nose, I mean, of course. Somebody says that lovely eyes are as plentiful as blackberries, but a handsome nose is rarely met with. And somebody adds—which is also my own experience—that *when* met with it usually belongs to an intensely stupid person. It seems as though brains never did go hand in hand—no, that won't do—never above—that's better—a faultless nose.

Peg's pug was not the puggiest kind of a pug, but with the sauciest little tilt to it, enough that way to be unable to deny its relations. A third or fourth cousin, as it were, of the old original pug.

"Follow your nose," said her sister Aurelia to her one day, when the child was asking directions to some place whither she was bound on an errand.

"If I do," said Peg, with a mischievous twinkle in her pretty gray eyes, "you will get no answer to your note. I shall go straight to heaven."

Mrs. Thrush, Peg's mother—a tall woman, with fair, lustrous hair, rather prominent light blue eyes, rosy complexion, wide mouth, and gleaming white teeth, in all of which particulars her daughters Aurelia, Amanda, and Arabella, closely resembled her—had never ceased to bemoan and bewail the fact of Peg's Pug. "That nose," she was wont to say, looking in an aggrieved manner at her husband, "never bolonged to any of my family, Captain Thrush. Some of your ancestors must have owned it, and I think they might have much better kept it to themselves instead of bequeathing it upon an unfortunate child of mine." During which remarks, and others of like nature the old captain would retire a moment or two behind his newspaper or book, and then emerge with smiling face to bestow a caress upon the brown-haired little girl at his side.

Poor Peg (I needn't say poor Peg, however, for she had the happiest, sunniest disposition, and sweetest nature, and brightest face in all Laureltown), on account of her nose—I can see no other reason—became the Cinderella of the Thrush family. Not that she sat totally neglected among the ashes, like the Cinderella of the old fairy tale—for she was the darling of her father and baby sister—but she fulfilled the duties of waiting-maid and seamstress to her elder sisters, thankfully accepting their cast-off clothing in return for her services (the captain had but a small income for so large a family), and she took almost entire charge of the youngest, who had made her appearance in the most unexpected manner when Aurelia was twenty, and she assisted Lucy, the servant-maid, at odd moments, and also read to her father whenever she got a chance.

But Peg was happier than either of her high-nosed sisters, after all, with her father to bless her and the baby to kiss her; and though she sometimes looked at her small red hands with a sigh, and mentally compared them with the delicate white hands of the other Thrush girls, she never thought with anger of the hard work she did in order that those other hands might be delicate and white.

Well, things went on in this way—Peg's sisters reading, dressing, walking and playing the piano and croquet, amd Peg baking, sewing, dusting, and taking care of baby Effie and her father—until Peg was eighteen, and then arose a great commotion in the quiet country place in which the Thrushes then lived. There had always been a dearth, a great dearth of men in Laureltown. The fact is, all the boys born in that beautiful yet very secluded place rushed away as soon as they became old enough to seek their fortunes in neighboring cities, and with the exception of Tamisin Brook, who married Jeremiah Toothaker, the blacksmith, there had been no one married in Laureltown for the last eight years. No, there had not even been an engagement, let alone a wedding. Bella Thrush came very near one with Dr. Pellet, the homeopathic physican of the place, who, having a little money, had settled there in the hope of finding a practice—a tall, thin, grave, honest man of thirty or thereabouts, who, being passionately fond of music, a luxury extremely rare in Laureltown, had been caught by Bella's passable rendition of his favorite songs.

"How glad I am I told him I'd think it over!" said Bella—he had proposed the day before the news arrived—"for now I may be able to do much better."

"Why, you wouldn't jilt Dr. Pellet after trying so hard to get him, would you, Bella?" asked Peg, with wide-opened eyes.

"Jilt, indeed!" answered Miss Arabella, with sharpness. "Don't talk about things you don't understand."

But the welcome news! Three most eligible men, according to the Laureltown *Standard*, were coming to spend the summer among the hills and valleys of their native place—Captain Sparkman, son of Mrs. Sparkman, of the big house; Arthur Thorne, artist, brother of the two old maids of Honeysuckle Cottage, and David Onion, Esq., the wealthy bachelor merchant (woollen goods, I think) proprietor of the Lilac Villa. Of these gentlemen, Mr. Onion had been in Europe for three years, and before that had never spent but a week or two in Laureltown. Captain Sparkman had only made flying visits to his mother and sister the last ten years, and Arthur Thorne had lived in a Southern State ever since his nurse had carried him away from the old-fashioned cottage where his sisters still dwelt. Imagine the excitement when all three proposed returning together and staying three months.

The aquiline sisters for once disgraced their noses. They became flurried and restless, and I am afraid, on examining their somewhat scanty wardrobes, said some naughty, certainly undignified words. And Peg was immediately commanded to leave father, baby, parlor, and kitchen, and devote herself entirely to their service. Old silks were turned, new morning dresses made, half worn muslins altered, and retrimmed hats bought and decorated, and for a week the old captain never saw Peg unless he peeped in at the sitting-room door, where she sat smothered in dry-goods, and wee Effie cried by the hour, and would not be comforted, almost breaking the heart of the little seamstress; but until her tasks were completed Peg's task-mistresses never relaxed their vigilance a moment. But at last all that *could* be done *was* done; and then Bella, the least aquiline and youngest of the three, said with a slight twinge of conscience, "why Peg has nothing to wear."

"You may have my white Swiss, Peg," said Arabella, still answering her conscience. It's torn all across the back breadth; but you can darn so nicely, and I never could, and if I could I can't bear a darned dress, and you don't care."

"Thank you," said Peg, and went away to rescue Effie, who had been tied to the leg of the ironing-table by the old servant-woman to keep her out of mischief, and to seek her dear old father, who was wandering disconsolately up and down the garden. How the dimpled face and the wrinkled face both brightened when their curly-headed darling appeared, and what a hugging went on for at least ten minutes without intermission and for the next hour with short intermissions.

They came. The captain, the artist, merchant, and the festivities began. The first on the list being a croquet party given by Mrs. Sparkman in honor of her son a few days after his arrival. And the very first guests the old lady had the pleasure of greeting were the three elder Misses Thrush.

Peg had been invited, for although Mrs. Sparkman had only seen her when her sisters had sent her to borrow or return a book—the house boasted a voluminous library—she had taken a great fancy to the innocent young face, and had particularly requested that Peg should be present.

But Peg had nothing to wear but her sister Bella's cast-off white dress, and of course that wouldn't do for a croquet party. So Cinderella looked with wistful eyes, it cannot be denied—for what young girl delights not in music, ice-cream and merry company?—after the retreating forms of her sisters, arrayed in their dark grenadines, freshened with knots of blue and lavender ribbons, with their broad-brimmed, quaint-looking hats garnished with grasses, buttercups and daisies, shading their aristocratic noses; and then tying her old hat on her head by passing a faded crimson scarf—one of Aurelia's—over the crown and knotting it under chin, she took a basket on her arm and went into the back garden to pick blackberries for supper. Peg always had the berry-picking to do, for the white hands could not be stained ond thorn-torn, and old Lucy had as much as she could accomplish in the house. And as she picked the berries she sang loud and clear—Peg had a voice like a bird's full of sweet little trills and shakes—

"'I love you well, my bonnie maid, my bonnie maid,' said he.
'And I have come, this summer day, to ask if you will be
My own dear wife, my sweet, true wife.'
'Perhaps I will,' said she.'

And stopping suddenly to put a thorn-wounded finger in her mouth, became aware of a strange face looking down upon her from over the high fence—a face with dark brown hair, dark brown eyes, and whiskers of the same color.

"I beg pardon—hope I haven't frightened you," said a voice belonging to the face—but may I come in and get a drink from the old well I see yonder? I have been walking fast, and am exceedingly thirsty."

"Certainly," said Peg, with a painful consciousness of her extremely short calico dress and scoop bonnet; and the stranger came in, hat in hand.

"I will bring you a glass," said Peg, drooping toward the ground in a vain endeavor to lengthen the skirt and hide the pretty ankles.

"Oh, no, indeed; this is famous!" drinking from the bucket; and then, as he let it fall again, he added, looking about him with an air of recognition, "Captain Thrush's place, is it not?"

"Yes," answered Peg.

"Is he at home? How I'd like to see the dear old boy! Many a dime he's given me in days gone by. And I will see him, too; though my mother and sister must be calling me all sorts of hard names for they are at this moment giving a party in my honor. I went to the city last evening, and promised to be back to-day two hours ago; but I missed my train, missed the phaeton which was to have met me at the station, and missed the road."

"Then you are Captain Sparkman?" said Peg, who had forgotten the short dress and the scooped hat in the delight of hearing the handsome young fellow call her father "a dear old boy."

"The same at your service," said the captain. "And may I have the honor—"

"Oh, I'm only Peg—I mean Margaret Thrush."

"The little three-year-old I kissed good-by the day I left this place to start upon my wild career!" exclaimed the young man. "Is it possible? But pray, Miss Margaret, why are you not at my party?"

And now Peg was in a dilemma. She had never told a falsehood in her life, bless her innocent young heart! She looked at the captain, and she looked down on the ground, and in her confusion, began hurriedly eating the berries she had gathered, wishing from the bottom of her heart that Effie would cry—but she didn't. The young man watched her for a moment, and then intercepting the berry on the way to her mouth, repeated the question.

"I had no dress to wear," at last said Peg.

Captain Sparkman burst out laughing. Peg couldn't see why—it was no laughing matter to her; and his laugh awakened Peg's father, who was taking his afternoon nap in his big arm chair on the back porch, and the old gentleman came out in the garden to find there, to his great surprise and delight, the son of his old chum and brother officer, Colonel Sparkman. And instead of going straight home, as he should have done after shaking hands with his senior, the young man marched into the house, played with Effie, smoked with his host, and looked at Peg for another hour, and so arrived at the croquet party just as it was on the point of breaking up.

And when the Misses Thrush and their mother returned with clouded faces—the merchant didn't play croquet, and the artist flirted abominably with Jenny Starr and didn't care how he played, and as I said before, the captain only arrived in time for an introduction all around—and learned that their rude host had actually been, while all Laureltown was waiting to welcome him, wasting his time with "father, Effie and Peg," their indignation knew no bounds.

"What must he have thought of that pug?" said Amanda, with a sneer. And then the questions came thick and fast, and in answering them truthful Peg repeated the excuse she had offered for not going to the party.

Oh, what a rating the poor child got! Just think of it? Four highly aquiline women scolding at once.

"How can you expect the child to have any pride?" demanded Mrs. Thrush of her husband, who had'nt said a word on that subject or any other, but was patiently waiting for the storm to blow over and tea served. "I wish with all my heart your ancestor had been in his grave before he handed down that nose to a daughter of mine."

"You silly goose, will you never have any sense?" asked Bella of Peg.

"I've a good mind to shake you," threatened Aurelia.

"I will shake you!" said Amanda, who had the worst temper of the lot. And she did.

And Cinderella went sobbing to bed that night, wishing that Captain Sparkman had gone somewhere else for a drink of water, at the same time that that gentleman was sitting with his feet on the window-sill in the smoking-room gazing at the moon, and saying to himself, "What a dear, jolly little girl! Eyes and mouth lovely, and such a bewitching, saucy, little nose! 'No dress to wear?' Wish I could give her a dozen."

The next morning, at the breakfast table, you may be sure the three new-comers to Laureltown were well discussed.

"The captain is my favorite," said Aurelia. "I suppose father just dragged him in yesterday."

"Mr. Onion is mine," said Amanda.

"You're welcome to them both," proclaimed Bella. "Give me the handsome artist."

"Such hair, such a figure!" said Aurelia.

"Such violet-blue eyes, such a glorious mustache, and such lover of hands!" said Bella.

"And we must go for wild flowers"—going for wild flowers admitted of strolling in many directions in Laureltown—"this morning before the sun is high, the dining-room vases are empty," said all three together. "So, Peg, bring our walking shoes and hats, and be quick about it."

"And, Peg," added Amanda, "have lunch ready at one, and set the table with the best china. We may melt one of the gentleman, and bring him home with us."

"And make custards and sponge-cake, said Bella.

"And see that the bread and ham are cut very thin," commanded Aurelia.

And away they went, Peg looking after them again, but *this* time with no longing in her eyes, until they disappeared at the turn which led past Lilac House, when she flew to the kitchen, made the custard and the sponge-cake, and then donned her scoop hat, and a cunning white apron with a bib and pink pockets, and taking Effie by the hand, away *they* went for wild flowers—"The girls will never remember them," said Peg—but not in the same direction the aquilines had taken, oh, no, but along a shady lane that led to the foot of a hill where grew many fragrant, lovely blossoms at their own sweet wills.

Peg and the baby danced gayly on till the place of destination was reached and a world of floral wealth lay before them. Up the hill they toiled, and stopping midway to gather some tall, brilliant red flowers that grew in their path, the very first stem baby took hold and pulled at broke off with a jerk in her tiny hand, and away she rolled down the hill until she rolled into a pair of arms outstretched to receive her.

"Please, ma'am, here's your baby," said the owner of those arms, demurely raising a pair of violet-blue eyes to Peg's white face as he placed the child beside her.

"How can I thank you?" said Peg, in a trembling voice, "but for you Effie might have been killed."

"I know of no better way than coming down into the road at once"—twirling the long golden mustache—"and then my mind would be relieved about Effie. Although if you say so I'll stand at the bottom of the hill with pleasure until you are ready to descend, so as to be on hand to rescue her should she tumble again."

"I think I'll go down," said Peg, the color coming back to her cheeks.

He held out his hand to assist her. It was the most beautiful hand she had ever seen; long taper fingers, exquisitely shaped rosy nails, slender wrist, and yet, withal a certain something about it betokened strength, and redeemed it from the charge of femininity.

"I can take care of myself, thank you, Mr. Thorne," said Peg.

"Mr. Thorne," repeated he, "how did you know I was Mr. Thorne?"

"By your eyes, your mustache, and your hands," said frank young Peg.

Thorne smiled, and looked at her earnestly. "And you?"

"I'm Margaret Thrush, whose sisters you met at Mrs. Sparkman's yesterday."

"You do not look a bit like them."

"I do not," said Peg, with a sigh.

And they strolled along together, talking pleasantly, until Peg was half way home, and then he begged her—oh, sly Arthur Thorne!—to rest awhile, and let him take a sketch of the baby. "Please sit down on that bank, Miss Thrush, and hold her upon your lap," he suggested. "I think she will remain quieter that way."

And the sketch was made. Peg on the bank leaning against the trunk of an old tree, her bright face glowing with purity and mirth, surrounded by rough breeze-tossed brown curls, peeping archly from under the scoop; and little Effie, with curious eyes and sweet puzzled look, half reclining in her arms.

"Why, you have drawn me too!" said the girl, rising and looking over his shoulder. "Do I really look like that? Effie is very pretty, but I— Oh dear, it is a funny nose! Couldn't you straighten it just a little!"

"Not for worlds!" replied the artist, with emphasis.

"Shall you call it 'Wild Country Girls?" asked Peg, blushing, for something in his tone implied that he liked the "funny nose."

"No; I shall call it 'Wild flowers—Brown Daisies.' By Jove! pulling out his watch, "it's near lunch time. Let me see you and Effie home, Miss Margaret, and I'll bid you good afternoon." And he tied up his sketch-book, took the tired baby in his arms, and thus they arrived at Captain Thrush's door. And arrived there, it only needed a cordial invitation from Peg to induce Thorne to enter, to the intense astonishment of the three elder sisters, who were already seated at the lunch table, having apparently been unsuccessful in their search for wild flowers and other things, as the vases were still empty and the guests chairs unoccupied.

However, with great self-possession they managed to conceal their surprise, and greeted the visitor in the warmest manner; and he, with the boyish absence of formality that characterizes his kind, was perfectly at home in five minutes and discussed politics (of which, be it said in passing, he knew absolutely nothing) with the father, adroitly flattered the mother and her favorite daughter, told stories of impossible animals to the baby, and ate Peg's custards and sponge-cake like a school-boy. In short he made himself so agreeable that the unanimous verdict after his departure was "charming," and Bella declared herself wildly in love with him. But they opened on Peg all the same.

"Where did she meet Mr. Thorne? Why did she let Effie roll down the hill? Did she do it on purpose to attract his attention? Did she wish to utterly disgrace them? Wasn't it enough that she had exposed their poverty to Captain Sparkman? What possessed her to enter into conversation with an utter stranger?"

"He spoke to me first," said Peg, "and I had to thank him for saving baby's life, and I didn't feel as if he were an utter stranger, for I knew he was Miss Thorne's brother by his eyes and his hands and his mustache."

"You told him so, I suppose?" Amanda said, sarcastically, never dreaming the child had really done so.

"Yes," said honest Peg.

"You *did?*" cried her tormenters, in a screaming chorus.

"That's what comes of your pugs!" exclaimed Mrs. Thrush, fanning herself excitedly. "And so you coaxed him in to lunch?"

"No, mamma; he came without coaxing. Was it wrong to ask him? I thought that you," turning to her sisters, "went out on purpose to meet some of them, and to bring them home with you if you could."

"Oh, hear her! hear her! Mother, you had better lock her up," cried Amanda.

"That is the only way to prevent her acting like an idiot and boiden, and bringing us all to grief."

Peg fled to her room. "I wonder if he thinks me an idiot and a boiden?" she said, with burning cheeks.

What he *did* think was, "She's worth all three of her sisters. Its a great relief to turn to her dear pretty pug-nosed face after so much aquiline;" and he took out the sketch, and smiled at it, and—artists are very enthusiastic, you know—and he actually kissed the face looking out of the scoop hat full of child-like happiness.

Poor Peg was kept a prisoner in her own room for three long days; but at the end of that time, partly because the old captain, summoning courage, peremptorily demanded the release of his darling, partly because they were enjoying themselves so much they could afford to be generous, and mostly because they could not do without her nimble feet and fingers, the aquiline party magnanimously forgave her, and Peg was free once more.

And with another twinge of conscience Bella actually proposed one day, after Peg had spent the whole day ironing their flounced and ruffled finery, that she should accompany her sisters to the musical party to be given at the old bachelor's that evening.

"She can wear the white dress I gave her, and, Relia, you can let her have your pink sash to drape over the darn, and you Amanda, can lend her your jet necklace and bracelets."

"Well," said Aurelia, with the air of one granting a very great favor, "if she'll promise to remain in a corner all the evening, and if any one *should* speak to her, make none of her absurd remarks, I've no objection."

"Nor I, and, with a few flowers in her hair, and my gray gloves—they're too large for me—she'll do—in a corner;" chimed in the amiable Amanda.

So Peg put new rosettes on the tips of her slippers where they had begun to wear, and worked over the faded embroidery on a pair of silk stockings Aurelia had loaned her, and looped up her white overskirt here and there with sprays of honeysuckle vine, and was as happy as her three sisters with their fine organdies, to purchase which their father had to go without a new coat and hat that summer, if not happier.

And when she came shyly after them into the music-room of Lilac House, she looked indeed "a sweet wild flower," "a sunny-faced, brown daisy."

And so thought David Onion, Esq.; and while he saluted the others with a courtly bow, he held out his hand to the little stranger, and led her to a seat near the piano.

"Why have we never met before, Miss Margaret?" he said, as soon as she was seated. "Did it need a musical temptation to lure you from your seclusion? For that you love music your face plainly tells me."

"Indeed I do," said Peg, and Mrs. Thorne appearing, the host left her to welcome other guests, but not to stay away long; oh no, but to come back at short intervals to chat pleasantly with and gaze admirably upon dear happy little Peg the whole evening through.

And the captain sought her out. Bella heard him saying to the old bachelor just before he did so, "and sir, she looked up into my face like a child, and said, "I have no dress to wear." And, by heaven, I'll stake my captaincy that that girl says her prayers every night.

And Peg did not remain in a corner, as her sisters had intended she should. Quite the contrary, I assure you. And, what's of much more consequence, the three eligibles were devoted to her.

And a few weeks after that musical party there were three proposals in one house in one day in Laureltown. Such a thing had never been heard of before, and probably never will be heard of again. And they all to Peg, the disgrace of the family, the "idiot and hoiden," the pug-nose! And as she couldn't accept them all, she said, "I'm very *very* sorry" to Mr. Onion and Captain Sparkman, and held up her sweet mouth for a kiss to Arthur Thorne, the artist.

"Well, after this nothing will ever astonish us," cried the aquilines, and the old father went about exultingly, and baby Effie sang joyfully over and over again, "I's doin' wiff my Peg, my Peg, my Peg!"

And Peg was married in September, and went away with her husband to the great metropolis, where she became the pet and delight of all the good fellows who throng the studio buildings. But every summer she returns to Laureltown to pay a long visit to her sisters-in-law, who, improbable as it may seem, love her better than any one in the world, excepting, of course, their brother.

Effie is with her all the time, and the dear old captain more than half, and the aquilines are not at all averse to being the guest of the wife of the already well-known young painter.

Bella married Dr. Pellet, never knowing—which is well for *his* peace of mind—that when she was angling, in hopes of finding a larger fish, he came very near to proposing to Peg himself. But Aurelia and Amanda still remain single, and are regarded with awe, I may say fear, by Peg's baby daughter, who has her father's violet eyes and Peg's pug.

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