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MURDOCHS' NEPHEWS,
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AGNES OF GLASGOW.

The people of South Carolina treasure their legends, and many of them are very beautiful.

There are love stories and tales of war and shipwreck, of friendship of the Damon and Pythias sort, and of vendetta, of good masters and faithful slaves and of cruel owners and treacherous servants.

Each family has its own stock and store of narratives with which to entertain the stranger within their gates; but the one most commonly known in the town of Camden—the general property of the place, in fact, is that of Agnes of Glasgow.

The story runs thus:—

In the year 1620 there came to Camden a young English officer who was handsome, interesting and very melancholy. To those with whom he became intimate he confided the fact that he had left his heart behind him in Scotland, and that the lady he loved, and who loved him also, was of such high degree that he had no hope of ever gaining her father's consent to their marriage. Still he received news of her, now and then—even an occasional letter; and this kept hope alive within his bosom.

One day, however, a packet was brought to him which seemed to change his sadness to despair. He destroyed the contents, but gave one who was his friend an intimation that he had received news of his lady's betrothal to another—that by this time she was probably married, and that life was to him no longer of any value.

The next morning he was found dead in his bed, having shot himself through the head.

The news sent a thrill of sorrow throughout Camden Town, and many assembled to attend the young officer's funeral.

They dug his grave beneath a great willow outside the churchyard, for a suicide might not lie in consecrated ground; but prayers were said over him, and women's tears fell fast as they looked their last upon the handsome face of one who had died for love.

Now, not far from the spot where the willow grew, ran the blue and beautiful Wateree, and even while they lingered at the grave they heard the splash of paddles near at hand, and saw a large canoe in which were several Indians and a very fair young white woman, with a skin of snow, and hair that glimmered beneath the hood of her plaid travelling-cloak like molten gold.

She stepped from the canoe, gave money to the Indians and addressed those who had gathered about the bank of the river to see her land.

"If this be Camden Town," she said, "tell me, I pray you, where I shall find one of the name Atherton, a captain in his Majesty's service. I know he abideth here."

The name was that of the young officer they had just lowered into his grave. And they looked at her gravely. No one dared to speak.

"Take me to him," she said, turning to an old woman who stood near, "or tell him that his Agnes is here. Tell him that thou liest who said I was wed to another—I, his betrothed wife. I have braved the ocean; I have journeyed through this strange land alone with these savages; I have brought upon my head a father's curse; but I am here. I have come to him. Why do you all look at me thus? What means it?"

The old woman, unable to utter a word, lifted her trembling hand and pointed to the new-dug grave. The other woman understood, and rushed toward it.

"Put back the coffin lid," she cried, "and let me see his face!"

And thus it was that she looked for the last time upon the face of the lover for whom she had sacrificed all else on earth.

The Indians, who had looked with the stolidity of their race upon the scene, now approached.

"Will the white squaw return to her people—to the great ship from whence we brought her?" their leader asked.

The lady shook her head.

"I will remain with my dead," she said, "I have no home and no people now."

And she sat down beside the grave until the sun went down and the moon arose, and then some kindly hand led her to shelter. But at the next day's dawn there came a pallor on the girl's face like that of death, and all the lovely golden hair was flecked with white.

It was grief too terrible for tears that she endured—a grief like that which had filled her lover's heart when he had died by his own hand. The story had been told to her, but she understood it before anyone had spoken.

"He could not live without me," she said, "and they had told him I was the wife of another."

When the first excess of grief was over, the strangers about her found that she had not come amongst them penniless. She had with her ample means, and she soon aroused herself to do what good she could. She nursed the sick and gave aid to the poor, taught the children, and did many things such as great ladies were expected to do in those days when most poor folk were ignorant. The best people of the place honored her, and, no doubt, were anxious to know her name and lineage, but she would give them no other title by which to call her but Agnes of Glasgow.

Under this name she lived, going to and fro in her deep mourning, until she fell into a decline, and was buried under the willow beside the grave of her soldier lover.

Tears were shed that day, but all knew that Agnes of Glasgow was happier in her death than she ever could have been in life.

And again, as they stood about the sepulchre of these devoted lovers, they heard the splash of paddles along the Wateree. Again the long canoe came in sight, this time paddled by two Indians only, and in it sat a grey-