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 writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 9. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1881. NO. 14.

Job Work.

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province, and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description for first-class work. We make a specialty 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 Inser tion $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 al eration

THE BEST REMEDY

FOR

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy, and no other so eminently merits the confidence of the public. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary **Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh,** the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept on hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In **Whooping-cough** and **Consumption** there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

Low prices are inducements to try some of the many mixtures, or syrups, made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to deceive and disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs demand active and effective treatment; and it is dangerous experimenting with unknown and cheap medicines, from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is a standard medical preparation, of known and acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as its careful preparation and fine ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, prescribe it in their practice. The test of half a century has proven its absolute certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

HELLO!

AGENTS can make more money selling our new

TELEPHONES!

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

Address,

U. S. TELEPHONE CO.,
123 S. Clarke St., Chicago, Ill.

Subscribe for The Monitor

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

ONLY $1.50 PER YEAR.

Ready - Made CLOTHING!

BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

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

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of

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

All a

Splendid Assortment
of

FALL SUITS

Pants and Vests. Also,

1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes.
Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very
LOW FOR CASH,

BEALES & DODGE.

Middleton. Nov .. '78

MONCTON Refined Sugars.

ALL orders for the above received on or before the

LAST DAY OF MAY,

will be filled and delivered the

FIRST WEEK IN JUNE,
—BY—

W. B. TROOP.

Granville, May 23rd, 1881.

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

$2 Watches. Stem Winders $2.50. White Metal Hunting Case $5. Imitation gold $6. Solid gold $12. Cheapest and best for use or special gift purposes. Valuable Catalogue free. Thompson & Co. 152 Nassau, N.Y.

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.

A Great Cause of Human Misery

In the Loss of

MANHOOD

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

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

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

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

Address,

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

THE LOCAL MEAT MARKET.

[Limited.]

Registered Under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1879.

English, American, Canadian and Australian

MEATS

—AND—

Provision Depots.

CAPITAL - - - $100,000.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Books, - - Stationery.

Buckley & Allen,

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

BUCKLEY & ALLEN,
124 Granville St., Halifax.

GREAT BARGAIN!

THE Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT or private Contract,

His Beautiful Residence at LOWER MIDDLETON.

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

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

Terms for both places easy.

EDWARD H. PHINNEY.

Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

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

THREE TRIPS A WEEK.

Steamer "EMPRESS."

Between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

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

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

Baggage Checked Through. Low Rates Freight.

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

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

E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

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

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

Spring Goods arriving;
Prices very low;
Everything thriving
—AT—
Murdoch & Co's.

2 TONS WHITE LEAD, best quality in the market.

5 BARRELS RAW AND BOILED OIL, VARNISHES, DRYERS, BRUSHES, &c., &c.

To Grangers and Farmers.

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

GARDEN and FIELD SEEDS in abundance

1200 Rolls Room Paper at cost.

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

Full stock of Groceries and Hardware.

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

MURDOCH & CO.

Bridgetown, April 1st, 1881.

Rubber Bucket PUMPS

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

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

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO.
LAWRENCETOWN, A. C.

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

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

THEY CURE

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

$1000 IN GOLD.

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

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

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

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

BRIDGETOWN Drug Store!

THE subscriber has removed the Bridgetown DRUG STORE to

QUEEN STREET,

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

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

J. DENNISON.

a8 3m

Poetry.

Thomas Carlyle and George Elliott.

Two souls diverse out of our human sight
Pass, followed one with love and each with wonder;
The stormy sophist with his mouth of thunder,
Clothed with loud words and manifed with the might
Of darkness and magnificence of night;
And one whose eye could smite the night in sunder,
Searching if light or no light were thereunder.
And found in love of loving kindness light,
Duty divine and Thought with eyes of fire
Still following Righteousness with deep desire
Shone sole and stern before her and above,
Sure stars and sole to steer by; but more sweet
Shone lower the loveliest lamp for earthly feet,
The light of little children and their love.

—Algernon Charles Swineburn.

Select Literature.

The Stork's Benison.

At 11 o'clock one summer night the little village of Schondorf was in the wildest commotion; a fire—that horror so blessedly rare in the tile-roofed, stone-walled dwellings of Germany—had broken out at the outskirts of the village, and the church bell was splitting its brazen throat, and jarring the old belfry from top to bottom, in its frantic appeals for help.

'Frau Siebel's barn is burning; her house must go too, and our whole village is threatened!' was the cry that went out from mouth to mouth, and the toil worn people, though needing their rest sorely for the work of the following day, turned out one and all to aid in staying the destruction.

Foremost among the workers, Paul Jager, a stalwart young man of dark, gipsy-like features, and a figure which towered above all the other rustic lads about him, was flinging, with a giant's strength, great buckets of water upon the flames, as fast as the others could fill them at the village pump, and reach them up to him where he had climbed on the roof of an adjoining house. It was a slow, hopeless way of quelling a fierce fire, but the simple peasants had no other means at their command.

'Paul, Paul! for heaven's sake try to save Nina!' cried Frau Siebel's agonized voice, below him. 'She——' but Nina's mother could say no more for the stormy flood of tears that overwhelmed her.

'She has rushed again into the burning barn to try to save Roseli, her beloved cow,' the bystanders said, excitedly. 'But is of no use; the poor beast has already suffocated in the smoke, and the girl only exposes her life in vain.'

The last bucket of water was unheeded, for the young Hercules had sprung down to the ground, and flew like an arrow, apparently into the heart of the fire.

'Saints above us! but they will both perish, miserably, and all for the sake of a trumpery cow!' the people cried, too frightened to notice that the flames, fed by the dry hay and straw, were fast taking the cottage in their embrace.

'Nina, Nina—where are you?' a hoarse voice cried in the burning building, while a dark figure was seen for an instant against the brilliant background of fire.

Only the crackling of the flames broke the death-like silence of suspense, until, as young Jager reappeared bearing the object of his quest in his arms, a great shout of joy arose.

'She is unhurt, only terribly frightened,' he called, in answer to their eager inquiries; but now we must work with all our energies; do you not see how the fire has gained on us?'

Paul's hands were bruised and bleeding, and his face cruelly burned, but in his struggle to save Nina's home he bore the heat and danger unflinchingly, and was unconscious of his wounds—for Nina was his betrothed bride, and he loved her better than his life.

But it was already too late. Paul's best efforts, united with the willing labor of his friends, availed nothing, for the cottage with all its contents was doomed to destruction.

'But you must let me save the chest up stairs!' Nina cried, trying to shake off the restraining hands that held her.

'The poor child is crazy over the loss of her wedding clothes,' the woman said, sympathetically; and with her blue eyes widely dilated, her long fair hair scattered over her shoulders and sullied with smoke, and her white dress torn and disordered, she looked not unlike some hapeless Ophelia.

The sturdy peasants saved the town from the destructions that threatened it, but the hero of the fire fight, Paul, left the smouldering subdued fire with only a bitter disappointment in his heart, that he had not been able to save for his beloved one her home and its treasures.

* * * * *

A melancholy heap of ashes, blackened beams and a fragment of stone wall was all that Nina Siebel found of her childhood's home when, in the early morning, she came to see the ruins.

She fell on her knees in despair at the sight, for in that brief, dreadful hour last night all her prospects of a happy future had been swept away. Her marriage with Paul was to have taken place three weeks from that day; their combined frugality—Paul at his rope-making, and Nina with the sale of milk and eggs—had saved money enough to begin live together.

A few days before Paul had proudly given into Nina's hands a pocketbook full of paper notes and silver thalers, enough to buy a little cottage and patch of ground for their own, outside of the village.

Nina was to guard this money with her own store, in a strong oaken box at her bedside, until the next market day; but, alas! box, money, her wedding clothes, furniture—all had been consumed.

At the alarm of fire in the barn, her first thought had been for poor Roseli, not imagining that their house was in danger.

The paltry insurance on Frau Siebel's cottage would save her and her daughter from starvation, but everything else was gone, not even the small resource of the chickens remained to them, and the loss of poor Roseli was incalculable. It was, indeed, a heart-breaking prospect for the two young people whose future seemed so bright only the day before.

'Cheer up, my girl, times must brighten,' said Paul, who, haggard and worn, with his head bound up from wounds of the night before, had stolen to the side of the kneeling girl. 'We will work hard and win back what we have lost.'

But they both realized fully what a weary labor of years it must be before they could, by their own efforts, save even the half of what had been wasted away in the night—a waiting that would wear out their youth, and perhaps their love for each other, and there was no one to help them.

'Oh, Paul, Paul, this is very hard to bear!' and again Nina crouched down in the black ashes, and wept as though her heart would break.

Time brought no change for the better to Nina and her lover. Paul worked early and late, but he could earn little more than his own support.

Nina had once served in a hotel in one of the adjacent towns, much frequented by foreigners, where she had learned English fairly well. She thought of trying for another such situation, but her mother, growing old and ailing, needed her at home.

At last Paul disclosed a plan which for weeks had been shaping itself in his brain; he would join a party of emigrants to Australia, and there try to win the means of subsistence for himself and Nina that his fatherland denied him.

The separation would be long and very hard to bear, but no other chance for their eventful happiness offered itself. Gradually Nina ceased her tearful protestations to this plan, and tried to reconcile herself to the idea that it was far the best; that in a few months, perhaps weeks, her lover would sail away over the seas without her. Alone, she gave full vent to her tears, and Paul was very sore at heart.

* * * * *

As the weather grew warmer a stranger came to Schondort in search of quiet and a purer air than the city afforded. He was a man past the prime of life, stooped in the shoulders, and with a tired look in his eyes that bespoke his days—and nights, too—spent over books. He spoke brokenly the tongue of those about him, but his wants were few and easily satisfied.

The little town pleased him, with its narrow, irregular houses with pointed roofs and quaint little gable windows and balconies clinging on in all sorts of unexpected places. These dwellings were made still more picturesque by the lavish bloom of gay geraniums in the windows, and an occasional stork's nest perched confidingly up among the chimney-pots.

In one of these houses patronized by the storks the stranger engaged a room, for he had a superstitious belief in the blessing which these classic birds bring to those underneath the roof on which they build.

'Frau Josef has a lodger,' Nina said to her mother as, from their attic room across the way, she watched the preparations being made for the stranger's accommodations.

Nina thought, with bitter regret, that they, too, had had tenants for the attractive rooms in their house which was now no more.

She watched the tired looking gentleman going to and fro in the streets, and, meeting often in the country roads, they soon began a nodding acquaintance, and finally would overtake and chat with each other.

One day, in the little churchyard, while Nina was hanging wreaths over her father's grave—it was his never-forgotton birthday—the stranger joined her, and, in a burst of confidence, she told him all her history—of her once so happy future, and of the blight that had so lately come to all her hopes. The gentleman seemed touched and very sympathetic at her recital, and they parted, each feeling a far deeper interest in the other than before.

The stranger, on leaving the quiet cemetery, took the path leading to the river, but after a time changed his course and chose a contrary direction, which finally brought him on a grass-grown way appearing but little trodden. Tracing its windings at some length up a gradual ascent, he came at last upon a curious old tower, surrounded partly by a ruined wall, at the top of the hill.

At his approach an old man with bent shoulders and long, scant hair, as white as snow, came forward to greet the newcomer. He was so very old, and seemed so perfectly in keeping with the solitude about him, that the stranger was not surprised when he told him that a little room at the foot of the stairs leading up the tower was his home, and that for years he had known no other dwelling.

The people below in the village called him Morcar, the hermit, and that name served for him as well as any other. He seldom saw a human face, but when a chance traveller made his way up the mountain side he was very welcome.

He had already greeted some of his fellow-beings that morning, for there was a party of foresters, marking trees for felling further back in the woods.

'What is the history of your old tower, and when was it built?' the stranger asked, examining with interest its rough exterior, hung in ivy and hardy, clinging plants.

'Some learned gentlemen who make antiquities like these their life-study told me the tower belonged to a long-forgotten age and race; that it dated from a time nine centuries before Christ; but further than knowing that it was built by some heathen horde who wandered over the country at that remote time, no man knew its architect. 'You will of course ascend the tower,' the hermit continued. 'The view from the top is very fine, and the steps are fairly well preserved.'

The stranger assented, and the old man led him through the bare little cell where he slept to the foot of the narrow stone staircase.

'You will excuse my not accompanying you,' he said. 'My old bones fail me on those steep steps. I will go, instead, for water from the spring below in the woods, and for safety, will lock my door, for those rough fellows who are notching the trees would not hesitate to come in and make merry over my poor store of provisions.'

The stranger scarcely heeded the hermit's last words, for the old stone-pile afforded him keen interest, and he sprang up the dark, winding stairway, with its eighty steps, feeling the lightness of renewed youth in every movement.

At intervals narrow windows pierced the wall, admitting a ray of light, and showing the great thickness of the masonry. In the wall surrounding the top were higher windows, sheltered on three sides, where warriors had stood to watch for and shoot arrows down on encroaching enemies; one of these safe nooks being still sheltered by a roof terminating in a curious blunted point, brown and irregular, as if the instinct of a beast rather than the hands of a man had fashioned it.

The new-comer, fascinated by the view, and carried away into the dim past by the suggestions which the old tower called forth, forgot himself and time completely, until looking at his watch he found he had spent more than an hour among the ghosts of a heathen age which his imagination had gathered round him.

He descended the steps and found himself again in the hermit's dreary little room; but it was empty, and the door was still locked on the outside.

The stranger felt no uneasiness, for the old man must soon return with his daily supply of water, but fell to examining the fragments of furniture which the tiny, illlighted room contained.

The bed was only a heap of straw covered with a ragged gray blanket, on a wooden frame; a roughly-made chest, on which a stone jug and loaf of bread were set, served duty also as chair and table. A crucifix hung on the uneven wall, and a few utensils of the commonest kind, some firewood and a few potatoes were heaped together on the stone floor in a dark corner.

Surely the man who existed in this dreary place without going mad must have in his past life unfailing food for meditation!

Another hour passed, and still the door was unlocked. The wayfare began to feel some impatience, mixed with a shade of uneasiness. Could the old hermit be playing him false? But no; the idea was nonsense. What motive could the recluse have for keeping an ordinary traveler prisoner in his cell?

Night began to gather slowly, and the silence of the place continued, gravelike as ever. Weary with waiting the traveler began to shake the door with all his might, and shriek for some one to come to his release, but his efforts were utterly without avail. The door was of heavy oak, clamped with iron, unyielding as the solid wall itself, and only the birds and foxes heard and wondered at his cries.

Thick darkness came on, and still no sound of approaching footsteps. Either Morcar, the hermit, was plotting against him for evil, or a dire accident had befallen him. In any case the stranger began to realize that he must spend the night a prisoner in the tower.

Fortunately he had matches in his pocket—a good, generous boxfull—and with the aid of these he discovered a rushlight in one corner, which relieved a little the gloom in which he was plunged. Hunger and thirst now began to assert themselves, but these wants were unsatisfactorily stilled by the brown bread and water from the stone jar on the chest.

The hours dragged wearily by, and at last he threw himself upon the wretched bed to sleep, if possible, till release came in the morning. At daybreak he again mounted the outlook at the top to watch for some deliverer to come, but though he waited hours not a creature appeared. The foresters had gone home before sunset the previous day, and there was no hope from them.

The second day dragged itself away slowly.

'Heavens above! Am I to be kept a prisoner here till I starve?' he cried, the great solitude oppressing him like a black cloud.

Again he shouted from the top of the tower till he was hoarse, but no soul heard, and he beat the heavy door till his hands were bruised and bleeding.

Then, calmed by fatigue, he examined a little more carefully his painful situation. Sliding down the outer wall by means of the clinging ivy, was certain death, as the tower was very high, and the vines but fragile things. The windows everywhere were only slits large enough for him to thrust an arm through, but no more, and there was no heavy implement in the little room with which he could break through that cruel door.

He must only wait till some one heard his cries for help, or else die alone in that ghostly heathen tower-relic of a past age, that would willingly crush out the life of any mortal from the present garish world who invaded its silence.

The prisoner was growing superstitious and fanciful in his prolonged confinement, and a presentiment possessed him that old Morcar the hermit would never return to the tower again, and no one else knew of his captivity.

In the room below there was food enough of the simplest kind to support life perhaps for a week, or ten days at most, and an earthen pot on the top of the tower caught enough rain, falling abundantly in the night, to ward off the agony of thirst.

Four days passed, seeming to the prisoner four weary years, and no human footsteps had come near his cell. He had noted the days as they dragged along by signs cut in the stone with a sharp nail; otherwise he would not have been able to reckon the flight of time, as the monotony was so stupefying.

From one part of the tower he could look down on a smooth white road lying far below, and one day he saw a man pass with a loaded wagon. He had shouted to him with all the energy of despair, but the wagoner had not heard, and he passed slowly out of sight, leaving the prisoner a thousand times more miserable than before, in the disappointment of this momentary hour.

Then the lonely occupant of the tower had tried the experiment of binding scraps of paper with written appeals for help, round fragments of stone, and flinging them down upon the distant road; but he felt that these would be of little avail, for he could not write the language of the country, and his tongue would scarcely find interpreters in that lonely corner of the earth.

A week had passed, and the prisoner having finished his scanty allowance of bread and a few sodden potates, had mounted the tower to begin his weary fruitless watch for the help that never came. Suddenly a sound like the music of angels broke on his ear; it was a woman's voice calling his name!

Leaning over he saw Nina Siebel, the girl who had told him her story in the churchyard, looking anxiously up for some sign of his presence. Tears of thankfulness filled his eyes and shut out for a moment this blessed apparition.

'Are you alive and well?' she called, excitedly. 'I found your writing below in the road, and made my way up here as quickly as possible. I thought at first it might be a hoax, and hesitated, but I am so thankful that I came. Be patient but a little longer, and I will go for some one to unfasten the door. Thank God, I arrived before you died of starvation!'

The girl disappeared, and as soon as possible returned again with two men who would pry open the door, and she carried carefully a basket containing meat and water which, with womenly forethought, she had hastily collected.

A ghost of his former self, and trembling in every limb, Frau Josef's lodger once more felt the earth beneath his feet; the men, roughly sympathetic, half-carried him down the hill, listening with great interest to his recital of what had befallen him.

'Morcar, the hermit, meant no ill, sir. He was found dead at the bottom of those rocks a week ago—rest his soul!' one of the men said, reverently. 'His water-jug, shivered in pieces, lay near him. They supposed he slipped and fell from the wet road above, and was instantly killed. The poor fellow's life was not such as one regrets giving up. Let us hope he is happier now, though his death came near resulting in yours.'

His little room under the stork's nest seemed to the prisoner of the tower a glimpse of paradise, and, like a tired child, he fell into a refreshing, dreamless sleep which was unbroken for hours.

On awaking, the perplexing question arose in his mind of how he could fittingly reward this girl who had saved his life, and who was so in need of help. He, alas! was poor, and utterly unable to give a substantial proof of his gratitude; but that the girl should go unrecompensed, in her present straits, seemed very cruel.

The next day Nina came to enquire for her protege; the poor girl tried hard to be cheerful, but her heart was very heavy. In another week Paul was to sail for Australia, and a separation of years, if not forever would begin between them.

Paul had a very advantageous offer of partnership in a mill near Schondorf, which, if he accepted, would remove the necessity of emigration; but, as he could not collect or give surety for the money necessary for admission, the offer of the situation was passed on to a man with ready funds.

Nina choked back her tears when she had told this circumstance, and said, hurriedly:

'But I am forgetting the chief reason of my visit.' She drew a package of newspapers from her basket, and continued: 'While the whole village was in alarm over your absence, sir, we made up our minds to the sad fact that you had been drowned in the Rhine, and English gentleman came to Schondrof inquiring for you. We could only tell him of your sudden disappearance, and of our fears for your safety. He remained here one day, in hope of finding trace of you, and then was obliged to leave on business.

'Soon afterward another tourist passed through the village, and left these newspapers at the Hotel zur Post. Being in English, I asked for them, for practice in that language, and to my surprise I found in all of them paragraphs to this effect, which, I think, must refer to you.'

The stranger looked over her shoulder and read:

'The celebrated Stephen Conard, professor of ancient languages, of B——Wiltshire, who had been for a few weeks residing in a little village near Heidelberg, has mysteriously disappeared. As time reveals nothing of his whereabouts, it is feared that beyond a doubt he has been drowned in the Rhine, as he was seen walking on its banks. A reward of fifty pounds is offered for the recovery of his body.

'Yes, child, you are right, I am that missing man,' the traveller said, smiling at the strange sensation of reading the notice of his own death.

'And will you not write to the editer of this paper and say that you are alive and well? It will be such a relief to your friends.'

'I will send them notice without delay,' he answered, 'and will add a petition to my letter, too,' in the undertone. 'Listen Nina,' Professor Conard called, as the girl left the room, 'ask that Paul may have three days longer to consider the acceptance of partnership in the mill.'

Stephen Conard wrote at length an account of his captivity and release to those in England interested in his welfare, and closed with an eloquent appeal that the reward offered for his body might not be withheld because he was still in existence. The girl who had rescued him was a most worthy object, for benevolence, and was especially in help now; he sincerely hoped that his pleading in her behalf might not be in vain.

The return post brought an answer to the effect that, in their joy over the professor's safety, his friends and pupils doubled the offered reward, and that the sum of one hundred pounds awaited the pleasure of Nina Siebel, for whose services they would be eternally grateful.

* * * * * * *

Paul took the much-wished-for position in the mill, and gave up very willingly his voyage to Australia, but he declared that he had Nina's money only in trust, and would pay every farthing back to her. Nina, radiant with joy and thankfulness over her sudden good fortune, fell on Professor Conrad's neck, and in every endearing term she could think of expressed her gratitude.

'Don't thank me, child; it was my faith in the storks, and their influence which brought you this good. Take care that, in the cottage which you and Paul shall choose, these kindly birds shall shelter you with their blessing—a clear conscience and a stork's nest on your roof will insure you both happiness.'

— Dr. Lyon Playfair foreshadows a time when cheese factories will be relics of antiquity. He says that, whereas in milk there is only 4 per cent. of the cheese principle, in peas and beans there is 20 per cent. In China, cheese is already made from peas. To European taste this cheese is insipid from the absence of butter fat. The fat of butter Dr. Playfair declares is chemically identical with the fat of the product known as oleomargarine, and the union of this fat with the pea cheese would, he says, form a palatable and very economical cheese. If Dr. Playfair's anticipations come to pass, it will be necessary for all Legislatures to pass laws similar to those lately passed in New York requiring bogus butter and cheese to be labelled as "imitations" of the products which they purport to be. Good butter and good cheese will always command a good price, let the chemists produce whatever they may. It is only poor qualities of butter and cheese that are in danger of displacement by imitations.

— Details of the massacre and outragas perpetrated on Jews in Russia are published by English journals. Here is an account of a heartrending sight at Kieff:—"Packed together like ants in an anthill were more than eighteen hundred Jews, with their wives and children, clad in rags, barefooted, ghastly pale and terror-stricken. There was hunger and cold, weeping and gnashing of teeth.—A heart of stone would have been melted. Many of these wretched beings told me their tales of woe. One man said, "I had twenty thousand roubles and a small farm: now I have nothing but the rags on my back. Another said, "My two brothers were killed in the wood last night and I know not what has befallen my son!' It was to such sufferers as these, appealing passionately to him for protection against the miscreants thirsting for their blood, that the Governor of Kieff scornfully replied, "And what does it matter to me, pray, if such as you are killed? After all, it will only be a few scoundrelly Jews the less."

Eight Times Their Weight in Gold.

The cut-flower business, another phase of horticulture, is perhaps greater in the United States than in any other part of the world. Certainly the use of cut flowers in New York, for bouquets, baskets, and other designs, is far greater than in either London or Paris, and the taste shown in their arrangement is vastly superior. It is estimated that $3,000,000 were paid for cut flowers in New York in 1883, one-third of which was for rose buds. Immense glass structures are erected in the suburbs for the special purpose of growing cut flowers to supply the bouquet-makers of the city. Not less than 20 acres of glass surface is devoted to the purpose of forcing roses alone, during the winter months. At some seasons the prices paid for these forced rosebuds are perfectly astounding. One grower, of Madison, N. J., took into New York three hundred buds of the crimson rose known as 'General Jacqueminot," for which he received at wholesale, three hundred dollars, and which, no doubt, were retailed at a dollar and fifty cents to two dollars each. A flower dealer in Fourteenth street, a few days before Christmas, received the only four of the same variety of rose that was offered in the city, and found a customer for them at sixty dollars, or fifteen dollars apiece, or eight times the value of their weight in gold.—*Scribner for June.*

The Chinese in Canada.

The Chinese question in Canada continues to grow all the time, and the cloud is already bigger than a man's hand. A British Columbia correspondent of the Toronto *Globe* says that they have now got complete possession of the Pacific coast, having driven the Europeans into other parts. They are said to be industrious, but thoroughly dishonest, making excellent domestic servants and factory hands—if properly watched—crafty and determined to accumulate wealth. They live by the dozen where a white person would scarcely find elbow-room. Their subsistence is of the meanest kind, and fully one-half less than that on which a white man can live. Being but slaves to those who import them from China, as a general rule they get but small percentage of their earnings, and when they die the flesh is taken off their bones and these are sent back to China for interment. White labor cannot compete with them. Yet without their aid many of the railways and other public works on this coast would not have been built. As domestics, they have supplanted female labor entirely