Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 4 BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1877. NO. 47

Weekly Monitor,

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SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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

Just Received

—FOR THE—

Holiday Season!

BOXES Prime Valencia Raisins, Currants, &c, MOLASSES 1 hhd. Best Porto Rico, 1 ctr SUGAR.

Choice Walnuts, Butter Nuts, Almonds, &c.,

200 lbs. CHOICE

Xmas Confectionery

COMPRISING:

Pine Apple Drops,	Wintergreen Burries,
Transparent Drops,	Xmas Mixtures,
Almond Candy,	Medals,
Fig Paste,	Grecian Cakes,

and Mixtures in variety.

100 lbs. DOMESTIC LARD,

Warranted a pure article

Mens', Womens' and Misses OVERSHOES, RUBBERS, &c.

6 CASKS

AMERICAN KEROSENE OIL,

All of the above at LOWEST PRICES, at

MURDOCH & CO'S.

Notice!

FLOUR, Corn meal, Oatmeal and Graham lately arrived per "Atwood" and "Etta," from Boston, Mass.

200 Bbls. Superior extra & extra.
100 do. Cornmeal, coarse and fine ground.
100 do. Oat meal and Graham.

ALSO IN STOCK:

N. B. B. W. Meal, Cracked Wheat, Barley Rice, Split peas, Beans, pork & Beef, N. S. mf. Butter, Cheese and Eggs, potatoes, Apples, &c. Pickled & Dry Fish, Smoked Herrings, Halibut. Salt, coarse and fine. Biscuit in all varieties. Sugar, Teas, Coffee & Tobacco, Spices, Dry and preserved Fruits—Kerosene—American and Canadian, Candles, Soap, etc., etc., all of which will be sold reasonable for cash, Country produce or Cordwood.

ALSO.—Agents for W. J. Higgins & Son's Confectionery, and A. C. Thompson & Co's Oil Tanks.

RANDALL, HIGGINS & CO.,
Opposite Railway Station.

Annapolis, Dec. 19th, 1876

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

The reputation it has attained, in consequence of the marvellous cures it has produced during the last half century, is a sufficient assurance to the public that it will continue to realize the happiest results that can be desired. In almost every section of country there are persons, publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs, by its use. All who have tried it, acknowledge its superiority, and where its virtues are known, no one hesitates as to what medicine to employ to relieve the distress and suffering peculiar to pulmonary affections. CHERRY PECTORAL always affords instant relief, and performs rapid cures of the milder varieties of bronchial disorder, as well as the more formidable diseases of the lungs.

As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of Childhood, it is invaluable, for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued and restored to health.

This medicine gains friends at every trial, as the cures it is constantly producing are too remarkable to be forgotten. No family should be without it, and those who have once used it never will.

Eminent Physicians throughout the country prescribe it, and Clergymen often recommend it from their knowledge of its effects.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Avery, Brown & Co., Halifax,
Wholesale Agents.

Sold by DR. DENNISON and W. W. CHESLEY, *Bridgetown N. S.*

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING

Tuesday, 12th of Dec. 1876.

HALIFAX to ST. JOHN.

Miles	STATIONS.	Exp.	Pass. and Frt.	Pass. and Frt.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
0	Halifax—Leave	8 00	7 45	3 15
8	Bedford "	8 22	8 13	3 48
13	Windsor Jnctn "	8 45	8 45	4 10
26	Mt. Uniacke "	9 30	9 35	4 53
36	Ellerhouse "	9 57	10 12	5 28
39	Newport "	10 06	10 24	5 40
45	Windsor "	10 28	11 00	6 20
52	Hantsport "	10 50	11 28	6 45
			P. M.	P. M.
63	Wolfville "	11 24	12 20	7 23
		P. M.		
70	Kentville "	12 00	1 10	7 50
82	Berwick "	12 35	1 56	....
87	Aylesford "	12 52	2 19	....
98	Wilmot "	1 24	3 04	....
101	Middleton "	1 33	3 17	....
107	Lawrencetown "	1 50	3 40	....
116	Paradise "	1 59	3 53	....
115	Bridgetown "	2 20	4 14	....
122	Round Hill "	2 38	4 42	....
129	Annapolis—Arrive "	2 55	5 10	....

190	St. John by Steamer	8 00	....

ST. JOHN to HALIFAX.

Miles	STATIONS.	Pass. and Frgt.	Pass. and Frgt.	Exp.
	St. John by Steamer	A. M.	A. M.	A. M. 8 00
				P. M.
129	Annapolis—Leave	....	7 00	1 45
7	Round Hill "	....	7 24	2 02
14	Bridgetown "	....	7 43	2 20
19	Paradise "	....	8 00	2 34
23	Lawrencetown "	....	8 22	2 43
28	Middleton "	....	8 47	2 59
31	Wilmot "	....	8 59	3 08
40	Aylesford "	....	9 46	3 42
47	Berwick "	....	10 06	3 55
59	Kentville "	6 30	11 30	4 40
			P. M.	
66	Wolfville "	6 57	12 10	5 01
77	Hantsport "	7 39	12 59	5 34
84	Windsor "	8 15	1 45	6 00
90	Newport "	8 37	2 10	6 15
93	Ellerhouse "	8 50	2 24	6 23
103	Mt. Uniacke "	9 35	3 10	6 46
116	Windsor Jnctn "	10 25	4 05	7 20
121	Bedford "	10 45	4 25	7 35
129	Halifax—Arrive "	11 15	4 50	8 00

Trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Annapolis and Halifax run Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday only; trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Kentville and Halifax run daily.

Express trains run every Wednesday and Saturday, and when signalled, or when there are Passengers to set down, they will stop at all Stations.

Steamer "SCUD" leaves St. John every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 8 a. m. for Annapolis, and returns same day, on arrival of 8. a. m. Express train from Halifax.

International Steamers leave St. John every THURSDAY at 8. a. m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.15 a. m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

Through Tickets at reduced fares by above routes to all parts of the United States and Canada, may be obtained at the Company's Office, 128 Hollis Street, Halifax, at Richmond, and the principal Stations on the Railway.

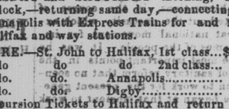
P. INNES, Manager.

Kentville, Dec. 7th, '76

Two Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "SCUD!"



For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.

Until further notice, Steamer "SCUD" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning, at 8 o'clock,—returning same day,—connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains for and from Halifax and way stations.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class...			$5.00
do	do	do 2nd class...	3.50
do.	do.	Annapolis.....	2.00
do.	do.	Digby.....	1.50

Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class.)..... 7.50

Return tickets to Clergyman and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
11 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., June 5th, '76.

STEAMER EMPRESS

AND THE

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

FREIGHTS for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendence at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7, a. m., and 6, p. m., daily, to receive Freight.

No freight received morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
Agents, 30 Dock Street.

apl8

GLASS! GLASS!

1000 Boxes Glass, in all sizes, at cheap rates.

White Lead, Oils, Blushes, Paper Hangings of all kinds,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL,

The trade supplied on reasonable terms at

22 *Germain St.*.....*St. John, N. B.*

ALASKIE & WHITENECK.
sept30

VISITING CARDS.

Neatly executed at the office of this paper.

ADAM YOUNG,

38, 40, & 42 WATER ST.

and 149 Prince William St. St. John, N. B.

Manufacturer of

Cooking, Hall and Parlor Stoves,

Ranges, Furnances, &c.

Marbleized Slate Mantle Pieces.

AGAMA

Register Grates.

A large assortment of the above Goods always on hand, at the lowest possible prices. Catalogues on application.

August 2nd, 1876. 31 y

GEORGE WHITMAN,

Auctioneer & Real Estate Agent,

Round Hill, Annapolis, N. S.

Parties having Real Estate to dispose of will find it their interest to consult with Mr. Whitman in reference thereto.

☞ No charge made unless a sale is effected, or for advertising when ordered so to do.

may 22 '73 1y

CARD.

Jno. B. Mills,

Barrister, &c., &c.,

Bona Vista House,

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

MORSE & PARKER,

Barristers-at-Law,

Solicitors, Conveyancers,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE. J. C. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. 1y

ROYAL HOTEL,

Formerly STUBBS'

146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

Opposite Custom House,

St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND.....PROPRIETOR.

sept '73 y

WILLIAM HILLMAN,

Silver and Brass Pater,

ELECTOR PLATER

in gold and silver.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF

CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS

No. 60 Charlotte St.,....St. John, N. B

sept30 y

Great Bargains

—IN—

DRESS GOODS.

A LOT OF

SUMMER DRESS GOODS!

Now Being Offered at Cost, by

M. C. Barbour,

48 Prince William St., St. John, N B.

THOMAS DEARNESS,

Manufacturer of

Monuments, Grave-Stones

TABLE TOPS, &c.

South Side King Square,...St. John, N. B.

P. S.—Mr. Dearness will visit Annapolis and neighboring counties at stated intervals to solicit orders. oct y

LAWYERS' BLANKS!

A LARGE STOCK ON HAND AT THE "MONITOR" OFFICE.

☞ Some material improvements have been made in the SUMMONSES. Call and inspect them.

SANCTON & PIPER.

GILBERT'S LANE

DYEWORKS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

IT is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dying to make them look as good as new. *Carpets, Feathers, Curtains, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemens' Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c, &c,* dyed on reasonable terms. BLACK GOODS a specialty.

AGENTS.—Annapolis, W. J. SHANNON, Merchant; Digby, Miss WAGNER, Millinery and Dry Goods.

may '76 A. L. LAW.

ALBION HOUSE.

FALL AND WINTER!

We have now completed our importations for this Season's Trade, and are showing a Full Assortment of

Fall and Winter

DRY GOODS,

in each Department, which we offer

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

upon the most Liberal Terms, and Solicit Inspection.

BEARD & VENNING.

G. W. STUART,

Produce Commission Merchant,

COLONIAL MARKET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.

Guarantee Sales made in all cases, and no charge more than 5 per cent commission charged. Prompt returns.

Bill-Heads,

Different sizes and styles promptly and cheaply printed at the office of this paper.

L. H. DEVEBER & SONS.

Wholesale Merchants,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Dry Goods Department

93 & 95 PRINCE WILLIAM ST.

Are constantly on hand a large stock of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

from the English Markets, suitable for the Wholesale Trade.

—ALSO—

AMERICAN GOODS,

such as Plaids, Grey & White Cottons, Cotton Flannel, and Roll Linings, sold by the case or small quantity.

Canadian and Domestic Goods.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT,

34 & 36 *Water St.*

A full stock kept constantly on hand, of Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Rice, Soda, Cream Tartar, Nuts, and an assortment of Spices, for sale in bulk at the lowest prices.

August 2nd, 1876. 31 y

MacFarlane & Adams

Forwarding & Commission

MERCHANTS.

Agents for

Canada Paper Co.

HALIFAX, N. S.

Oct. 16th, '76. 6mn27

LONDON HOUSE, RETAIL.

BARNES, KERR & CO.

INVITE especial attention to' six large and varied stock of STAPLE GOODS and General House Furnishing: Sheetings, damasks, and repps in silk and worsted, table covers and cloths, and a large assortment of dress materials, ladies' fancy costumes, black and colored silks, torquoise and satins, umbrellas and parasols jet and silk buttons, trimmings.

3 and 4 Market Square,....St. John N. B.

THE BANKRUPT STOCK!

—OF THE—

Estate of Lansdowne & Martin

HAVING been purchased by MAGEE BROTHERS is now being sold at

BANKRUPT PRICES!

and will be continued until May 1st, 1877, at the

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

Cor. King & Prince William Sts.

Visitors to St. John will find superior advantages offered for procuring

CHEAP DRY GOODS

at this establishment Fresh importations are being constantly received from Europe and the United States to keep the Stock well assorted, and are sold at

COST PRICES.

MAGEE BROTHERS.

St. JOHN, N. B., May 1st, 1876.

Just Received.

1 BBL. SCOTCH SNUFF;
SIMPSON'S CATTLE SPICE;
POWDERED TURMERIC;
BORAX, SALTPETRE;

Ayer's Hair Vigor, Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime, Kidder's Liniment, C. Brown's Chlorodyne, Essential Oil of Orange, very fine, Essential Oil of Bergamot. For sale by

J. CHALONER,
Cor. King and Germain Street.

St. John, N. B., May, '76.

June Importation.

Checked Dress Goods; Black Silk Fringes; Seal Brown, Cream and Ecru Silks; Nottingham Lace Curtains; Ecru Lace Curtains; Neck Frillings; Ecru Nets, Ecru Laces, Ecru Scarfs; Muslins of all kinds; Brown Hollands, Irish Linens; Cream Damask; Linen Tea d'Oyleys; Ladies' Linen Collars and Cuffs, New Styles; Black Trimming Velvet, Mantle Velvets, Matalasse Cloths; Matalasse Braids; Black Dress Buttons; Gentlemen's Linen Collars and Cuffs; Linen Tasses, for Costumes; Narrow Plaid Ribbons; Plaid Sash Ribbons; Ladies' Josephine and Cuff Kid Gloves; Hyde Park Wraps, for Girls; Crumb Cloths; Gentlemen's French Kid Gloves; New Plaid Prints.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

27 King Street, St. John, N. B.

VINCENT & McFATE,

PARADISE ROW, ST. JOHN, N. B.

HAVING received about $5,000.00 worth of the Finest Quality of Oil-Tanned Larrigan Leather from Wm. Paters, one of the Leading Tanners in the Province of New Brunswick we will be prepared for the manufacture of all kinds of

LARRIGANS AND SHOE PACS,

and believing this Stock to be far superior to to any imported from the United States, will guarantee all our Customers a Superior Article at a CHEAPER RATE than any manufacturer in the Dominion of Canada. Also having received one of the Latest Improved TURN SHOE MACHINES, at a cost of $1,000.00, we will be able to compete with any of the Americans or Canadians in the Manufacture of Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Childrens' SLIPPERS of all kinds.

☞ The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is 12,154, being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the city. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is 10,200, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its Circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the *Star* has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

Original Poetry.

(For the Monitor.)

A LEGEND.

Friends, I've some where heard a legend
Quaint and tender, if untrue,
Listen, and I'll strive to tell it,
As I heard it, unto you.

Once within a lordly palace,
Dwelt a maiden blithe and gay;
Sixteen years had scattered flowers
With few thorns upon her way.

One day through the garden roaming
Strains of music reached her ear,
And she bowed her head to listen
Whence those strains of music were.

Soon she spied beside the fountain,
One in beggar's garb arrayed,
But whose proud and graceful bearing
Noble birth as hers betrayed.

Cautiously she ventured nearer,
Listening while the stranger sung
Of his kindred, home, and *mother*,
And of days forever gone.

As his song the singer ended,
From his cheek he brushed a tear,
And just then beheld the maiden
Standing, wonderingly, near.

Tell-tale tears her eyes were dimming—
Tell-tale blushes dyed her cheek—
Never did more radiant vision
Glance of admiration greet.

Quick he tuned his harp and warbled
Once again a song of love,
Tender, passionate and longing
Sadly then prepared to rove.

But the maiden springing forward—
"Stranger, wait one moment pray!
Sing again, ere yet you leave me,
For my sake, that simple lay!'

"Lady, nay, I cannot grant it;
Ask me not the reason why,
And yet *for thy sake*, my lady,
Dost believe me? glad I'd die.

Snatching up his harp he left her
Standing sadly weeping there,
And thence forth she dropped and faded—
Faded as the lily fair.

As upon her pillow dying,
She was laid one summer day,
Thro' the open window floated
Once again the well known lay.

Then her listless eye grew brighter,
And her pale lips smiled again—
Thus she listened till the singer
Closed his plaintive, longing strain.

As the notes died in the distance
Paleness o'er her features spread,
While from lips 'twas whispered—
Softly whispered "*She is dead.*"

JOSIE.

Upper Clarence, Feb. 9th, 1877.

Select Literature.

Five Hundred Thousand Dollars.

There is no doubt that I was a lion. I was made to feel it wherever I went. People nudged each other in passing me in the street, and whispered, 'There he is; Professed lion-hunters beseiged me; my rooms were deluged with cards; congratulations, criticism, and council were offered me gratuitously; lady-like mammas smiled upon me; beautiful girls looked at me with interest and admiration in their innocent eyes. Now and then some true soul spoke words that were dearer than gold.

Some of this was very pleasant; but there were compensating inconveniences. Imprimis, my pockets were still woefully empty, for my works had brought me more renown than money, and I was appropriating all my funds as fast as they accumulated, to the payment of debts contracted in less promising times. I longed to lift that weight from my shoulders. Artists do not borrow their tints from the hues of earth and sky, and canvas and brushes are coarse, material things, that demand an exchange of filthy lucre. So I was still forced to work away as hard as ever.

In consequence my popularity in society was somewhat embarrassing, because, to say nothing of the encroachments upon my time, etiquette prescribes a respectable attire. I brushed my best coat clear through to the lining before I could make up my mind to discard it; and as for gloves, every pair I bought cost me an unutterable pang.

And then—ah, there's the misery of it!—it was inexpressibly mortifying to be upon familiar terms with the beautiful young girls before alluded to, and have all the time a profound consciousness that the man in the moon would have been considered a much more eligible suitor than I.

Considering all these things, I bore myself very meekly. I have no doubt I was thought very modest that I did not roar louder—such a remarkable lion as I was. I still lived in my third floor, managed my own very economical housekeeping, and found the best of my life in art.

But I have not told you how I attained my questionable eminence. I had a picture at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Design. It was only a foaming waste of green waters, a stretch of yellow sand in the foreground, a bit of rocky seawall hollowed by the waves, a dull sky, with storm clouds flying wildly before the wind, and low down in the west a break in the gloom, whence a shaft of lurid light glancing out, just touched a pale, dead face rising ghastly and terrible above the tempest-driven breakers. This picture was not an outgrowth of my life. I did not put my soul into it as I had too often done before. It was merely an inspiration of a morbid fancy flung upon the canvas in a freak. But it was weird, eccentric, peculiar, and took the public by storm. It made me a lion.

One evening a soiree was given at the Derby Gallery, and several artists lent their pictures for the occasion. I lent mine; and there it now hung upon the wall of the gallery. I had refused to sell it; and thus at the soiree it was among the foremost attractions.

That was a gala night, more like a scene from some fairy tale than a real event in this prosaic, working age. Stately men, and beautiful gifted women stood in groups before some triumph of art, or walked about conversing in low, soft tones.

Standing not far from my picture—I could not help hovering near it with a kind of jealous care—a bevy of fair girls passed and stopped before my treasure.

'I am so eager to see this wonderful picture. You know I was out of town when it was exhibited,' said one.

I looked at the speaker. A face like one of Titian's women: hair of warm gold: eyes of sunny hazel, limpid as crystal. The small head was thrown back, those striking eyes coolly fixed upon the picture. It was plain the lady thought herself a competent critic.

'It is a strange, beautiful thing,' she said at last. 'I don't think I wholly like it—but—'

'Oh, Miss Vandermeyer!' cried the rest in chorus.

'I must buy it, I think.'

'Very cool, young lady,' I thought. She surveyed it still more critically—this girl of twenty summers.

'It is too morbid in its tone; but I have a nook at home where it will just fit—my chamber of horrors, I call it. You can see a ghost at mid-day any time, if you like. Who is the artist? Can't somebody find him for me, with the air of a duchess.

These was a furtive looking about, then a buzzing whisper, and Miss Vandermeyer, turned her eyes upon me. In a moment she was before me.

'Mr. Delafield, I would like to buy your picture.'

'I don't wish to sell it,' I replied, coolly.

She made an impatient gesture—just a little saucy wave of the hand.

'I want to buy it. How much do you ask?'

The gold-brown eyes were fixed upon my face with a quiet audacity that amazed me. I named a sum that I meant should startle her.

'Twenty-five hundred dollars.'

'Very well. I will send my servant in the morning to take it down.'

I started.

'Miss Vandermeyer, I don't wish to sell my picture.'

For the first time she seemed to comprehend me.

'Don't wish to sell it! What did you paint it for? I thought artists painted their pictures to sell;' her eyes sparkling as she spoke.

'All artists are not alike,' I said, sharply, for I was vexed first at her criticism, and afterward at her pertinacity.

She looked at me rather curiously, as if I were some phenomenon.

'Haven't you any more like it in your head?'

'I don't know.'

'I should hope not,' she said gravely.

'Why?'

'Because it wouldn't be good for you. There's something dreadful about it.'

'Really, Miss Vandermeyer,' I remarked sarcastically, 'you are peculiar. I don't understand why you should want the picture.'

'I want it because in some moods I like to look at such things.'

I reflected a moment.

'Can you afford to give twenty-five hundred dollars to indulge a mood?'

'If I please,' she said, with a little saucy shrug of her shoulders.

'Very well. I will sell it to you, then,'—her eyes gleamed—'upon condition that if I choose, I may some day buy it back.'

'I knew you would sell it to me,' she said, with an air of triumph. 'You'll never want to buy it back.'

'Why not?'

'You won't be rich enough. Artists are alway poor, are they not?'

I did not answer, but stood in haughty silence.

She glanced up at me; and then her eyes filled with sudden tears.

'Did I wound you? I never meant to do so!'

I was mollified directly.

'I see you did not.'

'You'll forgive me, then? with a smile like sunshine. 'Will you call upon me to-morrow and receive the money for the picture?' She put a card into my hand, and looked at me with the frankest, sweetest face in the world, said, 'Now would you be good enough to take me to my friends? I am so near-sighted I can't see across this great gallery.'

'Near-sighted—with those eyes?' It was very bluntly put, but I was no courtier in those days, and I could only hope that she would recognize the compliment and forgive the awkwardness. But she startled me.

'Yes. They don't look so, do they!' with the most charming simplicity.

I took her across the gallery, bowed my adieux and left her. Retracing my steps, I met my friend Mason.

'Delafield, my dear fellow, what in the name of all that's wonderful have you been doing?' he exclaimed.

'Nothing that has any harm in it, I hope.'

'What havn't you been seen for half an hour in close confab with Miss Vandermeyer; and didn't you—'

'And what of it?'

'What of it? Why, Miss Vandermeyer is worth five hundred thousand dollars!'

'Indeed.'

'And is the sauciest, severest, most loving and provoking little witch that ever existed—with only one fault in the world.'

'What is that?'

'Why her fortune is such a terrible bugbear. She wants to be wooed for her own sweet self; but she knows how potent are the charms of gold; and so the poor little Circe is doomed to perpetual celibacy—for she'll never dare accept anybody.'

'How dreadful! What a misfortune it is to be worth a fortune.'

Mason left me, and I saw him circling round Miss Vandermeyer, in company with a troop of other foolish moths, all the rest of the evening; and the lady, holding herself loftily in her queenly grace, minded them not in the least. As for me, I made a vow that night, sitting before my small fire, that I'd not fall into her train or lose my heart to her.

I was not going to think anything more about her, indeed. I found, however, that Miss Vandermeyer danced before my eyes as soon as I shut them; and her voice like sweet bells, was all the time ringing through my head. It being manifestly impossible to forget her that night, I resolved to begin to do so in the morning. But in the morning I woke from my brief feverish sleep, profoundly impressed by the extraordinary event. Upon a little reflection I remembered that I was to call upon Miss Vandermeyer that day.

I went, and a footman ushered me into a spacious drawing-room, where it seemed that all sorts of beautiful things were grouped in picturesque confusion. I had not waited half a minute before Miss Vandermeyer came in, and said, if I pleased, I was to go up stairs to her den.

We went over carpets soft as moss, up flight after flight, till we reached the upper story. Then Miss Vandermeyer pushed aside a door, and I entered what seemed a fairy bower. I had left winter out of doors—here it seemed as if summer had been wooed to linger all through the year. The atmosphere was warm, and fragrant with the blossoming flowers. A soft light came in through the ground glass, bringing out the marvelous beauty of the pictured faces and landscapes that were everywhere. An oddly carved writing desk stood in one corner, a little bubl table with some pretty work upon it occupied another—tokens of the strange, beautiful girl who made the place her home.

'Come here,' said Miss Vandermeyer, leading the way across the spacious room. I followed, and saw my picture hung in fit company, one or two weird faces above and beside it, and a companion piece—a desolate moor, a wild crag, and an eagle sailing heavily through an empty, gray sky—just opposite.

'How do you like it?' said Miss Vandermeyer.

'Very much. It could not be better placed.'

'This is my chamber of horrors. I come and sit here when I feel fierce,' she said, with an air of frankness.

'Fierce?'

'Yes. When things don't go as I like. Do you not find a great many things very provoking?'

'I do; but you—I shouldn't think you could be annoyed.

'Why? Because I am rich?'

'Partly.'

'You don't know anything about it, then you think that one can't be miserable with a fortune,' she said.

'I wish I had.'

'What? What do you mean?' her bright hazel eyes full of surprise.

'I believe I meant that I wish that I had a fortune,' I said, laughing.

'Do you really?'

'Indeed I do.'

'Now, that is odd,' with a queer look in her face.

'How odd?'

'Oh, they generally say that they don't value money in the least; that they would not take it as a gift; that they prefer poverty, or, at least, a modest competence, and all such—stuff.'

'They say so. Who?'

'Oh, some people,' she returned, that mischievous light dancing in her eyes. 'What made you think I was going to tell you my secrets?' And the little fairy walked away with a make-believe hauteur.

I followed her out from the comparative gloom of this part of the apartment into the sunshine that flowed over the flowers and climbing plants. A piano stood open, its white keys gleaming.

'Won't you play to me, Miss Vandermeyer?' I said.

'No!'

'Excuse me—you are not musical, then?'

'Oh, yes, I play well enough; but when I have people who can say anything, I'd rather talk.'

So we talked; and I watched her beautiful face, wondering at its marvelous power of expression, admiring the exquisite tinting of cheek and lip, and the splendid gold of her hair.

I put her into a picture I was at work upon that afternoon—it was just the face I had needed. Having this to do, of course I was obliged to think of her more or less; but I definitely declined to begin the next day to forget her.

It does seem, however, as if everything conspired to make one forget a good resolution. I always did dislike combating obstacles, and when I found that the fates were bent upon keeping Miss Vandermeyer in my mind, I yielded gracefully I hope comforting myself by thinking that she must soon go out of town for the summer, and then I could apply myself to my business without hindrance.

The months drifted by. One day I received a tiny note, rose-scented, and addressed in her own exquisite hand. She had gone to her country-house at Staten Island. Would I come to dinner that evening? only a friend or two, no ceremony, moonlight and boating!

I went, taking a late afternoon boat. The red shining of the setting sun upon the windows revealed the house, a roomy, quaint mansion, gabled, and half hid by luxuriant trees. Miss Vandermeyer looked fresh and lovely in her pure muslin, some jessamine sprays with waxen flowers clinging about her bright, rippling hair.

'I knew you would come,' she said, her beautiful eyes smiling upon me. 'We only wanted you to make up our party.'

'You are very kind. Whom have you here?'

'Only my dear old guardian, Uncle Lakeman, you know, Nellie Damer, and Mr. Fred Lacroft.'

'Fred Lacroft?'

'Oh, you don't know him; but he's such a nice fellow.'

It is not particularly delightful to hear another man praised as a good fellow, by a young lady—at least I didn't find it so. I had no doubt I should hate Fred Lacroft. He was sure to be a detestable snob. I felt that I had found the enemy of my life. So I accompanied Miss Vandermeyer to the drawing room, and there was the impudent interloper, playing chess with Mr. Lakeman with the most assured and at-home-like air imaginable.

'Mr. Delafield—Mr. Lacroft,' said Miss Vandermeyer.

I bowed, but scowled as fiercely as I could and was conscious of an inclination to throw him out of the window.

'Would you like a game of chess while we are waiting for dinner?' asked Miss Vandermeyer.

'No, I thank you,' I responded morosely.

'What, don't like chess?'

'I think it does very well for boys,' I returned, with a tremendous effort to be sarcastic.

Miss Vandermeyer blushed a little, and glanced shyly at Mr. Frederick Lacroft; but that individual only stroked his moustache, and gave a low, mellow, good-humored laugh, thus adding insult to injury. I was strongly tempted to challenge him on the spot.

A footman came in and announced dinner. It was served in a little vine-hung balcony opening toward the river. The soft summer air was all about us; the moon was rising just over the water, and the birds

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