Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 5. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1877. NO. 26

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00.

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.

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

NOTICE. All persons having any legal demands against the estate of *JOSEPH EDWIN MORSE*, Carpenter, of Bridgetown, deceased, must render their accounts, duly attesed to, within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

MARIA G. MORSE, admx.,
ISAAC P. MORSE, admr.

Bridgetown, April 25th, '77. 6m

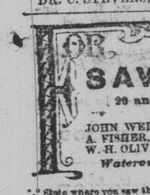
CONSUMPTION CURED

AN OLD PHYSICIAN, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a Vegetable Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of

Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh,

and all Throat and Lung affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering, he will send FREE OF CHARGE, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and successfully using. Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,

DR. C. STEVENS, Box 86, Brockville, Ont.



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20 and 25 Horse Power,

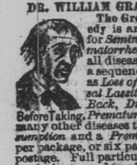
ADDRESS

JOHN WELSH, Agent...Amherst, N.S.
A. FISHER, " .....Truro, N.S.
W. H. OLIVE, " ...St. John, N.B.

Waterous Engine Works Co., BRANTFORD, ONT.

*** State where you saw this advertisement.

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.



The Great English Remedy is an unfailing cure for *Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency*, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as *Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age*, and many other diseases that lead to *Insanity* or *Consumption* and a *Premature Grave*. ☞ Before Taking, After Taking. Price, $1 per package, or six packages for $5, by mail free of postage. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. Address WM. GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

For sale by all Druggists. W. W. Chesley, Bridgetown, and Dr. L. R. Morse, Lawrencetown, Agents.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

For Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of the skin, Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Blotches, Tumors, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhœa, arising from internal ulceration, and Uterine disease, Syphilitic and Mercurial diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, General Debility, and for Purifying the Blood.

This Sarsaparilla is a combination of vegetable alteratives—Stillingia, Mandrake, Yellow Dock—with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most efficacious medicine yet known for the diseases it is intended to cure.

Its ingredients are so skilfully combined, that the full alterative effect of each is assured, and while it is so mild as to be harmless even to children, it is still so effectual as to purge out from the system those impurities and corruptions which develop into loathsome disease.

The reputation it enjoys is derived from its cures, and the confidence which prominent physicians all over the country repose in it, prove their experience of its usefulness.

Certificates attesting its virtues have accumulated, and are constantly being received, and as many of these cases are publicly known, they furnish convincing evidence of the superiority of this Sarsaparilla over every other alterative medicine. So generally is its superiority to any other medicine known, that we need do no more than to assure the public that the best qualities it has ever possessed are strictly maintained.

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Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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

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AND
BLANKETS!

WHITE LANCASHIRE FLANNELS;
WHITE MEDIUM do;
WHITE IMITATION WELSH;
WHITE do do fine;
WHITE ANTI-RHEUMATIC;
WHITE SAXONY UNION all wool;
WHITE SERGES, all wool;
WHITE PLAIDINGS;
SCARLET LANCASHIRE;
SCARLET MEDIUM do;
YELLOW LANCASHIRE;
GREEN do;
INDIGO BLUE, FEAVY, PLAIN;
INDIGO BLUE, TWILLED;
SCARLET SAXONY;
COLORED do;
CANADIAN ALL WOOL, GREY;
AMERIC'N WHITE, GREY, SCARLET

BLANKETS!

WHITE, BROWN AND GREY,
FOR SALE BY
W. G. LAWTON,
Cor. King and Canterbury Streets, St. John, N. B.
October 1876.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX,

ANNAPOLIS AGENCY.

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COLLECTIONS MADE ON ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.

ALEX. SHEARER, Agent.
Jan. 10 n38 tf

MacFarlane & Adams
Forwarding & Commission
MERCHANTS.
Agents for
Canada Paper Co.
HALIFAX, N. S.
Oct. 16th, '76. 6mn27

CARD.

Jno. B. Mills,
Barrister, &c., &c.,
Bona Vista House,
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

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 Plater,
ELECTOR PLATER
in gold and silver.
ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF
CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS
No. 60 Charlotte St.....St. John, N. B
sept30 y

MORSE & PARKER,
Barristers-at-Law,
Solicitors, Conveyancers,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER.
Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. 1y

Three Trips a Week.
ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "EMPRESS,"

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 "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY for Digby and Annapolis, connecting with Express Trains W. & A. Railways for and from Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, etc., and RETURN ON SAME DAYS.

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., April 2nd '77.

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,
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THE subscriber has just received from Toronto,

100 BBLS.
CHOICE CANADIAN FLOUR,

which will be sold at the Lowest Cash Price. Warranted to be good or no sale. Also:

50 bbls. American Corn Meal.

A. ELLIOTT.
Port George, Aug. 19th, '77 n17 tf
Agent at Middleton.....JOHN GULIVAN.

TRY THE
DUFFERIN FLAT 12'S
AND THE
ACADIA TWIST, TOBACCO,

And you will not want any better.

R. B. MACKINTOSH & CO.,
Proprietors, Halifax, N. S.
Oct. 17th, '76. n27

GLASS! GLASS!

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

White Lead, Oils, Brushes,
Paper Hangings of all kinds,
WHOLESALE and RETAIL,

The trade supplied on reasonable terms at *22 Germain St.....St. John, N. B.*

BLAKSLEE & WHITENECK.
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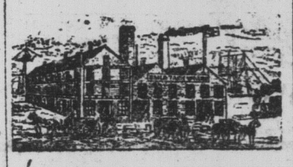
S. R. FOSTER & SON'S
STANDARD
Nail, Shoe, Nail & Tack Works
ST. JOHN, N. B.



ESTABLISHED 1849.
(Formerly W. H. ADAMS' CITY NAIL WORKS.)
Orders solicited, prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. ap10

GILBERT'S LANE
DYE WORKS,
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 WRIGHT, Millinery and Dry Goods.
may '76 A. L. LAW.

Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully informs his friends that he is now in

BRIDGETOWN,

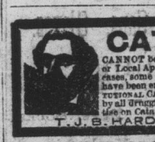
to fill engagements previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please not delay.
Jan. 10th '77. n36

☞ 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."

BUSINESS CARDS

Neatly and promptly executed at the office of this paper.



CATARRH

CANNOT be cured by Smuffs, Washes, or Local Applications. Thousands of cases, some of forty years standing, have been entirely cured by CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY. For sale by all Druggists. Send stamp for Treatise on Catarrh to

T. J. S. HARDING, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Five Years' Sickness Cured by Four Bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy. Pain in Shoulders, Back and Lungs, and Droppings in Throat Disappear.

ST. ARMAND, P. Q., Sept. 12, 1876.

MR. T. J. S. HARDING.

DEAR SIR.—Being desirous that others may know something of the merits of your CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY, I wish to inform you what it has done for me. I am 38 years old; had been out of health for about five years, had employed three or four different doctors, and tried various medicines, without receiving any permanent benefit, but continued rather to grow worse, until last fall, when I had become so bad as to be unable to do an hour's work at a time. Had severe soreness and pain under the shoulder blades and through the shoulders, with very lame back, and a feeling in my right lung as though there was a weight bearing it down, with continual dropping in the throat and down upon the lungs. Such was my condition when I commenced to take your Catarrh Remedy, one bottle of which eased my pains and gave me an improved appetite, and after taking four bottles I was restored to health, so as to be able to endure hard and continued labor, such as chopping and clearing land, at which I have been engaged the past season. My recovery I attribute solely, with God's blessing, to the use of your Catarrh Remedy. Yours truly,

Price $1 per bottle. HENRY SNIDER

ASK FOR LITTLEFIELD'S CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY AND TAKE NO OTHER.

BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works.

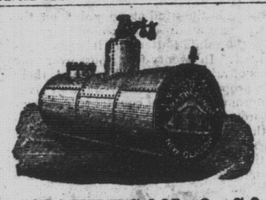
ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

FALCONER & WHITMAN
are now manufacturing
Monuments & Gravestones
Of Italian and American Marble.
ALSO:
Granite and Freestone Monuments.

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad

☞ Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work.

DANIEL FALCONER. OLDHAM WHITMAN



I. MATHESON & CO.,
ENGINEERS
—AND—
BOILER MAKERS,
NEW GLASGOW, N. S.
Manufacturers of PORTABLE & STATIONARY
Engines and Boilers.

☞ Every description of FITTINGS for above kept in Stock, viz:—

Steam Pumps, Steam Pipe,
Steam and Water Guages,
Brass Cocks and Valves,
Oil and Tallow Cups.

dec5'76 n34 tf

Select Literature.

Her Own Pilot.

It all happened at Swampscott. One sultry July day, came pretty Jane Chandler, her poor head tired with months of 'schoolma'ming.' Of course I am not going to try and tell you how the young woman looked. What the wise de Maistre said about pictures—that the best part of them is that which defies description—is even more true of woman. She was twenty, slender, but normally healthful,—with one of those lithe, delicately outlined trim figures that reconcile one to the 'pull-back,' and convince even the most skeptical beholder that some women are superior to the dreadful test of a bathing suit.—What more he said, except that Grace had the easy, gliding step that tells of the gymnasium; that she could sit a horse, or pull an oar, or shoot an arrow, like a girl in the latest English novel; and that she had one of those faces and complexions often seen in the old New England towns, hinting plainly of Dr. Homes' double door life and luxury in the summer for four or five generations back. She had large, clear, steady eyes —'grey as glass,' as old Chaucer described the type for all time—illuminating a face that at once piqued interest, and excited admiration. A discerning man would as soon think of being silly or rude to his grand-mother, or disrespectful to the mother-in-law he hopes to win, as of trying any nonsense with the owner of that face, whose calm eyes take his measure as swiftly and accurately as a fashionable woman will inventory the wardrobe of her rival. Grace was not a phenomenal, but a typical high type of a girl. She never read Emerson nor pretended to dote on poets, a couple of whose verses she could not quote. She spelled her culture with an r, and didn't prate about it at that. The things that she needed to use she knew thoroughly, but did not omit to pack away a great many useful odds and ends of information, and accomplishments of various sorts, for fear of being called 'superficial.' She read the books that she liked, just as she ate what agreed with her, and could play a game of whist without chattering, a game of croquet without losing her temper, darn a stocking without verbal or mental accompaniment at the nature of the work, and in general could do a girl's work in the way a sensible mother had trained.

Now of course there would be no sufficient excuse for bringing forward a Swampscott 'in summer, when days are long,' such a paragon of a girl as Grace Chandler, unless the Young Man were forthcoming also. His name was John—prosaic John Wheeler. There was nothing remarkable about John — there rarely is about any young man except the valedictorians at college, and they are not generally heard of afterwards. He was a manly, fresh, pure hearted, clean-handed, bright-witted young fellow of twenty-three, a year out of college. The fairy god-mother who smiled above his cradle endowed him with good principles, good taste and good temper; a legacy that a king's son might covet—if he knew enough. It secured for him good habits, good breeding, and amiability toward himself and others, which with tact and industry constitute a very good makeshift for genius and fortune.

Need time be spent in telling how the magnet and metal came together? Proximity did the business—let who will discuss the mystic law of attraction, and end no wiser than when first began. The beaches are not long, nor the rocks numerous, at Swampscott on the sea; and the two young people soon manifested a surprising similiarity of taste and habit as to hours of walking, lounging, boating and bathing. It was charming to see the sweet unconsciousness with which the maiden would stroll along the level beach drawing funny caricatures with the point of her parasol, or searching intently for sea mosses she did not in the least want, or gazing with apparent abstraction 'far out to the sea,' all the while seeing from under the corner of her jaunty chip hat another equally aimless wanderer coming funny enough from the opposite direction.

At first the greetings were hypocritically formal and matter-of-fact.

'Why, good morning, Mr. Wheeler! Are you out so early?'

'It is quite my habit, Miss Chandler. The air is so rare and fine, and the views' (looking straight at the pretty dissembler) 'so beautiful.'

And when they would find their paths, quite as a matter of course, running in the same direction. Soon banter added its spice to the meeting 'quite by chance,—the usual way. Grace was funny in the drollest manner, and said the oddest thing in the soberest fashion, without a curve of merriment in her perfect lips, or a look of non-consciousness in her serious eyes. She would 'chaff' the young man, tell the funniest stories, or shoot him with a quick repartee, until he hardly knew whether to be amused or vexed.

'Let's go hear what the 'sad sea waves' are saying,' said John one evening in August.

'Oh, I know all about that,' she replied, with a toss of her loose love-locks. 'They are saying 'Chow-der — chow-der — clam chow-der' — and I am going to have some.

'For men must eat and women must stew,
And the chowder pot is b-o-i-ling.'

she sang in absurd imitation of of the great sea-song.''

'I believe you would burlesque anything,' said John, with decided impatience.

'Could you favor us with a parody on 'Praise God'—or perhaps you will kindly rehearse your grandmother's funeral?

'Now Mr. Sarcasticus, you are cross, and I really hope you won't take any chowder, I like you cross better than—well, better, say, than sweet. Sweet men I can't endure, but merry men do good like a medicine—and cross ones too, if they are not your own.'

'As for burlesque,' she continued, laughing. 'I do enjoy burlesques—good, mind you—or anything not really sacred. I never laughed harder than to see an old darkey *Richelieu* at the minstrels, in a burlesque of Booth's acting, proceed at the climax of the play to draw around his ward —a regular Topsy—'the awful circle of the church of Rome' with—a piece of chalk!' —puffing and blowing as he stooped over to make his mark. I never since then see the Cardinel's weird fingers and glittering eye outline the protecting circle, nor hear his awful, hissing menace, without laughing inwardly—which is a great gain. It's so wasteful of nervous forces to have one's feeling's harrowed up by mock heroes and sham sorrows.'

'Yes, but I find it more wearing to wish to laugh in the wrong places. I always feel a sort of personal responsibility for would-be clever preachers, and actors, and singers. And a *faux pas* makes me want to hide my head. A bad *Ophelia*, for example, and they are mostly so bad that I should dread to have them play within ear-range of Shakespere's curse-guarded bones—stirs my ashamed sympathies to their depths. Yet I have seen young women giggle at the spectacle. The outflow of woman's sympathies, except in case of absolute wrong or suffering, can't be reckoned on with any more certainty than the form in which a cresting wave shall break.'

'Mr. Wheeler,' said Grace, whether soberly or saucily he could not tell, 'you know absolutely nothing about woman's heart. Your observations have been confined entirely to the beach. Of the deep sea soundings you are ignorant as that urchin who is building a sand fort at the half tide line. No imprudence or sentiment is in order,' continued she, seeing a thought taking form in his face—,—' my own heart is all beach and shallows—'

'And breakers,' said John, in a desperate effort to assert himself. But as long as you keep so clear a light beaming in 'the windows of your soul,' and have so many *buoys* outside, the harbor ought to be snug and safe.'

'Flattery and a bad pun in one breath! I shall have to sentence you to the hotel for three hours.'

'At hard labor,' laughed the banished youth, as he started up at the sound of the dinner gong.

Yet through all their growing intimacy whether in banter or seriousness, agreements or differences, the young couple got on together famously. Though they spoke no word of love, they instinctly touched upon many themes and experiences that pertain to that charmed state. The Moonlight had a new glamour for them. The tides broke and rippled with a sweeter music. Rocking together in their little boat, seeing nothing but each other's faces and the open sea or overhanging sky, all the rest of the great, busy world so near them was for the time obliterated. Without knowledge why, or perhaps realizing the fact, but they were growing into oneness.

Sitting together one evening on the rocks, they fell to discussing the descriptive terms applied by poets to the sea, as they watched the waves break, rush forward like living things, seemingly to search vainly for a resting place, and then glide back to be engulfed by the incoming tide.

'I wonder if the poets of the sea have hit upon the very best words yet?' mused John.

'I have often tried to better their choice,' said Grace, 'but they seemed to have ransacked the dictionary pretty thoroughly. The breaking waves dash high,' you know; they roll, thunder, rave, lave; creep, rush, uproar and crest themselves; they sing, they thunder, roar, murmur, and do all sorts of other things. But I will try a new word if you dare; call it *scamper* for movement, and—and *slosh* for sound.'

'Capital! Only it seems to me you have sacrificed ideal beauty to alliteration, a trick of too many of our poets, 'Slosh!' how charming!'

'Well call it *kiss*—and that combines both movement and sound'—and John illustrated the fact by touching with his daring lips the sea shell tint of his companion's soft cheek.

The sea shell tint deepened several shades as Grace turned a surprised and inquiring glance swiftly upon him. She saw a rather abashed, but not unmanly look on his face, and with true intuition read the affectionate impulse and honest language that prompted the unusual token.

'It's a custom of this country,' said John, in a deprecating voice, 'always to kiss for good luck when you see the new moon over your right shoulder.'

'I wouldn't have the custom of the country broken for the world,' responded the self-possessed young woman, 'only if I am to be kissed I don't like it strained;' and she lifted the illusion veil which her good aunt had tied on, and in Scripture fashion, turned to John her other cheek also.

The last of the summer days came on, and the full 'harvest moon' was rising like a world of fire out of the deep, as John and Grace went down to the beach for a swimming match. The purple sheen of the sea tinted the sails of the sloop that lay idly rocking at anchor. The rocks, trees, and lawns showed black against the sky. Far away the Boston outer light flashed like a new-born star, and disappeared with the revolving turret. The twinkling lamps around Nahant neck formed a long crescent of light, like a picture of a scene in Venice. With a full warm tide, a balmy air, and the witchery of the moonlight thrown over the scene, the young couple dashed dand in hand into the surf. The love was yet unspoken, and that of the other unconfessed, but their confidence and happiness were mutual. Both were good swimmers—Grace especially being light and swift in the water, from long practice and fondness for the sport. No shivering dips or timid paddlings for her;—but with a movement worthy of her name, she would disport herself in the wave like a veritable mermaid.

They were swimming a fifty yards race, one beyond the surf, and Grace was several lengths ahead, when she heard a cry; 'the cramp, Grace!' and turned to see John clutching convulsively at the air.

Before she could reach the spot he had gone down.

There was no boat that could be made available in time to help her. There was not a person within call. She must save him or he would die. John die! The thought revealed her heart as she had never seen it in her passive happiness.

In a moment the head of the drowning man appeared above the surface.

'Put your hands on my shoulders,' she said quickly, but firmly. I can take you ashore.'

What should have been a touch—a light pressure for support—became a frenzied grasp under the peril and desperation of the moment, and John bore her down with him in ten feet of water. As she had been superior to hysterics above, she was stronger than despair below. His hold relaxed as he touched bottom, and tearing herself from his loosened grasp, Grace seized him by the hair and bore him out of the grave for another chance at life.

Seeing at a glance that while John was unable to avail himself of her help, he was still dangerous to face, she dived quickly caught him by the heel with one hand, and with swift strokes dragged him through the water to the beach.

How she did it she never knew, but she took the dead weight of his limp body in her arms and ran with it to the dry sand, as, a mother might run from peril with her babe.

As she turned his head to the moonlight it was still, and white, and dead. A great fear smote her heart, but there was no time for delay, and love was stronger than despair. A flash of recollection from her reading came to her help. Putting her fingers deftly into his mouth, she pulled down his tongue. Swiftly turning his head down the beach, she rolled him on his side and rocked him back and forth, pressing his sides and chests. Almost instantly the salt water ran gurgling from his mouth, and a gasping breath showed that John was saved.

A man needs to be very thoroughly in love to sense things thus, under the circumstances; but as John felt the pressure of the soft hands upon him, and saw the sweet anxious face so near his own, and heard the inarticulate murmur of mingled endearments, fear and gladness, he did remember of reading how delightful drowning is, after the struggle is over!

It would be pleasant, and quite the usual thing, to say that John caught his fair rescuer to his bosom, and there and then asked her to take the life she had saved, while Grace completed the tableau by fainting. But nothing of the kind happened. In the first place John hadn't life enough in him for such an exercise, and Grace wasn't that kind of a girl. What she did was to run to the hotel and send men and a doctor to bring him up in a chair, and then walk home by herself, take a hot drink and go to bed—where she woke up with a start and cry every hour through the night, to sink to troubled sleep again after thanking God that dear John was saved.

When they met three days afterwards, John's bearing was changed. His eyes, and his voice, too, were full of tears, but his manner seemed constrained. He had the reserved deferential air which a poor artist might assume towards a kind patron. He took the hand that had saved him and kissed it many times, saying brokenly. 'I cannot pay you otherwise.'

Grace was sobered, likewise, and could not speak the light reply she had framed in advance. They had both been face to face with death, and such an experience widens the horizon of thoughtful souls immeasurably—almost as much as looking out over the open grave, of one we love, into the infinite spaces. When they were together his look followed her everywhere, with an intensity and abstraction new to him, with a longing that was pathetic in its apparent dumb helplessness.

Grace knew that she loved him—she felt that his heart was hers utterly; and yet he was drifting away from her. Was it his pride that kept him from asking the supremest gift from one to whom he owed so much? Or was it a kindred feeling—a mistaken manish sensitiveness that its victim thinks to be chivalry? Grace did not know, but she set to work upon the problem that wonderful combination of will and automatism, which men call brain, and write learnedly about and understand so little. In the deepest night, in the busiest day,—while we soundly sleep or absorbed in other things,—the mental machinery is at work unconsciously to us on the puzzle that had baffled thought. And lo!—some day of days—some instant of time when we waken, or sit in the car, or stop in the midst of our toil—*flash!* comes the solution.

The friends were together again for the last time, on the dear old rocks by the sea. The season was over, and John was going back to his clients and Grace to her desk. They were so truly friends that they could be content in long silences when in each other's presence in the woods; by the shore. One can make a shift to talk with almost anybody; but it is a kindred soul with whom one enjoys and shares the charm of blessed silences. For an hour they sat, scarcely speaking, their memories touching fondly and regretfully upon the senses so soon to be left behind.

'The poet chose well,' said John at last, 'it is 'the cruel, crawling sea.' I can but think, after all, that the mountains, lakes and woods are better. It seems more, than ever like primal work—so crude and desolate, so treacherous and destructive, that it is easy to imagine the pleasure with which a beauty loving Creator turned from this to clothe the earth and adorn it.

'Ah! yes,' mused Grace in turn, 'but the sea is more kind than fate. It is less capricious than man. It is changeful, yet ever the same like woman. It casts up treasures as truly as it engulfs them. It kisses the shore though it smites it. It reflects the color of the skies—would that man could do it so faithfully! It seems to me often an imperfect but yet striking symbol of human life. I have even known cases of resurrection out of its death,' she added significently with a glance at the scene of John's rescue; 'but they say,' continued the girl abruptly, 'that even in the face of the great fact of deathless love and the law of renewal life some people won't believe in immortality! As if love could go out like a candle?'

John looked dazed, but made no answer. Even these leading strings thrown out to him—these doors of opportunity swung open before his very feet, his false pride and selfish sensitiveness kept him from using.'

He started to his feet with a sigh that was almost a groan, and looked as though he would like to jump off the rock.

'You don't mean it!' exclaimed Grace, with a sudden flush of determination in her splendid face.

'Mean wh-what?'

'Why, that I have got to claim my own. John,—dear John!—you know that what you once sentimentally styled the snug harbor of my heart is open to you. It is clear sailing and the tide is full. Why will you stay anchored outside? There if I haven't proposed in due fashion, as I meant to do if you wouldn't. But I love you too well to lose you again, just because your tongue has a cramp, and it isn't the fashion for girls to speak until they are spoken for!

'What a fool I've been! What a brute! What a—and words failing him to do himself justice, John folded the bowed head and tearful face of the brave girl to his breast and sailed into the harbor with a smack, a whole of them fleet in fact.—*W. H. Merrill in Golden Rule.*

THE CLIMATES OF THE DANUBE—A WINTER CAMPAIGN.

As the winter season approaches, and the campign in the East is not only fought out, but has reached no decisive consequences, considerations of climate become a factor of steadily increasing interest in the problem. Some facts which have been lately published in the London "Times" have an important bearing on this point, and show the peculiar difficulties which will embarrass the Russian commanders, as the season advances. It appears from these statements that the climate of the lower Danube reaches a severity of cold which is most unusual for low lying lands in that latitude; while the dangers of the river, as a line of water, broader than the Bosphorus, drawn across the communications of the Russian army, can only be rightly estimated when the freezing powers of the river are taken into consideration. During the thirty years prior to 1864 the river was frozen over twenty times. During the thirty-seven years from 1837 to 1873 the lower Danube remained open all the winter only eight times. Taking now, as an illustration, the year 1864—in which there was nothing in Europe to make the year exceptional—it appears that in January the ice in the middle of the river was 15 inches thick, and at the sides from 20 to 25 inches. This condition of the river continued, with occasional and dangerous thaws until the ninth of March: and more than once the breaking up of the ice endangered vessels of the strongest build. The prevailing wind during this period was east or northeast. This wind blows on the northern slope of the Balkans range from the Arctic Ocean over more than 3000 miles of high and bleak upland. The mean temperature of the lower valley of the Danube in the month of January is estimated as low as 24 Fahrenheit.

The year 1861 was one of exceptional severity. In the third week in December, in that year, the British war-ship "Cockatrice," moored off Galatz, was frozen in. The ice remained firm around the ship for 92 days, navigation was blocked for a considerable longer period, and the cold was so intense that an army under canvass could not have withstood it. During the winter it was necessary, daily, to cut a trench in the ice around the ship to prevent her being "ice-borne." In the open air the thermometer often fell below zero. When the ice broke up in the spring it caused great damage, and the strain to the ship was very severe. During this breaking up, the turmoil in the river is described as a grand sight—"floes of ice pressed one against another, rising in heaps and then falling with a peculiar roar that compelled attention." Before this breaking up, the ice at several points was found to be three feet in thickness, and during the passage of the broken ice down the river the speed of the current exceeded five knots an hour.

These facts are of course understood by the Russian commanders. Should the approaching season be a mild one—at the very best there must be great suffering and danger. These would be much increased should the season chance to be a severe one. The prolongation of the war through the rigors of winter, the rains and mud of spring, and the unhealthiness of early summer, must be terribly disastrous, in any event. Hence the Russian eagerness to get up their reinforcements, to concentrate so as to strike swiftly and strongly, and dispose of some of the hostile armies whose position in front and on either flank is full of menace and peril. Hence also the likelihood that the next few weeks will be crowded with battles—both sides exerting themselves to the utmost.

☞ On the 5th inst., at Cleveland, Tenn., a man named Carper cut his daughter's throat, knocked his grand-daughter on the head with a smoothing iron and cut her throat, and afterwards killed himself. Carper was an atheist and had been heard to say he would kill his family and get out of the world.