Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 27. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1900. NO. 49.

Professional Cards.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
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Will be in his office at Lawrencetown, the third and fourth weeks of each month, beginning February 1st, 1900.
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Physician and Surgeon.
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J. B. WHITMAN,
Land Surveyor,
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DENTIST,
Will be at Annapolis the first and second weeks of ever month, and third and fourth weeks at Bridgetown.

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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Cox Building, - Bridgetown, N. S.

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REST.....$250,000
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3 1-2 PER CENT.
allowed on deposits of four dollars and upwards.
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Put up their Bread as it leaves the oven in
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Manufactured solely by
The E. B. EDDY Co.
LIMITED
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5,000 Hides,
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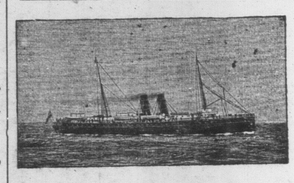

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Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 2 p. m., making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic and Coast Railways for all parts of Nova Scotia.
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You want that old Sofa
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That Student's Chair
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Prices Right and Work promptly done.
REED BROS.
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I have about completed my fall stock of **Boots and Shoes,** and now offer to the public one of the finest and best assorted stocks in above lines to be found in the valley.
RUBBERS
We sell the **famous Maltese Cross Rubbers** for Ladies and Gents; the celebrated **Stub Proof Rubbers** that cannot be punctured—especially adapted for lumbermen. A full line of Men's, Boys' and Women's Rubbers.
I would especially call your attention to a fine line of
FRENCH AND GERMAN SLIPPERS
Suitable for Xmas Presents.
Any quantity of Oats wanted in exchange.
Hard & Soft Coal constantly on hand.
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Park's Perfect Emulsion
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HALIFAX, N. S.
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ROYAL Baking Powder
Made from pure cream of tartar.
Safeguards the food against alum.
Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.
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Poetry.

The Women of Britain.

Mrs. Langtry has received by cable the new patriotic poem, entitled "The Women of Britain," by Ethel de Fonblanque, (Mrs. Arthur Harter,) which she recited at the bazaar at Sherry's, New York city, for the benefit of British soldiers and their families. The poem follows:

A word for the women of Britain,
Who bid their beloved 'good bye';
The husbands, the brothers, the sons who go forth
To fight and to conquer or die.

A word for the women of Britain,
Who part with the friend they love best,
And fighting their fears, smile up through their tears
When he, too, goes out with the rest.

'Tis hard for the women of Britain,
Who say when their warriors go,
The men who set forth are eager and mad
To measure their might with the foe.

For the men there's the passion of peril,
That lightens the hardship they bear,
For what can't they stand with a comrade at hand
The death or the honor to share?

For them there's the strain of the battle,
And the joy of the charge at its height,
The cry of the clan, or the shout of the man,
And the fury and throb of the fight.

In the clamor and clash of encounter
There is valor and glory—or death!
With the thought of the woman who loves them
To hallow their last dying breath.

But what for the women of Britain?
Ah! they need our pity the most!
In their desolate homes they are waiting for news
Of the dear one who dies at his post.

For theirs is the weariest trial,
Long vigils of pain—day and night;
Sick at heart and alone, they pray at God's throne
For the men whom they love in the fight.

And this is the work for the women—
Whose loved ones are far, far away—
That the work to be done for those who remain
None else can accomplish but they.

And this is the work for the women—
Brave women of generous soul—
To take each her share of the sorrow they bear
And lighten the grief of the whole.

The gentle are helping the simple—
Love and sympathy level all pride—
And hearts find relief in the union of grief
When the men fight and die side by side.

All the women of Britain are equal,
For the men share alike in the fray,
And the rich and the poor are just sisters
In the hearts of the nation today.

The Lion's Whelps.

(Queensland Australian News.)

There is scarlet on his forehead,
There are scars across his face,
'Tis the bloody dew of battle dripping down, dripping down,
But the war-heart of the Lion,
Turns to iron in its place,
When he halts to face disaster, when he turns to meet disgrace,
Stung and keen and mettled with the life-blood of his own,
Let the hunters 'ware who flout him,
When he calls his whelps about him,
When he sets the gael before him and he settles to the pace.

Tricked and wounded! Are we beaten
Though they hold our strength at play?
We have faced these things aforetimes, long ago, long ago.
From sunlit Sydney Harbor
And ten thousand miles away,
From the far Canadian forests to the sounds of Milford bay,
They have answered, they have answered, and we know the answer now,
From the Britains such as these,
Strewn across the world-wide seas,
Come the rally and the bugle note that make us one today.

Beaten! Let them come against us,
We can meet them, one and all,
We have faced the world aforetime, not in vain, not in vain,
Twice ten thousand hearts may be widowed,
Twice ten thousand hearts may fail,
But a million voices answer, "We are ready for the call,"
And the sword we draw for justice shall not see its sheath again,
Nor our cannon cease to thunder
Till we break their strength asunder
And the Lion's whelps are round him and the Old Flag over all.

Select Literature.

The Lynching at Rockbridge

(BY MARY E. BRYAN, IN 'THE HALF HOUR.')

A south-bound train on a Georgia railway slacked its speed before stopping at a small town in the 'piney' woods.

"Shipley!" shouted the leather-lunged man.

A young woman in one of the day coaches got up, took her leather hand-bag from the seat and moved toward the door. Notwithstanding her evident youthfulness, her bearing was dignified, and the expression of her face earnest and noble.

She was the only passenger for Shipley, it appeared; and after a mail-bag had been thrown from the car to the station platform and another mail-bag on board, after the mail agent had unhooked it from the projecting beam to which it was suspended, the train moved off and disappeared around a curve.

The young woman looked forlornly about her. There was no one here to meet her; there was no one even at the station. The groups usually to be seen lounging about the platform when a train was due were conspicuously absent.

But the little town was not asleep. On the contrary, signs of something unusual and exciting were apparent.

In front of a low, flat-roofed brick store, about fifty yards from the station, there was a little group of men, boys, and dogs, gathered about half dozen horsemen armed with guns. These had seemingly just ridden up to the stoop, and were being questioned and listened to with eager interest.

After a while a young man in a blue railway uniform—evidently the station agent—left the group about the horsemen and came toward the railway, followed by the burly negro porter. He approached the young woman, and, lifting his hat politely, asked if she would like to have a seat in the waiting room, and her trunk taken to the baggage-office.

"I hardly know what to do,' she answered, hesitatingly, "I expected to be met here by Mr. Woodbridge, or one of his household. I am to board in his home. I wrote that I would be here to-day; but no one has come, it seems."

"You are Miss Harte, the new teacher for the Woodbridge school?" he said!

"Yes, I am Miss Harte,"

"Harley Woodbridge told me you were to come to-day, and that he or his father would meet you. I suppose the excitement has put it out of their minds."

"The excitement?"

"Over the murder. Our little town is mightily stirred up over a murder that was committed last night. Cap'n Brown, who's been store-keeper here for the last twenty years, was killed and robbed in his store—that brick building there. His throat was cut as he sat at his desk posting his books, and his watch and his money taken. The boys have been out in squads hunting the murderer. One squad has just come; they haven't found him. When they do, I guess they'll short work of him."

"Do you mean they will hang him?"

"That's what they'll do."

"Is it right, do you think, to hang a man without giving him a trial by the laws of his country?"

"The law now-a-days is too slow for justice. There's too many tricks and twists in it. What with mistrials,, and new trials, and the crazy dodge, murderers cost the state thousands of dollars and then get off free nine times out of ten. When a man's known to be guilty, I say string him up at once. It saves time and money. There's not a bit of doubt about who killed the old Cap'n. The fellow dropped his bloody knife, with his name carved in the handle, on the floor close to the body. I 'spose he couldn't find it in his hurry. Then he'd been heard to threaten that he'd kill Cap'n Brown for pressing his father for some money he owed him, and he was seen coming from the store late last night. The evidence is strong as eyesight—and stronger, too. He comes from a bad stock, the young fellow does. His grandfather was hanged for killin' a man, and his brother got shot in a fight. He himself is an idle, rovin' chap, good for nothin' except to fish and hunt rabbits."

"Still, I hope they will let the man have his chance in a court of justice," returned the girl.

She was beginning to look anxious. She was warm and fatigued; she wanted to get to her temporary home.

"How far is Rockbridge from here" she asked.

"Three miles. It's over in that direction—across the pine hills."

"I am afraid they did not get my letter, or they have forgotten about my coming today. I think I will leave my trunk here and walk to Mr. Woodbridge's house if you will kindly give me directions as to the way."

"You couldn't get across the creek. The big rain last night washed away the foot-bridge."

"Then tell me where I can get a conveyance. Have you a public stable here?"

"No; and I am afraid you will not be able to get a horse. Every horse in the village has been pressed into service by the men, who are after Dick Boyle. He's hidin' in the woods somewhere. The rain washed away the scent of his tracks, or the dogs would have found him before this."

"Are you sure I can't get a horse?"

"I don't know of one. Yes, there's Mrs. Wilby's old mare. The widow wouldn't let the boys have her; she's dead against hangin.' But, then, her buggy's lost a wheel."

"I could ride the horse if I had a bridle and saddle.

"I can get you a bridle and saddle right enough. I can get 'em from the store, I think. I'll see about it, and about the horse too."

"Thank you; it will oblige me very much.'

"You'll have to have someone to go with you," he said, turning around to speak to her after he had started off.

"No; I will not need anyone."

He looked at her with surprise and curiosity. The sun was getting low, the country and its people were wholly strange to the girl, and in the woods somewhere near was a desperate criminal, and bands of men pursuing him; yet she proposed to ride three miles along a strange road alone.

"You'd best stay in Shipley, Miss Harte," said the station agent. "We haven't a hotel,—but"

"Thank you; I think I will go on to my destination. The school opens day after to-morrow.

She still hoped Mr. Woodbridge, who was one of the school directors, would come or send some one for her; but no conveyance came in sight along the road that had been pointed out to her, winding down from the pine hill on the other side of the railway. Nor had any come in sight, when the widow's mare, bridled and saddled, came on the scene, led by a little negro boy, and accompanied by other boys, white as well as black. The horse was led up to the platform, and Anna Harte sprang into the saddle with an ease that showed her to be no unpracticed horsewoman.

The ticket agent gave her instructions as to the way.

It's a plain road—no forks," he said. Cross the creek on the right hand; it won't be fank deep to the mare. The first two-storey white house you come to is Squire Woodbridge's place."

After she had reached the top of the hill, he suddenly exclaimed to those around him: "I declare! I forgot to tell her about the short road from the old Wilby house, that comes into this road the other side of the creek. The Widow Wilby's been having hauling done from there. It's the mare's old home, and she's sure to take the road to it. But I reckon the girl will find out she's wrong as soon as she sees the road stops at the house, and she'll turn back. She's a smart one, she is."

It took place as he foresaw. Miss Harte rode on without mishap, forded the creek, and went on half a mile beyond. Then she stopped, perplexed. There were two roads coming together at an obtuse angle. Which should she take? She hesitated a moment, then, decided to take the one the mare seemed to prefer. It had marks of hoofs and wheels, indicating that it had been lately travelled. After ascending a hill she saw at a little distance the roof of a house nearly hidden by large trees. A horse neighed. The mare quickened her pace to a brisk trot. As she approached the house, Miss Harte heard the sound of horses galloping off. When she came nearer, she saw that the house was deserted and partly dismantled. She rode around to the side of the building, where some great oaks grew; but she saw no one.

Perceiving that she had taken the wrong road, she was turning back, when her horse started and snorted as with fright. She looked about, to find the cause. All at once she saw the figure of a man standing, as it seemed, in the gloom of a tree, with his hands behind him. In another breath she saw that the man was not standing; he was swinging from the end of a rope that was fastened to a limb above him.

The ghastly sight made her reel in the saddle for a second. Then she realized that this was the fugitive murderer; that he had just been hanged by the men who galloped off when they heard her approaching—fearing, no doubt, that it was the officers of the law.

She gazed with shuddering fascination at the purple face. Suddenly the features writhed in a spasm of agony; the legs drew up, a gurgling groan escaped the livid lips. The man was alive!

Instantly fright and horror were overcome by pity and the strong impulse to save a life. She urged her horse up to the swaying figure. The mare trembled and held back, but her rider's soothing words and firm hand reassured her.

The instant the animal touched the hanging man he instinctively struggled to gain a foothold upon her. Drawing up his legs, he succeeded in getting his knees upon the neck of the mare. Miss Harte dropped the bridle grasped the man, and drew him to her. Holding him against her with one arm, she began to unfasten the rope around his neck with the other hand. Fortunately it was tied in a slip knot. She quickly loosened it, and drew the rope over his head. Then, still holding him, so as to break his fall, she let him drop to the ground. Immediately she jumped from the saddle and threw the bridle over a broken limb. She got on her knees beside the prostrate figure. He was breathing at intervals in convulsive gasps. She lifted his head to a better position, and rubbed his throat gently. She took a stout clasp knife from her pocket and cut the cord that bound his hands. By this time his breathing was less labored. In another moment he opened his eyes and stared about him bewilderedly.

"Did the rope break?" he gasped. It was as though he asked himself the question.

"No," quietly answered Miss Harte. "The rope has been unloosed. You are free."

He turned his eyes in the direction of her voice and saw her for the first time.

"Did you do it?" he asked.

She told him "Yes."

"Where are the others?"

"They rode away just before I came up. I was going to Woodbridge and had lost my way."

He raised himself to a sitting posture and saw the dangling rope. A look of terror came into his eyes.

"They will come back and hang me again," he said.

She looked at him steadily. "Was it you that killed the storekeeper last night?" she asked.

"No, it wasn't," he said, simply. "I didn't know the cap'n was dead until this mornin'. I was on my way to the store to get some fish-hooks. I met a boy that my mother nursed with the fever last summer, and he told me Cap'n Brown had been killed in his store last night, and they'd found my knife, all bloody, lyin' on the floor, and they was gettin' their horses to lynch me, and I had better take to the woods. I came here and hid in a hole in the side of the old cellar that's half full o' water. They found me awhile ago."

"What made you hide?"

"Why, things was black against me, and I knew they wouldn't wait till they were cleared up. They're down on us in this neighborhood somehow. I had threatened the cap'n because I was mad. He'd charged pap twice for the same goods, and talked hard to the old man. But he'd found out he was wrong, and he sent for me to come to see him. I went last night, and we talked it over and parted friendly."

"And the knife—was it yours?"

"I s'pose it was. I loaned my knife to a fellow yesterday, and he never give it back. I was fishin' in the creek, and he come up—a sort o' tramp he was—and asked me for my knife to cut a cane for a fishin'-pole. He took it and went in the canebrake, and I never saw him again. He was a bad lookin' chap, and I reckon 'twas him that cut the cap'n's throat, and 'twas my knife he done it with."

"Did you tell this to the men that found you?"

"I tried to, but they wouldn't listen. They said it was a lie. But it's the God's truth, lady, though I reckon you won't believe it neither."

"I do believe it, and will help you to save yourself all I can. Have you got a horse?"

"I've got a pony at home—about a mile from here."

"Have you got any money?"

"Nothin' but a quarter the cap'n give me for my fish last night."

"I have twenty dollars. I will give you half of it. When it gets dark, go home and mount your pony and travel as far out of this neighborhood as you can before morning. Take the back roads, and go until you think it may be safe to stop. Get work in the country; keep your secret; tell nobody; work faithfully, and make a new start, a new life for yourself. It may be your innocence of this crime will come out. I must go now, and so must you. They may come back. This is the money; it is in two dollar bills; the more convenient for you."

He had got on his feet with a little effort, and he stood leaning against a tree—the tree on which he had been hanged. He took the bills and stood still, looking at her, the tears coming into his wistful, dog-like eyes.

"You must 'a been sent to me by the Lord," he said. "You are an angel on the earth. Won't you tell me your name?"

"My name is Anna Harte," she answered.

"Will you shake hands with me, Miss Anna Harte?"

He put out his hand timidly. "She extended her own without hesitation and grasped his hand cordially.

"I promise I will do as you ask me to, or I'll die a-tryin'," he said, "You've saved my life, and I'll do with it as you say. I'll start a new row, and I'll hoe it straight."

"I believe you will. May God strengthen and help you," she answered, earnestly.

The pathos in his eyes, and his pitiful swollen face touched her heart. She got upon her horse and rode away. He watched her until she disappeared among the trees. Then he wiped his eyes on his patched sleeve, and slunk away into the tangled depths of a plum thicket to wait for the fast coming twilight.

The sun had set, but the golden afterglow bathed the green hills and russet fields when Miss Harte drew rein before the two-storey white house of her destination. With a few other dwellings, scattered like sentinels about a church, a school house, and a post-office, it formed the little settlement of Woodbridge—named for the most important man of the neighborhood.

A negro boy, who had seen her approach from a distance, got down from the stable-lot fence and came to take her horse. Mrs. Woodbridge, who was in the garden cutting late roses, came to the gate to meet her.

"Goodness me! You have come by yourself, and on horseback!" she exclaimed, in surprise, "Where is Harley—my son? He went to Shipley in a buggy to bring you. How did you happen to miss him?"

"I took a wrong road and went a little out of my way," answered Anna.

She felt weary and exhausted after the strain of the last hour.

"Come right in," said her hostess, warmly. "You look tired and worried. Supper will be ready soon. A cup of hot tea will do you good. I am sorry you had to wait at the station. Mr. Woodbridge had a chill to-day, and Harley was to meet you. He went to Shipley to hear the news of the men who were hunting the murderer, and he didn't come back to get the buggy until about an hour or two ago. They talked about lynching Boyle; but I hope and pray they won't. We are law-abiding folks ourselves. Harley will do his best to prevent any violence, I know."

Miss Harte said little. She was glad to be left alone for a while in the pleasant room that had been assigned her. She was looking pale when she came down to supper, and she had little appetite for the meal when she sat at the table with Mrs. Woodbridge and the younger children—three girls, the eldest a bright faced girl of fifteen. Mr. Woodbridge was 'sweating off his fever,' his wife said, and Harley had returned, but was at the stable superintending the feeding of his horses.

He came in after supper when they were in the parlor, and Miss Harte had seated herself at the piano in response to the children's entreaty that she would play.

The mother introduced her son to the young teacher with pride. He seemed a son to be proud of—an athlete in build, with a candid manly face and eyes full of mingled fire and sweetness.

Miss Harte was extremely anxious to hear what was believed concerning Dick Boyle; whether it was known that he had been hanged, and whether it was suspected that his life had been saved; but she did not dare to enquire.

Presently Mr. Woodbridge came in and immediately questioned his son.

"All I can hear, sir, is that he was captured by one of the parties who were out hunting for him—and he got away."

"Ah! then he was lynched. "Got away." is slang for hanging. I am sorry. I believe the man was guilty, but he ought to have had a trial. If I had not been seized with that confounded chill I would have used every effort to prevent this outrage."

"The murder was an outrage of the worst kind, sir; one that called for prompt punishment," interposed the young man.

"That is true; but the law of the country provides for such cases. I am thankful none of my blood was mixed up in dealing out this law-defying punishment."

Harley looked down and said nothing.

Anna Harte thought: "He does not sympathize with the lynchers, but he has friends among them; he is distressed because of their action,"

Thinking to gratify the children and enliven the spirits of the others, Miss Harte began to play bright little pieces and sing snatches of popular songs. She passed from these presently to more earnest and imaginative numbers. One of these was a fantastic called 'Luray Cavern,' composed by her gifted and short-lived young music-teacher. After playing it, Miss Harte described to the children the wonder of this beautiful cavern, hidden in the heart of the quaint old Virginia town—her birthplace,

Whether she played, sang or talked, she did it in the same natural, unassuming way that had in it the fascination of sincerity and self-forgetfulness. Unconsciously to herself she laid that evening the foundation of her subsequent influence over these strangers among whom her lot was cast.

When Mrs. Woodbridge said "good-night" to her guest, after seeing her to her room, she said:

"I thank you for this pleasant evening, Miss Harte—the pleasantest we have had for a long time. Life on the farm is dull, and young folks crave something to interest them and stir their brains and their blood as well. I think this is why so many young men in the country fall into wild ways of gambling and drinking—there is so much dullness and monotony at home. We shall appreciate your music and your interesting talk."

"And I truly appreciate your kindness, Mrs. Woodbridge. It makes me feel at home—the sweetest feeling in the world," returned the girl, earnestly. It had not been long since she lost mother and home at one blow, and this good woman's motherly welcome brought them to her mind.

Before she left Miss Harte, Mrs. Woodbridge told her she could sleep as long as she liked in the morning, for on Sunday the family were late in rising and breakfasting. But Anna Harte had been accustomed to early rising, and she was awake next morning before sunrise. She lay listening to the singing of a mocking-bird in a tree near her window. In a little while she heard the sound of a man coming up-stairs, evidently trying to make as little noise as possible. He reached the landing and came along the corridor, passed by her room, and knocked on the door of the chamber adjoining her's, which Mrs. Woodbridge had told her was occupied by her son.

She heard Harley's voice say, "Come in!" and the early visitor entered, saying, "In bed, still, old man? I thought you wouldn't be up; but I felt I must come and tell you the news."

In the stillness of the Sabbath morning Miss Harte could hear all he said. The walls between the rooms were not thick, the connecting door was of thin wood, and not well fitted, and the side windows of each room were open.

Harley's young friend went on to tell the "news."

"Sheriff Long and one of his deputies came at six o'clock yesterday evening on the local train. He had a warrant for Dick Boyle's arrest; he had heard rumors that a lynching was on hand; but he found everything quiet; he got nothing out of the Shipley folks. They told him Boyle had escaped. He stayed all night; said he would begin investigating today. Three of us boys went to the old Wilby place last night at ten o'clock, thinking we had better sink the body in the cellar—it's four feet in water; but shoot me, if it wasn't gone!"

"Gone?"

"Yes, there wasn't a sign of it—rope and all were gone. We didn't know what to make of it last night; but this morning, as soon as it was day, I went there by myself. I found fresh cart-wheel tracks, and traced 'em to old man Boyle's house. When I got there he was sitting on his stable fence with his head in his hands. I asked him where Dick was, and he glared at me and didn't answer. Then he began a string of abuse. Said the ones that hunted down his boy were bloodthirsty cowards. They had hanged an innocent man, and now they wanted his body to sell to the doctors to be cut up; but they'd never get it. I knew by this and by the wheel tracks that the old man had cut the body down and buried it somewhere."

There was a silence; then Harley said, with something like a groan: "It was a bad business, that hanging; a dreadful bad business. I wish to God it had not been done! It is possible, too, that Boyle was not the man."

"That is preposterous! He was the man. Every circumstance proved it. Then, if he hadn't been guilty, why did he hide out? And why didn't his father report us boys instead of burying the body secretly?"

"Hush! You are talking too loud! Come nearer."

Harley seemed, for the first time, to remember that the room adjoining his was occupied. The conversation after this was carried on in a lower tone.

What Miss Harte had heard confirmed her in the belief that the lynching party—some of them at least—were friends of young Woodbridge, and that he knew of and was troubled by what they had done. She would have relieved his mind if she had known that she could do this without endangering Dick's prospect of life or liberty. But she could not be sure that Harley would not think it was his duty to make it known that the criminal—as he believed Boyle to be—had escaped, and thus set the avengers of blood in pursuit of him.

For her own part, she believed him to be innocent. His straightforward story, the tone of truth in his voice, and the look of steadfast sincerity in his eyes, appealed to an instinct that was stronger than reason. She trusted he had made good his escape; she was glad his father had had the wit to drive his cart to and from the place of the hanging, thus giving the idea that he had cut down and buried his boy.

The investigations of Sheriff Long came to nothing. He went back and reported that the murderer had escaped. A reward of a hundred dollars was offered by the state for his arrest. A brother of the dead man—heir to his property—arrived, and added two hundred dollars to this sum. The young lynchers kept their secret. So did Miss Harte.

The school at Woodbridge opened with a full attendance. Miss Harte was wholly occupied through the day with her pupils. Her evenings were spent mostly with the Woodbridge family. She had not heart to withdraw to her room when she found what pleasure she was able to give them. Her music, her occasional reading aloud, and her conversation were a source of entertainment to the elders no less than to the children.

The Woodbridges were well-to-do; they owned a large, productive farm and extensive pastures grazed by many cattle; but they had not learned how to enjoy this competence. They took few periodicals; they did not keep in touch with the great world of progressive thought and industry. Their home life was bare of diversion. There were no games, no social meetings, no new books, no discussion of current topics. The coming of Miss Harte wrought a quick and marked improvement. When her box of books arrived she brought out various parlor games, new books, and music. She taught the young people some simple dances; she played dance music on the piano and sang to her mandolin. She took a number of magazines; and to these she presently added an up-to-date agricultural paper, which she left lying about in the sitting-room, where it could be seen and read by Squire Woodbridge, who had an old-fashioned contempt for book-farming and modern ways.

As for Harley, Miss Harte soon decided that he possessed not only a fine mind, but a good heart. She was deeply impressed with his kindness of heart because of something she found out, when she at last ventured to go to see the parents of Dick Boyle. She found a pretext for this visit in the fact that Mrs. Boyle was known to knit nice woollen mitts for sale. It was now more than a month since Dick had made his escape from Woodbridge. Miss Harte had heard nothing from him.

She found his old mother sitting on the doorstep of her small cottage busy knitting. The poor woman was overjoyed to see her. She called her husband, and the three talked together about Dick. They were devoted to him—their "baby child," they called him—the only one spared to them, and so good to his old father and mother. They had missed him sorely; missed his help, too, though two or three of the neighbors had been kind to them—none as kind as young Mr. Woodbridge. He had been to see them and given them a hog for their winter meat, a cord of wood and a sack of flour. He inquired as to their wants, and sent a doctor to see the old man when he cut his foot. He was a good young man, sure, and God would reward him.

Anna felt her cheeks glow as she listened to their praises of Harley. A few days afterwards she went again to the home of the Boyles, ostensibly to see about the fit of the woollen mitts, but really to carry joy to the hearts of the two old people in the form of a letter she had received from one signing himself "Jim Thomas," whom she, however, knew to be Dick Boyle. He had told his parents that he would not write to them, because the detectives would be on the look-out through the mails; but they might hear from him through Miss Harte.

(Concluded on fourth page.)

"He That Any Good Would Win"
Should be provided with good health, and everyone who would have good health should remember that pure, rich blood is the first requisite. Hood's Sarsaparilla, by giving good blood and health, has helped many a man to success, besides giving strength and courage to thousands of women, who, before taking it, could not even see any good to win.

Hood's Pills are gentle, yet effective.

—A very rare astronomical feature belongs to February, 1900; it will have no new moon. January had two and March will have two. A moonless month has not occurred since February, 1866, and will not, it is said, occur again for a vastly greater space of time.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown
Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

Politeness.

"Can you write a good hand?" asked a man of a boy who applied for a situation.

"Yaas," was the answer.

"Are you good at figures?"

"Yaas," was the answer again.

"That will do, I don't want you," said the merchant.

After the boy had gone a friend said: "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy; why don't you try him.?"

"Because he has not learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,'" replied the merchant. "If he answered me as he did, how will he answer customers?"—*Baptist Signal.*

Catarrhozone Cannot Be Beaten.
Mr. Rodie McDougall, of Vanleek Hill, Ont., says: "Catarrhozone has done me more good than any other medicine I ever used. It has cured me of my Catarrh. Others may praise their preparations but Catarrhozone cannot be beaten as a cure for Catarrh." Catarrh-o-zone is a new method of treatment guaranteed to cure the most chronic cases of Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, &c. Sure, safe and pleasant to use. Sold by all druggists. Trial outfit sent for 10c in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

A Natural Cross.

One of the most beautiful natural rock carvings in the world carvings in the world is the Southern Cross, on the Island of Grand Manan, in the Bay of Fundy. It stands at the head of a ledge of rock jutting into the bay from the foot of one of the immense cliffs at the southern end of the Grand Manan. Its shape is that of an almost perfect cross.

—"Yes, I lost my watch in the river once, and it kept on running for seven years."

"The watch?"

"Nah, the river."