Weekly Monitor.

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Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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

JOB WORK.

—:o:—

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Circulars,
Programmes,
Bill-Heads,
Dodgers,
Business Cards,
Wedding Cards,
Visiting Cards,
Shipping Tags,
Posters,
Tickets,
&c., &c., &c.

—:o:—

Call and Inspect Samples of Work.

—:o:—

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SANCTON & PIPER.

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.

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

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

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING

Tuesday, 12th of Dec. 1876.

HALIFAX to ST. JOHN.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Exp.	Pass. and Frgt.	Pass. and Frgt.
			A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
0	Halifax	Leave	8 00	7 45	3 15
8	Bedford	"	8 22	8 13	3 43
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.	
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	.....
110	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.
			A. M	A. M.	A. M.
	St. John by Steamer		.....	.....	8 00
					P. M.
0	Annapolis	Leave	.....	7 00	1 45
7	Round Hill	"	.....	7 24	2 02
14	Bridgetown	"	.....	7 48	2 20
19	Paradise	"	.....	8 09	2 34
22	Lawrencetown	"	.....	8 22	2 43
28	Middleton	"	.....	8 47	2 59
31	Wilmot	"	.....	8 59	3 08
42	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, 126 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,
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

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.
sept30 y

VISITING CARDS.

Neatly executed at the office of this paper.

ADAM YOUNG.

38, 40, & 42 WATER ST.
and 143 Prince William St. John, N. B.,
Manufacturer of

Cooking, Hall and Parlor Stoves,

Ranges, Furnances, &c.

Marbleized Slate Mantle Pieces,

—AND—

Register Grates.

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

August 2nd, 1876. n17 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 tf

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. G. 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 PEARNESS,

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

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.

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 in no case 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.

Keep 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 Prints, 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. n17 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 their large and varied stock of STAPLE GOODS and General House Furnishings—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. y

Just Received.

1 BBL. SCOTCH SNUFF;
SIMPSON'S CATTLE SPICE;
POWDERED TUMERIC;
BORAX, SALTPERTE;

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 Tassos, 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. Peters, 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.

VOLO, NON VALEO.

I was asked to write for a paper,
And thinking I would not refuse,
To a corner secluded I wandered
O'er a subject befitting to muse.

Just then I chanced to remember
A note which the Editor said,
In selecting perhaps may assist you
So turning to it, I read.

"Avoid all such trite discussions
As, for instance, 'the Fall of Man'—
Give us something *original—racy*—
Of course, we don't doubt but you can.

Shun every political question
As you would a fever or plague—
Theological topics you will not
In your articles trouble I beg.

Should you turn your attention to Ethics,
Don't forget—'It is human to err,'
Lest theory and practice should happen
(As they often do happen) to jar.

Should you enter the 'realm of Science,'
'Twould be well to tread cautiously there,
Of the 'balmy groves of the Muses'
As a friend, I would bid you Beware!

And so it went on with restrictions—
'This, that and the other forbade,
Till, aside from prohibited matter,
Not a single idea I had.

But I've promised to write for the paper,
And to-morrow the article's due—
Will some friend please suggest *sotto voce*,
Some topic *unheard* of and new.

JOSIE.

Select Literature.

Once too Often.

In the cosy drinking-room of a club, famous in metropolitan annals, three handsome young men were assembled, and the sounds of the clinking of richly-chased goblets might have been heard by persons on the almost deserted street below.

'Almost deserted,' I have written, for the hour was late; the business houses of the city had long been closed; the patrons of the drama even, having seen the curtain fall on the tragic *denouement*, had retired to their couches; no one save the guardians of the metropolis seemed abroad.

The appointments of the apartment I have mentioned were very elegant. A person seemingly could have lost himself among the emerald cushioning of the arm-chairs; the heavy plush window curtains were of the most elaborate patterns, and the gaudy Brussels on the floor gave forth no sound. A mountain teamster might have stalked through the room without having his route told by the sound of feet. The tables, the wine cupboard, the bottles and the goblets were marvels of luxury, and proclaimed the wealth of the *coterie* that frequented the place.

No man whose clothes were not rich in fabric, finish and adornments could cross the threshold of the club rooms, and the trio that tenanted the drinking parlor on the mid-Autumn night with which I dealt, seemed frequent visitors there. I know that they used the wines freely; I know that they sent beautiful wreaths of white smoke curling ceilingward, and occasionally sang verses of club songs.

'Noble did you ever see Marmaduke Lee?' asked one of the trio, looking at a young man who was in the act of lighting a cigar across the oval table.

'Never, Jourdan,' was the reply. 'I suppose he was a better man than Budd Noble. People say I look like him.'

'How do you know this?'

'I am not deaf,' answered the man called Noble with a smile. 'Yesterday on St. Charles Street, I heard a man say, 'Marmaduke Lee, by the souls of the martyrs?' I turned and found him staring at me with the last word quivering on his lips. And this morning a young schoolgirl came up and called me 'Uncle Marmaduke.' Gentlemen, tell me the truth—do I look like Marmaduke Lee?'

'You are his exact double,' said the third man, who had not spoken before. 'You could deceive Lee's own mother.'

'But I could not be so wicked,' said Budd Noble, smiling; 'though I would like to play some pleasant trick on this Marmaduke Lee."

'Wartop Jordan started forward and leaned over the table."

'You wouldn't eh?' he cried, with his eyes fastened on Noble.

'I would, by my soul, Jourdon! Where is Lee?'

'At the bottom of the sea.'

'You are joking. Come, come Jourdan."

'Ask, Faverley there,' said Jourdan, earnestly, becoming more and more excited. 'Listen to me. Yesterday, nine months since Marmaduke Lee sailed in the White Cirle, from Melbourne, bound for Calcutta. That vessel went down in a typhoon on the Indian Ocean, about thirty-five leagues from one of the Sumartran Islands. But two persons escaped—a negro cook and a sailor named Beargrass. Marmaduke Lee went down with the ship. This is certain! He was a New Yorker, and at the time of his death engaged to Harriet Gosnold, a Virginia lady.'

Here Wartop Jourdon paused and sipped a little liquor, angrily.

'Go, on,' said Noble; 'I'm becoming interested in this little story.'

'Which is about finished,' supplemented the wine-inflamed narrator. 'You don't know Harriet Gosnold?'

'No! lovely, I suppose?'

'Regally beautiful! her head would become a crown. The blood of princes is in her veins. Budd Noble, a day's acquaintance with her would find you at her feet.'

'No! no! Budd Noble has never been a woman's fool.'

Jourdan bit his lip and glanced at Faverly.

'She believes that Marmaduke Lee will return some day and claim her,' he said after the biting of his lips. 'You look like him; talk, act, sing and write like him. Now, I will come to a subject I have longed to broach. But first let me ask you a question. Have you told any person you were not the true Marmaduke Lee?'

'I have not,' was the reply. Why, I haven't been in the city two days yet.'

'Good! Budd Noble, do you ever bet?'

For the first time the lightning of animation flashed in Noble's eyes.

'Bet!' he echoed. 'Jourdan, I have won and lost fortunes. I have never rejected a wager. I will never reject one!'

The next moment Wartop Jourdan was on his feet.

'You are the man I have been looking for two years!' he said looking at Noble.

'I will wager one thousand dollars that you dare not go to Writhmoor and wed Harriet Gosnold as the lost Marmaduke Lee. One thousand dollars, Budd Noble, or five thousand, if you like it!'

Budd Noble smiled:

'I dare do anything!' he said. 'Gentlemen I fear you do not know me.'

'Then you accept the wager?' cried Jourdan.

'I do! and as Marmaduke, I shall wed Harriet Gosnold before St. Valentine's, and pocket your ten hundred.'

'We shall see! Your hand on the bet!' and over the table the two men joined hands, and drank to the wager that was doomed to wreck more than one life.'

'Jourdan, you must hate Harriet Gosnold? said Noble.

'And I loved her once.'

'A jilted lover! then behold.'

'Yes, jilted; but I am going to have my revenge now!' exclaimed Jourdan with a flushed face, 'I cannot tell how I hate that proud Virginia girl. She has jilted me once too often, gentlemen—once too often!'

And the passion of the handsome speaker was terrible.

'I may learn to love her,' said Budd Noble.

'If you admire women, you will,' was the reply. 'Before St. Valentine's; do not forget, Noble. Faverley and I will be there. I would sooner see that woman cheated at the altar than stand among the saints in glory. I will live to tell her that she has jilted Wartop Jourdan once too often!'

Half an hour later the wine-parlor was deserted, and the lights were out.

The three men have retired to one of the grand hotels of the city, two to sleep, the third to pace his room with feverish excitement.

'Four years ago, this lucky night, I first met you, Harriet Gosnold,' he said. 'I loved you, Harriet, as man seldom loves woman! but you cruelly jilted me. Time passed; you appeared repentant, and, loving you still, I forgave. At your side again, my love seemed to increase tenfold; but you threw me aside again. Then I began to hate. Oh, God! how I hate you now! Ah! Harriet Gosnold, my revenge will be terrible before the flowers bloom again. You have jilted me once too often, my Virginia queen. You will curse the day of you birth.'

His words seemed to calm his passioned spirit, for he retired, and soon fell into a deep sleep.

But into the watches of the night he carried his thoughts of triumph; for, in a dream, his lips murmured:

'Once too often, Harriet Gosnold. Once too often, says the wronged heart.'

The following day Budd Noble destroyed all the letters that might disclose his true indentity, purchased new clothes, for on his linen were the initials of B. N. and started for Richmond.

'You shall hear from me,' were his parting words to Jourdan and Faverly on the wharf. 'I think the affair will come off about Christmas, but I will let you know in time.'

Then he left them and waved a last farewell from the deck of the noble ship.

Budd Noble was going to the Virginia home to win, by the basest deception, three things—a woman's leve, a woman's hand and a goodly sum of gold.

* * * * * * * *

The rich Autumn passed away, and the snows of December covered the roofs, lawns and walks of one of the fairest estates of the old Dominion.

Within the magnificient mansion that graced the far-trending estate, the owner sat in his great arm-chair near the window that looked out on the river, that flowed by Virginia's capital.

He was an old man whose hair was white long, and silken.

While thus he sat a beautiful woman entered and approached him.

'Father,' she said softly, and he started to turn upon her with a smile.

'I am glad that you have come,' he said. 'To-night, Harriet, you will be happy. He is coming back.'

The woman blushed and looked fairer than ever.

'And to-morrow the blessed day of the nativity, you become a wife. Harriet, I am glad that I have lived to see this day. When every one said that he slept in the sea, you put your trust in God and said 'No!' You declared that he would come back and claim you; and for your goodness Harriet, and for your holy love and his, the insatiate sea for once gave up the living, and fair winds brought him to Writhmoor again. Harriet, who is coming from the North to-morrow?'

'Several of Marmaduke's friends,' she answered. 'Among them, Wartop Jourdan.'

The old man looked at his child—the only one ever born to him, and she was the fruit of a third marriage.

'Wartop Jourdan whom you once rejected?'

'Yes, father; but I am sure that we are friends,' she answered quickly.

'I never liked him, Harriet. I don't know why,' he said slowly. 'He is talented; but I believe he can dissimulate; I knew his father, and though we were schoolmates, I never could like him. But that he his coming to see you married, I will welcome him. I will welcome every-body for Marmaduke's sake and yours.'

The beautiful woman did not reply, for a servant announced a visitor, and the old man was alone again.

A few moments later, Harriet Gosnold returned, and the octogenarian welcomed the handsome young man who accompanied her. He called him Marmaduke, and talked in a rapid strain about Richmond, the fresh snows, the days of his youth—everything.

The man whom he called Marmaduke was none other than Budd Noble.

Grandly but wickedly, for almost three months, he had impersonated Marmaduke Lee at the Virginia homestead. As the sea-lost lover, he had been received beyond the threshold, and Harriet loved him as she had loved the true recipient of her promise.

As he had jokingly anticipated in the wine parlor of the Arctic Club, Budd Noble had learned to love the beautiful Virginian. She took his heart by storm, and more than a thousand times he had regretted the *role* he was playing. He knew that she was loving him as Marmaduke Lee—that as Budd Noble, she would not love him, and for all this and more, he hated himself. Once or twice he turned from his task, but the wager drove him back; and whenever he thought of the beautiful jewel he would wear, though by a lie, he determined to succeed.

The departure of night ushered in the Christmas morn, and I wish I could here pause and fling away the untold story of that holy night.

Its memory still lingers along the James; people will tell it to you to-day, as I am going to tell it.

During the day many wedding guests came to Writhmoor, among them Wartop Jourdan and Webb Faverly. Harriet Gosnold welcomed with smiles and kind words her former lover, who, devilish triumph in his tone, congratulated her on the life about to open to her. He knew that she would be happy, and he thanked the waves for their mercy, and for the return of Marmaduke Lee.

Yet a moment later he turned to whisper to Webb Faverly:

'Noble is going to win. I knew it would be thus, my lady. You've jilted me once too often.'

The sun went down on the snow, and the shining chandeliers in the old mansion filled with wedding guests. The moon, full and white as a silver planet, shone in a clear sky, and made the snow-tipped houses trees, and fences shine with beauty indescribable.

Old Yost Gosnold was happy. He moved from room to room, thanking God that he had lived so long—blessing the night he would curse before the dawn of another day.

When the appointed hour came, the counterfeit Marmaduke Lee, with Harriet on his arm, stood before the surpliced man of God. How feelingly the father gave the bride away will never be forgotten by those who stood by and listened. It must have touched Budd Noble's heart; it made Wartop Jourdan glance at Faverly, and smile. His lips moved, but spoke nothing, but Faverly knew what words they had uttered '*Once too often!*'

Why need I dwell on this scene when I want to reach the end of my story.

Amid almost palpable silence, the minister opened the marriage ceremony and the pair before him became man and wife!

A lie and a bet had done it all!

Blushing, the bride looked up into her husband's face, and he was stooping to bestow the first kiss, when the door opened and the guests began to utter cries of horror.

Budd Noble looked, and turned pale when he beheld the man who had entered.

He was his counterpart, and that instant he knew him.

With a shriek Harriet dropped his arm; with her eyes fastened on the new-comer, sank senseless to the floor.

'I am Marmaduke Lee!' cried the stranger. 'The sea has given me up,' and he faced Budd Noble and raised his clenched hands. 'By a base lie this woman has been won, and I will claim my own!'

He stooped to raise Harriet, when Noble touched his arm.

'Touch her on your peril! he said fiercely. 'She is my wife! Touch her, Marmaduke Lee, and by the king of heaven, I'll kill you! If you want satisfaction there is a grove behind the house and the moon is full.'

'Then come!' cried Marmaduke Lee. 'If this woman, won by a lie is a wife, God help me to make her this night a widow!'

Nobody tried to prevent bloodshed, and the two men, followed by many, left the house.

Then Harriet, white as marble and as cold, was borne to a sofa, and her aged father bent over her.

Never would she know the result of the battle about to be fought under the brilliant moon, for she was dead.

'Leave me with my dead!' commanded Yost Gosnold, and the horrified guests withdrew.

Silence filled that high ceiled chamber. The old man bent over the beautiful dead in bridal robes, his only child, and the last save him, of the name. And he, too, would soon be gone!

All at once a sound penetrated the room It was the report of two pistols, blended into one.

The watcher raised his head, and an anxious look overspread his face.

Then he seemed to be waiting for news, for he watched the door.

At last it opened, slowly, noiselessly, and Marmaduke Lee entered.

There was triumph in his eyes.

'It is all over!' he said. 'There is a dead man out in the snow.'

And old Yost Gosnold said 'Amen!'

By-and-by the wedding guests entered to look at the beautiful dead.

Wartop Jourdan with calm face, unshaken lip, and tearless eye stood over her and murmured:

'It is terrible! terrible! but she jilted me once too often?'

Writhmoor is a heap of ashes now.

Marmaduke Lee fled after the duel, and Virginia never saw him more.

Wartop Jourdan, the avenging devil, four years later received a mortal wound at the gambling table, and died in delirium, murmuring:

'Once—once too often!'

☞ Laziness prevents a man from getting off his horse to put on the first rail that gets knocked off the fence, and through this lazy neglect a whole field of corn is seriously damaged. Laziness keeps a man from driving one nail when one nail would do, finally costing a carpenter's bill for extensive repairs. Laziness allows a gate to be off the hinges, to lie in the mud, or stand propped by rails—or a stable or a barn to leak and damage hundreds of dallars worth of provender. Laziness, in short, is the right and proper name for nine-tenths of the excuses given for bad farming. But far the most prolific of the many wastes that are due to laziness is the waste of ignorance.

☞ One of the really golden moments of a young man's life is when he attempts to brush a banana skin off the side-walk with his back bone, and gets up perfectly satisfied that nobody has observed his failure.

☞ A man without an occupation is greatly to be pitied. He may have talent; he may have means; yet in this busy country he always seems like a lost sheep, that has somehow gone astray, and got seperated from his companions.