WORDS FAIL. "Words fail to express my gratitude," says Mr. SELBY CARTER, of Nashville, Tenn., "for the benefits derived from

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Having been afflicted all my life with Scrofula, my system seemed saturated with it. It came out in Blotches, Ulcers, and Mattery Sores, all over my body." Mr. Carter states that he was entirely cured by the use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and since discontinuing its use, eight months ago, he has had no return of the scrofulous symptoms.

All baneful infections of the blood are promptly removed by this unequalled alterative.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

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HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

We have recently published a new editon of DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

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All work attended to promptly. Charges reasonable.

W. A. CRAIG,
MANAGER.
Bridgetown, March 10th, '85 y

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Cordwood,
SPILING, BARK,
R. R. TIES, LUMBER, LATHS,
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Potatoes, Fish, etc.
Best Prices for all shipments.
Write fully for Quotations.
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General Commission Merchants,
22 Central Wharf, BOSTON.
Members of Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanic Exchanges. jan28ly

1885. 1885.
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Marble Works,
ARE prepared to compete with any similar concern in the Province, both in workmanship or price.
MONUMENTS,
HEADSTONES,
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—IN—
Marble, Freestone & Granite,
of all descriptions manufactured to order at short notice.
ALSO:
Furniture Tops!
Call and inspect work.
OLDHAM WHITMAN.
Bridgetown, Jan. 12th, 85'

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 13. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1886. NO. 40.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough.

Excels all other Remedies for External Use.

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N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.
CELEBRATED
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—ALSO:—
MONCTON
Non-Freezing FORCE PUMP.
These Pumps are admitted by thousands who are using them to be the best in the Dominion.
Orders Promptly Attended To.

Good Workmanship. Reasonable Prices.

ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,
Warerooms in Reed's Furniture Factory.
BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.
A. E. SULIS.

MONEY AT 6 PER CENT.
Can be obtained from the
N. S. P. B Building Society and Savings Fund,
On real Estate Security, payable in Monthly instalments extending over a period of about eleven years.
For particulars apply to
J. M. OWEN,
Agent for County of Annapolis.
Annapolis 27th Feb 1883.y

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber being desirous of giving more attention to his
GROCERY and PROVISION TRADE,
has decided to sell his valuable FARM, situated in Beaconsfield, three and a-half miles from Bridgetown, and directly under the North Mountain.

The property comprises about 300 acres of splendid land, 25 or 30 under cultivation, and 200 abounding in valuable Hard and Soft Timber.

There is also between 200 and 300 healthy and bearing Fruit Trees, in Apple, Plum, Pear, &c.

A good House, Barn, and other Outbuildings, together with pure and never-failing water privileges are among the inducements.

For full particulars apply to the subscriber.
T. J. EAGLESON.
Bridgetown, Oct. 9, 1883. tf

Rare Bargain!

The subscriber offers for sale that DESIRABLY SITUATED PROPERTY, formerly owned by the late
DANIEL NICHOLS.

THE property contains 25 acres and is most beautifully situated in the fertile district of Central Clarence, facing the Leonard Road which leads to the village of Paradise. The house is in thorough repair, containing 8 rooms, and is fitted up with all modern conveniences, such as bath room, water closet, water pipes led into the house from a never failing spring, etc. The cellar extends under the whole house, contains a milk pantry, is frost proof, has a concrete floor, and is capable of storing 450 bbls. of apples. The orchard on the place yields from 75 to 80 bbls. of apples per year of choice fruits, together with a quantity of plums, pears and cherries. A vegetable garden is also on the place, which is in a good state of cultivation, and has quite an assortment of small fruits such as currants, gooseberries, strawberries, etc.

A nice hawthorne hedge, well trimmed, separates the premises from the highway. The place cuts sufficient hay for a cow and horse, and has a good pasture with some woodland.

Adjoining the house is a store, which is thoroughly shelved, and well situated for a general trade. A good hall is over the store.

For terms apply on the premises to
MRS. D. NICHOLS.
Clarence, Sept. 8, '85. 6m.

BIG Discounts
—AND—
LOW PRICES
THIS MONTH
—AT—
E. STEVENS' GENERAL STORE,
LAWRENCETOWN.
See Handbills for particulars.

GUNS,
AMMUNITION,
HEAVY
WOOL SHIRTS,
Shirts & Drawers,
A SMALL LOT OF
GENT'S GENUINE
Plymouth Buck Gloves.
Apple Barrels.
B. STARRATT.

Letter "B" No. 34.

In the County Court, 1885.

BETWEEN JACOB SLOCOMB, Pltff.
AND
ROBERT MARSHALL, and JOSEPH GRAVES, Defdts.

Upon hearing Counsel and upon [L. S.] reading the affidavit of J. G. Henniger Parker and J. Avard Morse, dated the 4th day of December, A.W.S ber, A. D., 1885, it is ordered, that unless the above named Defendant, Robert Marshall, do appear and plead to the writ of summons, herein, within thirty days after the publication of this order in the *Weekly Monitor*, at Bridgetown, the Plaintiff above named may proceed therein to judgment, and that publication of this order for thirty days after the date hereof, in said Bridgetown *Weekly Monitor*, shall be good and sufficient service of the said writ, and that a copy of this order and of the said summons be also mailed post-paid to the said Robert Marshall, addressed to his last place of residence at Port Lorne, Annapolis County.

Dated the fifth day of December., A. D., 1885.

On motion of Mr. Parker, Counsel with Pltff.
By the Court,
(Sgd.) RICHD. J. UNIACKE.
5it41. Clerk.

Welland Canal Enlargement.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on MONDAY, the 25th day of JANUARY next (1886), for raising the walls of the locks, weirs, &c., and increasing the height of the banks of that part of the Welland Canal between Port Dalhousie and Thorold and, for deepening the Summit Level between Thorold and Ramey's Bend, near Humberston.

The works, throughout, will be let in Sections.

Maps of the several localities, together with plans and descriptive specifications, can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, the 11th day of JANUARY next, 1886, where printed forms of tender can be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works north of Allanburg will be furnished at the Resident Engineer's Office, *Thorold*; and for works south of Allanburg, plans, specifications, &c., may be seen at the Resident Engineer's Office, *Welland*.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and in case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of their occupation and place of residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque of *Two Thousand Dollars* or more—according to the extent of the work on the section—must accompany the respective tenders, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates stated in the offer submitted.

The amount required in each case will be stated on the form of tender.

The cheque or money thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.
Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 9th December, 1885. 5it42.

The Private Academy for Boys,
—AT—
"THE WOODLANDS,"
will re-open on
JANUARY 4TH
under the superintendence of the former principal,
Mr. Wm. McVicar, A. M.

The location of the School, with its beautiful surroundings, combined with the efficient character of instruction imparted, renders it one of the most desirable places of Education in the Lower Provinces. tf.

Sept. 1st, '85.

The usual Large and Varied Stock of ENGLISH, SCOTCH, CANADIAN TWEEDS & ENGLIS WORSTEDS, for Fall Orders is now open at
JOHN H. FISHER'S,
BLUE STORE.

SAMUEL LEGG,
Watch and Clock Maker.
—IN—
Murdoch's Block.
Also Agent for the
HARTFORD LIFE
—AND—
ANNUITY INSURANCE CO.
Of Hartford, Conn.
Bridgetown, July 1, '85.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.
Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing
and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers distinctly heard. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonial, free. Address F. Hiscox, 538 Broadway, N.Y. Mention this paper.

F. C. HARRIS,
Licensed Auctioneer,
Commission Merchant and Real Estate Agent
Special rates for sales of Real Estate and Farm Stock.
Bridgetown, March 26th, 1884. n50

NOTICE!
The subscriber having met with a heavy loss by fire, will esteem it a favour for all who are indebted to him to call and settle their accounts.
W. A. CRAIG.

To Loan.
ON first class Real Estate security, $35,000. None but first class security will be taken.
J. G. H. PARKER.
Bridgetown, Dec. 23rd '84.

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Poetry.

The Open Grate.

Before the snapping, glowing grate
We sit, my wife and I, together,
And happy in our tete-a-tete,
Defy this dull December weather.

There's nothing like a blazing fire
To make a man feel blithe and jolly,
To raise his drooping spirits higher,
And drive away his melancholy.

And we enjoy, my wife and I,
Our cheery fire when darkness hovers;
And while the cold winds moan and sigh
We sit there like a pair of lovers.

I sometimes think that there must be
Some subtle witchery about it;
But this I know, I cannot see
How we could ever do without it

So every night it's lighted now,
For thus we both of us have willed it,
And every night we have a row
To settle which of us shall build it.

Select Literature.

Miss Mignon
OR
Capt. Ferrers' Ward.

CHAPTER I.

It was considerably after midnight when one of three officers seated at a whist-table in the mess-room of the Cavalry Barracks at Idleminster, where the Scarlet Lancers were quartered, called out, 'Bootles, come and take a hand—there's a good chap.'

Captain Algernon Ferrers, more commonly known as 'Bootles,' looked up.

'I don't mind if I do,' he said, rising and moving towards them. 'What do you want me to do? Who's my partner?'

The three other men stared at one another in surprise, for Bootles was one of the best whist players in the regiment, and in an ordinary way would as soon have thought of counting honors as of settling the question of partners other than by cutting, except in the case of a regenve.

'Why, take a card, of course, my friend,' laughed Lacy, in a ridiculously soft voice. Lacy was a recent importation from the White Dragoons, and had taken the place left vacant in Bootles' every-day life by Scott Laurie's marriage.

'Ah, yes, to be sure—cut, of course. I believe,' said Bootles, looking at the three faces before him in an uncertain way—'I believe I've got a headache.'

'Oh, nothing like whist for a headache,' answered Hartog, turning up one card. 'Ace of diamonds.' However, after stumbling through one game—after twice trumping his partner's trick, a revoke, and several such like blunders—he rose to his feet.

'It's no use, you fellows; I'm no good to-night—I can't even see the cards. Get some one to take my place and make a fresh start.'

'Why, you're ill, Bootles,' cried Preston. 'What is it?'

'It's a devil of a headache,' answered Bootles, promptly. 'Here's Miles—the very man. Good-night.'

'Good-night,' called the fellows after him. 'Then they settled down to their game, and Preston dealt.

'Never saw Bootles seedy before,' said Lacy.

'Oh yes; he gets these headaches sometimes,' answered Hartog. 'Not often, though. Miles, you lead.'

Meantime Bootles went wearily away, almost feeling his road under the veranda of the mess-rooms, along the broad *pave* in front of the officers' quarters, and up the wide flight of stone steps to his rooms facing the green of the barrack square. Being the senior captain, with only one bachelor field-officer in the regiment, he had two large and pleasant rooms, not very grandly furnished, for, though a rich man he was not an extravagant one, and saw no fun in having costly goods and chattles to be at the tender mercies of a soldier's servants; but they were neat, clean and comfortable, with a sufficiency of great easy travelling-chairs, plenty of fur rugs, and lots of pretty little pictures and knick-knacks.

The fire in the sitting room was fast dying out, but a bright and cheerful blaze illuminated his sleeping room, shining on the brass knobs of his cot, on the silver ornamentations at the corners of the dressing-case, on three or four scent bottles on the tall cretonne-petticoated toilette table, and on the tired but resplendent figure of Bootles himself.

He dragged the big chair pretty near to the fire, and dropped into it with a sigh of relief, absolutely too sick and weary to think of getting into bed just then. As Hartog had said, sometimes these headaches seized him, but it did not happen often; in fact, he had not had one for more than a year—quite often enough, he said.

Well he had been lying in the big and easy chair, his eyes shut, and his hands hanging idly over the broad straps which served for arms for perhaps half an hour, when to his surprise he heard a soft rustling movement behind him. His first and not unnatural thought was that the fellows had come to draw him, so, without moving, he called out, 'Oh! confound it all, don't come boring a poor devil with a headache. By Jove, it's cruelty to animals, neither more nor less.'

The soft rustling ceased, and Bootles closed his eyes again, with a devout prayer that they would, in response to this appeal, take themselves off. But presently it began again, accompanied by a sound which made his heart jump almost into his mouth, and beat so furiously as to be simply suffocating. It stopped—was repeated—'*The*—DEVIL,' muttered Bootles.

But it was not the devil at all—more like a little angel, in truth; for after a moment's irresolution he sprang from his chair and faced the horror behind him. It really was a horror to him, for there, sitting up among the pillows of the cot, with the clothes pushed back, was a baby, a baby whose short golden curls shone in the fire-light, a little child dressed in white, with a pair of wide-open eyes, as bright as stars and blue as sapphires.

Bootles stood in dismay staring at it.

'Where, in the name of all that's wonderful, did *you* come from?' he asked aloud, keeping at a safe distance lest it should suddenly start howling.

But the little stranger did not howl; on the contrary, as its bewildered eyes fell upon Bootles' resplendent figure, his gold-laced scarlet jacket and gold-embroidered waistcoat of white velvet, his gold-laced overalls and jingling spurs, it stretched out its little arms and cried 'Boo, boo, boo—'

Bootles took a step back in his surprise, and his headache vanished as if by magic.

'By—Jove!' he exclaimed.

'Boo—boo—boo!' crowed the usurper of the cot, cheerily.

Bootles went a step nearer. 'Why, you are a queer little beggar,' he remarked. 'Where did you come from, eh?'

The 'queer little beggar,' suddenly changed its tune, and started another system of crowing more triumphant and cheery than the first.

'Chucka—chucka—chucka—chuck!' it went.

Bootles began to laugh. 'Can't talk, hey? Well, what do you want?' as it struggled fiercely to rise, and stretched out its small arms more impatiently than before. 'Want to be lifted up, hey? Oh, but dash it,' scratching his head perplexedly, 'I can't lift you up, you know; it's out of the question—impossible. By Jove, I might let you drop and smash you!'

'Chucka—chucka—chuck!' Boo—oo—oo! gobbled the baby, as if it were the best joke in the world.

'You don't mind? Well, come along, then,' approaching very gingerly, and wondering where he should begin to get hold of it, so spoke.

The baby soon settled that question, holding out its arms towards his neck. Then, somehow, he gathered it up and carried it in doubt and trepidation to the big chair by the fire, where the creature sat contentedly upon his knee, the curly golden head resting against his scarlet jacket, the soft fingers of one baby hand tight twined round one of his, the other picking and wandering aimlessly about the scrolls and curves of the gold embroidery on his waist-coat.

'By Jove! you're a jolly little chap,' said Bootles, just as if it could understand him. 'But the question is, where did you come from, and what's to be done with you? You can't stop here, you know.'

The baby's big blue eyes raised themselves to his, and the fingers which had been twined round his made a grab at his watch-chain.

'Gar—gar—garr—rah!' it remarked, in such evident delight that Bootles laughed again.

'Oh, you like it, do you? Well, you're a queer little beggar; no mistake about that. I wonder where you belong to and where you live when you are at home? Can't be a barrack child—too dainty-looking and not slobbery enough. And this dress'—taking hold of the richly embroidered white skirt—'this must have cost a lot; and it's all lace too.'

He knew what embroidery cost by his own mess waistcoats and his tunics. Then not only was the dress of the child of a very costly description, but the sleeves were tied up with cambridge blue ribbons that were evidently new, and the waist was encircled by a broad sash of the same material and tint. Although it was just such a child as he was occasionally called upon to admire in the houses of his married brother officers; yet that any lady in the regiment would lend her baby for a whole night to a set of harum-scarum young fellows for the purpose of playing a trick on a brother officer was manifestly absurd. And besides that Bootles was so good-natured and such a favorite with the ladies of the regiment that he thought he knew all their babies by sight, and he became afraid that this was indeed a little stranger in the land, welcome or unwelcome.

Yet if it was the fellows' doing, where had they got it? And if it was not the fellows' doing, why should any one leave a baby asleep in his cot? The whole thing was inexplicable.

Just then the child, in playing with his chain, slipped a little on the smooth cloth of his overalls, and Bootles, with a 'Whoa! whoa my lad!' hauled it up again. In doing so he felt a piece of paper rustle somewhere about the embroidered skirt.

'A note. This grows melodramatic,' said Bootles, craning his head to find it. 'Oh, here we are! Now we shall see.'

The note was written in a firm, large, yet thoroughly feminine hand, and ran thus:

'You will not absolve me from my oath of secrecy respecting our marriage, though now that I have offended you, I may starve or go to the work-house. I cannot break my oath though you have broken all yours, but I am determined that you shall acknowledge your child. I am going to leave her to-night in your rooms with her clothes. By midnight I shall be out of the country. I do this because I have obtained a good situation, and because when I reach my destination I shall have spent my last shilling. I give you fair warning, however, that if you desert the child, or fail to acknowledge her, I will break my oath and proclaim our marriage. If you engage a nurse she will not be much trouble. She is a good and sweet tempered child, and I have called her Mary, after your dear mother. 'Oh, how she would pity me if she could see me now! Farewell.'

From that moment Bootles absolved "the fellows" from any share in the affair; but what to do with the child he had not the least idea.

'It is the very devil,' he said aloud, watching the busy fingers playing with his chain.

He gathered it awkwardly in his arms, and rose to look for the clothing spoken of in the letter. Yes, there it was, a parcel of goodly size, wrapped in a stout brown paper cover, and on the chair beside his cot lay the out-door garments of a young child—a white coat bordered with fur, a fur-trimmed cap, and some other things, which Bootles did not quite understand the use of; white wool fingerless gloves (at least he did not know what else they could be), and some longer things of the same class, like stockings without feet.

Bootles shook his head bewilderingly. 'Mother means it to stop; I don't know what to do,' he said, helplessly.

It occurred to him then that perhaps some of the fellows might be able to make a suggestion. He did not know what to do with the child for the night, nor for the matter of that, what to do with it for the moment. He had the sense not to take it out into the chill midnight air, and when he attempted to put it back into the cot it rebelled, clinging to his watch-chain with might and main.

'Well, have it then,' he said slipping it off.

The baby, pleased with the glittering toy, set up a cry of delight, and Bootles took the opportunity of slipping out. He entered the anteroom with a very rueful face, finding it pretty much as he had left it. Lacy was the first to catch sight of him.

'Holloo, Bootles, what's the mat-tah?' he asked. 'Is your head worse?'

'My head? Oh, I forgot all about it,' Bootles replied. 'But, I say, I'm in a mess. There's a baby in my room.'

'A what?' they cried with one voice.

'A baby,' repeated Bootles, dismally.

'Al-live?' asked Lacy, with his head on one side.

'Alive! Oh, very, very much so, and means to stop, for it has brought its entire wardrobe and a letter of introduction with it,' holding the letter for anyone to take who chose. It was Lacy who did so, and he asked if he should read it out.

'Yes do,' said Bootles, dropping into a chair with a groan. 'Perhaps some one else will own to it.'

So Lacy read the letter in his ridiculous drawl of a voice, and ceased amid profound silence—'Fa-ah-well!'

'Well,' said Bootles, finding no one seemed inclined to speak. 'Well?'

'Well,' said Preston, solemnly, 'if you want my opinion, Bootles, I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself'

A general laugh followed, but Bootles protested.

'Oh, don't imagine it's me. I've nothing to do with it. I shouldn't have come to you fellows if I had.'

'No, no, of course not,' returned Miles, promptly, but with an air which raised another shout.

'Then it's a plant,' cried Bootles; 'but why in the wide world should it be planted on me?'

'Why, indeed?' echoed Miles feelingly.

'Besides,' Bootles continued, 'some of you know my mother, and that her name was not Mary but Margaret.'

Now as several of these present had known Lady Margaret Ferrers very well, that was a strong point in favor of Preston's assertion that the affair was a plant. The chief question, however, was what could be done with the little stranger for that night. Some woman, of course, must look after it, but who? It was then after two o'clock, and the lights had been out hours ago in the married people's quarters. Bootles did not know what to do, and said so.

'Is it in your room now?' Preston asked.

'Yes.'

'Where did you find it?'

'In my cot.'

'The devil you did! I wonder you weren't frightened out of your very wits.'

'I nearly was,' Bootles admitted.

'Did you see it at once? Was it howling?'

'Howling? Not a bit of it. Never saw a jollier little beggar in all my life,'

'Oh!' ejaculated Miles, blankly. 'I say, you fellows, don't that sound to you very much like the proud pap—ah?'

'You fellows' all laughed at this, even perplexed Bootles, and Hartog asked a question.

'Did you see it directly, Bootles?'

'Oh no; not for half an hour or more.'

'What on earth did you do?'

'Why, I looked at it of course. What would you have done?'

'Did you touch it?'

Bootles laughed. 'Yes, by Jove, the little beggar came to me like a bird.'

'Great gods!' uttered Miles, 'and you can doubt the fatherliness of *that*!'

'Oh, what an ass you are!' returned Hartog; then, as if by a bright inspiration, suggested, 'I say let's go and have a look at it.'

Thereupon the assembled officers, five of them, trooped along the way Bootles had stumbled over along in the blindness of his now forgotten headache. The baby was still in the cot, contentedly playing with the watch and chain, and at the sight of the five resplendent figures it sat up a loud 'Boo—boo—boo—ing,' followed by a 'Chucka—chucka — ing.' Evidently it considered this was the land of Goshen.

'Seems to take after its mother in its love for a scarlet jacket,' remarked Miles, sententiously. 'I've heard that the child is father of the man—seems of the woman too.'

'Bootles,' said Lacy, gravely, 'isn't it very pwretty?'

'Yes, poor little beggar.'

'Let's see you nurse it,' cried Hartog.

So Bootles, proud of this new accomplishment, lifted the child awkwardly in his arms, pretty much as he might have done if it had been a sackful of eggs, and he had made a wager he wouldn't break one of them. He carried it to the fire.

'Just light the candles, one of you,' he said.

'It's the image of Bootles,' persisted Miles.

'Well, it isn't mine, except by deed of gift,' returned Bootles, with a laugh.

'Bootles,' said Lacy, 'look back over your past life—' Here he made a pause.

'Well,?' said Bootles, expectantly.

'Twry to think if you can twrace any likeness to some early love, who may have marwried—or, for that matter, *not* have marwried—some one else, and—er—wremembering your kind heart—for you have a dashed kind heart, Bootles, there's no denying it—may have found herself hard up or too much encumbered—for—er—you know, a baby is sometimes an awkward addition to a lady's belongings—and may have twrusted to you—er—general—well, shall we say softness of character to see it well provided for—er—see?'

'No I den't. Of course I see what you mean, but I can't—'

'Well—er—' Lacy broke in, 'I—er—perwaps was not thinking so much of your case as of my own. You see,' appealing to the other three, 'the advent of this—er—babay cwreates a precedent, and—er—if it should chance to occur to *my* first love—it would be awkward—for me, very awkward. Her name,' plunging headlong into a story they all knew, 'was Naomi, and—er—she—er—in fact, jilted me for an elephantine parson, whose reverend name was—er—Fligg, Solomon Fligg. Now, if Mrs.—.r—Solomon Fligg was to take it into her head to pack up the—er—eleven little Fliggs and send 'em to me—it would be what I should call awkward—devilish awkward.' Lacy's four hearers positively roared, and the baby on Bootles's knee chuckled and crowed with delight.

'I believe it understands,' Preston laughed.

'No! But it seems a jolly little chap,' answered Bootles. 'Oh I forgot, 'tis a girl. I say, I do wish you fellows would advise me what to do. How can I get any one to attend to it?'

'Oh, roll it up in the bedclothes and sleep on the sofa. It will go to sleep when it's tired,' said one.

'With it's clothes on?' said Bootles, doubtfully. 'I rather fancy they undress babies when they put 'em to bed.'

'I don't advise you to try. 'Oh, it won't hurt for to-night.'

'There's a cab just driven up, I believe it's the Grays. I saw them go out dressed before dinner,' said Hartog. The Grays were the adjutant and his wife, who lived in barracks. 'She would help you in a minute.'

'Oh, go and see; there's a good chap, Bootles cried, eagerly.

Hartog therefore went out. He found that it was the adjutant with his wife returning from a party, and to the lady he addressed himself. 'Oh, Mrs. Gray, Bootles is in such trouble—' he began.

'In trouble?—Bootles?—Captain Ferrers?' she said. 'What is the matter?'

'Well, he's got a baby,' Hartog answered.

'Got WHAT?' Mrs. Gray cried.

'A baby. 'It's been left in his rooms, clothes and all, and Bootles don't know what the do—, what in the world, I mean, to do with it.'

'Shall I go and see it?' Mrs. Gray asked.

'I wish you would. Some of the others are there.'

Well, eventually Mrs. Gray carried off the little stranger to her own quarters, and put it to bed. As for Bootles, he too went to bed, but during the whole of that blessed night he never slept a wink.

CHAPTER II.

When Bootles showed his face in the mess-room the following morning he was greeted by such a volley of chaff as would have driven a more nervous man, or one less of a favorite than himself, to despair. Already the story had gone the round of the barracks, and Bootles found the greater part of his brother officers ready and willing to take Miles' view of the affair, whether in chaff or good earnest he could not say.

'Halloo! Bootles, my man,' shouted one when he entered, 'what's this story we hear? Is it possible that Bootles—our immaculate and philanthropical Bootles—Oh, Bootles! Bootles! how are the mighty fallen!'

'Hey!' inquired Bootles, sweetly.

'I wouldn't have believed it of you, Bootles; I wouldn't indeed. Any other fellow in the regiment—that soft-headed Lacy grinning over there, for instance—but *our Bootles*—' He broke off as if words could not express the volumes he thought, but found his tongue and went on again before Bootles could open his mouth. 'Our Bootles with a unacknowledged wife, sworn not to disclose her marriage—our Bootles with a baby—our Bootles a papa! Oh Lor!'

'Why didn't you manage better, Bootles?' cried another. 'You might have sent her an odd fiver now and then. You have plenty.'

'Is she pretty, Bootles?' asked a third.

'Was there by any chance a flaw in the marriages,' asked a fourth.

'Do you think I'm a fool?' asked Bootles, pleasantly. 'I tell you it's a plant. I know nothing about the creature.'

'Just my view,' struck in Miles. 'Just what I said last night. It's absurd, you know, to expect him to own it. No fellow would. Besides, does Bootles look like the father of a fine bouncing baby that goes 'Chucka, Chucka, Chuck.' It's absurd, you know.'

Even Bootles joined in the laugh which followed, and Miles continued:

'The only thing is—and it really is awkward for Bootles—the extraordinary likeness. Blue eyes, golden hair, fair complexion. I should say myself'—look-at his comrade critically, 'that at the same age Bootles was just such a baby as that which turned up so mysteriously last night.'

'That's as may be. Any way, the youngster is not mine,' said Bootles, emphatically; 'and what to do with the little beggar, I don't know.'

'Send it back to its mother,' suggested Dawson.

'But I don't know who the mother is,' Bootles answered impatiently.

'Oh no; so you say. Well, then the brat must have growed like Topsy. If I were you I should send it to the police-station.'

'The police-station? Oh, no; hang it all, the poor little beggar has done nothing to start in the world in that way,' answered Bootles

(*To be Continued.*)

AN EYE-OPENER FOR OLD PRINTERS.—To print the Boston Sunday *Herald* on our press it would require 1,020,000 impressions, and would take 53 days, running day and night without a minute's rest. Shades of Ben Franklin! What would the father of printing in this country think of a modern newspaper press in comparison with the old hand press he used, that would print not over a hundred impressions an hour.—*Bridgewater Independent.*

—A monster-sized lobster was captured the other day by a fisherman near the Isle of Shoals in a trawl. It measured from the tip of the tail to the end of the claws thirty-five inches, with the claws fourteen inches in circumference. and weight nineteen pounds.

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