Weekly Monitor.

TRUE WORDS are JEWELS.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 24. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1896. NO. 26.

Professional Cards.

H. E. GILLIS. FRED W. HARRIS.

GILLIS & HARRIS,

Barristers, - - Solicitors, Notaries Public.

Commissioners for the Province of New Brunswick.
Commissioners for the State of Massachusetts.
Agents of R. G. Dunn & Co., St. John and Halifax.
Agents of Bradstreet's Commercial Agency.
General Agents for Fire, Marine, and Life Insurance.
Members of the United States Law Association.
Real Estate Agents.

OFFICE:
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING,
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.

—WILL BE AT HIS—

OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,

(Next Door to J. P. Melanson's Jewelry Store)

Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States.
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—AGENT FOR—

Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.

☞Money to loan on Real Estate security.

MONEY TO LOAN.

NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.

Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum.

Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.

Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefore and all necessary information furnished on application to

J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
20 6m *Agent at Annapolis.*

L. R. MORSE, B.A., M.D., C.M.

OFFICE AT PRESENT:
RESIDENCE OF DR. MORSE,
LAWRENCETOWN.

Lawrencetown, April 26th, 1896. tf

F. L. MILNER,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE. MONEY TO LOAN.

Office opposite Central Telephone Exchange, Queen Street, Bridgetown. 31 tf

J. P. GRANT, M.D., C.M.

Office over Medical Hall.
Residence: Revere House. Telephone No. 10.
Orders left at Medical Hall with Mr. S. N. Weare will receive every attention. 3y

O. T. DANIELS,

BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 ly

H. F. Williams & Co.,

Parker Market, Halifax, N.S.

COMMISSION - MERCHANTS,

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Apples Potatoes, Beef, Lamb Pork.
and all kinds of Farm Products.

Special Attention given to Handling of Live Stock.

☞*Returns made immediately after disposal of goods.* 27 y

J. B. WHITMAN,

Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.

Specialties { EYE, EAR, THROAT.

MIDDLETON.

Telephone No. 16. 38tf

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,

DENTIST,

Offers his professional services to the public.
Office and Residence: Queen St., Bridgetown.

A. A. Schaffner, M. D.,

LAWRENCETOWN, N. S.

Office and residence at MRS. HALL'S, three doors east of Baptist church.

TELEPHONE No. 8E. 13 ly

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

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROAKER,

Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
Will be at his office in Middleton,
the last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

O. S. MILLER,

BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business. 51 tf

The Best Returns For the Least Money

ARE OBTAINED FROM THE OLDEST, LARGEST AND MOST POPULAR CANADIAN COMP'Y,

THE

Canada Assurance Life

COMPANY.

☞*All persons insuring before the 31st of Dec., 1894, will obtain a full year's profit.*

S. E. MARSHALL,
Nov. 28th, 1894. tf Agent, Middleton.

Direct Evidence

in favor of the BANKS OR RED GRAVENSTEIN, is they sold for $1 per bbl. more than the ordinary Gravenstein. My near neighbors who have carefully examined the fruit on the trees, and also my nursery stock, are now setting them by the fifties and hundreds. First-class trees, $30 per hundred, $5 per doz.

A. STANLEY BANKS.
Waterville, Kings Co., Nov. 13, 1895. 18 ly

PUBLIC AUCTION!

SALE OF

Valuable Property!

Take Notice that the property situate in Brooklyn, in the County of Annapolis, N. S., hereinafter described, will be sold at Public Auction, at

MIDDLETON,

—ON THE—

20th day of October, A.D. 1896,

AT THE HOUR OF TWO O'CLOCK, P.M.,

under mortgage given by Elenor Foster and Marsden Foster, granting the hereinafter described lands to James N. Clarke, of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, to secure payment of the sum of $400.00 and interest, dated May 1st, 1885, and duly registered in the registry office of the County of Annapolis, in book 84, pages 152–153, which said mortgage, lands and premises were duly transferred, assigned and set over by deed of assignment from said James N. Clarke to Edwin J. Miller at present of Halifax, N. S., dated the 19th day of March, A. D. 1887, which said assignment was duly recorded in book 86, page 652, in said registry.

Said sum of $400.00 still remaining due and unpaid and interest thereon from the 1st day of May, A.D. 1894, under and by virtue of possession taken by the said Edwin J. Miller, the mortgagee, and under and by virtue of the terms and provisions in said mortgage contained, duly transferred to Edwin J. Miller as above set out.

Public notice is hereby given that at the time and place aforesaid all the land and premises above set out will be sold as aforesaid, to wit, all that certain tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Wilmot aforesaid, being a part of lot No. 30, bounded as follows:

Beginning at a stake and stones on the south side of the road running under the mountain and thirty-four rods west of the north-west corner of land formerly owned by Caleb Morgan; from thence south ten degrees east of the true course of the lines until it comes to the north line of lands formerly owned by one Edward Armiston; from thence west along said Armiston's north line twenty rods; from thence north ten degrees west or the true course of the lines to the road before mentioned; from thence east along the south side of said road twenty rods to the place of beginning, being that lot of land described in deed from Peter Middlemas to Elenor Gates, as aforesaid, now Elenor Foster, bearing date the 25th day of August, A.D. 1864, and recorded in the office of the Registry of Deeds for Annapolis County, in liber. 64, folio 26, together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon, and the rights and appurtenances to the said land and premises belonging or appertaining.

Possession given immediately after sale.

TERMS:—One third cash or an approved joint note on twelve months with interest. The balance can be settled by mortgage if necessary.

Halifax, August 12th, A.D 1896.

(Signed), EDWIN J. MILLER,
20 10i MORTGAGEE.

BOWKER'S

PURE, FRESH,

Ground Bone

AND CHEMICALS.

This Bone is dried and ground daily, and is much superior to most of the so-called pure bone, which is made from weather-bleached bones, or bones from which the glue has been taken. Taking the glue from bone is like taking the cream from milk—it is the richest part. This bone contains not only the glue, but all the properties of Fresh, Raw Bone, being ground within twelve hours after the animals are slaughtered.

ALSO THE CELEBRATED

STOCKBRIDGE MANURES.

(Double strength.) For Fruit Trees, Strawberry Plants, Potatoes, Onions, Corn and Cranberries, for old and new bogs.

HUGH FOWLER,

General Agent for Annapolis County.

MILLINERY.

MISS LECAIN begs to inform the public that she will sell, during the month of July and August, her

Goods at cost

Ladies' Trimmed Hats that were $2.00 will be only $1.50.

Ladies' Trimmed Hats that were $1.50 will be only $1.10

Ladies' and Misses' Untrimmed Hats and a few nice Sailors below cost.

PICNIC PARTIES

—AND—

Pleasure Excursionists

wishing to spend a delightful day's outing should visit the Crosskill Lake—only half an hour's drive from Bridgetown—situated on the top of the North Mountain, as the surroundings are all that could be desired.

Among the inducements are: Beautiful bathing privileges; sail and row boats of all sizes, with attendants; nice canvas tents supplied with tables for the spread of refreshments; swings in abundance; shady groves, and a pavilion for those who wish to trip the "light fantastic;" pure springs of water; stoves for heating purposes; and a delightful Bay of Fundy breeze to cool the atmosphere.

☞The spot is the banner picnic ground of the county, and has already received a large patronage this season.

For further particulars address a post card to CAPT. T. W. TEMPLEMAN, the lessee, at Bridgetown. 17 tf

Portland Cement.

The subscribers will have a car load of sixty bbls. Best Portland Cement landed here about middle of April. This having been bought at a low figure, and through rate of freight from Antwerp to Bridgetown, we are enabled to offer it at lower rates than it has ever been bought for in Bridgetown.

CURRY BROS. & BENT.
Bridgetown, March 17th, 1896. 51 tf

WE HAVE BEEN VERY BUSY.

This summer, and are therefore later than usual with our Annual Catalogue. It is now ready, and it is a beauty. Your name and address on a postal card will bring you a copy of it and circulars of the Isaac Pitman Shorthand by return mail.

Students can enter at any time.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL

THE ST. JOHN Business COLLEGE.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE!

To be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION, on

Wednesday, October 14th,

at 10 o'clock a.m., near the premises in the

Village of Lawrenceto'n,

All the real estate of the late CASSIE B. RANDOLPH, deceased, comprising a comfortable Dwelling House, convenient Outbuildings and Garden. Terms of sale, cash.

HARDING RANDALL, *Admr.*
Lawrencetown, Sept. 14th, 1896. 25 5i

Homestead for Sale!

THE subscriber offers for sale, at a bargain, the homestead property owned and occupied by the late CAPT. THOMAS TRACY, at Clementsport. Said premises consists of an acre and a half of rich land, with good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. An abundance of water both at house and barn.

For further particulars apply to

JOHN LOWE.
23 tf Alms House, Bridgetown.

IT'S
ELECTRIC
ENERGY
EVERLASTINGLY
ERADICATES
Inflammation without Irritation

Every Mother should have it in the house. It acts promptly; It is always ready for use; It is the best; It is the oldest; It is unlike any other; It is superior to all others; It is used and recommended by physicians everywhere; It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit and excellence while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction and handed down the knowledge of its worth to their children as a valuable inheritance. Could a remedy have existed for eighty years except that it possesses great merit for family use?

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

It was originated in 1810 by the late Dr. A. Johnson, an old fashioned, noble hearted Family Physician to cure all ailments that are attended with inflammation, such as asthma, abscesses, bites, burns, bruises, bronchitis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, chaps, chilblains, colic, cholera-morbus, all forms of sore throat, earache, headache, la grippe, lame back, mumps, muscular soreness, neuralgia, pains anywhere, scalds, stings, sprains, stiff joints, toothache, tonsilitis, whooping cough.

A. E. CALKIN & Co.,

of KENTVILLE,

have purchased the FRANK SCOTT Tailor Stock, and opened up a

Tailoring Business

at the old stand in MEDICAL HALL.

☞ **Look Out for Bargains** ☜

as the present stock must be sold promptly to make ready for new Fall Stock.

Prices, $12.50 up. Fit and workmanship guaranteed.

☞Call and see us. G. A. CROZIER, Manager.

STARTLING INDUCEMENTS!

As the Spring Season is now rapidly approaching, doubtless there are many households in the town, county and elsewhere who have decided upon placing in their dwellings new appointments in

FURNITURE

and it is to those that the old and reliable Furnishing House, formerly J. B REED & SONS, and now under their management, wish to call attention by acquainting them with the fact that for the next few weeks

Bargains of an Exceptional Nature in Parlor Suits, Bedroom Suits, Side Boards, etc., will be offered.

All persons requiring anything in the line of HOUSE FURNITURE who will take the trouble to call, will find that our stock is thorough and complete, and that many of the articles are offered at PRICES THAT CANNOT PROVE OTHERWISE THAN SATISFACTORY. Call and inspect.

Undertaking! Besides the usual complete stock always to be found in store at the establishment on Granville Street, a branch has been opened **at Hampton,** under the management of **MR. JOHN E. FARNSWORTH,** who will give every attention to the requirements of the public.

Selling Out Below Cost.

Owing to my desire to make a change in my business I am offering to the public my entire stock of goods comprising a full line of Boots, Shoes and Ladies' Fancy Slippers.

Also **GROCERIES** of a high grade below cost.

Will sell the balance of my stock of DRY GOODS at amazingly low figures.

I have a few PARLOR AND DINING ROOM PICTURES left. Former price, $1.50, which I now offer at 85c.

I invite the public to call and see the low figures and inspect my goods before purchasing elsewhere.

J. E. BURNS, - Bridgetown.

THE

Western Divisional EXHIBITION

OF NOVA SCOTIA

WILL BE HELD AT

YARMOUTH,

Sept. 30th, Oct. 1st & 2nd, 1896

CASH PRIZES, $5,500.

The only Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition in Western N. S. this year.

EXCURSION RATES on all Railroad and Steamboat Routes.

Exhibits sent as freight by either R.R. or S.S. lines and prepaid will be returned free if remaining the property of the exhibitor.

Prize Lists, Entry Certificates, and every information on application to

CHAS. G. GODFREY,
Secty. Exhibition Com.
Yarmouth, Sept. 1st, 1896. 23 5i

WARNING!

To the Farmers of Hampton, Port Lorne, Port George, Margaretville and vicinity:

To arrive at the above-named ports a large quantity of

BOWKER'S

Pure Ground Unadulterated Bone.

Do not order your FERTILIZERS for Spring use till I or some of my Agents call on you, as I am selling at from

$3 to $4 per Ton

cheaper, and am giving you as good Bone as in the market, which can be testified to by hundreds of farmers throughout Annapolis and Kings counties who have used it; and in nearly every case the second year their orders have doubled, owing to the fact that at my prices they are able to use double the quantity.

TERMS EASY.

HUGH FOWLER,
Head Agent Annapolis County.

JOHN ERVIN,

BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Commissioner and Master Supreme Court.
Solicitor International Brick and Tile Co.

OFFICE:
Cox Building, - Bridgetown, N. S.

G. M. MOORE,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

FARM MACHINERY.

MOWING MACHINES
HORSE RAKES,
HAY TEDDERS,
REAPERS AND BINDERS,
SPRING TOOTH HARROWS,
GRAIN DRILLS
PLOWS AND CULTIVATORS,
ROAD MACHINES,
FEED CUTTERS AND PULPERS,
HORSE HAY FORKS,
THRESHING MACHINES.

Repairs and Supplies for all kinds of Agricultural Implements.

☞Write for catalogue of prices before purchasing elsewhere.

MIDDLETON, N. S.

Cholera

My whole family were stricken with Cholera, and after using various prescribed remedies without obtaining relief, I procured a bottle of Seavey's East India Liniment, and can truly say that after administering a few doses all around the effect seemed magical, as the distressing symptoms at once disappeared and in a few hours we were all as well as ever. RAYMOND BURNS,
Stronach Mountain, N. S.

You take no risk. If it doesn't do the work, back goes your money.

Cured.

Sold by F. G. Palfrey, Bridgetown; T. R. Ilsley, Lawrencetown; and by dealers and druggists generally.

Consign your :::: **APPLES**

....TO....

APPLES **J. C. Houghton & Co.,** APPLES

19 Eastcheap, London, E.C.,

—OR—

1 Temple Ct., Liverpool, G. B.

Who will sell for the highest market prices, and give prompt returns.

☞Send a trial shipment and be convinced.

Established 51 years. Shipping Mark H.

Represented by

FRANK A. DIXON,
Wolfville,

Who will give all information required.

Jas. J Ritchie, Q.C.,

BARRISTER,

—AND—

SOLICITOR.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies

☞Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia, Annapolis, N. S. 11 ly

Poetry.

Good-by—God Bless You!

I like the Anglo Saxon speech,
With its direct revealings;
It takes a hold, and seems to reach
Way down into your feelings;
That some folk deem it rude, I know,
And therefore they abuse it;
But I have never found it so—
Before all else I choose it.
I don't object that men should air
The Gaelic they have paid for,
With "Au revoir," "Adieu, machere,"
For that's what French was made for,
But when a crony takes your hand
At parting to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo and
He says, "Good-by—God bless you!"

This seems to me a sacred phrase,
With reverence impassioned—
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quaintly but nobly fashioned;
It well becomes an honest face,
A voice that's round and cheerful;
It stays the sturdy in his place,
And soothes the weak and fearful.
Into the porches of the ears
It steals with subtle unction,
And in your heart of hearts appears
To work its gracious function;
And all day long, with pleasant song,
It lingers to caress you—
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told "Good-by—God bless you!"

I love the words—perhaps because,
When I was leaving mother,
Standing at last in solemn pause
We looked at one another,
And I—I saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me—
A love eternal as the skies,
Whatever fate befel me:
She put her arms about my neck
And soothed the pain of leaving,
And though her heart was like to break,
She spoke no word of grieving;
She let no tear bedim her eye,
For fear that might distress me,
But kissing me, she said good-by,
And asked our God to bless me.

—*Eugene Field.*

Select Literature.

A New England Amazon.

The worthy residents of Hackmetack Cove marvelled greatly when it became known that Darius Kallahan, who, during his lifetime, had been considered a most careful as well as generous "provider," had not left enough money to buy decent mourning for his widow and daughter.

Since the discovery, by a quartette of adventuresome fishermen, and the consequent celebrity of romantic Hackmetack Cove, Darius Kallahan's had been the most successful buckboard; his team had always been most in demand by the "rusticators" and the "hauled mealers," terms familiar to the ears of the fortunate throng that forgather, during the sultry reign of Sirius, along the picturesque Maine coast. Therefore, when it was found that the supposed thrifty Darius had failed to lay by, during the six prosperous summers which the Cove had enjoyed, something substantial for the traditional rainy day, heads were wisely shaken, and puzzled Hackmetack Covers wondered what had "went with all the cash D'rius Kellyen had made haulin'."

Whatever it was that had caused the evanishment, enough to know that the money was gone, utterly, completely, as Darius himself; and nothing remained to tell that it had once been, whereas the fresh mound in the little grave-yard under the hill betokened plainly enough the former existence of the improvident husband and father.

"Pity D'rius hed to go an' die jest when the season's openin'," sympathetically observed a fellow-Jehu who had never grudged his neighbor's popularity.

"Yes, 'tis," assented Uncle Joshua, the village oracle, a blinking glance from his solitary eye sweeping the shore of the Cove. "He'd ought to 'a waited a spell till 'twas a leetle more convenient."

"Wonder what Miry's goin' to do," musingly, continued the first speaker. "She'll not keep the team, I dessay."

"Certing she'll not; she'll hev to sell the horses an' the buckboard; she hain't even got enough money to buy bunnits for herself an' Vesty. So my woman told me."

"Guess they'd manage to shift along 'thout bunnits; what they want's grub," sententiously remarked Uncle Joshua.

"Guess some women-folks 'd ruther do 'thout grub 'n a bunnit, an' Vesty Kellyen's one of 'em, I jedge," said another of the critical row perched on the grave-yard fence.

"Thet's so! Vesty's a leetle mite too outsettin'. I guess she'll find 'tain't allus pie, now thet D'rius is gone an' left nothing. She'll hev to work like the rest of our women-folks."

"Fish, cut bait, or go ashore," facetiously supplemented Uncle Joshwa, assiduously whittling to a point the fragment of wood he had broken from the fence rail. "I kind o' pity the gal, for all; she'd be a proper nice gal ef she wa'n't so highty-tighty."

Yes, something would have to be done, that was plain enough to both Vesta and her mother. But what? Already there were enough cottages on the romantic shore of the Cove to accommodate the summer boarders, and even had there been a demand for more room, it could not have been found in the Kallahan domicile, which was barely large enough for the widow and her daughter. If only "Edward Everett" and "Hannibal Hamlin," the pair of fleet footed horses, could have been transformed into good milch cows! During the season the demand for milk and butter always exceeded the supply. Of course Mrs. Kallahan would be glad to sell the bays, but in all the Cove region there was not enough ready money to buy the steeds; and as ready money was what the widow most needed, she might as well keep the horses as sell them "on time," especially as Darius just before his fatal illness, had laid in and happily paid for a supply of fodder for the season.

"Vesty might git a chance up to the Surf House," suggested a Bildad in petticoats, who had come to "set a spell" with the widowed Miry, and was doing her best to tear open the fresh wound in the bereaved heart.

"Vesty—she—don't—don't admire to wait on table or do chamber work," half sobbed Mrs. Kallahan.

"She don't? Wal, I suffer! What does she like, I want to know? Your Vesty's a mighty cur'us gal, anyhow; I never see any one like Vesty. Now my Irene Amaranth she's jest that powerful eager for the company to come—allus, and allus a-wishin' they'd hurry an' git here. There hain't a lazy bone in my Irene Amaranth's body, so there hain't, an' I'm mighty thankful there hain't. There hain't a might o' use tryin' to keep *her* to hum, once she knows she kin get a chance up to the hotel."

"I know it. Vesty"—with a regretful sigh—"don't take to no kind o' house-work, Vesty don't."

"Don't take to house work? Well, she *is* cur'us, an' no mistake. What's she cal'late to do, once she marries Zemro Dowlin'? Keep help, I dessay"—this last with fine irony.

"I d'know, I'm sure," sobbed the widow.

"You might raise garding sass" was again suggested, as the visitor dubiously surveyed the little plot of ground beyond the kitchen door.

"Vesty 'lowed she'd like thet ef our garden was only sizable enough; but 'tain't, Mis' Higgins.

"No, 'tain't, thet's certing, an' 'tain't Inje rubber nuther"—laughing at her joke, and rising to go. "I guess I must be goin'. Ef Vesty's made up her mind thet she won't try for a chance to the hotel, I'm sure I don't know what's goin' to become of you. I don't guess there's any use me talkin' to her 'bout it."

"No, guess not. Good-day, Mis' Higgins. Come ag'in right soon; it's powerful lonesome now."

"Yes, it be, poor soul! an' D'rius's goin' ain't your wust trouble nuther. I wonder how you kin bear up under it. Good-day."

She quitted the house and sauntered leisurely down the narrow garden path to the gate, where she met the daughter of the house, a trim, black-eyed, red-cheeked girl of eighteen.

"Well, Miss Vesty Kellyen," she began, in a sharp, arraigning tone; "so you ain't a goin' to try fur a chance up to the Surf House?"

"No'm, I ain't. Who said I was?" returned Vesta, her black eyes snapping defiantly.

"Nobody said as you was, Miss Vesty Kellyen; but you hed ought to. Ef you wa'n't quite so triflin', Miss Vesty Kellyen, there'd be no danger of your poor heart-boken ma starvin'."

"I guess there won't nobody starve round here—leastways not s'long as there's a suller full o' potatoes an' turnips, an' plenty o' fish to be hed for the ketchin out in the Cove."

"Humph!" Guess you cal'late on Zemro Dowlin's keepin' you in fish. *You* ain't a-goin' to ketch none, I'll be bound!" was the woman's sarcastic rejoinder. Then, her curiosity getting the better of her dignity, she condescended to ask, "What be you goin' to do, anyhow, Vesty?"

"Hain't made up my mind yit, nothin', mebbe," laconically replied Vesta.

"Humph! You cal'late boardin' up to the hotel, I dessay, Miss Vesty Kellyen?"

"Mebbe I do, Mis' Higgins." And before the irate dame could frame a retort, Vesta had sailed past her and entered the kitchen.

"'Sthet you, Vesty?" called the mother's querulous voice from the adjoining room.

"Yes'm."

"Where you been?"

"Down to the shore."

"With Zemro Dowlin' agin, I'll be bound."

"Yes'm."

"I don't see no manner o' use your keepin' company with Zemro any more. He can't more'n keep his granny in doctor's stuff."

"Thet's so; granny needs a powerful sight," assented the girl, trying in vain to stifle the sigh which rose from the lowermost depths of her full heart. "Granny's had another spell; Zemro was up all night."

"Zemro hedn't ought to let Samanthy go West—"

"Ef Samanthy hedn't gone, Zemro'd have another mouth to feed, an' I guess Samanthy was glad to git away from waitin' on poor old granny."

"Yes, guess so. Samanthy never was the good-dispositioned person Zemro is. Tired, be you?" as her daughter entered the room and flung herself full length on the lounge.

"No'm."

"Sick?"

"No'm."

There was silence for several minutes, then:

"I wish I hed a thousand dollars!" exclaimed Vesta.

"Why don't you wish you was President at oncet, an' be done with it?" impatiently rejoined her mother. "I never see sich a girl to wish for opposite things as you be, Vesty Kellyen."

"Ef I hed a thousand dollars," pursued Vesta, ignoring her mother's remark, "I'd buy the Fearnaught for Zemro."

"Great jedgment!" ejaculated the widow. "Hes Squire Cornish got the face to ask a thousand dollars for that sloop?"

"No, of course he hain't," interrupted Vesta, "an' he don't ask half that much for the beauty, nuther. But ef I hed a thousand dollars, Zemro should hev the sloop, an' the rest of the money'd keep you an' granny an' me an' Zemro till he'd git a start. He says if he hed the sloop he could make *at least*"—with emphasis—"three hundred dollars a year. But"—drawing a long sigh—"with jest that old dory—an' it not fit to go outside the ledge any more—an' granny allus ailin', an' wantin' the doctor, there ain't no use hopin' ever to git a start."

"No, guess not," in a melancholy tone, assented the mother.

For a long while the girl lay there, her hands clasped above her head, her eyes fixed on the ceiling, which was as white as lime could make it. Through the open door and window came the distant murmur of the pine forest, blended with the harmonious ripple of the waves upon the pebbly beach. Now and then a clear bird note, the jubilant call of thrush or robin, cleft the silence in the room; or a great yellow bee buzzed industriously among the lilac plumes nodding alongside the doorstep. More than once the widow glanced questioningly toward the clock, then at the motionless figure on the lounge; but that the girl's eyes were wide open she might have been sound asleep, so utterly oblivious was she to everything around her.

Fully half an hour passed thus, when the mother, who had fallen into a peaceful slumber, was roused by a sudden movement on the part of her daughter.

"Thet's jest what I'll do," emphatically exclaimed Vesta, sitting upright.

"How? Where? What did you say, Vesty?" stammered her mother, sitting bolt upright, and trying to do her best to look as if she had not been in the land of dreams for the last twenty minutes.

"I've made up my mind 'bout what I'm goin' to do, mother, and I want you should let me do it."

"Now, Vesty Kellyen! Ez ef you didn't allus do jest as you'd a mind to! Ef you'd do as *I* want you should, you'd git a chance up to the hotel, an' git your reg'lar wages, week in an' week out—thet's what you'd do."

"Jest wait a bit, Mother Kellyen," returned Vesta, smiling brightly. "You'll see ef I don't know how to manage. How much did father make haulin' the company?"

"More'n once, he cleared nigh onto four hundred dollars, an' to think that 'most every cent of it went down that mis'able mine he used to 'low was chuck-full o' silver, an' would make his fortin!"

"Poor father! Guess ef more silly folks hed give all their money to them mining chaps, we might travel right through that hole to Chiny now? But," added the girl, sagely, "worritin' ain't goin' to fetch the money back. Guess ef poor father'd knowed the pesky hole hed no bottom, he wouldn't 'a kep' throwin' all his money into't. He thought he was doin' it for the best that's certing."

"Yes 'tis. Now where you goin'—an' it 'most supper-time!" a trifle impatiently queried the mother as her daughter rose, took her sun-bonnet from its peg, and walked toward the door.

"You've often wished I'd been born a boy, mother. I'm goin' to show you that a girl can be of some use too."

"You're goin' to the Surf House, after all!" joyfully cried her mother, following her to the door.

"Yes, I'm goin' up to the Surf House," with a curious smile, repeated Vesta. "I shan't be gone long, ef you'll wait till I come back, I'll git supper."

"You jest go right along, Vesta Kellyen. I guess I haven't forgot how to bile a codfish!" and before Vesta was out of hearing, the gratified widow was clattering briskly among the pots and pans in the kitchen. Perhaps it was an hour later when Vesta, with buoyant step and with a heart much lighter than it had been for many a day, retraced her way to the cottage. Just at the turn of the road she encountered a tall, sunburned, handsome youth, the nets and fishing tackle hanging over his shoulder betraying his handicraft.

"Hello, Zemro!" she saluted.

"Hello, Vesty!" he returned, curiously eyeing her, as if doubtful how to understand the gladness in her face and tone. "Where you been?"

"To the Surf House."

"Goin' to work there?" he asked, his face brightening.

"Guess not, Mr. Zemro Dowlin. Hain't I vowed I wouldn't work up to the hotel?"

"Yes you hev," slowly and with just a touch of disappointment in his tone.

"How's granny?" questioned Vesta, suddenly changing the subject.

"Some better. Goin' down to see her this afternoon?"

"Guess not; I want to see Squire Cornish after supper."

"Yes? I heard that the squire was lookin' for some one to plough his meadows; goin' to let him hev the horses?"

"No."

"Oh, I thought mebbe you was. You'll be sellin' the team by-'n-'by?"

"Guess not; leastways not till—till you'er capting o' *Fearnaught*," she added, smiling and blushing.

His face saddened, "That'll never be I'm afraid, Vesty," he replied, shifting the nets to the other shoulder.

"Never's a long time, Mr. Zemro Dowlin. There's mother beconin' to me. Good-by. Wait a minute," catching the corner of one of the nets as he was starting forward. "I'll give you something pleasant for bait. Ef you ain't capting of the *Fearnaught* before you'er a year older, my name ain't Vesty Kellyen."

His free arm caught her before she had time to escape from his side, and bending his face close to her own, he whispered, "When I'm capting of the *Fearnaught*, my darlin,' your name won't be Vesty Kellyen, that's certing."

She laughed, broke from his clasping arm, and ran swiftly toward the cottage.

With the advent of July came the first boarders to Hackmetack Cove. The day on which the staunch little steamer *Rockwell* made her first landing of the season was a gala-day for the residents along-shore, as well as for the dwellers among the adjacent hills. Long enough before the hour at which the boat was expected, everybody that could walk or hobble had repaired to the wharf to meet the genial "capting" and to criticise the new arrivals.

"Many comin' to-day?" asked a woodman, who had walked at least five miles from his camp in the forest, of the proprietor of the Surf House, with whom he was trudging toward the wharf.

"Only six," was the reply.

"I don't see no team at the wharf."

"No."

Hedn't we better tell Mel Hammond? Guess he'd make 'bout as good a show with his team as any one round here, now that D'rius Kellyen's gone.

"I've arranged for a team," returned the landlord, with a peculiar smile wreathing his good natured mouth.

"Sol Banker's, I dessay?"

"No."

There was silence for several moments; then, unable longer to curb his inquisitiveness, the woodman asked again: "Who *is* going to haul 'em?"

"The Kellyen team."

"The Kellyen team? I hed'nt heard as anybody'd hired it from Miry."

"Nobody hain't. Look out!" as the clatter of horse-hoofs behind them caused both to step quickly out of the way of an approaching team. "That's who's goin' to haul 'em," added the landlord, nodding towards the buck-board which was rolling towards the wharf. "Vesty Kellyen came to me a few days after D'ridus was buried, an' said she wanted I should give her 'n equal chance with the rest o' the teams; and as I couldn't see why she shouldn't drive a buckboard if she was so minded, I said I was willin'."

"Great King! Who'd a thought it?" The astonished woodman said no more, but looked in silence after the receding conveyance, which had been newly painted, while the burnished harness glittered like gold in the bright sunshine.

"Edward Everett" and "Hanibald Hamlin" stepped as proudly as if aware of their fair driver's desire to make a favorable impression on the critical public; Vesta herself was tastefully dressed in a plain black wool costume.

"Jerusalem crickets!" ejaculated Uncle Joshwa, as Vesta's team rattled over the loose boards of the old wharf.

"Ef ther ain't Vesty Kellyen, an' the old buckboard lookin' spick-span as new! Hooray! give the gal a s'lute, lads; she's a spunky critter, 'n' deservin' on it. Hooray!"

There was a moment's hesitation, not from any unwillingness to join the old tar's salute, but from sheer astonishment. This was a sensation they had not counted on. Then the crowd, lustily enough, now that it had taken in the situation, took up Uncle Joshwa's "Hooray," and the very hills rang with the jubilant uproar.

Vesta, with smiling face and eyes suspiciously moist, waited for the voices to cease. Then she sprang from her seat to the old sailor's side, and giving his outstretched paw a hearty shake, said, in a tone that betrayed her emotion: "Thanky, thanky, Uncle Joshwa: *now* I'm sure of success. Thanky all of you," looking brightly around at the circle which had closed around her. "I knowed D'rius Kellyen's friends and neighbors would not begrudge good-will to his daughter."

"Thet they wouldn't, you bet;" cried a score of voices.

So much of the battle was won, and much the harder half, for Vesta, in her novel undertaking, had not counted upon the favor of her neighbors. The remainder of the task would be easy.

At first the "company" thought it very odd and rather unsafe to ride behind a girl driver; but she soon proved that she thoroughly understood her business, was always so willing and cheerful that the innovation after a few weeks ceased to be a matter to be wondered at, and was accepted along with the rest of the "peculiarities" of the region—doughnuts, clam-bakes, pie for breakfast, and so forth.

Hardly a day passed, clear or cloudy, that the Kallahan team was not seen driving toward or coming from the Surf House with a merry load of "rusticaters;" indeed, so popular had Vesta and her buckboad become that she was rarely out of the driver's seat. And "Edward Everett" and "Hannibald Hamlin," to their credit be it recorded never once failed in their endeavors to do their utmost for the enterprising little Amazon who handled the reins so dexterously.

September, the month of the hegira for the guests at the Cove, found Vesta the proud and triumphant possessor of a snug sum of money, almost double that which she had hoped to earn. Now she might safely reckon on Zemro's becoming captain of the Fearnaught. There was enough money to lay in a supply of necessaries for the winter, enough to buy all the "doctor's stuff" granny would need for some months, and—bliss-thought!—enough to buy the beautiful wedding gown which would adorn the happiest girl in all Maine before the bluebirds and thrushes returned in the early spring.

Rosy meditations of this sort filled the girl's brain as she drove toward the hotel to take her last load to the wharf. No wonder she drove up before the door with an extra flourish, and with a happy chirrup, that made the horses prick up their ears.

Her eyes sparkled with hope and delight, her cheeks glowed redder than ever beneath their screen of freckles, as she tipped lightly up the steps to the piazza where heaps of luggage awaited transportation to the wharf.

"Hello, Vesty," called Irene Higgins from the dining-room window. "I was to tell you to come right into the parlor the minute you came. Guess you're goin' to git your partin' gift like the rest of us."

"I've got all I want," murmured Vesta, contentedly, thinking of the well-stuffed stocking carefully hidden at home in the sitting-room.

"Good-morning, Miss Vesta," saluted the spokeswoman of the half dozen or more travellers waiting in the parlor. "We are so sorry that we heard only last night of your expected marriage next autumn. Had we known it earlier, we should have insisted on having the wedding before we returned to our homes. We have concluded to give you a present, and you can send us an invitation when the affair comes off. Take this"—giving the blushing girl a small paper box—"and with it our sincerest wishes for your happiness and success. You are a good girl, and deserve to prosper. Don't open the box until the steamer has left the wharf."

Good-byes were now exchanged, and a few minutes later the buckboard was rolling toward the wharf, the dainty white packet tucked safely in the driver's jacket pocket.

"What d'y s'pose 'tis, Vesty?" whispered Jemro, who had come with the rest of the Hackmetack Covers to "see the company off."

"Jewelry, I dessay; that's what the city folks allus give for weddin' presents," she replied in an undertone. I've allus wanted ear-rings—guess it's that.

"Wish it was a dozen pair, you darlin'!" warmly responded her lover.

"Then I'd hev to wear them in my nose an' on my toes you silly boy," she whispered back in a laughing tone.

A loud whistle proclaimed the approach of the boat.

"Good-by Vesta; good-by, good-by," called the merry travellers from the upper deck. The luggage was quickly carted aboard, the whistle blew, the cable was cast off, and the Rockland backed out into the stream.

Vesta waved her handkerchief with the rest of the crowd until the boat was well under way; then she took the box from her pocket, gingerly untied the ribbon, and lifted the lid.

"Money!" gasped Zemro; and "How much? how much?" clamored the curious throng, crowding around the pair. Vesta took the green roll from the box, smoothed it out in her hand, and slowly turning over the corner of each note, counted, the spectators eagerly repeating her words—"One two, three, four, five! Five twenty-dollar bills—a hundred dollars! Again the surrounding hills, as on the day when Vesta made her first appearance in the character of a buckboard driver, resounded with the hearty cheers that rose from the crowd on the wharf, and were echoed by the laughing group on the upper deck of the Rockland.

The last glimpse the generous "rusticators" had of Vesta, she had mounted the railing of the wharf, and, supported by Zemro Dowling's sturdy arm, was vigorously waving with hat and handkerchief her thanks and her adieu.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—I once saw a farmer preparing to plough the first furrow in a large field. He had first put up a row of stakes, and it was for these he aimed. He knew that if he could get the first furrow straight it would be an easy matter to make all the others right. There was a great difference between his ploughing and that of an Irishman I heard of. Just as Pat was about to begin his first furrow the farmer for whom he worked happened along on his way to mill. They had a little chat together, and then Pat said: "Your honor, where shall I plough for?" "Do you see that red calf over there on the other side of the field, Pat?" said the boss. "I do, your honor." "Well, plough for that." "I will," said Pat, and he started the horses up. The farmer proceeded on his way to mill, and Pat proceeded to plough for the calf. About the time he started, however, the calf started, and he followed it around over the field until the horn blew for dinner, and the only thing he accomplished in all that time was to plough the longest and crookedest furrow that was ever seen outside of real life. That looks very foolish, but it is wisdom compared to the way a young man will start out in life without having any thought or care as to where he is going to come out. Don't do that, boys, but put down some stakes that mean something before you start, for unless you do, the red calf of pleasure will spring up and lead you a long winding and wasted way that can only end in a lost and blighted life.

Hale and Hearty.

The Englishman says he "drinks hail and it makes him ail." The Canadian drinks Puttner's Emulsion and it makes him hearty.