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.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 10. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1882. NO. 8.

Job Work !

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description of first-class work. We make a speciality of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues Bill-heads, Circulars Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention.

We endeavour by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches),—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $8.00; two months, $12.00; three months, 15.00; six months, $22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

A COLUMN—First insertion, $10.00; each continuation, $3.00; one month, $14.00 two months, $20.00; three months, $28.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $80.00.

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

DIPHTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Dont delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

Books, - - Stationery.

Buckley & Allen,

OFFER during the Autumn Season, at low prises a large stock of STAPLE STATIONERY, and School supplies. Fancy Stationery, and Stationers' Sundries. Novelties in Ink Stands and Paper Knives. Special inducements to purchasers of Photograph, Autograph and Scrap Albums. An immense variety of Bibles, Church Services and Prayer Books. All the Seaside, Franklin Square and Standard Libraries. Complete supply of the Poets, large assortment of Miscellaneous and Standard Books. Call and inspect for yourselves, Don't forget the address

BUCKLEY & ALLEN.
124 Granville St., Halifax.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood, in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps.

I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public in Annapolis County, that he is now at his office in

BRIDGETOWN,

for a few weeks. Persons requiring artificial teeth will find it to their interest to give him a call.

DR. S. F. WHITMAN.

Jan 2nd., 1882.

HATHEWAY LINE.

Direct Between
BOSTON & NOVA SCOTIA
NO TRANSFERS.

Via the staunch sea-going HUNTER, and the all steel Steamship SECRET, in connection with the W. & A. Railway from Halifax, and the W. C. Railway from Yarmouth, and Stage connection with Liverpool.

Until further notice Steamer Hunter will leave Annapolis on Monday afternoon after arrival of Express train from Halifax for Boston direct. Returning, will leave Foster's Wharf, Boston, on Thursday afternoon.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis on Wednesday after arrival of Express train from Halifax, for Boston direct—landing her passengers in Boston in 26 and 28 hours from Nova Scotia. Returning, leaves Boston on Monday morning.

Close connections made with all Railways and Steamers for West and North West. First class accommodation.

Low Fares and Cheap Freights.

Free of Boston Wharfage.

For further particulars apply to Station Agents on the W. & A. R. and W. C. Railways, or to John Walsh, Digby.

Hatheway & Co.,
22 Central Wharf, Boston.

F. W. HATHEWAY, Agent, Annapolis.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED
First-Class Route
BETWEEN
Nova Scotia and the United States
Via the Splendid
STEAMER "EMPRESS,"
Between St. John Digby and Annapolis
And thence to PORTLAND and BOSTON via the splendid Steamers of the
Insernational Steamship Company.

Superior Accommodation with Fares as Low as by any other Route.

Special Reduced Rates of Fare.

	1st Class Limited to Continuous Passage.	1st Class Unlimited to Portland.	1st Class Unlimited to Boston.
Windsor to Boston			
Portland,	$6.50	$8.00	$8.50
Kentville to Boston or Portland,	6.00	7.25	7.70
Annapolis to Boston or Portland,	5.00	5.70	6.20

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

STEAMER "EMPRESS"

Leaves Annapolis on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons

After arrival of Windsor & Annapolis Railway Express Train from Halifax, Windsor, &c., and will leave Digby after arrival of Express Train, Western Counties Railway, from Yarmouth, Weymouth, &c., for St. John, where passengers bound West or South can take one of the splendid Steamers of the International Steamship Co., which leave Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday and Thursday morning at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston.

Returning, steamers of International Steamship Company leave Boston every Monday and Thursday Morning, at 8 o'clock, for St. John, connecting there with steamer "Empress" leaving St. John for Digby and Annapolis every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at 8 a. m.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents of that Company; C. R. BARRY, 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, or also from J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendant, and the several Station Agents of the Western Counties Railway, and of

R. B. HUMPHREY, GENERAL AGENT.
45 Dock St., St. John.

E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the insruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a
FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.
Will find it their advantage to Correspond with
THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,
Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

ANNAPOLIS SS.,

In the Supreme Court
In Equity, 1882.

CAUSE:
ELIZA ANN FITCH, Executrix of HANDLEY E. FITCH, Plaintiff.
vs.
ALBERT TURNER, Defendant.

TO BE SOLD AT

Public Auction,

By Albert Morse, Esq., a master of this Honorable Court, at Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, on

Saturday, 3rd day of June

next, at 11 o'clock, a. m., pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein on the 17th day of April instant, unless before the day appointed for such sale the amount due to the Plaintiff for principal together with interest and costs be paid to the Plaintiff or his attorney,

ALL the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the above named defendant and of all persons claiming or entitled by, from or under him, in and to all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of

LAND AND PREMISES,

Bounded as follows: First, all that certain piece or parcel of LAND, situate in Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, on the south side of the river, formerly owned by James Alexander, and sold by Handley E. Fitch to the said Albert Turner, beginning at the mouth of the mill brook, thence up the brook to the mill, including the mill race, thence crossing to the new road, thence to the river, thence along the river to the mouth of the mill brook or place of beginning.

Second—All that certain other lot or parcel of LAND, situate in Lawrencetown, aforesaid, formerly owned by the late John Turner, and left by will to his heirs; bounded as follows: On the north by the public road, on the west by lands of Wallace Balcom, on the south by the Annapolis river, and on the east by lands of the late Samuel E. Chipman, that is to say four undivided shares of said property, owned by said Albert Turner.

3rd—All that certain other piece or parcel of land, situate in Milton, in the county of Queens, bounded and described as follows: On the east by lands owned by the religious denomination called Campbellites and now occupied by a school house; on the west by the highway leading to Moose Hill, on the south by the road leading to Bristol, and on the north by lands of Robert Kempton, being seventy feet square.

Fourth—All that certain other piece or parcel of LAND, owned by the said Albert Turner, situate about two miles from Milton aforesaid, bounded and described as follows: Beginning on the River Road and on the west line of Robert Harlow's two hundred acre lot, thence to the river, thence along the bank of the river to the most northerly bounds of the lands of said Albert Turner or to Frederick Minard's land, thence to the river road, thence along the said road to the place of beginning. Also Gaggle Island, so called, being a part of the above described property, containing one hundred acres more or less.

Fifth—All that certain other piece or parcel of LAND, situate in the said county of Queens, fifteen miles on the Liverpool Road, beginning at a pine tree on the west side of the Brookfield Road, near the fifteen mile mark "W. J.," being the south east angle of Wellington Grimes' grant, thence by the same south seventy-five degrees west fifty chains to the line of lands granted to Hallet Cole, thence by the same south thirty-five degrees west twenty-five chains, thence south fifteen chains, thence east ten chains, thence north fifty degrees east seventy-five chains, thence north seventy-five degrees, east ten chains, thence north five degrees west sixteen chains, thence south eighty degrees west eleven chains to the Brookfield Road, and thence by said road southerly to the place of beginning, not including the road, containing one hundred acres more or less, together with all and singular the appurtenances to the said tracts or parcels of land and premises belonging or in anywise appertaining.

TERMS—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of the deed.

ALBERT MORSE,
Master.

E. RUGGLES,
Plff's Attorney.

Bridgetown, April 21st, 1882. 6it8

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now travelling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Exting on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose one teaspoonful to one pint food.

Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

Edmund Bent
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Sales attended to promptly in any part of the County. Consignments solicited. Prompt returns made.

Bridgetown, N. S., May, 1880. n5tf

Flour and Meal.

THE Subscriber has a large consignment of FLOUR, CORN MEAL and OAT MEAL which he offers for sale at

LOW RATES,
EITHER
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE, SUCH AS WOOD, BUTTER, EGGS, RYE-STRW, BEANS, POTATOES, ETC.

P. NICHOLSON,

Bridgetown, January 5th, 1882.

LONDON HOUSE !

Spring, 1882.

JUST RECEIVED:

One Car Load ROOM PAPER.

One Car Load HATS and CAPS.

One Car Load BOOTS and SHOES.

One Car Load CANADIAN TWEEDS.

One Car Load HARDWARE.

DAILY EXPECTED:

CAR LOADS OF GREY AED WHITE COTTONS, PRINTS' DRESS GOODS, CROCKERYWARE, GLASSWARE, &c.

All of which will be sold at a very small advance on cost, owing to the immense amount dispesed of every day.

As gigantic advertisements are the order of the day, and not wishing to be overlooked, I advertize the above quantities. Persons having any doubts as to quantity and low prices, will please call and satisfy themselves.

☞ Highest market price paid for Eggs.

W. M. TUPPER.

Bridgetown, April 4th, 1882.

NEW Spring Goods!

A Large and well selected Stock of—

CLOTHING!

mostly made by the well known and reliable house of H. Shorey & Co.

A heavy lot of SCOTCH & Canadian Tweeds and Homespuns.

A Fine line of PRINTS & DRESS GOODS,

With especial value in Black Cashmere, Coburgs and Lustres.

Mens' Heavy Wool, Cotton and Wool & Park's Cotton Shirtings.

GREY AND WHITE COTTONS, TICKINGS, OSENBURGS, COTTANADES, TOWELLING, CRASH TABLE LINEN, CORSETS, SUSPENDERS, PARK'S KNITTING COTTON HOSIERY AND GLOVES, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, AND RUBBERS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS.

Together with everything kept in a first-class country store, all of which will be sold as low for cash or on reasonable time, as can be sold by any dealer who expects to pay his bills.

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, April 24th, 1882.

New Store, New Goods.

MIDDLETON STATION.

THE subscriber having just completed the enlargement of his premises respectfully invites the inspection of his new and varied stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes,

Especial attention is invited to one of the LARGEST STOCKS of Boots and Shoes to be found outside of the Cities, and at prices that defy competition. Ladies' and Misses' Fine KID BOOTS and SLIPPERS a specialty.

Ladies' and Mens' Overshoes and Rubbers.

Also, Crockery, Tinware, and everything found in a well stocked country store.

Always on hand, Flour, Meal, Lime, Salt, etc., at prices as Low as the Lowest.

It is not my intention to advertise impossible prices, but a comparison of prices is cordially invited. Close cash buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a call.

WANTED—100 doz. Good Home-knit Socks, at 25c. per pair; good double and twisted Yarn, at 60c. per lb; Cloth, butter, eggs, at the highest market rate — also, Lumber, Shingles, cordwood, etc.

J. H. CHUTE.

Jany. 16th, 1882. n40tf

COTTAGE FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers at Private Sale, his Cottage at PARADISE, together with a good stable and other outbuildings, all in good repair.

The property is situated in the village of Paradise, is within five minutes walk of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway Station, two churches and a first-class grade Day School, which, with its pleasant and attractive surroundings make it one of the most desirable residences that has been offered to the public for some time. Possession given at any time.

Terms made known on application to

W. E. MORSE.

Paradise, April 3rd, 1882 tfn52

UNPRECEDENTED

Large Stock OF BOOTS AND Shoes!

2000 PAIRS,

IN VARIETY,

COMPRISING

100 PRS. WOMENS' FRENCH KID BOOTS,

100 PAIRS WOMENS' KID GOAT & PEBBLE SHOES,

100 PRS. MENS' BROGANS,

VERY CHEAP.

And a Large Stock of each Kind, Suitable for the Fast Increasing Trade.

Purchasers are requested to call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident we have bought from the best manufactures both in Quality and Price, and are willing to quote cash prices

Below Competition.

Also—in STOCK:

30 BUS. Timothy SEED,

800 LBS. CLOVER!

WITH USUAL

GARDEN & FIELD SEEDS!

ALSO:

Groceries, &c., &c.,

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

Murdoch & Co.

WINTRY BLASTS ARE SPECIALLY FRUITFUL of coughs and colds. Children who romp out of doors during the cold season are very subject to them, and no household where there are children should be unprovided with an effectual safeguard against lung disease. Such a one is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, a preparation in which the former ingredient possesses the utmost purity, and where its well-known pulmonic properties are increased by the admixture of the lime and soda salts. Of these the basis is phosphorus, an essential constituent of the brain, the muscles and the blood, and long recognized by physicians as a strengthening and fortifying agent of surpassing efficacy. The waste of bodily tissue consequent upon lung, chest, and throat complaints is promptly checked by this time-honored remedy, and the irritation of the breathing organs arrested and overcome by it. The article has been pronounced by physicians the best preparation of its class, and this professional verdict has found an echo in the grateful acknowledgements of many who, despairing of aid from any source, have nevertheless sought and found relief from it. Persons whose chest and lungs are weak should use it as a preventive. Asthma, coughs, colds, spitting of blood, bronchitis and laryngitis are promptly remedied by it, and it also possesses properties as a blood purifier very manifest in various types of scrofula. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Canada.

Poetry.

Man's Mortality.

[The following poem is justly considered a poetical poem of the highest order. The original was found in an Irish MS. in Trinity College, Dublin. There is reason to think that the poem was written by one of those primitive Christian bards in the reign of King Diarmid, about the year 554, and was sung and chanted at the last grand assembly of kings, chieftains and bards, held in the famous Halls of Tara. The translation is by Dr. Donovan. A manuscript copy of the poem was sent by Professor Stowart, of Trinity College, to the person who furnished it for publication in the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*.]

Like a damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah made;
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and out, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flowers fade, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's new to run,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of the swan;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The bubble's out, the look forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like an arrow from the bow,
Or like a swift course of water flow,
Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole;
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.
The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Like the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in a song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like snow, when summer's come,
Or like a pear, or like a plum;
Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

Select Literature.

Twenty Pounds Sterling.

There never was such a man to bet as Staining. He was always so sure he was right. Our mutual friend, Maxwell, ought to have sailed for Brazil, but I felt confident I had seen him in the street, but Staining said it was nonsense, and he bet £20 to 1s. He was wrong. He had hardly finished speaking when Maxwell came. Staining pulled out of his pocket a £20 note and handed it to me.

'There you are, old fellow. 'A fool and his money,' &c. Another illustration of that wise adage.'

'Not exactly; for you don't expect I shall take your money?'

'Yes I do; and I shall be extremely annoyed if you refuse.'

I protested, but presently he said in considerable irritation:

'Then be my almoner, and give the money away in charity.'

He left presently and as there are objections to standing in the public highway with a bank note in your hand and a puzzled expression in your face, the note was transferred to my pocket, and I went my way wandering, when I was met full tilt by a clergyman whom I knew.

'Hello!' he cried. 'Mr. Smith, you and I seem to have our minds so much occupied that we cannot take care of our bodies.'

'No grave matter of mine,' I said, 'but you look sad. Nothing wrong with you and yours?'

'No, thank you; but I have just left a depressing scene. A young couple married in haste, have come to grief. The wife and child are ill. Relatives and friends have receded into the back ground. And, worse than all, the husband—'

'Has became intemperate or has gone mad?'

'Neither one nor the other.'

'Something worse?'

'Yes; for to be dishonest is worse than going mad. And it is such a mere trifle that is needed apparently, to put all straight, that I groan at my inability to find it.'

'What's wanted?'

'Well, it's only £20.'

'There's the money you require. Haste away, and do all the good you can with it.'

My friend looked astonished. He even hesitated a moment.

'It is very good of you,' he said, nervously, 'that really—'

'I have the power to give this away. Good-by,' and I hurried off. Then I hastened back to him.

'May I request that you will on no account mention my name?'

'As you wish it, I won't; but you should know the object of your bounty.' And he told me. Then we parted. I had only gone a dozen yards, when there passed me a young man with a flushed face and a frightened, anxious look in his eyes. He caught up to my friend and spoke to him.

'That is the man,' I said to myself, 'whose proceedings have been dubious, and who will, I trust, be rescued by Staining's £20. Well, if the wheel should turn, and this poor man should ever be in a position to deliver a fellow-creature from such trouble as he himself is now in, by the surrender of £20, I wonder whether he will do it? Smith, you surely know human nature well enough to answer your own foolish question. Not he—not a bit of it.

This incident was soon swept from my mind by a sudden call to go abroad, even to the place where Maxwell did not go—Brazil. Nothing hampered me then; I was a young bachelor, and could start for the antipodes at two day's notice. When I take my wife and children—I forget the number—for our autumnal trip, in these latter years of my life, I require a week's preparation.

Away, then, to Brazil; away to new life, new companions, new hops and fears; away to fortune and the yellow fever? Here occurs in my tale an interval of twenty years, (my story deals in twenties.) I doubt whether I should have come back had not a young English lady one night sang in my hearing an old home ballad, so well remembered in connection with some loved ones who in this world will sing no more, that craving for my native land mastered me at once, and in a short time I was on my return home.

On the way home I had one night an awful dream. I fancied a terrible enemy had me down, and clutched my throat. Tighter grew his grasp and fainter my breath. My staring eyes scanned every feature of my murderer. Slowly and painfully did I call to mind the face above me. I gasped an entreaty for mercy.

'Give it to me; I want it; I must have it istantly!' was the hoarse reply.

'What—what can he mean?'

'What?' he shrieked in maniacal frenzy. 'My £20.'

I had quite forgotten about the bet and £20; but the dream set me thinking of the rumors I had heard respecting Staining since I left England that his money had wasted, and he had fallen in position and even in poverty.

'Poor fellow!' I thought, 'there may be something in that dream. If his pride will accept it he shall have that money back, and very glad I shall be to restore it.'

Back in England, settled down in the old country, main matters disposed of, I began to think of minor ones, and among the latter the discovery of Staining. He was not in his former haunts, and I failed so long to find him that I was beginning to despair, when one night I met him in the street.

The brilliant light of the ball-room may increase the lustre of a woman's eyes, but if you want to see a broken down man in his worst aspect, survey him standing disconsolate under a street lamp, a drizzling rain descending upon him, and he with folded arms presenting a picture of mute despair. So did I behold Staining. I put my hand upon his shoulder. He sprang from me as though I were a wild beast.

'I did not want to run away,' he said, hoarsely, 'they knew that. Go on, I'll walk quietly enough. Why—what—can it be—'

'Yes, it is Mr. Smith, your old companion. Come out of this and confide in me. If you are in trouble and money can help you, you shall not want.' And I took his arm and we went together.

And then I heard poor Staining's confession, and it amounted to this: When he had wasted his money, he obtained a situation in a merchan't office. The pay was sufficient to keep him; but even now nothing could restrain him from betting on horse-racing. As a consequence, he was soon penniless, and worse—dishonest. He had paid a betting debt out of a £40 note which had been entrusted to him. Discovery had ensued, and though the luckless man had explained that it was only through the failure of another member of the virtuous fraternity, he could not replace the money at once, he was discharged, and had reason to suppose he would be prosecuted.

'Many, many thanks,' replied the poor fellow to my offer. 'You can see the firm in the morning; but I doubt whether they will take the money. I believe they are bent on my ruin.'

Early next morning I was at the office of Blendon, Baydon & Co., and having stated my errand, I proffered my £20.

Mr. Baydon was a sleek old gentleman. There was an air of wealth and ease all over him. He bowed complacently, and said:

'I can appreciate your kindness to this poor man, and I myself would pass the matter over at once, but my partner takes a different view, and I cannot interfere.'

'Can I see Mr. Blendon?'

'Yes, if you will call again in two hours.'

In the cab I kept muttering to myself: 'Blendon, and Robert Blendon, too? I am sure of it! Still, if it be so, it is very strange. I think I should know that face again. We shall see who will be master.'

Back to Messrs. Blendon, Baydon & Co.'s office, and then in the presence of Mr. Blendon. All my anxiety for my friend faded away. I was master of the situation. I stated my desire to pay the amount of Staining's defalcation and my hope that under the extenuating circumstances no publicity would be given to the miserable wrong doing.

Mr. Blendon heard me with some impatience, and before replying, drew a check 'self or bearer' for £100. Having given it to the clerk, he said to me:

'You will excuse my answering somewhat shortly. It cannot be. It is not the money we care about, but we must vindicate the law.'

I declare I was pleased at the grandiose style of his speech. How beautifully he was working into my net. I suggested that in a case like this there was no imperative call to such a course, and that forbearance might be shown.

'I do not see it,' answered Mr. Blendon. 'You do not appear, sir, to observe the immense importance of punishing a delinquency of this kind. I cannot take your money. If I were to let this man off, I would be ashamed of myself. I have just overcome some foolish hesitation of my partner. I am always firm myself.' (Not always Mr. Blendon—not when I last saw you. But wait a bit. A little further into my net, please.) 'And, therefore, however sorry I may be, sir, I must say no. If I were to commit an act of this kind, and—'

Why did he stop? I bowed quietly, and rising said:

'You are quite right, Mr. Blendon, for dishonesty is a terrible thing, and while not for a moment pressing my request, I know you will forgive my calling to remembrance a curious case known to myself. Some twenty years ago a poor young couple not long married had fallen into poverty. The wife and infant were ill; the husband was distracted; he must get money. When his young wife and infant child were almost starving, what was to be done? The money was obtained—Mr. Blendon, you know how. But in what way was it repaid before Mischief came, and how was the husband saved from ruin and degradation—saved to become a rich and respected merchant? Whose money saved him? That you do not know, but I will tell you. The £20 note which rescued the husband, rested only ten minutes before in the pocket of this very Staining whom you are about to prosecute. Then Staining was as rich as you are now; but he was a kind, Christian man. Mr. Blendon, I have a right to ask you to what character do you lay claim?'

I have often thought since, what admirable advantages are a clear head and calm temper. I'd worked myself up to a white heat. It was only when he first saw my drift that my listner manifested any strong emotion. Then he rose from his chair with flushed face, but he resumed his seat, and by the time I had finished he was almost as calm as when I entered. There was a slight pause, and then he said:

'You have acquired some knowledge of an incident in my life which I am not called upon to discuss. Is this knowledge confied to yourself?'

'I believe it to be confined to myself and my informant, and I have no desire it should be otherwise.'

Mr. Blendon bowed.

'I will not conceal that I shall be glad if this goes no further, and on that footing I will say that your friend shall be freely absolved, and I will even aid him if I can. You must excuse my taking your £20. I am obliged to you for coming. Good morning.'

I felt as I left him that the enemy had well covered the retreat, and had not left me a morsel of triumph more than he could help. But my object was accomplished, and I hastened to meet Staining. He was not at the appointed place, so I went to his lodgings. The landlady told me he had come in early and gone to his room—not well, she thought. She and I went up together and knocked more than once. Then I went in. Poor Staining lay upon the bed—dead. His enfeebled frame had not been able to endure the recent wear and tear, and he was now beyond the reach of his follies and his troubles.

Her Little Fortune.

'Oh, Yes, my face is *my* fortune? Didn't you know that? The day grandpa made his will he called me into his room and gave me my choice to marry the man he had selected for my husband, or see the fortune he had always meant for me go to another.

'I don't like the man you want me to marry, grandpa,' I said, 'and so by your leave I'll stay single, and you may do as you like with your money.'

'It's your last chance, mind, that miss!' he answered. 'Either your promise to do what I want you to do now, or you will be left with no fortune but your own pretty face. I mean it.'

'All right, says I; and that is how my face is my fortune—all the fortune I shall ever have.'

'And all the fortune you will ever need too,' muttered Cliffe Atherton, as he stole admiring glances at the bright picturesque face with its rich coloring, its soft, dark lustrous eyes. 'Odd, he said, that your grandfather never altered his will after that. He was so fond of you that he must have meant it.'

'Probably. But as he never did, here I am with no other fortune than the aforesaid pretty face, which I imagine, will not bring me in much of an income.'

'You must hate that cousin to whom the money is left—the money which ought to have been yours.'

'Oh, no; it was not his fault, and my grandfather had a right to do as he liked with his own. Besides Frank Dean wrote to me and wanted me to take half the money; but I would not of course. He must be an uncommonly nice fellow. They say he is goodness itself to his mother and sisters. They were poor till his money came, you know.'

'Were they! Well I am glad for you. Then I have a sort of feeling for Frank Dean—because he is a poor, deformed semblance of humanity like myself.'

Edith Leyster turned and looked at him reproachfully.

'You do wrong to speak of yourself in that manner Mr. Atherton. Few have such gifts either of good looks or intellect as you.'

The young man glanced gloomily at the velvet-covered crutches that stood within reach, and then at the twisted limb extended upon a cushion before him.

'You are very kind Miss Leyster; but which do you call this—a gift of good looks or intellect?'

'Any one to whom you are dear would love you the more for it,' she answered quickly. 'Frank Dean has a misfortune similar to yours, I know; and now that he has got some money, he is going to have a certain very expensive surgical operation performed, which it is expected will make him as sound a man as any.'

He wrote me all about it and I was glad. Would you like to see his letters? Perhaps the same surgeon could help you.'

'Perhaps, I doubt it, though. I shall have to hobble my life through on crutches No one will love me better for them.'

Edith smilled a little sadly to herself. She thought she knew some one who loved him a great deal more tenderly for his crutches.

But Cliffe Atherton was rich and she had no fortune but her face. If he were to guess that she loved him, he might imagine she valued him for his money.

Only that day she had heard one of the boarders say to another:

'Edith Leyster thinks she will catch poor young lame Atherton. But he sees through her fast enough; and if he ever does marry her, it will be because he fancies no woman would have him except for his money, and she is rather a pretty creature!'

So Edith, in whose ears that speech burned yet, answered, lightly, 'that he was very unjust to all his friends to say that.'

'Friend!' he answered, bitterly. 'You know it is not the love of friends I care for. Listen to me Edith!' as the girl was turning away with a very pale face, 'I am a fool I daresay. You have been very kind to me; but it was only because you pitied me, perhaps. Still, your goodness has emboldened me to speak. I love you, and if you will be my wife I will try to not let you regret marrying a poor lame creature like me.'

He tried to take her hand but Edith shrank from him trembling violently.

'It is impossible,' she stammered. 'Oh, don't ask me.'

He mistook the shrinking in her face for dislike.

'I will not ask you again—do not fear,' he said, in a cold pained voice. He reached for his crutches, and without looking at her again, went in his slow, difficult way out of the room.

Edith burst into tears. Did I might at least, have told him that it was not pity made me kind to him.'

She lingered a little in the parlor, in the faint hope of seeing him again; but he did not return, and in the morning she heard that he had gone away very early. 'To avoid me!' she thought.

She was fortunate enough to secure a few music pupils, and set cheerfully to work. But she could not forget Cliffe Atherton.

'It was cruel to part from him so,' she thought. 'Why did I not go after him, that evening, and ask him to be friends, with me, at least?'

'Have you heard about Mr. Atherton?' one of the ladies asked her, nearly six months after Cliffe's departure.

It was the first time she had heard his name in all that period. She started a little and flushed guiltily as she shook her head.

'They say,' pursued the gossip, 'that he had been away to Paris or somewhere to a very great surgeon, in the hope of having that crooked limb of his straightened.

Edith clasped her hands.

'Ah,' she said in a low voice, too agitated to utter more.

'But it was of no use. He is as worse cripple than ever—can't even go on crutches now.'

'Oh,' moaned Edith tears suddenly blinding her.

But she turned away her face, that the other might not see.

'And that is not all,' her informant went on. 'He had lost all of his money, or the most of it, and is back here as poor as the rest of us.'

'Here?' almost shrieked Edith.

'Why, yes. Didn't you know? He's in the parlor yonder, stretched on the lounge in the bay window, just as he used to be, only a great deal more helpless. He had to be carried in and he will have to be carried out.'

Edith was shaking in every limb. Her sweet face was white. She could not keep her lips still, as she turned and went into the parlor.

Cliffe lay there in the bay window, as she had been told. The delicate handsome face was paler than ever, but his white cheeks flushed at sight of her.

'Edith,' he cried, extending his hand, and looking at her with large, sad, wistful eyes.

Fortunately no one else was in the room. But Edith at sight of that dear, handsome, worn face, was no longer enough mistress of herself to care whether they were alone or not. She was crying as she bent over him, and before she knew it she kissed him.

'My dear, my dear!' she whispered. 'If you knew how I have regretted parting with you so! I loved you all the time, but I was afraid people would say I wanted you for your money. Now you have lost it, they can't say that, at any rate.'

'Lost it!' he murmured, looking at her as if he could not possibly credit his senses.

'Am I dreaming, Edith, or did you kiss me just now?'

She hung her head, amid deep blushes of contusion.

'I did know I kissed you. I did not mean to do that.'

He caught the sweet face to his lips. There were tears in his eyes too.

'I don't deserve such a happiness,' he said. 'Who told you I had lost my money?'

'Mrs. Wordy told me just now.'

He smiled.

'What else did she tell you?'

'That you had been to Paris, and tried a surgical operation for your poor limb and it had failed.'

He laughed aloud.

'Mrs. Wordy is not posted. The surgical operation did not fail. I cannot take a step yet, and am not allowed to try. But if all goes right, I shall walk as well as any one in six weeks. It is all nonsense about the money too, I wonder where she got the idea?'

'You have not lost it?'

'No, indeed. That is not all, Edith. My name is not Cliffe Atherton but—'

'Frank Dean!' she cried, a sudden light breaking in upon her.

'Yes, I felt so mean to take the money from you—a woman, and you would not take half of it. So I came to try and persuade you, and immediately fell head and ears over in love with you. Then you refused me, and I thought I did not care whether the surgical operation succeeded or not. When it did I could not help coming back, in the hope that you might learn to love me after all.

'And I loved you all the time,' she answered. 'Only I was silly about what the gossips said.'