Weekly Monitor.

TRUE WORDS are Jewels

VOL 5. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1878. NO 49

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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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, $4.50; each continuation, $1.00; one month, $7.00; two months, $11,00; three months, 14.00; six months, $20.00; twelve months, $35.00.

A COLUMN.—First insertion, $8.00; each continuation, $2.00; one month, $12.00 two months, $18.00; three months, $25.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $70.00.

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

CONSUMPTION CURED

AN OLD PHYSICIAN, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a Vegetable Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of

Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh,

and all Throat and Lung affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering, he will send FREE OF CHARGE, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and successfully using. Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,

DR. C. STEVENS, Box 86, Brockville, Ont.

ANOTHER CHANCE

is offered for Comfort.

J. W. Tomlinson, Lawrenceetown,

IS prepared to sell at lowest rates for Cash, or prompt pay, Clothing in all lines and best styles. Men and Boys' Suits, Ladies Mantles, Dress Goods in variety, Wool Goods, Clouds, Scarfs, Jackets, &c. Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers and Over Boots in all sizes and quality. A full line of Choice Groceries. And to please the Ladies, he is now offering a splendid lot of Hats, Flowers, Feathers and Ties, Dress and Mantle Trimmings. Flannel in all shades. Mattalasse Cloth, Dog Skin, Coatings and Tweeds, Sailor Trimming, Ladies' Muffs and Fur Caps in all styles. No better chance is offered for an outfit for winter.—COME.

November 24th, 1877.

Thos. R. Jones & Co.,

ST. JOHN, N. B.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS

—IN—

Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS

Haberdashery, Small Wares,

Hats and Caps,

&c., &c., &c.

MANUFACTURERS OF

CLOTHING, SHIRT, &c.

The best assorted stock in the Lower Provinces!!

New Goods arriving Weekly.

FOR SALE ON

LIBERAL TERMS,

to safe parties.

T. R. JONES & CO.

may9 '77

GILBERT'S LANE

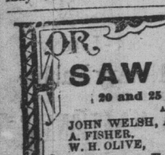
DYE WORKS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

IT is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dying to make them look as good as new. *Carpets, Feathers, Curtains, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemens' Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c, &c,* dyed on reasonable terms. BLACK GOODS a specialty.

AGENTS.—Annapolis, W. J. SHANNON, Merchant; Digby, Miss WRIGHT, Millinery and Dry Goods.

may '76 A. L. LAW.



FOR PORTABLE SAW MILLS

20 and 25 Horse Power,

ADDRESS

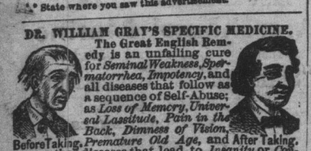
JOHN WELSH, Agent...Amherst, N.S.
A. FISHER, " .....Truro, N.S.
W. H. OLIVE, " ...St. John, N.B.

Waterous Engine Works Co.,

BRANTFORD, ONT.

State where you saw this advertisement.

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.



The Great English Remedy is an unfailing cure for *Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency,* and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as *Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision,* Premature Old Age, and After Taking. Before Taking, many other diseases that lead to *Insanity* or *Consumption* and a *Premature Grave.* Price, $1 per package, or six packages for $5, by mail free of postage. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. Address WM. GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

Sale by all Druggists. W. W. Chesley Bridgetown, and Dr. L. R. Morse, Lawrencetown, Agents.

BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

FALCONER & WHITMAN

are now manufacturing

Monuments & Gravestones

Of Italian and American Marble.

ALSO:

Granite and Freestone Monuments.

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad

Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work.

DANIEL FALCONER. OLDHAM WHITMAN

ROYAL HOTEL.

(Formerly STUBBS')

146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

Opposite Custom House,

St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND.....PROPRIETOR.

sept '73 y

COUNTRY RESIDENCE

FOR SALE! OR TO LET!!

The well-known residence, formerly owned and occupied by the late R. D. Balcom, is now offered for sale or to let. The above mentioned residence, situated one mile east of Paradise Station, and in the vicinity of churches Schools, &c., contains Three Acres of Land in a high state of cultivation, on which are One Hundred Fruit Trees of apple, plum, pear and quince. The dwelling is tastefully built in Gothic style and is finished throughout. Stable, coach-house, and a never failing well of water are on the premises; also, a Tannery and Timber Lot with a residence if required.

TERMS—One half purchase money down, remainder on Mortgage.

For further particulars apply to

SAMUEL E. BALCOM,
B. R. BALCOM,
Executors.

or to J. G. H. PARKER, Esq., Bridgetown.

Paradise, May 12th, 1877 n5 tf

Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully informs his friends that he is now in

BRIDGETOWN,

to fill engagements previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please not delay.

Jan. 10th '77. n36

Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of MAJOR JOHN SAUNDERS, late of Paradise, Annapolis County, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

WILLIAM J. SAUNDERS, } Executors.
AVARD LONGLEY. }

Paradise, September 22nd, 1877. [n23 tf

MORSE & PARKER,

Barristers-at-Law,

Solicitors, Conveyancers,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. 1y

Two Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "SCUD."

For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.

Until further notice, Steamer "SCUD" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY for Digby and Annapolis, connecting with Express Trains W. & A. Railways for and from Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, etc., and RETURN ON SAME DAYS.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class...$5.00
do do do 2nd class... 3.50
do. do. Annapolis..... 2.00
do. do. Digby..... 1.50

Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class.)..... 7.50

Return tickets to Clergyman and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
11 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., April 2nd '77.

STEAMER SCUD

AND THE

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

FREIGHTS for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendence at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7, a. m., and 6. p. m., daily, to receive Freight.

No freight received morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

FLOUR, FLOUR.

JUST received and for Sale, 300 bbls of Flour.

100 BBLS direct from Toronto,
100 " " Boston,
100 " " St. John.
65 Corn Meal.

Having bought the above, at the Lowest Cash prices I am prepared to compete with any Flour Dealer in the County.

Persons, wishing a supply of good Flour, for their winter use will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Also, on hand a large stock of Am. Oil, Dry and Pickled Fish, Salt, and Groceries of every description, Also, a large stock of Ready-made Clothing, Mens' Reefers, &c.

ANSLEY ELLIOTT.

Port George, Nov. 29th, 1877.

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against buying or negotiating a NOTE OF HAND in favour of *JACOB SPINNEY*, dated in September last, past, due the last of December next ensuing, for the sum of twenty-six dollars. Not having received value, I shall resist payment of the same.

JAMES L. BROWN.

Torbrook, Nov. 22nd, 1877. n33 tf

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

Time Table,

COMMENCING

Wednesday, 21st Nov., 1877.

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Steamb't Express Wed., and Saturday.	Pass. and Freight Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Friday.	Pass. and Freight Mon. & Thurs.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
0	Windsor—leave.....	9 15	11 15	5 30
7	Hantsport.....	9 40	11 43	5 57
			P. M.	
15	Grand Pre.....	10 06	12 12	6 24
18	Wolfville	10 18	12 28	6 36
20	Port Williams.....	10 25	12 38	6 44
25	Kentville—arrive.....	10 40	1 00	7 00
	Do—leave.....	10 55	1 20	
34	Waterville	11 20	1 56	
37	Berwick	11 30	2 10	
42	Aylesford	11 46	2 33	
		P. M.		
49	Kingston	12 08	3 00	
53	Wilmot	12 20	3 18	
56	Middleton	12 29	3 35	
62	Lawrencetown	12 47	3 58	
65	Paradise	12 56	4 10	
70	Bridgetown	1 11	4 38	
78	Roundhill	1 32	5 07	
84	Annapolis—arrive	1 50	5 30	
	St. John by Steamer	8 00		

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Pass. and Freight Tues. & Friday.	Pass. and Freight Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Friday.	Steamb't Express Wed. and Saturday.
		A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
0	St. John—leave.....	.....	.....	8 00
				P. M.
0	Annapolis—leave	.....	7 30	2 20
6	Round Hill.....	.....	7 53	2 36
14	Bridgetown	.....	8 17	2 57
19	Paradise	.....	8 35	3 12
22	Lawrencetown	.....	8 48	3 21
28	Middleton	.....	9 12	3 39
31	Wilmot	.....	9 24	3 48
35	Kingston	.....	9 40	3 50
42	Aylesford	.....	10 05	4 11
47	Berwick	.....	10 28	4 25
50	Waterville	.....	10 40	4 34
59	Kentville—arrive	.....	11 20	5 00
	Do—leave.....	7 15	11 50	5 10
			P. M.	
64	Port Williams.....	7 33	12 10	5 25
66	Wolfville.....	7 41	12 25	5 32
69	Grand Pre.....	7 53	12 40	5 43
77	Hantsport	8 19	1 15	6 08
84	Windsor—arrive	8 45	1 45	6 30

N. B.—Express Trains leave Windsor at 9.15 a.m. every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, connecting at Annapolis with Steamer for St. John. These trains offer special facilities for the conveyance of Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, enabling the same to be landed in St. John the same evening.

International Steamers leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8. a. m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.00 a. m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. INNES, Manager.

Kentville, Nov. 15th, '77

The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is 12,154, being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is 10,200, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its Circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the *Star* has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

CATARRH

CANNOT be cured by Snuffs, Washes, or Local Applications. Thousands of cases, some of forty years standing, have been entirely cured by CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY. For sale by all druggists. Send stamp for Treatise on Catarrh to

T. J. B. HARDING, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Five Years' Sickness Cured by Four Bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy. Pain in Shoulders, Back and Lungs, and Droppings in Throat Disappear.

ST. ARMAND, P. Q., Sept. 12, 1876.

MR. T. J. B. HARDING.

DEAR SIR,—Being desirous that others may know something of the merits of your CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY, I wish to inform you what it has done for me. I am 28 years old; had been out of health for about five years. I had employed three or four different doctors, and tried various medicines, without receiving any permanent benefit, but continued rather to grow worse, until last fall, when I had become so bad as to be unable to do an hour's work at a time. Had severe soreness and pain under the shoulder blades and through the shoulders, with very bad pains in the back, and a feeling in my right lung as though there was a weight bearing it down, with continual dropping in the throat and down upon the lungs. Such was my condition when I commenced to take your Catarrh Remedy, one bottle of which eased my pains and gave me an improved appetite, and after taking four bottles I was restored to health, so as to be able to endure hard and continued labor, such as chopping and clearing land, at which I have been engaged the past season. My recovery I attribute solely, with God's blessing, to the use of your Catarrh Remedy. Yours truly,

HENRY SNIDER.

Price $1 per bottle.

ASK FOR LITTLEFIELD'S CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY AND TAKE NO OTHER.

Poetry.

MY OWN TRUE-HEARTED WIFE.

BY J. B. TAYLOR.

Oh, happy time, when Life was young,
And roses strewed the way;
While songs of merry mirth were sung,
To greet each smiling day.
When hopes were high, and cares were few,
Which made the future seem
Some fairyland which Fancy drew,
Or only poets dream.

Ah, those were days supremely blest:—
When beauty, young and fair,
With eager joy around me prest,
And left its image there.
Then skies above were bright and gay,
And zephyr bore along
The sweetness of the blossomed May,
And throstle's merry song.

But where are now those crystal skies,
From darksome shadow free?
And where those soft, bewitching eyes,
Whose lustre shone for me?
And where the friends whose minstrelsy
With ecstasy I heard?
And where the vows that seemed to be
As true as Heaven's word?

Ah me! when Winter came to spread
Its mantle o'er the scene,
And thunders boomed above my head,
Where sunny skies had been;
When Fortune stripped me of my store,
And struck me to the earth,
Then came my venal friends no more,
To greet me with their mirth..

Then shunned they all my humble cot,
As 'twere a serpent's lair,
And by some strange mishap forgot
That still I lingered there.
Of all the Summer friends I knew,
But one remains the same;
One only has been nobly true—
'Tis she who bears my name.

No matter what the changing scene,
Its greatness, or its weight,
My bride has ne'er a changeling been,
Nor butterfly of fate.
She, she remains, of friends the best,
My polar-star of life;
Whose worth's too great to be express—

MY OWN TRUE-HEARTED WIFE.

Select Literature.

MY MASQUERADE.

(Concluded.)

Minnie and Maria were there, laughing merrily over the incidents of the evening.

'And you are not tired of this masquerading?' asked Mrs. Thornton, rather anxiously.

'No, not now,' I answered, gaily. 'I am very happy with the tutor. Pray let Mr. Nelson lavish himself on Minnie, if she can endure it.'

'Oh, I like my part of it,' said Minnie. 'I will sustain it as long as you wish.'

It would take a long time to relate all the events of the following week. How when we dined out, the tutor and I always had the lowest place at the table; how our modest jokes were stared out of countenance amid a dead silence; how we too rode backwards in the carriages; in fact, how the humble relative of the rich Miss Devereux, and the tutor of the wealthy Mr. Nelson, were overlooked and snubbed in a most irrepressible manner. There is a great deal in getting used to things, however. At the end of a week I could laugh with Mr. Hume, at the novelty and variety of our adventures.

The tutor and I, thus thrown constantly together, became firmer friends than before, and I hardly owned to myself how much I should regret his departure. The evening before our guests were to leave, I sat in the library, by the brightly-glowing fire.

'To-morrow I shall be myself again,' I was thinking; 'I hardly know whether I wish it to be so or not.'

Suddenly I heard the sound of a footstep, and turning, found Mr. Hume standing by me.

I do not remember what he talked about for the first few minutes. I only know that I was startled, not astonished, when he asked me, by-and-by, to be his wife. Nor did I withdraw my hand when he took it.

'But there is something I must tell you first,' I began, in some embarassment 'Perhaps then you will not want me, Mr. Hume. I am not—indeed—I am not myself. At the risk of your thinking me conceited and arrogant, I must tell you, I am the heiress.'

'You?' he exclaimed in blank amazement. 'You? But wait. You shall explain all in a minute. At the risk of being ordered to drown myself, at the risk of being thought a fool and a fop, the thing you detest the most, I declare myself to be, not Walter Hume, but Robert Roy Nelson, at your service.'

'And Mr. Nelson, with the eye-glasses?' I cried, starting from my seat.

'Is my tutor.'

The night had grown dark, and the stars had looked in on us for a long time, before we left the library, and I went to bed, to dream, oh! such happy dreams!

Mrs. Thornton was delighted, the next day, when she heard of the engagement.

I taxed her with the deception, but she only laughed.

'Two can play at masquerading, you see, my dear,' she said. 'Things have turned out just as I wished, and you've nobody to blame but yourself.'

'Blame myself!' I cried; blushing to the ears, for secretly I congratulated myself.

Poor Mr. Hume, who had lent himself to the trick, hoping to win an heiress, heartlessly deserted Miss Minnie, as soon as he heard the truth, leaving before breakfast, without taking leave.

But Minnie did not play the part of a tearful Adriadne; she only laughed gleefully; for she had been engaged, for more than a year, to a student at the Harvard law-school, and was to be united to him as soon as he graduated

I have been married for several years now, but I have never regretted, not even for a moment, the results of my masquerade.

THE WOMAN WHO PLANNED.

Fate decreed that she should be a woman and so she was not a general. But if things had been different she would have had a career in a larger field than her own household and its quiet neighborhood. The little but potential 'if' that stands between the most of us and some great fame or greater good forbade that sword should dangle from her painty waist; that the twin stars should shine on her plump shoulders; or that spurs should ever tinkle on her dainty heel—except metaphorically! the higher right of woman not to be a soldier, and the prejudices of society kept her in the paths of peace. But if Mrs. Marlowe couldn't command men in the mess she could in detail. Talk about the magnetism of Napoleon or 'Little Mac!'—you should have felt her! She would talk a man out of liking peaches and cream and make him gorge himself on dishes that he didn't the least want just because she cooked them and insisted they were good. Her influence was not of the soft and subtle sort that goes with beauty, but was direct, strong and palpable, the result of will, rather than of heart, of sex more than character. Not that she was destitute of charms; no woman is, thank Heaven, for somebody; but she didn't depend on them. Your charm is an uncertain thing, and if outward only, will surely fade and fail; but the way of such a woman knows nothing of time, and is as superior to circumstances as the chess-player is to his pawns.

She was still fair to look upon with her sunny eyes of blue; her rippling hair of flossy gold, that never knew a crimping-pin nor felt the indignity of a hot slate pencil; her smiling mouth and firm, strong chin, and her well-nourished and graceful figure. When young she justified the discriminating remark, that there is nothing so pretty as a girl, even if she isn't very pretty—unless it be a prettier one! She was sympathetic, as she repined, in a high, fine way—not simply from her heart, that comes by nature, but intellectualiy and as the result of carefully cultured capabilities. She could put herself in tune with you, whatever her mood, or bring you to her key, as the harmony demanded. The discords in life caused by people who either stupidly or selfishly insist on playing to their own pitch, without regard to the orchestra, or listeners, are of all things the most exasperating.

Her taking a husband was thoroughly characteristic—which is an incident worthy of mention, as is as much as the decisive 'Yes-es' that are murmured, looked and taken for granted in the world of wooing, have about the same uniformity as the cooing of a cote of doves. But Frances Fullerton had ideas of her own about such matters; and when she decided that it would be agreeable for her to become Mrs. James Barlowe she didn't fold her hands, look pretty and wait. That wasn't her way. She had been a 'planner' from her infancy, with a fertility of invention and a skill in execution that won the admiration or excited the mirth of all observers. 'Dear me,' her wearied mother would exclaim, when wakened in the night by a call from the little one that carried in every tone the expression of positive want and a certainty of victory. 'I do believe that baby plans when to be hungry and when to wake up!'

Young Marlowe admired her excessively, she was so strong and bright. He was handsome, amiable and true-hearted, but not 'overstocked in his upper story,' as the plain-spoken mother of Frances put it. But the easy-going father only smiled and said. 'The girl doesn't need to marry brains; she has enough for one family.' What a delightful sort of egotism it is when we can 'celebrate ourselves' in our children! James, however, was very slow in screwing his courage to the asking place. He had not that supremely selfish feeling expressed in the song, 'Ever to woo and never to wed, is the happiest life that ever was led,' but he was rather abashed in the presence of the splendid girl who was so much cleverer than he, and who had to the fullest extent that element of character which is far greater than self-control—namely, self-possession.

Finding that James was likely to run on like the poet's brook, forever, with his punctual calls and excessive talent for sitting up—his inevitable invitations and unwearied but somewhat wearisome attentions—his coy love-making and provoking silences when she had frankly shown him that it would not displease her to hear him speak, the resolute girl's nature and habit asserted themselves.

She made a plan.

The very next night as they returned from a walk in the soft splendor of the September moonlight, Frances stopped at the door, and instead of inviting her backward lover in as was her wont, she turned her calm face toward him and said quietly:

'James, I am afraid I shall have to ask you not to come here so much.'

The poor fellow felt, as he afterwards expressed it, as though a pitcher of cold water had been poured down his back.

'Not—come—so—much?' he faltered, open-eyed.

'Yes,' placing the white hands with just the hint of a tremble in them, on his arms. 'You have been coming here very often for a long while, and all the other gentlemen stay away, as if it were your right, you know. And things can't go on so forever. I—'

'But bless you, Fanny dear, I can't stop! Make it my right to come! I supposed that you knew that I loved you and want you—'

'How many things you dear, great blundering men take for granted?' she said, conveying her forgiveness with a kiss.

Language failing him—as it usually does fail people at such times, except in novels and plays, where they rant through whole pages when all nature and experience suggest that they could be better employed—he executed the part of an appropriate tableau, which was rehearsed regularly several times a week, until the minister came with his little book, and the curtain fell.

* * * * * * *

Married a year. One plan at least had worked well; so that the month-old baby-boy snoozing in the cradle, was entered at college in the mother's mind's eye. Of course he couldn't go alone, the dear little fellow; and with both of her boys at Harvard, and she keeping house near by, over a gas-stove, in cozy little chambers, with her daughter in the conservatory, life would indeed be worth living.

But amid all the inventions and devices of the age, no motor so strong, no force so powerful, no influence so puissant has been devised, whereby man can hasten or retard by a heart-beat the movement of time. And so Mrs. Marlowe had many years to fill up with little plans before she could enter upon her great one. Her hap-hazard husband sometimes laughed at them, but he early learned not to thwart or oppose them. He loved a quiet life, and knew its conditions—which was beyond the wisdom of many who passed for more knowing men. 'When 'the Brigadier,' as he factitiously styled her, planned a picnic, he groaned—but he was discreet enough to do it inwardly. He knew what it involved. His wife would name the day, the spot, the hour to start and return, and the character of 'the spread,' and packed by proxy the lunch basket for everybody who was to go. It was of no avail for him to tell her it would rain—as it generally did; that some other party would have the boats; that the pickles would be forgotten and the jam leak out upon the sandwiches, the dishes get broken and the train be late. Such things almost always happened, and yet she had the pleasure of laying out 'a beautiful time,' and would sit on the stile and continue to smile on the ruins of her plans, with a sweet serenity that an excursion into the happy land could hardly have improved upon.

'Where shall we go next year, captain?' her husband would enquire, upon such occassions, with his most aggravating martyr-like air, as they sat waiting for a let-up in the shower.

'Nowhere—if we wait for you to move, ducky,' she would respond, with a good-nature that was as invincable as her courage. 'You can laugh at my planning, of course; but everything that goes rightly, and that is guided by intelligence in this world moves upon a plan. Soberly, now—why not make plans for a day, a month, a year, as well as a plan of life? the man who starts on the journey of life bound nowhere in particular generally brings up there!'

'Yes—and if he starts for somewhere in particular he generally doesn't. If he takes to the river there is a cataract halfway down. If he sails the sea there are head winds and icebergs. If he treads the beaten path, people jostle and crowd ahead, or he is held back by a weight on his coat tails'—and Mr. Marlowe looked with an expression of mingled fondness and discouragement at his growing family of children. 'Man proposes and woman disposes,' laughed he as a final conclusion—'And between us, I think they who drift get about as much enjoyment and make just as good progress as we who try to navigate. Take your places as best you can, do the duty nearest to you, and live one day at a time. Who ever saw or will see to-morrow?'

'I should like to give you even your dinners on that plan, or no plan for one week only!' said the wife, amid the laughter of the Company, who new well James' fondness for a good dinner, 'For one,' she concluded, rising and preparing to put into execution her plan for getting home, 'I hold that it is our duty to plan everything to the best of our ability and do our utmost to carry it out and leave the 'stars in their courses,' or other people or things in theirs, to thwart us if it be so ordered. Let those 'go it blind' who have no eyes to see; and let people drift who are either too unskilled to sail or too lazy to row!'—and with this scattered shot she marshalled the forlorn picnicers to the station, and busied herself on the way home in arranging a children's birthday party, a round of calls, a charity concert, and the family meals for the coming week.

Of course she came out strong on holidays and special occasions. A thanksgiving dinner was her delight. Every dish, of course, and the people who were to eat it—where each one was to sit, and what games they were to play to settle their dinner—were all clear to her mind two months beforehand. The Christmas holidays were only occasions for the performances of parts already mentally rehearsed. Anything that interfered with her plans, and came in the way of a surprise, was accorded a grudging welcome. Things that happened she had no great opinion of as she grew older, and her habits became more fixed. And as a large share of the good things of life come to us in the way of what her husband called 'happenstances,' her philosophy had many severe tests. To plan for pleasure only to reap disappointment, and then to meet happiness quite unexpectedly on the road, had a tendency, she declared, to belittle one's estimate of intellect.

Sometimes it was the unsystematic James who tired—as when her plans failed to dove-tail on his calculations, or she 'carried the thing too far,' as he expressed it. On one occasion they were to move; and as she had planned to direct the whole work of packing up, of course—such is life!—she was taken sick. But her will knew no illness, and from her bed she dictated the contents of every box and barrel, until a terrible headache compelled her to leave the rest to the care of the odds and ends. As she lay moaning involuntary, with hot compresses on her head and the house was hushed to stillness, her husband saw a slight motion of her hands, and heard her parched lips whisper his name. Bending down tenderly to catch her words, and ceasing his fanning for a moment, he heard her say:

'I—was thinking how we could carry the—flat-irons. Couldn't you.'

This was too much. James rushed from the room and sought the open air, where he indulged himself in familiar references to various heathen gods and 'great Cæsar's ghost,' with a variety of emphasis and gestures. Do not judge him harshly He was only a man.

Mrs. Marlowe's girl was a boy—the fourth of the series, a new but improved edition. When he was nine years old, and her eldest son twenty-two, she sent a carefully made, but very yellow and old fashioned assortment of girl's clothing down to the Children's Home, with a sigh but no tears.

The first son, under the stress of unimpaired energy, of management, went to college, pulled through after a fashion, and immediately took his knowledge of Greek roots and classic literature into a coal-yard, where he made money in a manner that proved his possession of the instinct for accumulation, and then used his gains in a fashion that reflected no credit on his culture.

The second boy, impatient of study, went from the high school to a newspaper office and turned his mother's anxious forebodings into a resignation that was as near to joy as she ever came when a plan miscarried, by making a brilliant success in the profession.

The third son whom she had consecrated to the ministry during a revival that occurred about the time he was born, bought a sheep-ranch in Texas; and the case with which he mastered the dialect of that region affords little room to expect that he will come any nearer fulfiling his mother's hopes than is involved in being a lasting subject for home missionary work.

Jimmy, the youngest son, was intended for the law, but he is just now driving a street-car. His bent towards horses was stronger than his mother's ambition in the direction of the bar.

Mrs. Marlowe came near to the end of life without making any plan for dying. Considering that death is the most fearfully-certain thing in the world, how few people do give any thought to it! But when the inevitable change drew near her ruling passion came to the front.

'James, dear,' she said, 'you have been a good husband to me, and I grieve to leave you, and take the last journey alone. But it isn't far, and you'll be coming soon. This is Wednesday; I shall probably die to-morrow. Bury me on Sunday, from the house; no parade, no flower show, no mourning store or undertaker's grief. 'I would like' (naming six friends) 'for bearers; and have the service in the north room. Get Mrs. Clarke to stand at the door, and tell her not to let in Mrs. Perkins, nor Miss Stebbins, nor old Mrs. Larkins, who go to everybody's funeral, nor Susannah Cobb, the gossip. They all dislike me, and I them, but they will be sure to come swooping around when I am gone. Half-past two is a good hour, so that you can get home in time for tea. Now remember, dear—it's my last plan, you know'—and she smiled a poor, wan, teary smile.

She did not finally pass away until Friday—a little to her disappointment, they thought; but the funeral came on Sunday; James thought it due to her to insure that. One of the bearers named had the hay fever, another fell on the day before and broke his leg, and a third—a prominent pillar of society—had suddenly left town on account of certain 'financial irregularities.

Mrs. Clarke was not equal to the occasion, at the door, so that the four disagreeable neighbors invaded the north room, took an inventory of the contents through their fingers and went down the street together afterward, criticising the dress and sniffing at the pastor's remarks, after the pleasing manner of their kind. The procession got delayed, and Mr. Marlowe was an hour late to tea.

'Dear Fanny' he said, as he turned sadly away from his untasted food, 'she is living on the perfect plan. Thank God for the certainties of Heaven.'