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, MAY 3, 1882. NO 3.

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 the 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 endeavor 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 on

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. Don't 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 prices 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.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most active properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.

No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. Is has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or allow your friends to suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is not a vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "INVALIDS FRIEND and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

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.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK.
STEAMER "SCUD."

Between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting at Digby with the Western Counties Railway for and from WEYMOUTH, YARMOUTH, &c., and at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, for and from KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX, and intermediate stations; also, with the Stage for Liverpool. And at St. John with the International Steamship Co., and the Provincial and New England All Rail Line for Portland, Boston, and other points in the United States and Upper Canada.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

UNTIL further notice, the celebrated English built, steel Steamer "SCUD" will leave her Wharf, Reed's Point, on Wednesday and Saturday mornings, at 8 o'clock, and return same days.

Fare—Annapolis to Digby ..... 75c.
" St. John $2.00
Fare Digby to St. John $1.50

Through Tickets from Annapolis, Digby and all Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis and Western Counties Railways, to Boston and Portland, issued at special reduced rates. Baggage Checked Through. Low Rates Freight.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents at that Company; also from S. BRAGNELL, Esq., 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.

☞ By request Return Tickets, at One Fare, will be issued from Annapolis and Digby, respectively, to St. John, on Saturdays, good to return on Monday following. These tickets to be confined exclusively to these days, and not to be transferable

St. John, N. B., June 15 1881.

REASONABLE CHARGES AND PROMPT EXECUTIONS ON ALL ORDERS FOR JOB WORK AT THIS OFFICE.

BILLHEADS EXECUTED IN THE BEST STYLES AT THIS OFFICE. GIVE US A TRIAL.

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 insurments 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.

Reduced Prices!

THE Subscriber will dispose of his present Stock of goods at greatly reduced prices for

SIXTY DAYS!

He has a lot of Shelf Goods which he will sell at and below COST.

Customers Who bring Cash will get BARGAINS.

H. CROSSKILL.

Middleton, Jan. 11th, '82.

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.

FURNITURE FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale:—

TWO SUITES OF DRAWING-ROOM AND BEDROOM FURNITURE.

Drawing Room suite in Brown Repp and Walnut; Bedroom suite Black Walnut, Marble Topped. Also, sundry other pieces.

For further information apply to

MRS. J. K. RITCHIE.

Lawrencetown, Jan. 18th, '81. n40tf

Rubber Bucket
CHAIN PUMPS.

THOUSANDS have been sold and the demand is still increasing. Now is the time to send your orders before the weather gets cold. Parties can be supplied with pumps complete, or in parts to suit by addressing

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO.
LAWRENCETOWN, A C,

NOTICE is hereby given that all parties having any legal demands against the estate of the late JOHN F. BENT, farmer, deceased, of Granville, in the County of Annapolis, are requested to render their accounts duly attested to within six months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate will make immediate payment to

EUGENE P. TROOP,
JACOB V. BENT,
Executors.

Granville, Jan. 11th, 1882.—3m

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN order to meet the demands of our numerous customers, we beg to announce that, we have added to our extensive

Slipper and Larrigan Factory

the necessary Machinery for the Manufacture of

Men's, Women's, Misses', & Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

in all the leading styles.

By continuing, as in the past, to use first quality of material, we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage in our new branch of business, as well as a continuance of public favor in our old business.

Vincent & McFate,
240 Union Street, St. John, N. B

MONCTON
Refined Sugars.

ALL orders for the above received on or before the

LAST DAY OF MAY,

will be filled and delivered the

FIRST WEEK IN JUNE,

—BY—

W. B. TROOP.

Granville, May 23rd, 1881.

PATENTS

We continue to act as solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had

Thirty-Five Years' Experience.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendidly illustrated weekly paper, $3.20 a year, shows the progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Publishers SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents sent free.

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. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Done one teaspoonful to one pint food.

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

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale his fine property situated at Granville. About 150 acres. 40 or 50 cleared and 20 under cultivation. Average crop apples, 200 barrels.

apl1tf DANIEL CLARKE.

ANNAPOLIS, SS.

In the Supreme Court, 1882.

IN EQUITY.

CAUSE:
LEVOSE BENT, Plaintiff.
vs.
EDWARD H. PHINNEY and CALEB GATES, Defendants.

TO BE SOLD AT

Public Auction,

By the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis or his deputy, at Middleton, in the County aforesaid, on

Saturday, 20th day May next,

at 12 o'clock, noon,

Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made in this cause on the 10th day of April instant, unless before the day of sale the amount due to the said plaintiff for principal, interest and costs be paid to him or his attorney,

ALL the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the above named Edward H. Phinney and Caleb Gates, and of all persons claiming or entitled to from or under them, of, in and to all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of

LAND AND PREMISES,

and Premises, situate in the said township of Wilmot, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a cherry tree on the post road at the north west corner of land owned by Emily C. Morse, thence in a southerly direction along the west line of the said Emily C. Morse's land about forty rods, or until it comes to the north line of lands owned by Inglis Brown, at the south west corner of J. Parker Dodge's land; thence in a westerly direction along the north line of the said Inglis Brown's land, about eight rods; thence in a northerly direction parallel to the east line, until it comes to the post road; thence along the post road in an easterly direction, to the place of starting, containing, two acres of land, more or less, together with all and singular the appurtenances to the said tract or parcel of land and premises belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

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

AUGUSTUS ROBINSON, Sheriff.

E. RUGGLES, Plff's Attorney.

Annapolis Royal, April 14th, 1882.—5it6

ANNAPOLIS, SS.,

In the Supreme Court, 1882

IN EQUITY

CAUSE:
LEVOSE BENT, Plaintiff.
vs.
EDWARD H. PHINNEY, Defendant.

TO BE SOLD AT

Public Auction,

By the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis or his deputy at Middleton, in the County of Annapolis, aforesaid, on

Saturday, 20th day May next,

at 11 o'clock, a m.,

Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made in this cause on the 10th day of April inst, unless before the day of sale the amount due to the Plaintiff for principal, interest and costs be paid to him or to his attorney,

ALL the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the above named Edward H. Phinney, and of all persons claiming or entitled to from or under him, of in and to, all that certain tract or parcel of

LAND,

situate, lying and being in the township of Wilmot, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the centre of the runlet at the Annapolis River, known as the Phinney crossing; thence north along said runlet to the main post road; thence east along said road until it strikes the line between land sold by the late Lawrence Phinney to David S. Phinney; thence north ten degrees west the true course of the line one mile or thereabouts; thence east thirty-five rods or until it strikes land owned by John McKeown; thence south ten degrees east along said McKeown's land to the Annapolis river, aforesaid, to an elm stump which stands as a boundary mark between said John McKeown and David S. Phinney's; thence west along said river to the place of beginning, containing by estimation seventy acres more or less, together with all and singular the appurtenances to the said tract or parcel of land and premises belonging or in anywise appertaining.

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

AUGUSTUS ROBINSON,
Sheriff.

E. RUGGLES, Plff's. Atty.

Annapolis, April 14th, 1882. 5it6

Annapolis, SS.

In the County Court, 1882.

CAUSE:
ALBERT MORSE, Plaintiff,
vs.
J. BENJAMIN SCHOFIELD and JOHN W. SCHOFIELD, Defendants.

To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his deputy in front of Buckler's Hotel in Bridgetown, on MONDAY, the 15th day of May, A. D., 1882, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

ALL the estate, right, title, and interest of the above named defendants of, in and to all that certain lot of land and premises with the appurtenances, situate, lying and being on the Morse road, so called, in the township and county of Annapolis, and bounded as follows, that is to say, on the north by lands of the late David Morse estate, John Morse and William V. Morse; on the east by lands now owned by Watson Munro; on the south by lands of Robert E. FitzRandolph, and on the west by lands of the estate of the late Levi Langley, containing one hundred acres more or less. The same having been levied on under an execution issued on a judgement in the above cause, duly registered for more than a year.

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

AUGUSTUS ROBINSON,
High Sheriff, Annapolis.

A. MORSE, in pro per.
Dated this 10th day of April, 1882 5i

FOR $1.00

I will send to any one, by mail postage paid

30 Packets of Seeds!

all different. Among them will be one packet each of WHITE RUSSIAN OATS, FOTLER'S BRUNSWICK CABBAGE, (for which dealers charge 50c. per oz.) CRYSTAL WHITE WAX BEANS, &c.

As good seeds as are grown anywhere, and which would cost, selected from any of the fine catalogues now published, over two dollars. Try them.

JOHN H. HICKS.

Bridgetown, N. S. March 7th, 1881. 47tf

John Z. Bent

WILL be found at his OLD STAND opposite the Railway Station, where everything in the way of

Pictures and Framing

will be done at short notice.

—ALSO:—

UNDERTAKING

in all its branches. Caskets and Coffins constantly on hand or made to order. Coffin Mountings for sale. A first class HEARSE in attendance. Charges moderate.

FOR SALE.

TWO FARMS!

ON the New Road under the North Mountain, about two miles west of Bridgetown, containing about seventy acres each. On one there is a NEW HOUSE 18x24, finished outside and ready to plaster. There is plenty of good tillage land, about four acres of which is under the plow. There is a good pasture and interval, also about 1000 cords of hard wood and plenty of poles.

The other consists of about fifteen acres of prime brook Interval, mostly cleared and fit to mow; plenty of good tillage land, about three acres of which is under the plow. An orchard of fifty trees growing, two pastures of about fifteen acres each, with a large portion of hard and soft wood.

☞ Both farms will be sold on very easy terms if required, and possession given any time.

WM. R. TROOP.

Granville, Jan. 10th, 1882.—tf

FOR SALE.

That desirable property lately occupied by the

Late Angus M. Gidney, Esq.,

situated at Carleton's Corner, near Bridgetown. The property consists of a Dwelling House in thorough repair and one acre of land in high cultivation; on which are a number of

Choice Apple, Pear, Plum, Peach and Quince Trees,

together with all kinds of fine shrubbery. The situation of the house commands a fine view.

Possession given 1st April. For further particulars apply to J. G. H. PARKER, Esq., Barrister, or on the premises to

PAUL MORRILL.

Bridgetown, Feb. 15th, '82 tf44

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

APPLES!

To Whom shall I Ship?

John S. Townsend & CO.,

110 Cannon St., London, E. C.,

GREEN & WHINERAY,

Liverpool and Glasgow.

Why? Because they are prompt, reliable, and understand the trade, and keep me well posted with the state of their market.

For market reports and full particulars apply to their agent.

F. H. MITCHELL.
Annapolis.

HANGING

IS JUST RIGHT FOR THOSE NEW

Wall Papers!!

NOW OPENING AT

J. W. WHITMAN'S.

CHOICEST PATTERNS IN

ENGLISH,
SCOTCH,
AMERICAN AND
CANADIAN.

☞ PRICES RIGHT. ☜

Lawrencetown, March 20th. 1882.

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 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 with one 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.

"Abide with Me."

"Abide with me, fast fast falls the eventide,"
A simple maiden sang with artless feeling,
"The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide,"
While in her voice the tender accents stealing,
Fell, softly as the dying day,
From those sweet lips, and died away.

"Abide with me?" She could not know the plea
The utter consecration, in her dreaming;
Joy, like a bird, made life a melody,
And spring, its sun, along her pathway beaming,
Stirred her young heart with gentle fires,
And quickened her with sweet desires.

"The darkness deepens." Slowly fell the sound
As if with plaintive grief the notes were laden;
Yet not a sorrow had her bosom owned,
Or ever sadness touched the lovely maiden,
How could she sing "Abide with me,"
Or know its hidden mystery.

"The darkness deepens" and the years go by,
The maiden 'neath the shadows oft has wandered,
Joy, like a bird, has left its nest to fly,
And the bonds of love and happiness are sundered.
Lo, all the friendliness of earth
Has taken wings with joy and mirth.

Despair, the tearless offspring of all woe,
The lonely progeny of a world of sorrow,
Has turned upon her like a sudden foe,
To match Hope's only legacy—to-morrow.
And shuddering in her dumb distress,
She drinks the cup of bitterness.

O Life! She knows the anguish of its cross,
Love turned to hate, and blessings to reverses;
She, too, has felt the fever of remorse,
With its deep drops of agony and curses.
"When helpers fail and comforts flee"
She dare not ask, "Abide with me."

Her voice it will not sing, the notes are dead,
But in their stead, like some pale phantom haunting,
Weird echoes, through her memory mocking dread,
Breath the dead song her aching heart is wanting,
"Abide with me," she cannot sing,
But mutely brings the offering.

"Fast falls the eventide," yet to her eyes
The golden light of morn is faintly dawning.
"Earth's joys grow dim," but from the eternal skies
Is borne the answer to her spirit's longing.
And now as "falls the eventide,"
She whispers "Lord, with me abide."

She knows it now, the faith that comes at last—
Child of the pang and travail of her spirit,
Born of the withering passions of the past,
Its heavenly voice she lingers long to hear it;
Lo, through the valley of despair,
Her song has sung itself to prayer.

Select Literature.

Was it Flirting?

I was engaged to Angelina Melville, and I thought myself the luckiest man living. Angelina was so handsome that no stranger ever saw her without expressing admiration, and one did not weary with the face after years of familiarity with it. She was well-bred, accomplished and a great heiress. I had reason to believe she was very fond of me. No man could be more entirely content than was I as I leaned back in the first-class carriage which took me from Glasgow into the country, to the Vale of Cruix, where I was to preach a few Sabbaths. The pulpit was vacant and I was going to try my wings. With my pecuniary prospects I scarcely thought I should care to accept a call to the Vale of Cruix, but I had no objection to filling the pulpit for a few weeks, especially as Angelina had gone to the west coast and Glasgow was warm and stupid.

Casual remembrances of elegant parsonages built in Queen Anne's style; of a study where the foot falls were softened by Persian rugs, and the doors draped in portieres of velvets; chairs and a desk, carved richly as some old confessional, flitted through my mind. And I thought, also, of a table spread with silver and rare china with a lady at its head, who resembled a queen. And I breathed a luxurious sigh as I awakened from my day dream to a knowledge that the words 'Vale of Cruix' was being shouted on the platform and that the train was coming to a standstill.

I seized my travelling bag from the rack overhead and hurried out of the carriage. The porters had just pulled four of five trunks on the platform. Two old wagons stood in the road, one driven by an old woman in a sun bonnet, the other by a red-haired boy with bare feet; and a queer, knock-kneed horse attached to queerer old gig, was standing at a little distance. A young man in a light summer suit, with a city family bent on rural happiness, were my companions on the platform. The former put his trunk in the first wagon, kissed the old woman in the sun bonnet, took the reins and drove away. He was evidently the son of the family, come home to spend his vacation. The rest of the trunks and city family—mother, father, little boy, nurse maid and baby—were put in the wagon and driven by the boy.

When the train moved away I was left alone on the platform—alone, but for the station master, who sat upon a bench smoking a clay pipe. In a moment more the official, without looking at me, made the remark—'Deacon Stevenson has come for the new minister. He's over in the hotel and will be back in a minute.'

'Thank you,' said I.

The station-master took no notice of me, but, having climbed up on a stool and made some changes in a time register on the wall of the station locked the door, put the key in his pocket and sauntered away down the railroad. I took his place upon the bench and waited. In a few moments a prim little old gentleman appeared upon the top of the hill, carrying in one hand a tin can, in the other a tin pail, and under either arm a brown paper parcel. I knew at a glance that it was Stevenson.

'Are you Mr. Mactaggert?' he inquired mildly, as he approached. 'I want to know? I hadn't any expectation of being kept so long, but, you see, it saves the women folks trouble to fetch things when I drive down. Step in, won't you? I'll just hang this can of parafine lie on behind. Some dislike the smell—may be you do. The sugar-loaf, tea and coffee can go under the seat as well as not. How's your health, sir, and how do you like Vale of Cruix?'

I answered that my health was good and that I had not, as yet, seen much of Vale of Cruix.

'No, you haven't,' said the old gentleman. 'Well, you'll drive through it now.' And he shook the reins and the old horse began to stumble along. And on we drove past certain rows of brick houses very much like each other, and with the same flowers in their front gardens, until, having passed the church, we came to one happily set alone by old oak trees, before the gate of which we drew up.

A girl stood at the gate—a fair girl in a blue muslin dress and white apron.

'Take the sugar, Mary, before it gets upset,' said the deacon. 'This is Mr. Mactaggert, that's to preach for us. Mr. Mactaggert, this is my daughter Mary.'

We bowed and she vanished with the parcels.

'What a lovely little creature!' said I to myself. 'Nothing like Angelina, but so pretty!' And I found myself thinking of her as I washed my hands and brushed my hair in the blue-walled bedroom on the second floor with white-fringed counterpanes and curtains, and two black silhouettes over the mantel piece on either side of the china vases of roses.

There were only four of us at the table—the deacon, his wife, a stout lady, who never said more than she could help, and Mary. She had spent the last winter at Glasgow, and we talked about all she had seen. She was self-possessed without being forward, and so pretty! Now, Angelina was splendid and queenly, so this was mild praise that she could not have objected to, only I said it very often. I preached on the next Sunday. It was settled that I should spend the summer there. I wrote this to Angelina:—

'Since you cannot be with me it does not matter where I am—this stupid place as well as any other. Address to the care of Deacon Stevenson. I shall remain with him while I preach here.'

It was a pleasant summer despite the dullness of the place. How good the quaint old deacon was when one really knew him! How motherly was Mrs. Stevenson! As for Mary, she grew sweeter every day! I often wondered at Angelina would have said could she have seen me helping her to pick blackberries to find the runaway cow, to carry home the milk-pail, driving her over to the country grocery, and returning with a freight of groceries—Angelina, who knew nothing of domestic details, and whose monogramed and perfumed letters were often brought over from the office in company with the parafine can. I wrote my sermons at one end of the round table, while Mary sat at the other sewing. Between us was a lamp with a green paper shade. Now and then a big bug would fly into the window and go humming about our heads, or a moth would try to singe its wings over the chimney and I would drive it out. The old people would go to bed after a while, and then Mary and I would find ourselves hungry, and she would go into the kitchen to find 'something good.' I always held the light for her. And when something good was found we ate it in the back porch, sitting side by side like two children.

She was so like a child, that little Mary that it seemed no harm to ask her to kiss me good night, or to hold her hand in mine, as it rested on my arm, in our long walks home from church on Sunday evenings.

The summer passed: October came. Angelina returned to the city and wrote to me. I was while we were eating peaches and cream in the back porch that evening that I said to Mary; 'I will tell you a secret if you will keep it for a while, Mary.'

'Oh, of course I will, Mr. Mactaggert.'

'I am going to be married this autumn, Mary,' I said. 'Those pretty letters you always thought came from my sister, are from the lady who is to marry me. She is very beautiful, very rich, very stylish, but very kind. You must come and see us, Mary, when we are married. I shall tell Angelina, how good you have been to me—what a sweet little sister I found out here in the vale of Cruix. Why, Mary—'

For, as I spoke, I felt the little hand that I held grow cold and heavy in mine. I saw her sink backward. The big china bowl of peaches and cream slipped with a crash to the ground and shattered to pieces.

I caught the poor child in my arms. In a moment she came to herself, and said she had overtired herself, she thought. They had been baking all day, and it was warm. And now she bade me good-night. But I did not see her next day, nor the next. She kept her room and was not able to bid me good-by.

Poor little Mary! I felt very miserable. However, Angelina met me at Glasgow. She was more beautiful than ever—more elegant in contrast to my simple country friend—and very soon I laughed at myself for the thought that had been in my heart. Of course I said it was the baking that had overcome Mary—it was not my news. I had only been to her as a friend—as a brother. I had not made love to her; above all I had not flirted with her. But I thought of Mary a great deal, and I missed her every hour exactly—oh, yes, exactly—as I might a sister.

I wrote to Mrs. Stevenson, and her answer was very brief.

'I haven't much time to write,' she said in her postscript. 'Mary is sick, and besides being driven I am anxious.'

This letter was in my pocket on that day when Angelina and I went together to the bazar, for the benefit of the church of St. Matthew.

After we had roamed about the bazar, and bought all sorts of knicknacks, I escorted Angelina to a seat, and there sat down to wait while one of the ladies, who 'on this occasion only,' was doing good, onerous, hard work, brought us a tray of refreshments.

As we sat there sipping our coffee, two women sat down at the next table with their backs to us.

'I am very tired, are you not, Mrs. Russell?' And the other answered:—

'Yes I am tired. I don't think that it is worth the while to come all the way from Vale of Cruix to Glasgow sightseeing.'

This was the voice of Stevenson's nearest neighbor, and I liked her and respected her, yet did not feel quite sure how Angelina would like an introduction and so refrained from looking round and making myself known.

'I think we'd better have tea,' said the voice. 'It's more refreshing than coffee. Oh, how is Mary to day? Think of my never asking before.'

'Mary is poorly,' said Mrs. Russell. 'Oh Mrs. Cullen, what a pity it is that flirting young minister came down to Vale of Cruix. I don't know what Mrs. Stevenson was about to let him do as he did. We all thought he was courting Mary. She did, poor child. She just loved him dearly. And the day before he went away, he told her he was engaged to some girl in Glasgow. I'm afraid it's broken her heart. She told me all about it. 'Oh, Aunty Russell,' she said, 'I know I ought to be ashamed, but I can't help it. He seemed to like me so. I hope I shall die of this fever, for life is nothing to me.' Ashamed? Why, it's he who ought to be ashamed. Of all the things, a minister to be a cold, cruel flirt! and this is what Hugh Mactaggert is.'

I listened, but I could not move or speak. I felt as though my heart was breaking, and, oh, the time I suffered! The women drank their tea and left, and then Angelina turned to me with a cold, sarcastic smile.

'I see by your face that the little story is perfectly true, Mr. Mactaggert,' she said.

'Angelina,' I faltered, 'I have done nothing that should give offence to you.'

'Nothing but to love another woman,' she answered. 'Love her, and let her see it, meaning to marry me. Don't think I am hurt; indeed, I am relieved! I should have kept my word to you but for this; but not so gladly as I once should. You are a very good-looking man, but on the whole you don't suit me. I met Mr. S. at Millport, and he does. Frankly, I have been thinking what a pity it was that I must decline his offer. As for this—Mary, is it not—wouldn't she make a very good minister's wife?'

It came to my mind that she would—that she was the only wife for me; and that Angelina, splendid as she was, would never have made me happy.

But I only said, 'Miss Melville, if you desire to have your freedom, I have no choice.'

'I desire it greatly,' she answered.

'It is yours,' I said, with a bow.

After that I think we were both happier than we had been for days, and shook hands when we parted. That night I went up to the Vale of Cruix, and I told Mary that my marriage was broken off, and that she was the only woman I had ever loved. She tried to summon up her pride and refuse me, but failed in the attempt, and let me take her to my heart. To-day I am pastor of the church at the Vale of Cruix. Mary is my wife, and we are as happy and quiet a pair as you could fancy. I even help my wife pick currants, and I have taken a turn at the garden when help was scarce. But I do not envy Mr. S. his wife, nor pine for the luxurious possibilities that I lost with Angelina. Mary and my little home content me.

But one thing is on my conscience. I have never been able to answer myself the question: 'Did I flirt with Mary?' If not, what was it?

Stage Fright.

BURDETTE TELLS HOW HE AND OTHER LECTURERS SUFFER FROM IT.

I went the other evening and caught Robert J. Burdette, of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, in the ante-room at Chickering Hall, just before going upon the stage with his funny lecture. 'Ah!' he exclaimed with a tremendous inspiration, 'Well, but I am glad you have come. Now talk to me! Talk to me!' and he continued walking up and down the floor, after shaking his hands.

'What's the matter?' I said. 'What ails you? What do you mean? Are you rehearsing? Have I interrupted you? Do you want to be left alone?'

'No! No!' he exclaimed eagerly, walking up to me, 'don't leave me. Don't go away.'

'What on earth is the matter?' I asked.

'Scared,' he said, with a querulous laugh. Then I laughed.

'You don't believe me. It's true though. I'm afraid to go on the stage.'

'Pshaw, man!' 'Why, you are joking. You have lectured for years.'

'Yes—seventy-five times this Winter—but it don't make any difference. I have to go through this absurd experience every time. There's no getting used to it.'

'How does it make you feel?'

'Feel? Light as a cork. If I were outside I could fly right over this Winter—Honestly and seriously, if I knew I had to die to-night, I should pray that the Lord would take me just before I went on the stage.'

'Many have the same experience. That's some satisfaction,' I suggested, 'If misery loves company.'

'Yes,' he said, 'I told Beecher about my troubles, and he said, 'I can tell you one thing for your consolation; you'll never get over it. I suffer every time I go before an audience, and am afraid of my own congregation.' But his experience does not give much comfort.'

'Does your fear vanish when you get on the stage?'

'No; it lasts some time, usually. I poke around the audience for a familiar face, and when I find a friend I lecture right at him, and don't notice anybody else. Gough tells me that he does the same thing. He says he often finds himself talking to some responsive and sympathetic little group in one corner telling his stories to them alone, as if they were in a little room together.'

He looked at his watch. 'It's most time to go on the stage. If it was respectable I would run away. The notion of feigning sickness often comes over me as it often does over school boys who want to play hookie. Are you my jailor?' looking up at a gentleman in a swallow-tail who seemed waiting for him.

'Yes; you have four minutes yet.'

'Can't I get a reprieve?' asked the culprit, forcing the grim smile.

'Not this evening or any other evening. You remind me of Theodore Tilton. When he appeared here, though he had lectured five hundred times, he was so frightened that we couldn't get him on the stage for a long while. The hall filled up, the audience clamored, and he hesitated to face them, walked up and down the room, deaf to our entreaties, washing his hands with invisible soap, in imperceptible water. Finally we got him through the door at half-past eight.'

I told Burdette that Wendell Phillips assured me once that he had similar experience; then I slipped around into the orchestra. The funny man came on the stage, began in a tremulous voice, and his troubled eyes wandered over the great audience till he found friends, with whom he quietly settled down and made himself at home.—*New York Letter to Indianapolis Journal.*

Amber Cane.

With New Orleans molasses selling at retail at eighty cents per gallon and nine-tenths of it, more or less (principally the former) adulterated with glucose, there should be a more general interest felt in the production of syrup from the Amber cane. There is one mill for the manufacture of this syrup at Ridgebury, in this county, owned by Mr. H. P. Hall, and one at Wurtsboro in Sullivan county, owned by Mr. W. F. Benedict. Either of these gentleman will furnish seed to persons who desire to grow a field of the cane at very moderate prices and furnish any information at their command. We hope the farmers who are within reach of these mills will see to it that enough sorghum is grown to thoroughly test its profitableness. There is no doubt about the quality of the syrup. It is as fine as anything in the market, and much finer than what we now generally get. What is needed is here and there a mill in the various localities, where the cane can be ground and manufactured into syrup. It is too heavy to transport long distances, and every neighborhood mill will have enough to do, as the season for manufacturing is limited.—*Orange Co. New York Farmer.*

A Great Enterprise.

A project which is attracting general attention in New York and neighborhood, and is also of interest to all who traverse or think of crossing the Atlantic, is the proposed establishment by Austin Corbin, Jacob Lorillard and other United States capitalists, of a line of steamships designed to make the trip between America and England in about six days. The plan involves a harbor on this side of the water at Fort Pond Bay, near the eastern extremity of Long Island (to which there is now a railway from New York), the other being at Milford Haven, in Wales. This is a large prospect and one which requires a large amount of capital, but the promoters claim that, if Congress will pay them $500,000 per annum under a ten years' contract for carrying the mails, the scheme will as speedily as possible be carried into effect. The company propose to build a line of steel passenger steamers (absolutely carrying no freight), that cannot be sunk, of 15,000 to 20,000 horse power, and which will plow the main at from 25 to 27 miles an hour or over 500 miles a day. By this route the fogs of the Long Island coast and the fortuitous dangers of St. George's Channel, the Irish coast, and the passage from Fastnet Light to Liverpool will be avoided, and the entire passage shortened by about three and one-half days. The new company will carry no freight, and this may be called their capital id