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, NOVEMBER 29, 1882. NO. 33.

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. 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 Scaside, 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 t their interest to give him 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
Insternational Steamship Company.

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

Special Reduced Rates of Fare.

	1st Class Limited to 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 TUESDAY, THURSDAY 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 Reid's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston.

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, of 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.

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS AND DESCRIPTION EXECUTED AT THE OFFICE OF THIS PAPER.

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.

NOVA SCOTIA STEAMSHIP CO.
(LIMITED,)
Shortest and most Direct Route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

1882-YARMOUTH LINE-1882.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT
Yarmouth and Boston.

(Commencing Saturday, June 3rd, 1882.)

THE splendid sea-going, Side-wheel Steamer "New Brunswick," will leave Yarmouth for Boston every SATURDAY, p. m., after arrival of the Express train from Halifax, Kentville, Annapolis, Digby and Weymouth.

Returning, will leave Battery Wharf, Boston, for Yarmouth, every TUESDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, connecting at Yarmouth with the Western Counties Railway for Halifax and all intermediate stations, and steamer "Dominion" for St. John, Eastport and Grand Manan.

Yarmouth & Portland.

Steamer "New Brunswick" will leave Yarmouth for Portland every WEDNESDAY, p. m., after arrival of Express train from Halifax, Kentville, Annapolis, Digby and Weymouth, connecting at Portland with Eastern and Boston and Maine Railways for Boston, and Grand Trunk Railway for Montreal, Toronto, and all points on the Grand Trunk Railway.

Returning, will leave Portland for Yarmouth every FRIDAY p. m., after arrival of Eastern and Boston and Maine trains from Boston, (Express train leaves Boston at 8.30 a. m.,) and Grand Trunk Express train for Montreal, connecting at Yarmouth Saturday morning with Express train for Halifax and intermediate stations.

YARMOUTH, WESTPORT, ST. JOHN, EASTPORT & GRAND MANAN.

Steamer "Dominion" will leave Yarmouth for St. John, calling at Westport every WEDNESDAY, after arrival of steamer "New Brunswick" from Boston; and St. John for Grand Manan, calling at Eastport, every THURSDAY morning at 6 o'clock. Returning, will leave Grand Manan every FRIDAY morning at 6 o'clock for St. John, calling at Eastport; and will leave St. John for Yarmouth, calling at Westport, every SATURDAY morning at 6 o'clock, connecting at Yarmouth with steamer "New Brunswick," for Boston.

Steamer "Dominion" connects at Eastport with steamer to and from Calais, St. Stephen and St. Andrews.

☞ Rates of Passage as Cheap as by any other route.

CONNECTIONS—Boston, Portland and St. John, with all Railway and Steamship Lines; Yarmouth, with Fishwick's Steamer for Shelburne, Lockport, Liverpool, Lunenburg, and with Patten's Coaches for Argyle, Pubnico, Barrington, etc.

E. F. CLEMENTS,
General Manager.

Sep. 5th, '82—tf

Middleton Hotel,

MIDDLETON, ANNAPOLIS CO., N. S.

C. C. DODGE, Proprietor.

THE Subscriber wishes respectfully to say to the general public that the old well known Middleton Hotel still stands on the old site, and its proprietor is still on the acting side, "hale and hearty."

He thanks the public (travelling and local) for past patronage, and with confidence solicits a continuance of their favors.

No exertion shall be spared (in the future as in the past) by the Proprietor, to make his house a pleasant and agreeable home for all who may take up their abode at his house, permanently or temporarily.

A COMFORTABLE CONVEYANCE

will attend all trains to convey passengers to and fro.

Good Stabling,

and a respectful; attentive hostler always at call.

☞ Charges Very Moderate.

C. C. DODGE.

Middleton, March 27th, 1882. 1y

KIDNEY-WORT
IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
—LIVER—
It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.
Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve & quickly cure. In this season to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it. (60)
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
KIDNEY-WORT

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. n49tf

W. B. Almon Ritchie
BARRISTER, &C.,
Annapolis, - - N. S.
n13 3m

ARE YOU GOING TO
PAINT?
We call your attention to the
Averill Paint
—FOR—
House Painting.

Remember it is a pure Linseed Oil and Lead Paint, combined with ingredients to render it glossy and hard.

See testimonial of a practical painter of 16 years' experience:—

I have used the Averill Paint and am fully satisfied that it is far superior to lead and oil mixed in the old way. It gives a heavy body and high gloss, and I am confident that it will prove far more durable. One gallon of it will cover as much surface on an exposed building as one and a half gallons of lead and oil. I consider it as cheap if not cheaper than the best lead. I cheerfully recommend it to the public as a first class article.

W. WHINARD,
Painter.

S. N. JACKSON,
Clarence, Agent.

N. B.—The subscriber keeps constantly on hand a general stock of GOODS, low for cash or prompt barter. may28

THE "PERFECT"
SPRING BED!

The only reliable bed in the market.

A new supply of the above just received and for sale by

THOS. KELLY, Sole agent.

Bridgetown, June 28th, 1882.

THE
"BLUE"
STORE.

I take great pleasure in announcing to my numerous customers and the public at large, that my Fall Stock is now complete, comprising

ENGLISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS, ENGLISH WORSTED SUITINGS, and WEST OF ENGLAND BROADCLOTHS.

Persons wishing clothing made up at short notice can be accommodated at my establishment, as I can complete a suit in twenty-four hours after receipt of order. I am pleased to show my goods at all times and to all persons. Call and see them.

JOHN H. FISHER.

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.

Edmund Bent
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

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

Bridgetown, N. S., May, 1880. n8tf

300,000

TULIPS,
LILIES,
HYACINTHS,
CROEUS, &c.

☞ Catalogue to all applicants. ☜

25 Tulips, assorted,	$1.
8 Hyacinths, "	$1.
4 Lilies,	$1.
100 Croeus, mixed,	$1.
20 Bulbs, assorted,	$1.

By mail or express, prepaid, to any address in Canada.

Address,

JAMES H. ANDREWS
WILLOW PARK NURSERIES,
Halifax, N. S.

THE UNION MUTUAL
Life Insurance Company of Portland, Maine, U. S.,
INCORPORATED IN 1844.
JOHN E. DEWITT, President.

Government deposits at Ottawa,...$100,000.00
Assets, about.....$6,500,000.00
Surplus over all Liabilities,.....$678,945.53
Dividends to Policy holders, to 31st December, 1881,.....$4,032,915.54
Total payments to Policy-holders.....$18,579,285.07

This is the only Company that issues all Endorsement Policies, giving the benefits of the Maine non-Forfeiture law, and specifying in definite terms by its Policy Contract, that there can be no forfeiture of the insurance by non-payment of premium after three annual premiums have been paid, until the value provided for is exhausted in extended Insurance.

Head office for Nova Scotia and P. E. Island: Queen Insurance Building, 177 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S.

F. B. K. MARTER, Manager.

ALBERT MOHSE, Bridgetown, aug24] Special Agent

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having legal claims against the estate of

JAMES MESSENGER,

late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to within six months from date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to

L. S. MORSE,
Administrator.

Bridgetown, Oct. 25th, 1882.—3mos

MACHINERY
RARE CHANCE!

SEALED tenders will be received up to

September the 10th,

for the entire Plant, Machinery, &c., of the

Truro Boot & Shoe Co pany!

Tenders may be for the whole or in parts.

Apply for Catalogue to

GATES' ORGAN & PIANO CO.
Truro, N. S.

Sep., 5th 1882.—tf

Photograph Gallery

THE subscriber, who has been for some time established in this town, has lately procured a first class set of Photograph, View and Copying Lenses, and is now prepared to execute all orders for work in his line in first class style and at short notice.

VIEWS of dwellings, stores, streets, etc., a speciality, and orders from any part of the country attended to.

Enlarging.

Portraits copied, enlarged, framed and finished, either in oil or colors. The portrait to be copied must be either a good tintype or photograph.

Photographs and tintypes will receive best attention.

Pictures taken in any weather.

Charges reasonable.

Please call and inspect samples of his work at his rooms,

OVER "MONITOR" OFFICE.

J. N. RICE.

Bridgetown, August 7th, 1884.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of Harris Harding Morse, late of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to within six months from date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

MARGARET E. MORSE,
J. L. MORSE,
L. S. MORSE,
Executors.

Dated May 31st, 1882. 6m

ANNAPOLIS, SS.

Supreme Court,

IN EQUITY, 1882.

Cause { GEORGE LITCH, Plaintiff, vs. ANDREAS BOHAKER, Defendant.

To be sold at

PUBLIC AUCTION,

by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his Deputy, in front of the Court House, in Annapolis Royal, in said County, on

Thursday, 30th day of November next,

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A. M.,

pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein, dated the 16th day of October, instant, unless before the day of sale the amount due to the plaintiff for principal and interest, with costs, be paid to him or his Attorney.

ALL the estate, right, title, interest, and equity of redemption, of the above named defendant, and of all persons claiming by, through or under him, of, in or to all that piece or parcel of

LAND,

situate, lying and being at BEAR RIVER, in the county aforesaid, being the property on which John Barr, deceased, resided at the time of his death, bounded and described as follows:—

Beginning at the centre of the oak tree on the south side of said tree; thence running south fifty-one degrees west fifty-four and a half feet, or until it strikes William Reed's line; thence northerly along said line thirty-five feet; thence running north forty nine degrees east fourteen feet; thence running north forty-nine degrees west along said Reed's line one chain and eighty-five links; thence north twenty and one-half degrees west two chains and thirty-three links until it strikes land of H. H. Chute's water-lot; thence north twenty-three degrees east one chain and seventy-nine links to John Moore's land; thence south forty-six degrees east along said Moore's land, three chains and twenty-nine links, or till it strikes H. H. Chute's house lot; thence south forty-four degrees west sixty-six links; thence south forty-three degrees east along said Chute's line one chain and seventy links, or to the post road; thence south thirty-five degrees, west along said post road one chain and forty-two links, or until it comes opposite to the centre of the said oak tree or place of beginning; thence southerly along said road thirty-five feet, or until it strikes land formerly owned by said Reed being part of lot on which the shop now stands, containing one acre, more or less, (saving and excepting certain lots, pieces, or parcels of land sold and conveyed by the said George Litch and wife to Edward Sanford, John Moore and William Reed, respectively, and also reserving the wharf road crossing the said Barr property, adjoining lands on the south, conveyed by the said George Litch to the said Edward Sanford, and on the north by lands belonging to the said H. H. Chute), together with all and singular the buildings, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

TERMS.—Ten per cent. deposit; remainder on delivery of the deed.

AUGUSTUS ROBINSON,
High Sheriff.

E. RUGGLES, Plff.'s Attorney.

Annapolis Royal, Oct. 18th, 1882.—2s 6i

Select Literature.

The Wedmore's "Hop."

A JERSEY STORY.

'My dear, they are as good as married; they were always together even before Gertie was in her 'teens'; and two years ago, when she was sixteen, there was a tremendous row. Miss Fox, in her usual amiable way, congratulated both Colonel Moray and Mrs. Clive, on the engagement. Of course the result was astonishment, indignation. Percy and Gertie called up to judgment, vows of eternal constancy. Gertie sent to school for six months; and ever since then, whenever Percy has been over here, six rounds together at every hop, and all the square sat out in the garden; whether Mrs. Clive liked it or not. I suppose, now Percy has this money left him, it will be all right'

So spoke Miss May Faulkner, a Jersey belle, aged twenty, to her companion, Clare Grattan, a girl two years her senior, who had come to England on a visit to the Clives above mentioned.

The girls were strolling slowly along St. Helier's broad white sands; they were lagging rather behind the rest of their party, which had split itself up into two other couples.

Clare Grattan's heart was heavy with a dull oppression of pain, the result of a fear become a reality, as she answered:

'Then you think Mr. Moray, (there was a momentary pause before she spoke this name) 'and Gertie care for one another?'

'Think so? Look there!'

As May spoke, she pointed to the figures of a young girl and man who were standing almost at the water's edge, their outlines sharply defined against the sunset glow. Their faces were turned towards the sea, away from Clare; but she, looking at the young man's bent head, the girl's upturned one, could fancy only too well the look of Percival Moray's brown eyes. Had she not known it to her own cost?

She had been a fool, she thought, and only that afternoon had been happy in her folly. Clare Grattan had been six weeks at Jersey, but that time had been fuller and more intense to her than all the years of her yet early womanhood; she had learned her own heart at length; had grown into love.

Clare still was pondering when Gertie turned her steps toward her friends.

'Are you tired?' asked Percy of Miss Grattan, bending toward her.

If he had only known the sharp thrill of pain the tone of his voice caused her! She was glad to hear her own sound unconstrained as she answered:

'Not at all, thank you.'

'We have come too far across the sands; I ought to have remembered. Won't you take my arm?'

'Oh, no; I am all right.'

He said no more, but, turning again to Gertie, called out to two other individuals who had apparently forgotten everything else in the contemplation of a dead starfish; at all events they had been gazing at it for full five minutes when Percy's voice reached them.

'Halloo, Lashton! come on; it's getting late.'

Thus addressed, the two defaulters moved slowly toward the rest of the little group. Their conversation, as they strolled along, was after this wise:

'Be a brick, Miss Wedmore, and try to give a miserable wretch a chance.'

'How can I? I can't make Gertie like you.'

'Keep that fellow Moray out of the way, so that I may try my luck at least.'

'You're doing your very best to run it by seeming to flirt with me. Gertie is awfully jealous, mind.'

'Hang it! I beg your pardon, I mean—'

'You needn't, I don't mind it.'

'I think I have the most reason for jealousy. Why, I know that she and Moray were spoons once, even if they are not now.'

'Yes, but Gertie can't know that I am only playing confidante.'

'Never mind, only help me, and you shall see what the bridesmaid's lockets will be like.'

'For shame, Captain Rashton! bribery and corruption! by the way; I have a weakness for opals.'

'I'll make a note of that,' answered Captain Rashton, taking out his pocket-book for the purpose.

Certainly, to an uninitiated eye, the two had decidedly as much the appearance of flirting as Percival and Gertie had, and a keen observer might have connected that fact with the wrathful flash of Miss Clive's blue eyes, and her sharp, petulant answers when addressed. Clare did not do so, but imagined that these signs of ill-temper in her friend were owing to some fault of Percy's, and inwardly determined, now that she knew of the understanding between Mr. Moray and Gertie, to abstain even from any appearance of intimacy with the former, lest it should wound her friend, whom she knew was a little inclinclined to be exacting.

'She needn't be afraid, though,' thought poor Clare to herself. 'I know he is true. If he loved me, I would trust him entirely.'

The party broke up at the top of King street, Florence Wedmore going one way, and the three other girls holding the opposite course.

The dinner that evening at the Clives' was not very cheerful. Gertie was cross Clare occupied by her bitter thoughts of what she had learned that afternoon, and Mrs. Clive, Gertie's mother, (Miss Clive was an only child), found it very hard work to maintain anything like conversation.

Directly it was ended, Gertie ran up to her room to dress for that evening's dance at the Wedmores'. 'So,' she thought, 'he neglects me and flirts with Florence! Very well, sir, tit for tat. I'll revenge myself with Percy, and if I don't make her suffer—that's all!'

Meanwhile Clare, in her room above, was trying to convince herself against her heart's assurance that Percy did not love her, and if he did, illogical but girlish sequence, it was her duty to Gertie to reject his affection, and bid him render it to her to whom it was.

She would be loyal to her friend at all costs to herself.

A light tap at the door, and Gertie entered, looking very pretty in a soft white silk, much smothered with lace.

'How shall I do, Clare?'

'I never saw you look so well,' said Miss Grattan, and she spoke the truth. Gertie's eyes were shining like bits of sunlit summer sea; her cheeks 'as crimson dyed in grain;' her fair hair was ruffled in that sweet order of disorder which best suits a Greneze face, and low white brow.

Gertie, with a sudden faltering of her voice and a burst of tears, broke out, 'Oh, Clare I am so unhappy!'

'I am very sorry; but, Gertie, you needn't be afraid; I am sure he cares for you.' Her words were very brave, and her lips did not tremble as she spoke.

'Do you think so?' and Gertie lifted her head from where it rested on her friend's breast. 'But why does he flirt so? I am proud and don't show it, but it pains me dreadfully, Clare. I feel sometimes as if—oh, why should he hurt me so when I love him?'

'Is she taying to ask me not to flirt with him?' thought Gertie's friend, and the hot glow of wounded pride, far deeper and stronger than that of the younger girl, burned her pale cheek at the idea that she, Clare Grattan, should be suspected of flirting. It was some little time before she slowly answered:

'I should trust him and be sure he deserves it; and, Gertie'—she spoke nervously and as if frightened lest her friend should be offended—'I wouldn't give him any cause for jealousy by being too much to-night with——'

'There's the carriage,' said Gertie, springing up. 'I'm very sorry, dear, I can't take your advice, as it's the exact opposite to what I mean to do. I shall treat him just as he treats me.'

With which words Miss Clive ran down stairs, and Clare had no opportunity for saying more, for they went at once to the hop.

A Jersey hop is very much more primitive in its arrangements than an English carpet dance. The Wedmores' was a pattern one of its kind—bright, gay, with all the girls pretty and good dancers—it is hard to find a Jersey girl who is not both. Clare sat at the piano; the light falling on her showed her to the eyes of a man who had entered by the garden way, as only an intimate of the Wedmores would have dared to do. There were many people near her in the veranda—girls without partners, girls sitting the dance out with their partners, old ladies talking scandal, old gentlemen talking politics, a nervous boy who dared not dance, a gloomy man who wished to do so and could not—but Percy Moray only saw Clare.

Before he could move to her, the waltz ended Clare was monopolized by another man to whom Florence introduced her; and Percy himself was discovered by Miss Wedmore, who insisted on introducing him to a red-haired heiress, who smiled sweetly, as she hoped Mr. Moray did not mind *deux temps*—she did not dance anything else.

Percival Moray was a lieutenant of Hussars, whose father lived in Jersey. The boy himself, when a child, became a favorite with his mother's brother, who proclaimed him as his heir, petted him as a child, sent him to Eaton, bought him his commission, only asking in return that he should spend half of his holidays and leaves with him; and who had died a twelvemonth ago, leaving Percy two thousand a year, and a pretty old house in Kent.

So, two months before this evening, Moray sold out and came over to Jersey to win his old love; when, to his great disgust, he discovered he no longer cared for her, nor she for him. Still they went on playing at love till Clare Grattan came on her visit to the Clives, and Percy fell honestly, heartily in love with her.

Nevertheless he felt he was, in a manner, bound to marry Gertie if she wished it—and it was hardly likely, he thought, that she did not; for the girl was full of wounded pride and held the sweet jest up by dancing, talking and flirting with Percy so desperately, that she deceived both him and Captain Rashton into the idea that she was in love with the former.

It was full half an hour before Percy was able to gain Clare's side and ask for 'the dance you promised me.'

She knew it would be far more marked if she refused, so took his arm as the first bars of the waltz sounded.

The last slow chords sounded, and they stopped.

'Ah,' said Percy, drawing a long breath, 'It's warm.'

'It is,' assented Clare.

'But the garden is cool,' said Percy.

'So people seem to think,' she answered laughing.

For every one had poured out of the ball-room to the cool night air, and the white dresses glimmered dimly among the trees on the small lawn.

They sat down on a rustic seat near the table. The lawn seemed nearly as full as the dancing-room had been a few minutes before; and Clare watched Gertie, as she saw her evidently engaged in a furious flirtation with a man whom she knew Percy disliked.

'She must do it to vex him,' Clare thought, quite ignorant that Gertie had not once thought of Mr. Moray this evening.

From the veranda sounded the warning bars of a galop, and the lawn began to be deserted. Clare would have risen, but Percy stopped her.

'Don't go yet,' he said; 'at least if you are not engaged for this.'

'But I am.'

'Then let your partner find you.'

'No, I really must go. I want——'

'Oh, I know what you want—to avoid me.'

'Mr. Moray.'

'I beg your pardon if I am rude; but how have I offended you?'

'You have not.'

'Then why do you always try to escape speaking to me? What have I done?'

'Nothing. I——'

'Why do you stop? Oh, Clare, Clare! don't you know that I love you?'

There was silence. For one moment a great pulse of joy throbbed through the girl's whole being; and then came the sickening remembrance of Gertie.

'You must know it,' the young man said passionately. 'You must have seen! And I thought—Clare, can't you love me?'

There was no one else near to hear the heavily-whispered 'No.'

'Then what made me think—for I did think—— Clare, you are not a flirt like these girls here. Why were you kind if you never meant to have me? Why did you let me imagine it?'

She could only say, 'I beg your pardon,' numbly.

'Why should you? Only look straight at me and say, 'I do not love you,' and I will leave you; but not till then.'

She could not tell that lie to him who trusted her; and yet she did not wish to betray her real reason and Gertie's pride.

'You don't speak; you do care for me! I knew it, my Clare!'

He would have taken her hand; but she withdrew it.

'How about Gertie?' she said quietly. 'Are you not engaged?'

He did not answer for a moment; then said:

'Is the childish bond to stand between you and me? Clare, Gertie and I are nothing to each other now; we have outgrown our fancy long ago.'

'You may have, she has not. Percy, if I trust you with her heart secret respect it. She loves you, and all her gayety is put on to hide her pain at your neglect. Oh, think how base I must feel—her friend whom she trusted—to let you speak so to me!'

'You base! you, Clare, darling! I've been a thoughtless brute; I see it now. Forgive me!'

'Yes.'

'And love me?'

He spoke timidly, as knowing he would be denied. Her answer came very low:

'I shall have to learn not to do so.'

'Then you do?' he said quickly.

'I cannot help it;' and there was a break of a sob in her voice.

'And you ask me to give you up, knowing that—to win my heaven on earth, and turn away from it? Clare, you cannot.'

'I must;' and the bitter agony of the tone only showed the firmness of her resolve. 'Percy, you are honorable, don't make me despise you, as I should if you were false to Gertie.'

'But, Clare, I love you, not Gertie.'

'She loves you,' Clare answered, with the sublime unreasonableness of a woman. 'And right is right, though it is hard—oh, so hard!'

'It is something to hear you say that it is hard;' he answered, in a smothered tone. 'But you don't know how cruel you are to me, or how you have grown into my life. I never meant to love; but this evening when I saw you I felt I must speak and know if you—'

She laid her hand on his.

'And you have made it all the harder for me,' he said. 'If I had still thought that you did not care for me, I might have turned to Gertie; but now—'

'You will do what is right,' she answered, while the tears would spring to her eyes.

'Right! Is it right to marry a girl I do not love?'

'You will learn to do so; she is so dear you cannot help it.'

'Cannot I? Clare, your face is the one face for me on earth, you the one woman.'

She rose, blindly, nobly wrong in her self-denial.

'I cannot listen to more,' she said, in a choked voice; to her own heart she added, 'I dare not.'

'Clare!' he rose and caught her wrists. There was no one to see; the garden was again dark and silent, except where the light streamed from the veranda. 'I only want to say good by.'

'What do you mean?'

'Do you think I could go on as I am doing now—see you for the next month every day, and know that you love me, and that you will never be more to me than now? It would drive me mad. No; I shall leave here by to-morrow's boat.'

'But Percy—'

'You need not think that,' he said, with a sudden fierce burst of anger. 'If she and I were alone on this earth, I would not marry Gertie. You have done her no good, or rather, no harm. Dear little thing, she deserves a better fate than a man who does not care for her.'

There was silence; then Percy spoke again, his voice strangely humble and gentle:

'One kiss, Clare, for our good-by; only one, my dear.'

'No,' she said; and her tone was both stern and surprised.

He said no more; side by side they returned to the house. Clare's heart was full with the unutterable longing to turn to the man beside her and say, 'Stay;' Percy's with a wild turmoil of anger and love. He felt dimly that his love gave him a right over Clare; that her power, 'woman-like to weave sweet words,' had been exerted wrongly; that her sacrifice was a needless one, which would mar both their lives, and for one loved.

A hard grasp of her hand, a low-spoken good-by in answer to her whisper 'Forgive me!' and he was gone. When would she see him again? Dizzy and faint with dull misery, she sat down in the veranda.

'I think this is our dance?'

The voice woke her up, and she saw standing by her a tall man, with a puffy, foolish, good-natured face.

'I am so very tired,' she answered; 'will you excuse me?'

'Certainly. You look faint, Miss Grattan; may I get you a glass of water?'

'If you will be so kind.'

The water did her good; she steadied her nerves, and gazed in through the open window at the dancers. She saw Gertie, glowing and radiant, the prettiest girl in the room, waltzing with Captain Rashton, looking utterly happy, careless and contented. For one moment Clare felt a bitter anger against this girl, for whose happiness she had given up the supreme beauty and joy of life, and who would never know it. What did Gertie need more than the present moment? Seemingly nothing; and yet Clare remembered the childish burst of sorrow she had witnessed a few hours ago, and was glad she had been loyal to her friend, even though at so dear a price.

The dance was over. The two girls climbed rather wearily up the bedroom stairs of the Retreat.

'Come in here, Clare,' said Gertie, as they reached the latter's door.

Clare's wearied eyes looked piteously at her friend, as her lips repeated for the third time that evening the excuse, 'I am so tired.'

'Only for a minute, dear.' Gertie drew her in and shut the door; then said, 'You were right.'

'What do you mean?' asked Clare stupidly amazed.

'He loves me,' said Gertie, pressing her small hands close against the faded lillies on her breast; 'he always has, and I was only a little fool to think he was flirting with Florence.'

'He! Who?'

'Robert—I mean Captain Rashton. Clare, are you ill?'

For Clare's face was white, her eyes closed, the heavily-cut lips closed together.

'No, Gertie: I am quite well. But I don't understand. Don't you love Per—Mr. Moray?'

'Love Percy! I left off doing so more than a year ago. I only used him as a decoy-duck to draw Robert on.'

'And in doing so may have unknowingly wrought evil to two people,' thought poor Clare.

Percy was to leave Jersey on the morrow; she might never see him again; he might go abroad and never hear of the real state of things.

But she remembered it was hardly likely that a man possessing both relations and friends in Jersey would not hear very quickly of his old love's engagement to another man; and she wished Gertie happiness very warmly, and was glad in her gladness, staying with her more than half an hour, listening to her talk about Captain Rashton.

She was glad to be alone, though, in her own room—alone, free to thank God for the great happiness which yet might be hers.

And was; for less than a fortnight later Clare was standing under the shade of a tall flowering myrtle, the aromatic scent of which filled the autumn air with bitter sweetness. Percy was beside her, very gravely contented, and on her left hand was the shimmer of a sapphire ring she had only worn a week.

'You came back very quickly,' she said 'Were you afraid I should forget you?'

'I wanted to be sure,' he answered.

'You needn't have been afraid,' and her face glowed a little. 'Percy?'

'Clare?'

'Do you know, I almost think I was in the wrong that night.'

'I am sure you were.'

She laughed, but her tone was grave as she said, 'Are you angry with me?'

'Angry with you for showing how strong you were to do what seemed right to you? You must think me a brute, Clare!'

'It seemed to tear my heart out to have to deny you; and I see I was wrong now.'

'So do I; but I am not sorry for it, Clare, for it taught me'—he drew her closer to him as he spoke—'how far above myself is the woman I love.'

The Cow that Beat the World.

From the St. Albion (Vt.) Messenger.]

Last winter, mention was made in the *Messenger* of the "Jersey Queen of Barnet," owned by J. S. Kennerson of Barnet, and of her butter record. She had made 746 pounds for the year ending March 15, 1881. She was at that time exceeded only by one cow, "Eurotas," owned by Colonel A. B Darling of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, and that by about 30 pounds. Succeeding this trial, Mr. Kenerson determined on making another, with the intention, if possible, of beating the record of Eurotas and placing the Jersey Queen at the head of the list of butter producers in the United States, if not in the world. The trial was begun May 20, 1881, and lasted one year.

Last winter Colonel Darling purchased the cow, paying for her $2,000, but the trial was to be continued on and completed in Barnet. It was concluded, and we have the monthly record of milk and butter for the year. It aggregates 12,854 pounds of milk and 851 pounds of butter, leaving out the fractions. She has exceeded her former record by 105 pounds, and that of Eurotas by 73 pounds.

It took a trifle over 15 pounds of milk for one of butter, which showed great richness for so large a quantity. The average of milk per day for the year would be 35¼ pounds, and of butter, nearly 2½ pounds. The cow last winter weighed 1,075 pounds, was healthy and robust looking, and was having the following daily rations: Two