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Weekin



SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 24.

- · · WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1897.

NO. 50.

with something of the feeling of one going forth to battle that she gripped her torch and clutched her apron of sweet apples, as Ever Heard." she turned again to the blackness of the That was what a lawyer said of this stor that I am about to relate: "It is the bes

Retween this cabin and the next the dis now getting so well steadied that she no nger cared for the looking and shifting smaller than the rest made the underbrush rustle audibly with its motion. Her heart straightway thought of the wolf which her asband had spoken of. But, wolf or shadow, it fled away without menacing her: and she came in safety to the last cabin between

Here the neighbors were asleep, and she had to arouse them in order to beg another pine knot. The one which she had got at the previous house was by no means burned out, but she feared lest it should fail before the end of her journey. The sleepy neigh-bors were astonished at her appearance. They threatened to detain her by force when she refused their invitation to stay all night with them. But Mrs. Buckler was by this ward expressed herself: and she treated their kind persuasions with scant courtesy. She almost ran from the house: but in he apron among the sweet apples she carried

the extra pine knot, all the same. To ward off unpleasant thoughts, she kept picturing in her mind the way the children would enjoy the apples in the morning. She also thought of the remonstrances, tem pered with ill-concealed admiration, with which her husband would greet her return. Her blood quite glowed again as she thought light of it all. Just at this moment she saw. in the middle of the path before her a large

black bear, watching her curiously.

Her heart stood still, and she herself instantly followed this example. Then she reflected that she must appear calmly indifferent, if she would hope to escape. Slowly she moved forward again, waving her torch and the bear, stepping out of the path, watched her steadily from among the underbrush as she went by. Then he stepped back into the path and followed her.

Her first and most natural impulse was to one startled leap forward, she checked with a mighty effort of her will. She walked on with swift but steady steps, watching the bear out of the corner of her eyes, but all the time clutching obstinately at her apronful of apples. The bear, very slowly, kept drawing closer and closer, bent upon attacking, but evidently deterred by dread of

But the torch, meanwhile, was burning ow; and Mrs. Buckler, in her excitemen failed at first to notice this. She was holdsort of shield against her pursuer. When with a shaking at the knees, she realized she tried hastily to light the other; and in the effort some of her treasured apples fell out of her apron and rolled behind her on the path.

he stopped and began devouring them with the keenest relish.

"Why!" thought Mrs. Buckler, with a sudden lightening of her load of terror; "it's not me he's after, but the sweet apples!' and straightway all her courage returned.

She paused and took time to light her newpine knot deliberately and well, then she hurried on, and it was some minutes before her pursurer was again at her heels.

And now, so sudden are the revulsions of woman's feelings, she was concerned only for the sweet apples. They were the children's apples; and it went sorely against her grain to let a bear have any of them. Not until he had come most uncomfortably close him and then she doled out but three of the precious green globes, dropping them on the path behind her with slow reluctance. The animal took perhaps a quarter of a ninute to dispose of this niggardly contri-

bution, and then came on again with a sort of hopeful confidence. "No!" declared Mrs. Buckler, firmly, 'von ain't goin' to have another one!" and he fairly broke into a run. But when that heavy shambling gallop sounded close at her back, her resolution weakened, and she While the much gratified bear delayed to eat these, she rounded a turn of the road, and was gladdened by the sight of her own window glimmering some 200 yards in front. Calling her husband's name two or three times at the top of her voice, till she saw him fling open the door and rush out to meet her, she hugged the remnant of the apples to her breast, flung her torch at the bear, and sped like a deer toward the house. Whether the bear followed her further or not she never knew. It certainly did not come near enough to the house for her husband to catch sight of it, for, as she flung

herself into his arms, panting triumphant, half-way between laughter and tears, he asked her what was the matter. "Matter!" she cried indignantly. just like a man, after all I've gone through to get home!" And she pulled him violentinto the house and slammed the door. Steve Buckler was quite too judicious

remind her of the fact that he had urged her either to come home before dark, or else stay all night. He did not even let it appear in his face for an instant that he though with all the breathless excitement she had anticipated, praised her bravery and reource, vowed to shoot the bear next day, ate one of the sweet apples, and then being very sleepy, went to bed. But Mrs. Buck ler, before she followed his example, proudly tucked several of the apples under the chil-

The peculiar experience of a Chicago girl is given thus: She was attending a reception in St. Louis, and upon leaving found a shabby in St. Louis, and upon leaving found a shabby sealskin coat in place of her own elegant garment. Hostess and guest were both in despair, but nothing could be done, and, of course, there could be no reparation. Later the Chicago girl consulted her furriers to see if there might be a way of identifying the garment if it should be discovered. "Not casually," said the furrier, "but if the lining should be opened the name of our firm with your name and the date of making would be found inside." That was a suggestion. How about the substituted garment? It was ripped open, and on the inside was found the name of the lady in whose house the e tchange

tled at herself for having felt afraid. It was "The Best Boy's Story I A VICTIM OF ASTHMA TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

> boy's story that I ever heard." 'We have had a good many boys with u -Release Comes in Old Age-The senior member of a large hardware establishment in Market Street, Philadelphia. "as

may surprise you is that we never take country boys unless they live in the city and keeps them at home at night, for live, everything is new to him, and he is attracted by every show-window and unusual those things cares little for them, and if he season. And we are very particular about our boys-and before accepting one a nest and industrious parents. "But the best boy we ever had is now with us, and a member of the firm. He is the one man in the establishment we couldn't do without. He was thirteen years old with us eleven years, acting for several

told him for a long time his wages would be very small, but that if he proved to be a good boy his salary would be increased at a certain rate every year, and as it turned out, when according to agreement, we should have been paying him five hundred dollars a year, we paid him nine hundred, and he ever said a word himself about an increase of salary. From the very outset, he showed was prompt in the morning, and if kept a little overtime at night, it never seemed to nally came to know where everything was to be found, and if information was wanted, it was to this boy, Frank Jones, that everyone applied. The entire establishmen seemed to be mapped out in his head, and everything in it catalogued and numbered. His memory of faces was equally remarkable. in the store to buy goods, what he bought and where he came from. I used often to more than a gold mine! How do you man

he would say. "I know that if I can rehe comes into the store, and can ask him how things are going on where he lives, I

friends of buyers. He took the same interest in their purchases as he took in the store, and

"Well, affairs went on in this way until he had been with us eleven years, when we concluded to take him into the firm as a partner. We knew that he had no extrava gant habits, that he neither used tobacco, tinued as at the beginning to board at home. and even when his salary was the very lowest he paid his mother two dollars a week for his board. He was always neatly dressed, and we thought it was very probable that he had laid up one or two thousand dollars, as his salary for the last two years had been twelve hundred dollars. So when we made him the offer to become a partner in the business, and suggested that it would be more satisfactory if he could put some money into the firm, he replied:

ject I can put in that much. I have saved out of my salary nine thousand four hundred

ished in my life, than when that fellow told me he could put in ten thousand dollars, and never spent a dollar, or twenty-five cents, for any unnecessary things, and had kept his money in the bank where it gathered a small interest. I am a great believer in the Bible, you know, and I always kept two placards in big letters up in the store. On one was this text: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much;" and on the other: "He that is diligent in business, shall stand before kings and not before mean men." And Frank Jones' success was the literal fulfilment of those two texts. He had been faithful in the smallest things as in the greater ones, and diligent in busi ness. That kind of a boy always succeeds," oncluded Mr. Alden.

A small boy of ten, who had listened to he story with eager eyes, as well as ears, country, Mr. Alden, for diligent boys to

stand before!" have more kings here than in any other country in the world. We have money and land kings, and merchant kings, and publishing kings, and some of them wield an enormous power. This is a great country for kings."—Wide Awake.

Terrors of Rheumatism.

REMEDY WHICH IS INSTANTANEOUS AND PERMANENT IN EFFECT-A CALGARY RESIDENT, CRIPPLED FOR THREE YEARS, BECOMES STRONG AS AN ATHLETE.

No subtle or mysterious force could be more miraculous in its effect than is South American Cure in all cases of rheumatism. James A. Anderson, of Calgary, N.W.T., says that seven or eight years ago he became affleobed with rheumatism, and for three years it made him a cripple, so that he had to use a stick to get about. In his own words: "I suffered untold misery, and though treated by the best physicians in the country, and I spent a term in the hospital, recovery seemed as hopeless as ever. A friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. It gave help immediately and after the second bottle I threw away my stick. To-day I am as strong as an athlete." after the second bottle I threw away stick. To-day I am as strong as an athle Price 75 cents. Sold by S. N. Weare.

Most Powerful of Its Kind.

Prince Edward Island is separated fr

HAD NOT SLEPT IN BED FOR

om the Whitby Chrohicle. ever, a most striking case came to our ears Mr. Solomon Thompson lives on a beanti-ful farm on the west shore of Mud Lake in Carden township, North Victoria. He has resided there for forty years, being the first Carden and Dalton townships thirty-five years ago, before the counties of Peterbor attend the counties' council at Peterboro for forty years or more. However we will let him tell his own story on that head.

On October 15th, 1806, we took a trip to Mud Lake to visit the haunts long familiar to us, and made it a duty and found it a pleasure to call upon Mr. Thompson and earn from seeing him and hearing his actwenty-five years we had known him as a gasping, suffering asthmatic, the worst we often wondered how he lived from day to day. On calling he met us with a cheerful aspect and without displaying a trace of his old trouble. Being at once ushered into his house, we naturally made it our first busiess to enquire if it were all true about the benefits he had received from using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "Beyond doubt," said "How long have you used them, and how many boxes have you used?" he was asked. "I started a year ago, and took eight boxes." We next asked him if he felt that the cure was permanent. "Well" said he. "I have not taken any of the pills for three or four months. Still I am not entirely satisfied yet. You see my father, asthma. My people all take it sooner or later and it always ends their days. I have lost three brothers from the fatal thing. Knowing my family history it is bard for me to gain faith, but I can tell you for nearly thirty years I never slept in bed until I took Pink Pills. As you must have known, I always slept sitting in the chair you now occupy. I had a sling from that hook in the ceiling and always sat with my head resting in it while I slept. I now retire to my bed when the other members of my family do." "How old are you, Mr. Thompson?" "Seventy-six," was the reply, "and I feel younger than I did thirty years ago. I was troubled a great deal with rheumatism and

other miseries, probably nervous troubles the rheumatism is gone with the asthma." During the conversation Mrs. Thompson, a hale old lady, the mother of thirteen children, came in and after listening to her husband's recital of these matters she took up one of the pills after each meal, but after noticed he was greatly improved after taking two boxes and began to have hopes. Later on when we saw beyond doubt that he was much better, I recommended the pills to a niece of mine, Miss Day, whose blood had apparently turned into water and who had run down in health and spirits so bad to allow the sap to flow from gathering that she did not care to live. Why, she got as yellow as saffron, and looked as if she would not live a week. You would hardly believe it," said Mrs. Thompson, "but that girl was the healthiest and handsomest girl in the neighborhood before three months had passed, and all from taking Pink Pills." Mrs. Thompson was called from the room at this juncture to attend to some household duties, and Mr. Thompson resumed the subject of his marvellous cure. "You can have no idea," said he, "what it is to go through twenty five years without a good night's sleep without pain. I can find no words to make plain to you the contrast between the comforts I now enjoy and the awful life I had for so long. I had a big family of mouths to feed and had to work when at times I felt more like lying down to die. I would come in at night completely tuckered There was no rest for me. I seemed doomed to torture and continual misery.

When my folks urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I thought it would be useless, but I had to do something or die soon, and here I am as right as a fiddle." The old gentleman shook his head to add emphasis to his last sentence, and looked like a man who felt joyful over a renewed lease of

Every word that is written here can be verified by writing Mr. Solomon Thompson, Dalrymple post office, and an intimate acquaintance of twenty-five years enables the writer to vouch for the facts narrated above, and for the veracity of Mr. Thompson in any tatement he may make.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills care by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Jas. J. Ritchie. 0.0 SOLICITOR

NEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

sap as it issues from the tre fluid, and the sugar made th

long by three feet wide and deep, will hold eight hundred gallons); this should be lined with zinc, with a partition say four feet from

of the sugar depends mos work, as here rapid work obtains. duct. By the use of a regulator or feeder, it is possible to keep a uniform flow of sap every hour, keep constant watch over your pan, wipe the inside edges as opportunity offers, skim off the frothy matter as it gath-The covered pans prevent anything from getting in, but we recommend care rather than cover, believing that more rapid work than cover, believing that more rapid work. band's recital of these matters she took up
the theme. "I never expected that anything could cure Solomon," said she. "We
were always trying to find something which
would give him relief, so that he would be
able to sleep nights, but nothing ever seemed
to make much differance. At first he took

""asing the soum." You skim out whate
""asing the soum." You skim out whate
""asing the soum." You skim out whate you put in (perhaps) but no more, because it ought not to be there. For the sugar storage and evaporating, with a wood room apart from either, so the dirt and dust incident thereto cannot get beyond it. Place the house upon a slope, that the driveto storage tank, and in turn from tank to observation and labor among the sugar camps of New Hampshire, to be the requisites for producing a fine article in maple sugar.—F.

E. Marlow in Montreal Witness.

THE BODY HUMAN HEALTHY-INTEREST

The kidneys have very appropriately been described as the sanitary system of the human body. Let them become inoperating and disease will quickly follow, and unless the obstructions are removed, death will be the result. Mr. D. J. Locke, of Sherbrook, P. Q., suffered for years from complicated kidney trouble, and spent over \$100 in efforts to secure relief; but no relief came until he used South American Kidney Cure. His statement is that four bottles completely cured him, and to day he is in the enjoyment of sound health. In the most distressing cases this remedy gives relief in six hours. Sold by S. N. Weare.

man who felt joyan.

After congratulating our old friend on his divorce from the hereditary destroyer of his kindred, we drove away. At many places in the neighborhood we opened discussions in the neighborhood we opened discussions alcohol a poison, and as a specialist in physiology in Wurzburg. He pronounces alcohol a poison, and as a specialist in physiology he declares that its effect on the day of the physiology in worth and help is most permicious. However, we have the pronounces and body is most permicious. sology he declares that its effect on the mind and body is most periodous. However moderately taken, he denies that it can be regarded as a valuable nourishment.

Respecting the attachment. Respecting the strengthening influ-alcohol he says:
"It is altogether beyond question even the moderate dose of alcohol dim

even the moderate dose of alcohol diminist the power of work. All that is said abo the strength produced by alcohol is dece-tion. The small glass of the poor man tak during his hours of labor is undoubtedly i jurious. Every penny which the labor pays for alcoholic drinks is not only waste

be got in the county.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

SAVE YOUR WELCOME SOAP WRAPPERS. We will Give Four Bicycles

The Bicycles are the Celebrated "Red-Bird" (new 1897 model) costing \$100 each, reded as the standard high-grade wheel of Canada.

Cut out the yellow square in centre of wrapper and send it in with your name and adas as collected—or keep together and send in all at once at May 31st, next. Results will published and wheels awarded without delay. Wrappers taken from dealers' unsold & will not be counted. Our employes and their family connections are barred.

The WELCOME SOAP COMPANY, St. John, N. B., MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Famous Welcome Soap.

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A WORD IN THE EAR OF THE WISE MAN SUFFICETH.

Dry Lumber, Sheathing, Flooring, Mouldings of all kinds, Wood Mantles, Counters, Store and Church Fittings, Sashes, Doors, and Factory work of every description at short notice

We consider ours the best equipped factory in the Valley. We are all practical men, and give our whole time and attention to our business. We are ready to handle any kind of building no matter what its dimensions, and will attend to all orders for repairs, shingling and remodelling

27 We have just received direct from British Columbia one carload B. C. Cedar, and on the way Whitewood and Quartered Oak.

On hand: Shingles, Clapboards, Lime, Cement, Plaster, Hair, Laths, Nails, Paper, etc., and a large stock of SPRUCE AND PINE LUMBER

make no big splurge, but they are following the procession and are

commission - Merchants, Selling at Reduced

for the next Sixty Days. Call and see what they can do in their line. RUFFEE'S BLOCK

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

I intend to sell out the balance of my stock of goods during the next 90 days at prices to suit the times. I have no toys to offer, but I have goods that people want and may have at amazingly low prices, such as a full line of

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Overshoes,

AND A LARGE LINE OF Men's Slippers, PLAIN AND going at Cost. Balance of Larrigans at 75c per pair.

I have a few Parlor and Dining Room Pictures and a fe Mirrors in gilt and oak frames. I have also a number of Boys' Suits, former price \$4.50,

selling now for \$2.50. A full line of Xmas Candies, Nuts, Raisins, Currents, etc.

J. E. BURNS AN OPEN LETTER

To My Many Friends and Patrons.

We are now approaching the season of the year when every body begins to think of selecting and purchasing Fall and Winter Clothing. A few words may not be amiss to all who are intending to favor themselves with a nice Custom-made Suit or Overcoat to kindly call and inspect my stock before placing their order, as I have the largest and best selected stock in the two counties to select

from and my prices are dead right.

I guarantee every article in fit and workmanship or no sale. I also carry a very large range of Ready-made Clothing in Men's. Youth's and Children's that I am offering at very low prices. Also a complete line of Gents' Furnishings and Fur Goods. Call and see for yourself. No trouble to show goods.

Respectfully yours.

A. J. MORRISON,

Merchant Tailor. Important Notice!

I make no such profit on my Clothing that would permit me to sell \$16.00 suits at \$12.00; but I sell the best suit for the money that can

FISHER, the Tailor. Stores Bridgetown and Annapolis Royal her joi chating

Earth's fetters to break; thy soul wings shall bear thee On, up to the "Life of all life" in the heaven.

plore; But crowned with all innocence, purity,

The "Sum of the Universe."

Here in the heart of this world,
Here in the noise and the din,
Here where our spirits were hurled
To battle with sorrow and sin.
This is the place and the spot,
For knowledge of infinite things;
This is the kingdom where Thought

Can conquer the prowess of kings Wait for no heavenly life,
Seek for no temple alone;
Here in the midst of the strife
Know what the sages have known
See what the Perfect One saw,
God in the depthe of each soul:
God as the Light and the Law,
God as beginning and goal.

Earth is one chamber of heaven, Death is no grander than birth; Joy in the life that is given, Strive for perfection on earth. Strive for perfection on eart Here in the turmoil and roar, Show what it is to be calm;

That is the Collister or cave,
Not in some kingdom above;
Here on this side of the grave,
Here should we labor and love,
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Select Ziterature.

Her Sweet Apples.

Autumn was just beginning to reveal her geous autumn of western Nova Scotia. It was about eight o'clock in the morning, and the air that streamed lightly over the shoul-ders of the hills had a most bracing savor. Mrs. Buckler, a freekled but comely and a twelve-mile tramp to the little settlement in the valley, where she had to return a flat-

orrowed of an obliging neighbor. between in the country districts of Nova Scotia. The great emptiness created by the expulsion of the Acadians had not yet been filled up. For the neighbors, it behooved

Mrs. Buckler was an untiring worker, and her rare visits to the valley constituted her only holiday. She had to walk, of course, as her husband had no horse, and she had no ambition to ride one of the faithful but extremely deliberate oxen. And, indeed, a matter of twelve miles seemed nothing of consequence to her.

"Be sure and get back before dark.

"Miry!" admonished her husband, leaning neditatively against the woodpile as watched her kiss the children tor good-by. "Shooh! Steve, I reckon you can put the babies to bed all right for once, can't you! It ain't often I get off, and when I do. I like to make a good day of it!"
"It ain't lookin' after the children that I'm thinking of. 'Miry, as you know right well!" replied Steve Buckler, earnestly.

But you know how thick the bears are on manner of doubt that was a wolf brushed by me in the pasture night before last. It ain't safe for you to be coming up through the woods after dark all alone that way. Staj all night, if you find it getting late!"

"Oh, I ain't afraid!" averred Mrs. Buck ler, stoutly. "I may get back afore dark; but if I don't I'll be careful and carry a light with me."

These confident words she flung back over

her shoulder, as she started gaily down the Arriving in due time at the settlement in he valley, she did her errands, picked up the news, and richly enjoyed the rare luxury of a gossip. Time went all too quickly: and it was on the edge of dark ere she thought of starting for home. Then, of course, there were vehement protests. Her friends urged er to stay all night, picturing the perils of the journey, and representing that her hus-band would never dream of expecting her. But Mrs. Buckler, as her friends always said, was very "set." Putting aside all ar-

guments, she started out on her long and lonely tramp.

She had little to carry, but that little was somewhat troublesome to manage. It was an apronful of sweet apples for the children, Sweet apples were then a rarity in Son

ountain.
When at last Mrs. Buckler reached th

last house on the edge of the valley, and climb up the mountain she felt compelled to scknowledge in her heart that the night was very dark. And she had yet nearly four miles to go turough almost unbroken woods. In those four miles there were but two cabins to break the monotony of the way, and the further of these was a mile and a half from her home. She hesitated a moment, then went into the house and asked r a pine knot to light her on the journey. Here again she was urged to stay, but Here again she was urged to stay, but lighting her torch she set her face resolutely to the mountain side. As she penetrated among the ancient trees the unsteady light of the pine knot cast strangely moving shadows, and monstrous shapes seemed to spring up and disappear on all sides. For the first time she grew nervous, and felt an inclination to glance over her shoulder. This she presently conquered with some accorn. Nev.