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The Weekly Monitor

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H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

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Providing the land with SPLENDID STAYING QUALITIES. The three sizes ground by the subscribers are pronounced by all who have used them, the best ever offered in these Provinces. An old English proverb says:

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Annapolis Royal, April 18th, 1884 3i5

ANNAPOLIS, SS.,

In the Supreme Court, 1884.

CAUSE;

JAMES MANCHESTER, JAMES F. ROBERTSON AND JOSEPH ALLISON, Plaintiffs.

vs.

CALEB WILLOUGHBY SHAFFNER, Defendant,

To be Sold at

Public Auction

By the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his Deputy at the Court House, in Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, on

Saturday, 31st May, 1884,

at 11 o'clock, a. m.

ALL the right, title and interest of the above named Defendant, of in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of

LAND,

situate, lying and being at South Farmington, in the Township of Wilmot, in the County aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, that is to say, beginning at the corner of the fence at the south west corner of Elias Phinney's orchard on the mill road, thence running northwardly by the fence on the west side of the spruce hedge, 56 rods more or less, to the Annapolis River, thence west by said river 32 rods to a stake and stones on George More's north-east corner be the same more or less, thence southwardly by the line fence to the mill road, aforementioned, thence by said mill road 26 rods more or less to the place of beginning, containing by estimation, 8 acres, more or less, together with the dwelling house, store, barn, and other buildings and appurtenances to the said lot of land, belonging, or in anywise appertaining, the same having been taken and levied upon under an execution issued in the above cause on a judgment duly registered more than one year.

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

J. AVARD MORSE,
High Sheriff.

T. D. RUGGLES, Plaintiffs' Atty.

Sheriff's Office, Annapolis, 21st of April, A. D. 1884. 5i7

Poetry.

A Dollar or Two.

With cautious steps as we tread our way through
This intricate world, as other folks do,
May we still on our journey be able to view
The benevolent face of a dollar or two;
For an excellent thing is a dollar or two;
No friend is so true as a dollar or two;
Through country and town,
As we pass up and down,
No passport's so good as a dollar or two.

Would you read yourself out of a bachelor crew,
And the hand of a female divinity sue?
You must always be ready 'the handsome' to do,
Although it should cost you a dollar or two.
Love's arrows are tipped with a dollar or two,
And affection is gained by a dollar or two.
The best aid you can meet,
In advancing your suit,
Is the eloquent clink of a dollar or two

Select Literature.

A Strange Experience.

(E. Nesbit in Longmans' Magazine.)

II.

(Concluded.)

'Will prefers India to me,' she said, 'that is all. I gave him his choice, and we have parted forever; he sails tomorrow from S——.'

'Why does he go so suddenly?'

'A friend of his who had engaged a berth in this is unable to go, and Will is going to take his place,' she said. So fell the first blow on poor Isabel, without softening, without hope of reconciliation. I went home with her, promising to send back the carriage for Edith and my sister Mary. On the way home she seemed excited and half wandering, and talked in a broken, disconnected way. I am telling you all this to show what it was that first shook her mind, and how this quarrel with the man she passionately loved had partly unhinged her brain, even before the frightful event of which I am about to tell you. I should not have mentioned Mr. Lockwood but for this, and I shall not have occasion to mention him again. He went to India, and I dare say does not know of poor Isabel's condition, for which his cruel conduct certainly laid the foundation. Of the calamity that put the finishing touches to the wreck of her mind he must of course have read in the papers.

'I did not then feel very anxious about Isabel. I thought she was merely feverish and excited, so I saw her safely in bed and bade her good night.

'Good night, dear sister,' she said, 'I am quite comfortable now. I hope I shall go to sleep and not be disturbed all night.'

'Poor child! poor child! she was disturbed, but how, by whom, by what we shall never know.

'I went to my room, heard the carriage drive home, heard Mary bid Edith good night, heard the doors close and the house settle down into night's quietness.

Next morning I would not have the girls called; I thought, they must be tired. But at about 10 o'clock I had a breakfast tray prepared carried it up. Isabel slept in the outer room usually, but she was not in her bed. I passed into the sitting room; she was not there. No doubt, I thought, she is with Edith. She was with Edith. O God, how often have I longed for death's darkness to blot out my remembrance of the sight that met my eyes when I opened the door of Edith's room. On the floor lay Edith, dressed in her white lace dress, just as you saw her up stairs; her long, fair hair, wet with dark patches, lay spread over the nightdress of Isabel, who sat on the floor with her sister's head in her lap. Edith was dead, her throat gashed across, and Isabel was mad?

'Mad!' said Dr. Lloyd.

'Quite mad; for when we asked her how she had found her sister, it she know who had done it, how long ago, all she would answer was, I did it; cant you see I dit it? not another word could we get from her on the subject, either then or at any other time.'

'She did not do it of course?'

'Of course not. Why the girls doted on each other. Besides, ample proofs were forthcoming that some one else had been in Edith's room that night, and had done this devil's deed. The police came. Prints of a man's feet were on the garden beds below the window, and the ivy which covers the house on that side was loosened and broken. Edith's jewel case, which had contained some valuable jewels, were broken open, and its contents gone, and on the floor beside her dead body was found a large heavy knife, such as labouring men carry, and which was covered with her blood.'

'The murderer was never found?' asked Dr. Lloyd.

'Never. No one could identify the knife. A tramp had been seen hanging about the house, but, although the detectives scoured the country far and wide and though we offered a large reward, from that day to this no word has ever been heard to show in what way one of our darlings lost her life and the other her reason.'

'This is very painful,' said Dr. Lloyd's voice; 'but it does not explain what I saw up stairs.'

'I was about to do that,' replied Miss Martha. 'We sent at once for Dr. Jaikes, who, as perhaps you know, was for years physician at ——— asylum, U. S. A., for to our horror, Isabel's mania took the form of an absolute refusal to be parted, even for a moment, from the body of her sister. Dr Jaikes came and examined her, and tried by gentleness and by severity to induce her to give up the corpse. No, she clung to it with frantic tenacity. To our dismay, Drr Jaikes affirmed that it would be as much as her life was worth to insist. 'If you force her to give way,' he said, 'she is almost certain to go raving mad, and will most likely destroy herself.' What shall we do?' we asked. He reflected some time, then made a journey to London, returning the same night with a stranger. The police inspector allowed the two to enter the room where the dead girl lay. They remained there some time, and returned the next day and the next. When for the inquest it was necessary to remove Isabel, Dr. Jaikes gave her a strong composing draught, which kept her unconscious for nearly 48 hours. We could not understand what Dr. Jaikes meant, until, while Isabel was still asleep, he took us to his house and showed us—it.

'That unfortunate girl' he said, will now be able to keep ever before her the form of her dead sister. This is a ghastly notion, but it is the only way to keep the girl alive.'

'When Isabel awoke, Dr. Jaikes had an interview with her—the funeral had that day taken place—and promised that the corpse of Edith should be restored to her if she would promise never to touch it. He told her that if she did so, it would be immediately removed. She did promise and has kept her word. By covering the face as much as possible, its beauty has been preserved.'

'Upon my soul,' said Dr. Lloyd, 'this Dr. Jaikes is a sharp man, and so must his London friend have been.'

'All this I heard as I lay in my bed. I must hear more. For at the last few sentences memory had awakened, and I was able to know that here was the explanation of the terror of that dim bedroom. The explanation! What had it explained? Nothing! How had the doctor prepared the body? Was it embalmed? How had it been recovered after having proper burial?'

'I slid from the bed and staggered across the room, pushed the door wide open and tottered through it. As I did so, I caught a glimpse in the mirror of my own wild white face, framed in its black disordered hair. Dr. Lloyd sprang up and supported me. But for his timely aid I should have fallen to the ground. I gathered my forces and spoke in a hoarse whisper.

'I have heard the story. What is it? For heaven's sake tell me. How have you kept Edith's corpse for four years?'

At the words my flesh quivered again, and my hair seemed to stand on end, while every nerve I had, trembled expectantly as I awaited the answer.

'Her corpse is buried,' said Dr. Lloyd, tightening his grasp of me.' 'What you have seen was never alive. It is her perfectly fashioned, perfectly colored image—in wax.'

III.

THE THIRD STORY

Another blank. I believe I had something very like an attack of brain fever I had recently had sorrows of my own in the loss of those dear to me, and perhaps these had weakened me, and rendered me an easy prey to what now struck me down. At any rate, I was ill for some weeks, during which the kindest and most careful nursing was given me. As I got stronger, I was able to think out all that had happened, and to form my resolution. So one day, when Miss Martha said:

'I suppose, my dear, you will soon be well enough to leave this sad house,' I was ready with my answer:

'I have no wish to leave you, Miss Thorpe. If you think I can perform the duties you require, I shall be glad to stay here, and I can promise you that there shall be no return of the weakness which has given you all so much trouble. I believe I shall be able to fill the place of Isabel's companion now better than any one else could do. Your object in advertising was to get some one to about her own age, in the hope of distracting her thoughts, and that I will do all I can to effect.'

Dr Lloyd was consulted, and he agreed with me that I was quite able to undertake the duties.

'I should advise a daylight visit to Isabel's suite of rooms,' he said, 'as a first test of your powers.'

So when I had grown quite strong, Dr. Lloyd took me up to the room. There, in the pale sunlight of the December noon, I looked upon the wax figure, and rather to my own surprise, experienced no return of the nervous terror with which I had been prepared to do battle. I think the relief of knowing that this form had never had life, and was therefore not dead, was so great as to overpower any minor feelings.

I touched the waxen features, the chill hand—removed the the scarf with a firm touch, and, having accustomed myself thoroughly to the sight, I professed myself ready to begin my work, which I did forthwith, by persuading Isabel to take a walk in the garden, a thing she had never done since her sister's death.

As the months passed on, the liking she had first shown for me seemed to deepen into a passionate attachment which I was glad to meet and encourage, and which I did not scruple to work upon by every means of which I was mistress, in order to draw her attention from that which she still called 'her work.' In a measure I was successful, but after awhile her interest in any new object of my planning would be sure to flag, and she would return with interest to the contemplation of that gruesome figure in the white lace dress. I managed to persuade her to allow the outward signs of mourning on the face of the house to be removed, and she consented, only stipulating that the blinds in Edith's room should still remain lowered. Since that paroxysm of fearful laughter with which she had first shown me 'her work' (and it was, it seemed, the first she had experienced), her health had visibly declined, and as the days lengthened, and spring's promise filled the air, she grew paler and thinner, and more languid.

Dr. Jaikes and Dr. Lloyd watched the case with interest, and they concurred in the opinion that she could not last many months. Dr. Jaikes was of opinion that her death might be preceded by a lucid interval, and his hope was strong that some clew to the murderer might then be gained. Dr. Lloyd differed from him in this, and declared his belief that only a shock similar to the one which had wrecked her reason would restore it to her, even temporarily.

'Supposing that she did see the murder committed,' he said to me once, 'I believe she would recover sufficient reason to point the murderer out, if she saw him again; but that is among the things so unlikely as to almost be impossible.'

But it is not always the most likely things that happen.

Who, for instance, would have thought it likely that Mr. Will Lockwood should, on his return to England after four years' absence, come straight from S—— to the Manor House and ask for Miss Tharpe? I suppose he had seen no newspapers on his outward voyage to India, and by the time he reached his destination the E—— murder had ceased to be common talk and some other 'atrocity' had taken its place in the minds of men. Certain it is that he knew nothing of the tragedy.

Unlikely in the extreme! And yet the most natural thing in the world for one who had always had the name of a most impulsive man not to wait to hear news in any roundabout way, but to come straight to his old love's house to see if she were still unwed.

At any rate, one May evening when the Misses Tharpe were out, and Dr. Lloyd, now a very frequent visitor at the manor house was sitting in the garden with me and poor Isabel, now wasted to a very shadow, we heard a ring at the garden door. There were never any callers there. It could only be Dr. Jaikes or the Misses Tharpe, so, as the servants were all out, I ran round and opened the door myself.

A handsome bronzed man of about 30 stood in the doorway, and spoke, hat in hand;

'Does Miss Tharpe still live here?'

'Yes,' I said.

'Can I see Miss Tharpe? I am William Lockwood a very old friend.'

'Come in,' I said, and led him to the library. Then I went and whispered to Dr. Lloyd who the visitor was.

I did not say a dozen words to him, but when I turned Isabel was gone. Had she gone to the library? We hastened thither. The girl was standing just inside the door, looking at the man who had been her lover with a wild, passionate light in her eyes.

'Isabel?' he said, in a chill, changed voice.

'Well, Will,' she said, 'you have come back then; 'why don't you ask for Edith?'

'I—you—Good God! how ill you look!' was all his answer.

'Edith is not ill,' said Isabel, quietly; 'come and see her.'

I made a step forward with some vague idea of interference, but Dr. Lloyd stayed me with a glance.

'I—perhaps your sister may think it an intrusion,' he stammered, apparently quite oblivious of our presence.

'Oh, no,' said Isabel,' she won't think that. Come and see her. And you can come too,' she added turning to us. I could not fathom Dr. Lloyd's motive in allowing this gentleman to be subjected to such a shock as this must be: but I obeyed him, and we all went silently after her up the long winding, endless-seeming passages, through the pretty boudoir, and into the dim chamber where death's image was enshrined.

Isabel entered first, then Mr. Lockwood, and Dr. Lloyd and I stood in the doorway. I noticed that the young man's eyes, strangely enough, turned first to the window and then to the dressing table, as he followed Isabel to the bedside.

With a sudden movement of her hand she drew away the scarf from the throat of the body; and left exposed that awful ghastly wound.

Lockwood gazed spellbound for quite two minutes. Then, with a wild, harsh cry that echoed through the quiet house, he flung himself on his knees beside the bed.

'It isn't true; it cant be real! Oh Edith! my life, my darling——'

Dr. Lloyd stepped forward and dragged the man away before the hand he had stretched out had time to touch the wax hand to which he had reached it. He whispered in Lockwood's ear. I suppose told him briefly what it was and how it came there, and led him to the door; but as they reached it:

'Stop!' cried Isabel, in a terrible voice; 'you have seen—now you must hear. Though I have known it all along, I could not speak; but now the chain is loosed and I find words. I was mad then and perhaps I have been so since. Why do you think I wanted her body? Why do you think I have dragged out my wretched life so long? Because I knew this hour would come. Because I knew some day he would come back—to her, not to me—not to me—not to me, and that this sweet moment of revenge would repay me for all the sufferings of these years. Ask him if he remembers the last time he saw this room. Ask him—— No, ask him nothing. Hold him there, and let him hear how his love his darling, met her death——'

Lockwood himself looked like death as he sank into a chair near the door and looked at Isabel. The girl's whole body seemed transfigured, instinct with a full new life. Can you fancy the scene at all reader? I suppose not, for my words are faint to convey any idea of the picture I saw then, and which haunted me day and night for years. The horror on the bed, changeless and unchangeable. The man, as far from it as possible, cowering beneath the glance of the woman, who stood erect and defiant beside the body, still clasping fast in her clenched fist the lace scarf she had withdrawn from it.

Listen!' she cried, 'listen all of you—you shall hear my story. You have heard many guesses as to how this,' with a wildly eloquent gesture, 'happened, and he has heard none it seems. Now you shall hear the truth, and he—liar, coward, traitor villain as he is, will not dare to say that it is other than the truth. Let me think; how was it?'

She paused a moment, and then went on more quietly.

'The night of the assembly ball I saw William Lockwood—he had been my lover for 18 months, my ardent lover, if he was to be believed. That night he parted from me forever—my refusal to accompany him to India being his pretext. I went home very wretched, went to bed, heard the others return, and still could not sleep. Presently I thought I would go into Edith's room and pass the rest of the night with her, my dear sister, my loving companion, who knew all my heart, and who had in return no secrets from me. I opened the door softly, lest I should disturb her innocent slumbers; and what do you think I saw? Edith was not in bed, she had not even removed her ball dress. She was standing by the window, with her hands clasped round the neck of a man who held her in his arms. That man was my lover, William Lockwood. Let him deny it if he can!'

He could not, apparently. At any rate, he did not, but only bent his head lower on his breast, after one sidelong glance at the door.'

'I heard him,' she went on, 'remind her how he only intended to marry me for my money, how she had always had his heart; and how, after all, his love for her would not let him marry any one else. I heard him tell her how he was obliged to leave England for a time, of the difficulties he was in, and his urgent need of money; I heard him promise to return and marry her, if she would only wait for him. I saw her give him the jewels off her arms and neck. She handed him her jewel case, but she had mislaid the key; so he took a big knife from his great coat pocket and forced the lock—it was only a light affair—and crammed the contents into his pockets. All this I watched through the crack of the door. Then they parted. He kissed her lips, her hands, her hair her throat; and then he left, as I supposed he had often done before, by the window; and when she had watched him out of sight she turned back into the room with a little sob—half of pleasure, half of pain. Then I came in. I suppose she saw in my face that I knew all, for she said half mockingly.

'I am not to blame, Bell; if you could not keep your lover when you had won him——'

'If she had been gentle, remorseful—but she was not—and I was mad then, whatever I have been since——

'I shall keep him though, she went on.

'Will you?' I cried, and I caught up the knife which he had dropped, and—ah!—you see what I did with it. 'He will not kiss your throat again,' I whispered to her; and then I knew what I had done, and life died out of me, and I knew nothing more till I found myself holding her head on my knee, and saying over and over again: 'I did it—I did it—I did it;' and from then till now I never could tell the rest. It is the sight of you—you devil of treachery—that has given me the power to speak out; and here, in God's presence I charge you with having killed her body and blasted her soul and mine. Ah sister,' she moaned, her voice sinking to a soft murmur, 'forgive me as I forgive you, and let us both find peace,' and her voice died away as she sank down beside the bed.

'What have you to say to all this?' asked Dr. Lloyd sternly.

Lockwood had been gathering himself together for a final effort, I fancy. He rose and drew himself to his full height.

'Say to it haughtily; 'why, that from beginning to end it is the baseless fabrication of a mad woman's brain, and unworthy of a moments serious attention; I was never in this room in my life before; and he walked quietly out of the door.

We spring to Isabel's side, but when we raised her up she was quite dead.

Was all her tale a wild imagining of her disordered reason?

'Edith—my life, my darling! Those five words of Lockwood's spoken involuntarily in the first thrill of his agony and despair, bear witness that it was not.

At least, so think I, and so thinks my husband, Dr. Lloyd.

Does the reader think otherwise?

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