BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

SIRS,—I sell more Opeleka Cough Mixture than all other kinds put together. I a-sure you that it gives perfect satisfaction in every case.

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

# Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 19. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1891. NO. 2.

**Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,**
Barrister and Solicitor.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

*AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.*

Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

## Professional Cards.

**O. T. DANIELS,**
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

**J. M. OWEN,**
*BARRISTER - AT - LAW,*
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

CARD.
**W. G. Parsons, B. A.,**
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - N. S.
Office in A. BEALS' STORE.

**FREDERICK PRIMROSE, M.D.,**
Physician and Surgeon.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Dentistry a Specialty.

**L. G. deBLOIS, M.D.,**
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, . . N. S.

**G. E. BARNABY, M.D.**
(GRADUATE OF HARVARD, 1872.)
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.
House Residence for the present: MRS. AARON CHUTE'S.
Special attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.
Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 3m

**DENTISTRY.**

**DR. T. A. CROCKER,**
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
having fitted up rooms in his new residence at MIDDLETON, may be found there from the 1st till the 9th of each month. Those requiring the services of an expert Dental Surgeon can rely on thorough work and satisfaction in each and every instance. ALL THE LATEST DENTAL APPLIANCES.
Middleton, June 25th, 1890. 12 1y

THE
**GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL**
(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.,
STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable.
Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge.
G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29

Burdock Blood Bitters
PROMOTES DIGESTION.
*CURES DYSPEPSIA.* *CURES DYSPEPSIA.* *CURES DYSPEPSIA.*
Mr. Neil McNeil, of Leith, Ont., writes:
DEAR SIRS,—For years and years I suffered from dyspepsia in its worst forms, and after trying all nostrums in my power to no purpose I was persuaded by friends to try B.B.B., which I did, and after using 5 bottles I was completely cured.

Burdock Blood Bitters
ACTS ON THE BOWELS.
*Cures CONSTIPATION* *Cures CONSTIPATION* *Cures CONSTIPATION*
**Rapid Recovery.**
DEAR SIRS,—I have tried your B.B.B. with great success for constipation and pain in my head. The second dose made me ever so much better. My bowels now move freely and the pain in my head has left me, and to everybody with the same disease I recommend B. B. B.
MISS F. WILLIAMS,
445 Bloor St., Toronto.

Burdock Blood Bitters
REGULATES THE LIVER.
*Cures BILIOUSNESS.* *Cures BILIOUSNESS.* *Cures BILIOUSNESS.*
**Direct Proof.**
SIRS,—I was troubled for five years with Liver Complaint. I used a great deal of medicine which did me no good, and I was getting worse all the time until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. After taking four bottles I am now well. I can also recommend it for the cure of Dyspepsia.
MARY A. E. DEACON,
Hawkstone, Ont.

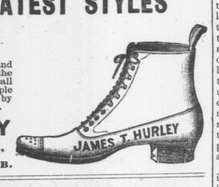
Burdock Blood Bitters
REGULATES THE KIDNEYS.
*Cures HEADACHE.* *Cures HEADACHE.* *Cures HEADACHE.*
**A Prompt Cure.**
DEAR SIRS,—I was very bad with headache and pain in my back; my hands and feet swelled so I could do no work. My sister-in-law advised me to try B. B. B. With one bottle I felt so much better that I got one more. I am now well, and can work as well as ever.
ANNIE BURGESS,
Tilsonburg, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters
PURIFIES THE BLOOD.
*Cures BAD BLOOD.* *Cures BAD BLOOD.* *Cures BAD BLOOD.*
Bad Blood may arise from wrong action of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. B. B. B., by regulating and toning these organs, removes the cause and makes new rich blood, removing all blood diseases from a pimple to a scrofulous sore.

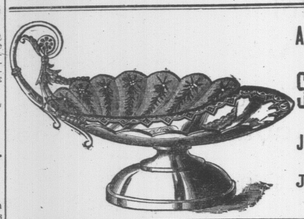
# BRIDGETOWN GROCERY.

JUST RECEIVED:
**TEAS AND COFFEES,** UNEQUALLED FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOR.
**SPICES, Warranted Pure.**
CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
BISCUITS, Fresh from the Manufactory,
SYRUPS of all kinds,
SUGARS, MOLASSES, PORK, BEANS, TOBACCOS, PICKLES.
**FRUIT:** ORANGES, LEMONS, and BANANAS.
AT LOWEST CASH PRICE.
**GEO. H. DIXON.**

BUY MY MAKE OF
**Boots & Shoes**
And you will never be annoyed by customers grumbling on account of ripping and poor material. Every Dealer who reads this will find it to his advantage to see my
**LATEST STYLES**
which are considered superior to any in design and workmanship, and made of the best material the market produces. If our Traveller should not call upon you when you require goods, send for sample lots. PRICES ARE REASONABLE. All orders by mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.
**JAMES T. HURLEY**
BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,
23 and 25 Chipman Hill, St. John, N. B.



**W. H. BANNISTER,**
Optician,
—GRADUATE—
New York Optical College,
136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.



A Beautiful Line of
**SILVERWARE!**
JUST RECEIVED.
J. E. SANCTON.

**NOW IN STOCK!**
At Wholesale or Retail,
the following choice brands of FLOUR:
50 bbls. "PEARL,"
25 bbls. "ACADIA,"
75 bbls. "WHITE DOVE,"
50 bbls. "FIVE ROSES,"
75 bbls. "ANCHOR,"
25 bbls. "MYRTLE,"
25 bbls. "FUSCHIA,"
30 bbls. "CLOVER,"
25 bbls. "A. B. C."
**CORNMEAL:**
200 bbls. KILN-DRIED CORNMEAL.
**OATMEAL:**
20 bbls SUPERIOR OATMEAL, Tilson's Standard Brand.
A few bags MIDDLINGS left in Stock.
Grocery and Provision Supplies constantly on hand.
Stock the best. Prices low as the lowest.
**P. NICHOLSON.**
Bridgetown, Oct. 21st, 1890. 29 1y

**Frank E. Vidito,**
DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALTED BEEF, LAMB, PORK, BACON AND VEGETABLES.
THE subscriber has lately established business in the premises known as the PAYSON PROPERTY, first door east of the Post Office, where he intends to conduct the Meat and Provision Business in the best style, and so as to meet the requirements of the trade in all particulars. By strict attention and by dressing the best of stock, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage.
My team will run to Round Hill and Granville weekly.
Bridgetown, June 10th, 1890. 10 1y

**Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!**
For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases*, there is nothing like
**SCOTT'S EMULSION**
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.
It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.
SCOTT'S EMULSION
*is put up in a salmon color wrapper. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold by all Dealers at 50c. and $1.00.*
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

1888. Letter A. No. 994.

**IN THE SUPREME COURT,**
BETWEEN
JOHN E. BOWLBY, Plaintiff,
AND
LENNIE STARR BOWLBY, Defendant.

TO BE SOLD AT
**Public Auction**
By the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis or his Deputy at the Court House in Bridgetown, on
**Thursday, May 14th, 1891,**
At Two O'Clock in the Afternoon,

All the estate, right, title, interest, claim, property and demand which the said Defendant had at the time of the recording of the judgment herein, or at any time since or now has, of, in, to, or out of the following lots of

**LAND**

and premises, that is to say:

*FIRST.* All that certain piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being on the south side of the Annapolis river, near Lawrencetown aforesaid, at the corner of the Lane, so called, and the North Williamston road bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the north-west corner of lands owned by Jas. Alonzo Banks, on the Lane, so called; thence northerly along said Lane to the North Williamston road; thence easterly along said road to lands owned by Ichabod Newcomb; thence southerly along said Newcomb's land to lands owned by Alfred Saunders; thence westerly along said lands about twenty rods or to a certain ditch; thence northerly along said ditch about seven and one-half rods to the north-east corner of lands owned by P. H. Saunders, Esq.; thence westerly along said Saunders' land until it reaches the east side of lands owned by Jas. Alonzo Banks aforesaid; thence northerly along said Banks' land about five rods to the north-east corner thereof; thence westerly along said lands to the place of beginning, containing about three and one-half acres, more or less.

*ALSO:* An undivided one-sixth interest in all and singular the following lots of land, bounded:

*FIRST.* All that lot of land purchased from Albert Turner and wife, known as the Lann's Mill property, lying on the south side of the Annapolis river at Lawrencetown, and bounded as follows: Beginning two rods east of the mill-race; thence northerly to the river aforesaid, not including the highway or old road; thence westerly along the river to the west corner of the old bridge; thence southerly to the grist mill race forty-three feet from the south-west corner of said mill to a box post; thence easterly to the place of beginning.

*SECOND.* That lot or parcel of land purchased from Ephraim Bockman and wife, beginning on the grist mill race at a point in range of twenty feet west from the carding machine building thereon, and running southerly past the said building and twenty feet therefrom and parallel therewith until it reaches a point twenty feet south of the south side of the said building; thence easterly parallel with the south side of said building and twenty feet therefrom to a point in range of the east side of said building and twenty feet from the old mill pond; thence southerly and easterly around the said mill pond and twenty feet therefrom to the east side of the main race; thence northerly on the east side of said race way to the south line of land herein named from Albert Turner; thence west along said Turner lot to the place of beginning. Also the privilege reserved in deed to Israel Daniels, from the said Ephraim Bockman, of the main race way and right to repair the same in its present channel by doing as little damage as possible.

*THIRD.* That lot of land purchased from Beriah B. Daniels and wife, bounded as follows: Beginning at the north-west corner of the land known as the Scribner property in the Lawrencetown Lane, so called, on the line between said Daniels and Dr. S. C. Primrose's land; thence westerly along said Dr. S. C. Primrose's land nineteen rods to a certain stake; thence southerly at right angles five rods; thence easterly at right angles nineteen rods to the south-west corner of the before named Scribner property; thence northerly five rods to the place of beginning, together with all interest of Israel Bowlby in any further privileges conveyed to I. Bowlby & Co. by said Beriah B. Daniels, Ephraim Bockman or Albert Turner. The said lands and premises being levied on under an execution issued on a judgment in the above cause duly registered for more than one year.

Terms—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale; balance on delivery or tender of Deed.

J. AVARD MORSE,
*High Sheriff of Annapolis.*

O. T. DANIELS, Solicitor of Plaintiff, and of Assignee of Judgment.

Dated this 25th day of March, 1891.

BRIDGETOWN
**MARBLE WORKS**
**THOMAS DEARNESS**
Importer of Marble
and manufacturer of
Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.
Also Monuments in Red Granite, Gray Granite, and Freestone.
Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.
N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice. T. D.
Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

**House For Sale!**
THE subscriber offers for sale her property on Court Street, next to the Court House, consisting of house, barn, and small garden or building lot. Buildings in good repair, and furnished with town water service and sewerage.
Apply on the premises. C. PIPER.
Bridgetown, March 4th.

BRADLEY'S
**X. L. Phosphate,**
which has steadily held its place at the head of all artificial fertilizers for THIRTY years, will be sold as usual throughout the province. Agents wanted where none are now acting.
**BONE!**
We have secured a large stock of the best make of **Pure Bone,** perfectly free from moisture, which we offer on favorable terms.
G. C. MILLER,
Managing Agent,
Bradley Fertilizer Co.
Middleton, March 25th, 1891. 51 10t

**PALFREY'S CARRIAGE SHOP**
—AND—
**REPAIR ROOMS.**
Corner Queen and Water Sts.
THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Varnishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29 1y

**MONEY TO LOAN.**
Nova Scotia Permanent Building Society and Savings Fund of Halifax.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the *monthly balances* at six per cent. per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefor, and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
*Agent at Annapolis.*
Annapolis, Feb. 11th, 1891. 6m

Some little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Ross, Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free. Address at once, H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine.

## Poetry.

### If We Knew.

If we knew the caress and crosses
Crowded round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For the lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our heart a stain?

If we knew that clouds above us,
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows,
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden,
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our womankind dare doom them
Back to haunts of vice and shame?
Life has many a tangled crossing,
Joy has may a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest,
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach within our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love to erring Nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, dear Father, judge us
As we judge our fellow-men.

## Select Literature.

### Penhallow.

"The witches are after me: Mr. Winn, Mr. Winn! The witches are after me! They're tormenting me almost to death!"

I put my hands over my ears to shut out the hateful utterance, and involuntarily closed my eyes also, as though I could thereby dispel the mental picture that the words had evoked. I was in the little attic chamber at the end of the poorhouse, for which room I had begged in order to be as far as possible from the inmates, and she was in her usual place on the south steps, where the sun lay warm the greater part of the day. Vital heat she could not have had.

"The witches are after me! They're tormenting me almost to death!"

The words ended with a wail such as might have been uttered by a lost soul condemned to wander on earth through indefinite time. In the darkness that I had created I only saw more vividly a skeleton form—a mummy rather, with a skin like brown leather, drawn so tightly over its hairless skull that the eyes, in which lingered most of the life of the creature who had once been a woman, seemed to be starting from their sockets. One could only guess at her height, for her form was bent nearly double, except when she would straighten herself in a moment of passion, and then hobble after some boys who had mockingly chanted, as they passed by, the rhymes that her name or habits had suggested:

"Old Sally Waters,
Sitting in the sun!"

She was clad in the almshouse uniform, consisting of a short skirt of gray linsey-woolsey, and a round waist with a little cape reaching to the shoulders. A sharp watch had to be kept upon her to prevent her tearing off strips of this gown for the strange purpose for which she coveted them. No definite information in regard to the length of time old Sally Waters had been at the poorhouse could be obtained from the records, which, particularly in the earlier days, had been carelessly kept; the people in the neighborhood, who had owned their farms for generations, could only say that she had "allers been there," and that she looked as she did now when boys who had become grandfathers had called out to her as she sat in the glare of the July sunshine:

"Old Sally Waters
Sitting in the sun,
Crying and weeping
For a young man!"

On stormy days, shutting herself into her bedroom, she would look over the contents of a battered little blue-painted chest that stood by the head of her bed and which she guarded with jealous care; her treasure—probably charms against the witches that haunted her—was in the form of hundreds of knotted woolen rags, that had been torn from her gown and which contained cuttings of her nails. She had taken the most singular and unfortunate fancy to me, greeting me on my home-coming, a week before, with the words:

"You've been long gone, Martina!"

And then, in some unfathomable emotion, she had begun crooning some gibberish to herself, varied by those wild shrieks.

Had she overheard my name in some chance mention by my father or mother? Dolt though old Sally Waters was, there were gleams of intelligence—cunning rather—that she now and then displayed, usually in connection with evading the watch kept upon her destructive propensity. It seemed to be a mark of favor that she had shown me her chest of disgusting relics, and even, with gestures commanding secrecy, displayed another charm that was likewise tied up in a gray flannel rag and worn suspended about her neck by a leather string.

Towards the other paupers she exhibited a frightful temper, varied at times by a ludicrous assumption of dignity and command. Her meals were brought to her in a corner of the dinning-room apart from the rest, and in such terror were the other inmates of the house of the haunted atmosphere which old Sally Waters seemed to have created about herself, that none of them ever ventured to seat themselves in the straight-backed wooden chair that she called hers.

I hated the miserable creatures whose lives were spent in gossiping and quarreling, whose sole ambition was to have the biggest pieces of pie on the days when mother had dessert for a treat. The very situation of the big, square, unpainted building, just below the crest of the hill, stifled me. On its other side, upon the gentle slope towards the river, was soon to be life such as I loved; but only cognizant were those in the almshouse of it all by the whistle and roar of the passing trains, many of which stopped at Penhallow station. This year the house from which the station was named—Penhallow Place—was to be reopened, after having stood vacant for forty years, transformed into a summer hotel by the aid of an army of carpenters and upholsterers.

Its many advantages were eloquently set forth in the circular:

"It stands upon high ground on the banks of the most beautiful part of the Merrimac, with fishing, boating, and bathing at the command of the guests. At the foot of the extensive lawn, in front of the house, shaded by magnificent elms of centuries' growth, is the highroad, leading, in either direction, to some of the most charming nooks and corners of New Hampshire. But what will, perhaps, as much as anything, recommend it to lovers of natural scenery, is its exceptional facilities for communication with Boston, it being but a little over an hour's ride thence, while the station is almost opposite the house."

Nothwithstanding the beauty of the surrounding country, it seemed hitherto to have escaped the notice of the crowd of summer invaders. So the new hotel created a good deal of talk among the people about, and several girls whom I knew had taken places there as help. Mrs. Wason had offered me a situation, and I was glad of any opportunity to escape from the poorhouse. I was now taking the last stitches in the big white aprons that we were to wear for Mrs. Wason wanted us to look tidy and nice before the Boston folks.

Two years before my home had been ten miles farther back in the country, in a little house surrounded by apple and pear trees that father had raised from the seed. In May it was like living in the midst of a bouquet. But the land was rocky and poor; father was getting too old to do the work alone, and it cost considerable to hire help; so when he had a chance to take charge of the poorhouse he and mother decided to make the change. I was away at school, and only sixteen. I spent the whole day crying over the sorry news. The idea of going home to the county almshouse was insupportable; so when vacation came I taught district school till the academy opened in the autumn. I intended to teach again the following summer, but a girl from Laconia got the place I wanted, so there seemed nothing for me to do but to come home and help mother with the housework and the sewing for the paupers.

It was even worse than I had anticipated, for I had not reckoned upon old Sally Waters as a factor in the almshouse life. But there were other reasons besides release from its hateful atmosphere that made me jump up and down with joy when father gave me Mrs. Wason's message; for to me Penhallow Place was enchanted ground.

II.

Eighty years before there had been no railroad holding on its string two or three bustling manufacturing towns; no highroad led past the lawn, and the thriving village of to-day was represented by a blacksmith's shop two miles distant. The almshouse did not then lurk upon the hill behind—an uncanny reverse side to the picture of light and love and laughter at Penhallow Place. There was a farmhouse or two in the country around, but for the most part the land for miles about belonged to the Penhallows.

The great white house loomed up, with its wings and broad verandas, the whole facade unbroken save by the portico, to which the driveway led, after sweeping around the lawn in front, which in those days was bordered by a double row of magnificent elms. That lovely unbroken stretch of greensward had been the pride of Madam Penhallow's heart. Now the lawn, despite the grandiloquent description of the circular, was not a quarter of its former extent, and the trees stood isolated on a dusty strip of land, known as "the Common," between the road and the railroad track. In the old days the driveway had wound a mile along the river's bank before it emerged from the private ground, where now the village with its houses huddled thick together and an ill-smelling tannery had taken the place of field and meadow and woodland.

I had never wearied of listening to descriptions of the life in the great house eighty years before; how the rooms had been furnished, what great parties had been given, and how the children had looked and dressed and what games they had played. They were always children to me, despite the fact that they had been grandfathers long before I was born. But best of all did I like to hear, and my grandmother to relate, how Madam Penhallow had looked; her picture was engraved upon my imagination from my very babyhood. It was her personality that exerted over me a charm that may have had in it something physical, for love of Madam Penhallow had been bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh to the girl—my great-grandmother—to whom she had been a kind though imperious mistress.

The story of that other life was running in my head now as I sat in my little room, while the voice from without now and again broke the thread of the retrospect:

"The witches are after me! They're tormenting me almost to de-a-t-h!"

III.

Sarah Penhallow was an only child; her father, Colonel Penhallow,—his name figures prominently in Revolutionary times,—worshipped her; so did everybody, for that matter, from her lovers to the hired help. She was the last of the name, and her father was anxious to see her married; he was a proud man, and it would have killed him to picture the big colonial mansion falling into a stranger's hands. His daughter had the family pride; some said the family temper, too. But, if the latter charge were true, it only served in those early days to make her the more high-spirited and lovable; for, if she were quick, she was also generous and forgiving, and that kind wins more hearts than do the cold-blooded, even-tempered folks.

As a child I was inclined to be fanciful and dreamy, and this tendency was increased by the solitary life I led. All my starved imagination centered about one personality—that of Sarah Penhallow. Not even the miserable end of a life that had begun in unclouded sunshine could shake my allegiance to her; about her was the whole atmosphere, so familiar to other children, wherein fairy god-mothers, the "three wishes" of elfin munificence, flying horses, and glass mountains play their part. She was the beautiful princess for whom many a brave young prince would gladly have laid down his life. Whatever was good and true and lovely, whatever gave heart to the struggle to lift myself into a better and brighter world than the one in which the sordid struggle for existence held sole sway, was inspired by the ever-present image in my mind of that one woman.

There were gay goings on at the Place when on her twentieth birthday she was married. William MacNeil was poor, but as well born as herself; after his marriage he called himself MacNeil Penhallow. Soon there were two children, Ralph—there had been a Ralph Penhallow time out of mind in the family—and George. Then the old colonel died in a fit of apoplexy brought on by rage because his horse had not been properly groomed, and for a while it was quiet at the Place.

But before long the house was opened again, and the grand company came as before, in their own coaches, with outriders, from as far off as Portsmouth and Boston. The Penhallows were in the habit of going to the latter town for a few weeks in the winter and again for a few weeks when the General Court was sitting; but their hearts were always at Penhallow Place. The anniversary of their wedding day came in July, and the occasion was always celebrated by a grand ball. Come what might, they were always at Penhallow Place on that day.

They had two more children now—both boys. It was shortly after the birth of the last one that a change began to be observed in Madam Penhallow; some explained it by saying that she was growing like her father. She scolded the servants, and was often needlessly severe with her children; and then, to atone, would be indulgent beyond measure to both. She took offense at mere words with her friends, parted from several on trivial pretense, and seemed, by a certain aggressive bearing, to be constantly on the lookout for some ground of quarrel with all.

Her husband grew anxious about her health. Sometimes she would lie awake for several consecutive nights, and then would come a morning when her sleep would be so heavy that it was difficult to arouse her. She was restless, too, often spending the entire day in wandering from one room to another; again, she would seem possessed by a very demon of work, and the embroidery needle would fly in her hands or the intricate lace grow beneath her rapid fingers; at other times she would sit for hours with her hands lying idle in her lap and a strange, fixed look in her eyes. There were those who shook their heads, but none liked to voice what was the thought of many. It was worse than either ill-temper or insanity.

Her husband repeatedly begged her to let him summon a doctor; she flew into a passion at the mere suggestion. It was not the first time that she had lost her temper with him, but never so violently as on that morning. The next moment she had her arm around his neck and was upbraiding herself for her angry words.

"I will do anything you wish, love," she cried; "only I will not see a doctor."

"Then we will try a change," he urged. "Let us go to Washington. No wonder you have become depressed and nervous, living in this great house alone in the woods."

She put her hand over his mouth in her loving, imperious fashion.

"Do not say another word against Penhallow place!" she cried. "I could not live long away from it. Blind and crippled and idiotic, I should still crawl back, through sheer instinct, to die in its beloved shadow. But since you wish it, Mac, we will go to Washington for a little while."

It was then early in the fall, and despite her words, it was not until late in the spring that they returned. Through the following summer the house was filled with a succession of guests; there was ball after ball; their were picnics, riding and boating parties without number; and the feverish activity of the previous year seemed now to find its vent in social excitement.

Another child was born; he was named for his father and grew up his living image, with a clear, pale complexion, blue eyes, and fair hair. He was his mother's darling, and in his presence her fits of passion were rare, for she could not bear to see the child shrink from her and raise his wondering eyes to her face. He did not cry, as other children might have done, but his grieved, shocked look speedily brought her to her senses, and a terrible fit of weeping would follow.

To a considerable degree he had his father's disposition, too, gentle, yielding, singularly sweet and sensitive. He gave up his toys to his brothers without a word; but if one of them, in sport, tormented his pet kitten, the little fellow's eyes would flash and his fist clench in Bonny's defence. No one with Penhallow blood in his veins could be a coward, but it sometimes seemed as though Mac were unfitted to fight his way through the world; however, it is often the gentlest nature that is capable of the stoutest resistance. The others were strong, sturdy boys, with whom it was take and fight, quarrel and make up, in hearty, boyish fashion; their differences left no rancor behind, for loyalty to one another was as prominent a characteristic of the Penhallows now as it had been long ago to Church and State, when to reward his "right faithful and loving subject, Ralph Penhallow," King Charles had granted to him certain lands in, "ye New Plantation" that the family had held ever after.

Dating back to that visit to Washington, the children had become afraid of their mother; she was "so queer" the elder ones said among themselves. Only one person held the key of the mystery; and that person was her maid.

It was a sad time for poor Mr. Penhallow, though sadder days were yet to come. Mrs. Penhallow's temper was now common talk. Mrs. Guests still came to the house, but the old-time feeling of open-handed hospitality was gone. It was like picnicking on top of a volcano.

Mr. Penhallow had always longed for a daughter; but little Mac was now ten years old, and it was unlikely that other children would be born to them. But when he heard, from his wife's own lips, that before long he would be a father again, he rejoiced as he had never done before in their married life, for from the first he made up his mind that the newcomer was to be a girl. He even decided upon her name. She should be called Elizabeth, after his mother.

Of late years the master of the house had shut himself up in his library. Naturally a quiet man, he had become a silent, even a moody, one. The children's laughter and frolic disturbed him, so they kept away from him, as well as from their mother. He had his own apartments, Madam Penhallow had hers; they met only at luncheon and dinner. Madam Penhallow's breakfast was taken to her own room. Her maid had orders never to disturb her morning nap, and all others were strictly forbidden to enter the apartment at any time.

Once Mr. Penhallow spoke to his wife of their new hope; perhaps he would fain have awakened some of the old feeling that had been between them. She checked him with a jeer at the unwonted display of affection, and, silenced, he returned to his library and his books; she to her own chamber—and her maid.

Much of the time there was spent in wild, long fits of weeping, that became more and more frequent as the time for her confinement drew near. If, in courteous, but never again loving, inquiry for her health her husband came to the door, he was met by the maid and the words:

"Madam Penhallow is lying down and must not be disturbed."

The child was born, a miserable, puny little creature, and when the mother looked at it she cried:

"Take it away! It is the visible sign and token of my sin!"

Those around thought that she spoke in the ravings of delirium. But her maid understood.

The father took the child—his Elizabeth—to his heart of hearts. Her nature was in as utter a contrast to her brothers' as was her physical being. They were endowed with keen, bold intellects that united the strong, practical grasp of the Penhallows with the refined, scholarly tastes of the MacNeils. Little Elizabeth was hardly more robust in mind than in body. It took her days and weeks to master that which her brothers had acquired in one lesson. There was a hesitancy in her speech, and even the little that she said seemed to be an effort for her to conceive or to force herself to utter. It was to everybody's surprise and in refutation of the nurse's prediction that she had survived babyhood. Into her mother's presence the child was forbidden to come.

*(To be Continued.)*

### How Life May be Prolonged.

Poets and novelists go into ecstacies over what they romantically call "beautiful spring," and "gentle spring," and while, no doubt, every one is glad to see winter release its icy grasp, "beautiful spring" is, after all, one of the most deadly seasons of the year. Sudden transitions from warmth to extreme cold, with piercing, chilling winds; from dry to sloppy, "muggy" weather, all combine to make the season a most trying one, even to the hardiest constitution, while to those with weak constitutions the season is one of positive danger. Undoubtedly the greatest danger at this season of the year is from cold in the head, which very few escape, and which if not promptly and thoroughly treated, develops into catarrh, with all its disagreeable and loathsome effects. Catarrh, neglected, almost as certainly developes into consumption, annually destroying thousands of lives. At this trying season no household should be without a bottle of Nasal Balm. In cases of cold in the head it gives almost instant relief and effects a speedy cure, thus preventing the development of catarrh. Where the latter disease has already secured a hold it is equally efficacious, and with persistent use will cure the worst case. From the outset it sweetens the breath, stops the nauseous droppings into the throat and lungs, dispels those dull headaches that afflict the sufferer from catarrh. Nasal Balm is not advertised as a cure-all—it is an honest remedy which never fails to cure cold in the head or catarrh when the directions are faithfully followed, and thousands throughout the country have reason to bless its discovery. Nasal Balm may be had from all dealers or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price (50 cents, small, or $1, large size bottle) by addressing Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOW TO CLEAN CHINAWARE.—All ordinary china or earthen-ware is porous and the fine pores will fill up with fatty substances, which in time becoming rancid will give an offensive odor and taste to any food put into such vessels. Soap should not be used for washing such ordinary china and earthen vessels (the solution of soda is better) and all vessels should be afterward well rinsed with clean, hot water, free of any fatty substance. Soda forms with any grease on the vessels a soapy compound, but, acting stronger than soap, it will remove the grease more thoroughly.—*New York Journal.*

### Supposing.

Supposing you suffer from some disease. Suppose it was the dyspepsia or biliousness or constipation or bad blood. Suppose you learn that Burdock Blood Bitters has cured thousands of cases of these and similar complaints. Don't you suppose you aught to try it? It cannot harm you and in nine cases out of ten it cures.

### Signs of Spring.

If you read these learned maxims and take note of each small thing, you may come to be a prophet and foretell the gladsome spring. When trees begin to blossom and the violets to bloom; when the bullfrogs in the meadow warble *boom-ah-boom-ah-boom*; when ducks are flying northward and bright butterflies are out, and robins go house-keeping in the broken waterspout; when grasshoppers are hopping, and black bats come out at night and venture in your bedroom attracted by the light; when birds fly down the chimney, and the hens walk in the door, and beetles hold conventions in the centre of the floor; when the mud is o'er your shoe tops as you cross the new-ploughed land—you may count on it as certain that sweet spring is near at hand.

### The Best Result.

Every ingredient employed in producing Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly pure, and of the best of its kind it is possible to buy. All the roots and herbs are carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. So that from the time of purchase until Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared, everything is carefully watched with a view to attaining the best result. Why don't you try it?

—Charles Arbuckle, the millionaire coffee merchant of New York, is dead. His remains will be cremated in Pittsburg.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
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