Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1889. NO. 14.

SOUTH WATERVILLE
Machine WORKS!
J. I. LLOYD,
—Manufacturer of—
SHINGLE MACHINES,
BOX BOARD MACHINES,
CYLINDER SAWS,
STAVE PLANERS,
STAVE JOINTERS,
HEADING ROUNDERS of various styles
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RUBBER STAMP with your name in Visiting Cards, Inks, Pens, Pencils, Linen Marking Outfit, Stencils, Dates, etc., styles free. Outfit worth $5 to Big Pay. THALMAN MF'G CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

New Goods,
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R. D. BEALS'
—Comprising—
DRY GOODS,
MILLINERY,
Ready Made Clothing,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS and SHOES,
Crockery ware,
SHELF HARDWARE,
Best Groceries.
TIN WARE, ETC.
EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT ON ALL LINES.
Eggs for Goods or Cash.
Butter and all Other Produce in Exchange
Nictaux Falls, May 9th, '87.

GREAT REDUCTION.
The whole Stock of
W. W. SAUNDERS'
will be sold at a Great Reduction during the Xmas Holidays, embracing the following well-selected lines:
DRY GOODS,
HOSIERY, a Specialty,
HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS, OVERBOOTS, RUBBERS AND LARIGANS; GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONERY, CANNED GOODS, ESSENCES, EXTRACTS.
AND PATENT MEDICINES, large stock of LAMPS, GLASS, EARTHEN, STONE, TINWARE, HARDWARE, AND CUTLERY, AND A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF XMAS NOVELTIES
William Hart,
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DR. FOWLER'S
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·WILD·
STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
Cholera Morbus
COLIC and
CRAMPS
DIARRHŒA
DYSENTERY
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

W. D. SHEEHAN,
The American Tailor.
Some of the reasons why my coats are the BEST and MOST STYLISH CUT:
1. They always fit close to the neck, and never drop down or rise up.
2. They always fit into the waist with a graceful curve.
3. The shoulders never wrinkle, and always improve on your actual build.
4. Every garment is made on the premises under my own supervision, by first-class tailors.
GENTLEMEN who have found difficulty in being properly fitted by their tailors, will do well to call on me and I will guarantee a perfect fit.

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CASTORIA, best Spirits Nitre, Sulphuric Acid, Enos Fruit Salt, Plasters, Teaberry, Tooth Powder, Pierce's Medicines, full line, Vasilenes, full lines, Paine's Celery Compound, Riege's Food for Infants, Lactated Food, Chloride Lime, Diamond and Electric Dyes, Insect Powders, Washing and Baking Soda, Copporas, Senna, Alum, Indigo, Nutmegs, Aniline Dyes, Puffs, Toilet Powder, Soap, Perfumeries, Lime Juice, Mack's Magnetic Medicines, Kendall's Spavin Cure, Burdock Blood Bitters, Standard Piano and Organ Instruction Books, Sheet Music and Blank Music Paper and Books.
L. E. MORSE, M. D.
September, 1888.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great medical work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4, Bulfinch St.

At Private Sale!
Valuable Property on Granville St.
THAT very superior and substantially built Two Story Dwelling, with Garden, containing ¼ acre of land, well stocked with Apple, Pear and Plum Trees: also Stable, Carriage and Wood House in good repair.
Immediate possession.
Apply to the subscriber,
Lewis A. Dickie.
Bridgetown, Jan. 30th, 1889. tf

CHAMPION MESSENGER
Will travel Annapolis County for the season of 1889. All persons interested in breeding horses of size, style, breeding and soundness, should patronize this horse.
For particulars see bills.
John Hall.
Lawrencetown, April 30th, 1889. 2mt15

CHEAP
—FOR:—
CASH!
FLOUR,
OATMEAL,
FEEDING FLOUR,
CORMEAL,
GROCERIES,
STOVES, PLOWS,
HORSE CLOTHING,
Harnesses made to Order,
REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.
N. H. PHINNEY.
Nov. 19th, 1888.

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These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women find them perfectly adapted to their peculiar delicacy. All derive great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.
One box (best prepaid) for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 25 Pills in every box. We pay duty on Canada.

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free containing valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

Make New Rich Blood!

INSPECTION
is Invited of our Terms and Prices for all Description of Work in
Monuments, Tablets,
HEADSTONES, Etc.
Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.
Drysdale & Hoyt Bros.,
OPPOSITE RINK, . . BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,
(ESTABLISHED 1880.)
N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.
THE CELEBRATED
Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,
—ALSO:—
FORCE PUMP,
with Hose attached if required.
We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

International S.S. Co.,

FOR
BOSTON,
DIRECT,
FROM
Annapolis.
Summer Arrangement.
Commencing FRIDAY, JUNE 21st, the favorite Side Wheel Steamer "NEW BRUNSWICK" having been thoroughly overhauled and fitted, will leave Annapolis every Tuesday and Friday p. m., directly after the arrival of the Halifax express, for Boston direct.
FARE FROM ALL W. & A. R. STATIONS
ONE DOLLAR LESS
than by any other route.
ST. JOHN LINE.
The Palace Steamer "CUMBERLAND" or "STATE OF MAINE" will leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 7.25 Eastern Standard time.
Tickets can be obtained from all agents on the W. & A. R.
W. H. KILBY, Agent, Commercial Wharf, Boston. FRED. CROSSKILL, Agent, W. & A. R. Bridgetown. E. A. CARDER, Agent, Annapolis.
June 25th, 1889.

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.

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

SCHOONER
Temple Bar,
Capt. Longmire.
THIS well known packet schooner will ply regularly between ST. JOHN and BRIDGETOWN during the season.
Apply on board to
CAPT. J. LONGMIRE.
SALT and LIME ALWAYS IN STOCK.
When vessel is not in port, apply to CAPT. PETER NICHOLSON.
Bridgetown, March 12th, 1889. tf

Farm for Sale
THE subscriber offers for sale that very widely situated property in MIDDLETON, County of Annapolis, and Province of Nova Scotia, on the Post Road and in the immediate neighborhood of Railway Station, Telegraph Office, Post Office and Churches, consisting of about forty-five acres superior soil, a thriving young orchard of about one hundred and fifty Apple Trees of choice selected fruit, and conveniently divided into hay, tillage and pasture lands. Is well watered, has a commodious and thoroughly finished house, woodhouse, barn, stables etc., in good repair. Terms easy.
JONATHAN WOODBURY.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

'89 YARMOUTH S.S. CO. '89
THE SHORTEST AND BEST ROUTE BETWEEN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE UNITED STATES.
The quickest time only 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.
THE FAST STEEL STEAMER
"YARMOUTH,"
WILL leave Yarmouth for Boston every *Wednesday* and *Saturday Evenings*, after arrival of the train of the Western Counties Railway. Returning, will leave Lewis's Wharf, Boston, at 10 a. m., every *Tuesday* and *Friday*, connecting at Yarmouth with train for Halifax and Intermediate Stations.
The YARMOUTH carries a regular mail to and from Boston, and is the fastest Steamer plying between Nova Scotia and the United States. Fitted with Triple Expansion Engines, Electric Lights, Bilge Keels, etc.
The Steamer "City of St. John" leaves Pickford & Black's wharf every Monday, at 10 p. m., for Yarmouth and intermediate ports; returning leaves Yarmouth every Thursday, at 8 a. m.
For all other information apply to F. CROSSKILL, Station Agent, Bridgetown, or to
W. A. CHASE, Sect. and Treas. L. E. BAKER, Manager.
Yarmouth, April, '89.

Rampart, Jr.,
will make the Season of 1889, as follows:
Will be at Lawrencetown on arrival of freight train on Monday, May 13th and 27th, June 10th and 24th, and July 8th, and will stand over night. Will leave Tuesday morning for Bridgetown, arriving at noon, May 14th and 28th, June 11th and 25th, July 9th; thence to E. S. Griffin's, Clarence, over night; thence to Middleton to Ross' Hotel, May 15th and 29th, June 13th and 26th, and July 10th; thence by Spa Springs to North Kingston over night, May 16th and 30th, June 14th and 27th, July 11th; thence to A. S. Baker's, Somerset, at noon, May 17th and 31st, June 15th and 28th, July 12th; thence to his owner's stables, S. H. Woodworth, Canning, May 18th, June 1st and 16th, July 13th.
PEDIGREE.
Sired by Rampart, 2930, he by Almont, 33; 1st dam, Kate Thompson, by Ericsson, by Mambrino Chief; 2nd dam, Lady Goodwin, by Smith Burns' Columbus; 3rd dam, by Abdallah, sire of Rysdyk's Hambletonian.
His dam, Miss Maud; 2nd dam, Lady Bell by Lord Nelson; 3rd dam, Stag.
Almont, the great sire of trotters, sire of Westmont, 2.13¾ [2.01¾ with mate], Fanny Witherspoon, 2.16¼, [the champion two mile trotter], Piedmont, 2.17¼, [sold for $30,000], and 27 other trotters that have beaten 2.30.
TERMS.—$8 for Single Service, $10 for Season, $12 for Warrant.
For further particulars apply to
S. H. Woodworth,
Canning, N. S.
May 6th, 1889. tJly 13

THIS YEAR'S
MYRTLE
CUT and PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.
See
T & B
IN BRONZE
on
EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

H. H. BANKS,
PRODUCE COMMISSION AGENT,
Parker Market Building,
Halifax, N. S.
—ALL KINDS OF—
Farm Produce Sold on Commission.

W. A. CHUTE,
BUILDING MOVER,
BEAR RIVER, N. S.
BUILDINGS of all descriptions Raised and Moved, by land or Water, without taking down chimneys or disturbing the occupants. Stranded Vessels, of all sizes, raised and floated. Boilers and engines of all description, hoisted in and out of steamers, placing them in any position.
I am the only building mover in the Lower Provinces thoroughly fitted with the latest improvements. Having had twenty years' experience I can guarantee satisfaction. With numbers of fine recommendations.
Also, Agent for The London Guarantee and Accident Company, of London, England.
THIS PAPER Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

SHIRLEY CARSTONE.

By ELIZA ARCHARD.

[CONTINUED.]

Only her father saw something that troubled him.

"But I'm afraid for Shirley. She is so easily deceived," he said. "People bear their fate within their own breasts. The child would lie down, and make a bridge of herself for those she loved to walk over. She carries predestination of martyrdom within her, somehow."

"Tom, dear, you always did talk a little nonsense, you know," said his wife. "Shirley's the merriest child I ever saw."

"Forevis Lord," said old Sorn, "she's got more sense nor anybody I ever seed, for a gal."

Shirley looked at her father instantly.

"Papa smiled, and did not answer, at first. Then he said:

"Find out for yourself, Shirley."

The question took hold of her. It haunted her thought. She had perceptions underneath the common perceptions. Where other children saw only the substance she unknowingly looked deeper, and saw the spirit.

She read everything she could lay hands on. Her imagination took fire as she read of warriors, heroes and martyrs. The lesson of their mighty deeds sank into the deep child heart, and blossomed in the clear child soul. Her world of fancy was peopled with leaders and princes like Moses, with Cæsars and splendid crusaders like Richard the Lion Heart. Bernard Palissy, defying hunger and want, opposing those whom he held dearest, tearing the very walls from his cabin, sacrificing all to achieve one splendid result—Bernard Palissy was to her the deification of human will. Through the years of approaching womanhood she walked as in a dream—

Nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science and the long results of time.

Most, though, her heart went out to the few women heroes and teachers whose names she met on the page of the world's history—Hypatia, Elizabeth, Zenobia. Her soul was on fire as her eyes bent over the page that told her about Joan of Arc, the inspired maid of Domremy. She, the woman soldier with the iron helmet resting upon her golden hair, with her shining armor and white war horse, was the highest and greatest figure of all to the child Shirley.

Later she read Homer, Milton and Shakespeare, and their stately music rang a rhythm to the beating of her heart. Still, too, and ever through the years of girlhood would come the old question she asked her father that day:

Has a girl as much sense as a boy?

Why was there no woman Homer, no woman Shakespeare or Milton? Then Homer, and Joan of Arc, and Shakespeare, and Richard the Lion Heart mingled together in her dreams, till out of all there stood before her at last a vision of a woman poet who should be. She should be as great as the greatest, a majestic woman, poet, hero and teacher in one. But not a martyr. There were no martyrs in these days. The world had grown too wise and kindly for that.

So she reasoned. At last she awakened once in the summer night suddenly. She saw the stars shining in at the window and heard the wind sighing through the willows down by the mill race. She whispered to herself and said:

"I will be the woman poet. I, myself."

Then the new schoolmaster came.

CHAPTER III.

THE TEACHER.

The lively young man who had taught the Linwood school three winters had accumulated savings enough from this honest industry to begin the study of law. Accordingly, the school was left without a teacher. One day a stranger brought a letter to the Presbyterian minister, applying for the vacant place. After some delay it was given him. He was of slender, though athletic build, with dark hair and dark gray eyes. His face was a fine, strong one, full of will and intelligence; but it was not a peaceful face nor a face at rest.

In the center of the shabby village was the grocery—common club room for the male gossips of the neighborhood. Travelers knew it was the grocery by token that it had a box of blacking and two clothes pins in the window. The stranger teacher had a little room over this shop. He was quite solitary at first. Of evenings he staid alone in this room and played a violin, sometimes far into the night. Of afternoons, after school, he took long walks over the country roads and paths. Rain or shine, it was his habit. Indeed, he rather seemed to enjoy a walk in the rain, against the wind, with the storm beating in his face. He appeared more calm and happy after a five mile tramp in rough weather. At such times the people in the house heard him often singing to himself, in a singularly deep, sweet voice, songs in an unknown tongue. The impression of the stranger's dread and mysterious learning had so deepened in a few months, that the simple country people declared he sang in Hebrew. But a farmer from over seas told them the words were German. It was the folk song of Germany the new teacher sang. Thereupon the grocer, with the air of one announcing a great truth, said:

"He's a Dutchman!"

Once, after a fierce walk, George Morrison, quite exhausted, threw himself full length upon the carpet in his little room, with a pillow under his head. He thought at first to doze, but the stovepipe hole in the floor was a telephone, bringing unerringly to his sensitive ear every word spoken in the rustic shop below. He knew just how the male gossips were grouped. There was the 'Squire, who sat on a barrel head. There were the shoemaker and the postmaster. There was the lazy grocer himself, who sat upon an upturned empty soap box most of the time and let his scrawny little wife wait upon the customers.

At length Jim Sweet said:

"That there new schoolmaster ain't much account, I reckon. He's too darned grammatical."

"I heerd him whip out the Presbyterian preacher in argument t'other day," said the postmaster.

Now Simpkins, the grocer, struck in. He had listened to all the rest first. He had a solemn way of stating a stupid old fact as if it had been a great new truth. He was, therefore, esteemed a man of very profound judgment by everybody but his own wife. She saw through her husband's humbug, as wives, alas! too often do. Simpkins said, solemnly:

"It's my opinion a man that can outargify the Presbyterian minister ain't a safe person to be trusted with the education of our little ones. It's my opinion, further, that the schoolmaster's got somethin' on his mind. Them close he wears ain't Linwood cut. It's my opinion he's come from somewhere, and come down in the world. It's my opinion"—

"Your opinion, Sim Simpkins!" exclaimed his wiry little partner, contemptuously. "If the schoolmaster's got something on his mind, it'd better be that than not to have any mind at all. They say he's come down in the world, do they? What of it? I've heerd say it was better to be dead lion than a live jackass. Ain't the Carstone children going to school to him, every one of 'em? A man's good enough to teach my children, if he's good enough to teach them. They're a manneredly family, from the oldest to the youngest, that they are!"

But the new master won the hearts of the children right speedily. There were an exquisite patience and kindliness in his ways toward them, as though something had schooled him through years to think of others rather than himself, and those others weak and childish. He had said he was 24 years old, but he looked years older. It was easy to see he had been born in a different sphere from the people he had come among. Even Jim Sweet recognized the fine, high bred ways that separated him from Linwood folk.

But it was true that he had something on his mind. He was unhappy and wretchedly discontented. He had sought Linwood to be out of the world, and, having his wish, he found, as many do, that his wish was just what he did not want. The coarseness, the stolid self conceit, the prying curiosity, the illiteracy of the Linwood people chafed his soul till he was like a tiger behind bars. Oh, what would bring forgetfulness?

He had been in his new employ only two months, yet he had grown weary and reckless. In a week more he would resign his place, he said to himself. In this mood he went to his task one morning. Entering the school house his eye rested on a group of handsome, tastefully dressed children. Next moment he saw that one, a girl, was older and taller than the rest, and his wandering eye was instantly arrested by her remarkable beauty. The group were new pupils. They were the Carstone children, Shirley among them. She lifted her eyes, and a flashing recognition passed between the two souls, the child and the master!

It was a day of beginning in the lives of both.

This story has been very quiet thus far. Storm enough come later.

From that day there was more of peace in the life of George Morrison. This girl pupil understood his plans with an instant sweet recognition that surprised him. Gradually a better, more refining influence spread over the rude school.

"Papa," said Shirley, "this new teacher has opened a new world for us. Ask him to come to our house."

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

So it came about that the lonely schoolmaster became intimate in the Carstone mansion. The minds of the bright, pretty children unfolded like a flower under his sunlike teaching. Two happy years they were under his instructions. Yet at first he almost broke Shirley's heart by his criticism. The thought of one great poem she was to write had by this time taken possession of her. The master read the clear soul as if it had been the depths of a crystal lake.

"Others have written the epic of battles, Shirley," he said; "let your poem be the epic of peace and progress in history."

When she was 15 she wrote some timid verses for his inspection. He gave them back all marked and crossed. He had taken away her finest words, her most sounding passages. Shirley was intensely angry. She flung herself on her father's breast in a passion.

"He crosses out the best of everything I write," she said. "It's no use my trying. I won't go to school any more."

That evening the master came as usual to the stone house. But the brightest, sweetest face of all was not there as usual to greet him.

"Where's Shirley?" asked he.

"You have broken her heart," said the colonel. "You cut her poem all to pieces."

A look of keen annoyance, of pain, crossed the fine dark face.

"But I could not help it," he said. "She uses too many words. Send her to me, will you not?"

The colonel brought her, leading her by the hand, her face averted.

"Here she is, Mr. Morrison," said he. "Take her life, but spare her adjectives!"

He laughed and passed down the steps out of sight. Shirley and the master were left alone. Shirley, strong, fearless girl though she was, trembled from head to foot. She had never been afraid of anything, but here was a new timidity stealing up from her heart and stopping her throat so she could not speak. As for him it may be that he trembled too. He opened his lips to speak.

"Shirley," he said. But the words died. A strange gleam passed over his face. His lips quivered momentarily, but he suppressed some kind of emotion, and said:

"You are my best pupil, Shirley; the one I take most pride in. You are angry at your teacher. What have I done? Have I not always been kind and gentle to you?"

Shirley found a voice, somehow, though it was a voice with a quaver in it.

"Yes, you have, Mr. Morrison. But I will never write anything again. Other girls write poetry for the school exercises. They take it out of books, and change it over so nobody will know it. They hand it to you, and you say it is nice. I write my verses out of my own head. They are my own. And you mark them all over. I have torn the paper up. I will never write any more. Never!"

"Just because it was your own and I saw rare promise in it, therefore I took pains to show you its faults. You use too much ornamentation. You imitate, without knowing it, other poets you have read. You must learn to be yourself. Come here, Shirley."

She obeyed, with downcast face.

"My dear pupil, I would rather go away from Linwood altogether than to hurt you or offend you. But I am your teacher. Don't you think, child, I know better than you?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Morrison, I know that. You have taught me about more things than I ever knew in the world. I owe everything to you."

And you will trust me for the future, will you not?" he said.

He put one strong hand softly against each pink cheek and lifted her face. He looked down at her with his black-gray eyes, eyes so like her own, and said:

"Dear girl, you do not know how much you have been to me. I hated mankind when I came here. There was not a living creature I cared for, or who cared for me. You and your father showed me there was still truth and honest feeling in the world, bless your sweet, sunny soul! When I go away, whatever trouble is still to come, I shall know I have had some true friends, some hours that were happy. You are the best, truest, brightest creature I ever met. Would I wound your tender soul by so much as a word, do you think? You are the only one—Shirley, you are capable of great things. If I can judge of anything, the time will come when all the world will praise you. You will write your poem, and do your work—a work such as no woman ever did before. I know that. You will show all men the sweet, deep, marvelous strength that lies in a woman's brain. I believe in that, and I believe in you. Your verses will not be feeble and muddy and narrow—the kind most women write. Yours will be the grand, ringing lines of humanity and free womanhood. Because I know this, let me give you such hints as I may, child. Will you do this and forgive me?"

Her lips quivered, but she was always ready to confess an error—the frank, true child. She said:

"You are very, very good, Mr. Morrison; and I was wrong and foolish. I will do my best and never give you trouble again. Forgive me, dear master."

"I will bring you a woman's poem and read it to you to-morrow, Shirley," he said. "Gather your little Carstones, and we shall have a picnic in the afternoon down under the willows by the mill race. I will read you Aurora Leigh. Good night, child."

He laid his hand caressingly upon her head and slid it down softly over one of the fair braids. Did he press the long, fair braid to his lips as he turned to go? Well, who knows? Shirley did not know.

It was their last quarrel.

From that day a new and tenderer tie seemed to draw them together. The picnics, as the children called them, lasted all through the bright summer days. In the winter there were picnics indoors. The teacher had seemed soured and reserved when he came to Linwood. He had a bitter, sarcastic tongue when disturbed, which had drawn on him ill-will at first. But that had changed. He had become gentle and genial. He established a literary society among the rustics, the first one ever in the village. It was turning the thoughts of the younger people in a better and higher direction.

He and Shirley read and studied history, poetry and science. He taught her Greek and Latin, prose and poetry. The girl, like himself, had the rare faculty of grasping a thought in a glance. A few words upon its page would tell its whole story to her clear, alert brain. They were days of perfect happiness and peace. But the girl's thoughts came back always to Joan of Arc, the Maid of Domremy, the saint and martyr, with the iron helmet pressing upon her golden hair. It was like the motive in a work of music. She wrote little poems still, but now the master criticised them no more. Some had been printed. They had been copied and recopied, and went floating through the newspapers like beautiful waifs. Shirley was beginning to be known already as a poet of no common order.

"Shirley, you must write the best poem of your life for us next month," said the president of the literary society. "It is our last meeting of the year; you are appointed for the poem for the public entertainment. Our literary society has such a name now that we must do something uncommon."

"Yes," said the executive committeeman, "spectators will come in from half the county. Linwood must keep up her reputation. Linwood forever!"

The evening came, and Shirley read her poem. She surpassed all former efforts. Beside her, as she read, was a vase of white rosebuds, rare and costly, of a kind unknown in Linwood. It was the master's gift to his best pupil.

Mrs. Simpkins, her fast friend, told the story of her triumph to every stranger that came to the village.

"'Twas a night Linwood'll never forget, I reckon. The master, he'd trained Shirley, and practiced her on her readin' till it was that natural you couldn't ha' told she wasn't talkin' it off out of her own head. She was the beautifulest creetur' you ever laid eyes on. She looked for all the world like an angel, standin' there dressed in snow white 'lusion. And her speech! Land's sake! It sounded like the organ playin' 'Gather at the River,' when Sunday school lets out. It was just that beautiful. When she got done, and made her bow, there was a minit of dead hush, like before the benediction in church. Then the people all fell to as they couldn't help themselves, and such a clappin' and cheerin' was never heerd in Linwood before nor since. 'Peared as though they would take the girl and carry her off on their hands then and there. Shirley, she just blushed and looked that pretty till you felt you'd like to bite her. She turned her eyes this way and that, as if she'd like to hide, till her eyes lit on the master. He was sitting on the stage, with the Presbyterian minister and the doctor. He hadn't cheered her at all, but looked sober and set right still. But when Shirley looked at him, with the crowd a clappin' and a clappin', he jest reached across and shook her hand, quiet and gentleman like. He was a little pale and serious, like he had a pain or something. You could see how pleased he was, though, with his eyes a shinin'. But he never said a word.

"When the noise died away a little the Presbyterian minister he got up and waved his hand for 'em to be still. Then he says:

"'Ladies and gentlemen—I am requested by the Linwood Literary society to close the exercises of the evenin' by a little ceremony not down in the regyler programme. A little surprise has been prepared for the poet of the evenin', a young lady whom we all honor. On behalf of the Linwood Literary society, as a token of their high appreciation, I am requested to present this wreath of silver laurel leaves to Miss Shirley Carstone. Fame may wreathe her brow with evergreens in after years, but she will never forget the inscription here, 'Linwood crowns her poet.'" "It said just that:

"'Linwood crowns her poet.'

"Then you ought to have heerd the noise! It was wuss'n a revival meetin'."

But there was something good Mrs. Simpkins did not tell. She did not tell it because she did not know it. Women generally keep a secret under similar circumstances.

When Shirley, half in a dream, looked at her crown and her flowers that night at home, she found a little card among the white rose buds. The card said:

"The master learns from his pupil."

CHAPTER IV.

MATRIMONIAL.

The scene changes. We are across the sea. But it is still a school. Are we never to be done with schools? Well, no! Life is a school, and the wise are never done learning.

The scene, by your leave, is a German university town. Time, several years before the opening of the humble tale you have done us the honor to follow thus far. On a giant cliff above the town stands the most magnificent ruin in Europe. Below, the blue Neckar rushes out from its mountains and seeks the great Rhine beyond. You know the town, Heidelberg.

An American family were spending some months there. With them was the pretty daughter of the household, a girl of 17. Among the students at that time was a young man from the United States. He was barely 18, but large, strong and manly in physique, with dark hair and eyes. He was precocious in every way; noted for his wide range of study, as well as for his strength and courage. He was, besides, the son of rich parents, who had indulged his every whim from the time he was born. In brief he was a fiery youth, who knew no law but his own will.

Hundreds of parents from the United States visit the old German town every year with their young lady daughters. The university dates back to the year of our Lord 1386. It is very famous. Hundreds of American boys attend its classes every year. But this particular boy, with the flashing dark eyes, who loved his own way, met the particular maiden of 17 one day at the Hotel Victoria. With the other hundreds we have nothing to do.

Fate willed the meeting. The dark haired youth mostly decided what followed, the first part of it at any rate.

The girl was a giggling, weak willed creature, with poodle dog eyes and forehead, and a doll's red and white face. She had the simpering, affected ways of a school girl, who cannot for one moment get rid of the consciousness of her sex. The dark haired boy's room mate fancied himself madly in love with her. His friend saw it with regret.

"I'll cure you of this nonsense, Frank Broughton," he said to himself. "I'll go and make love to Miss Myra myself. I'll cut you out. The girl will throw you over. Then I'll throw her over and go home for the summer, and you go with me. You'll thank me for breaking you of this blessed foolishness."

That evening, with his graceful, careless bow and smile—the scapegrace was fascinating—the dark haired youth made his way to the young lady:

"Miss Myra," he said, "it will be a beautiful sunset. Will you and your mother give me the pleasure of going up the mountain with you?"

The red and white girl simpered.

"Why la! mamma," said she, "shall we go?"

Mamma said, "I think we may," with that degree of alacrity, veneered by dignified reserve, which is due of an occasion when a managing mamma scents a possible son-in-law in a rich and highly connected young man.

It quite took away the breath of Frank Broughton. In five minutes they were off, before his very eyes.

If, reader, you are of a guessing turn, you will know the rest. Well, the girl was pretty, with her peach like cheeks, and her eyes of that color which the milliners call "peacock blue." The dark haired youth, who went in for cutting his friend out to save him from folly, was himself of a passionate, susceptible nature. The walks and rides up the mountain were finally continued on his own account.

What would you have? A month later the same three went up the mountain. Mamma discreetly lingered in the shadow, in the great square of the magnificent ruin. In the shadow in the smaller square at the front of the magnificent ruin, the dark haired youth who had his own way, pressed Miss Myra's babylike hand, kissed her on her babylike lips and whispered in her babylike ear:

"In a month I'm coming home to marry you."

"And Miss Myra blushed and said:

"Why, la, how could you!"

That was the very question he asked himself many a time afterward. Frank Broughton was avenged!

In a month they were married, the boy and girl. The youth's parents opposed feebly, but Philip Dumoray had always had his own way. Miss Myra's mother helped on the match in all the haste consistent with regard to the best appearances. Had she not been an American mother of the highest standing it might have even seemed that she feared the prize would slip through her fingers.

The young people set up housekeeping in New York. Twin sons were born to them within a year. Then it was that Philip Dumoray faced the great new truth, that a man who has a mother-in-law, a dull, silly wife and a pair of babies can't always have his own way. What could even thunder and lightning do against a hill of putty?

Myra Dumoray developed such astounding capacity for emotion that Philip could scarcely believe his own senses. Strange, too, but the emotion was always of a disagreeable kind. Scenes began to take place that thoroughly alarmed the youthful husband, and then thoroughly enraged him. His household was comfortless. It was something new not to be comfortable. Matters went from bad to worse between them. Once he had said impatiently:

"What in thunder is this mess cook's brought in? Do you call that coffee, Myra? I wonder why you never have anything fit to eat in the house?"

Perhaps, like a man, this strong young fellow would not have noticed that other things were so slouchy, if the household had happened to have a good cook. But the tender point of the masculine gender is its stomach.

"When you married me, who'd a thought you'd ever been so cross. You would marry me. And now you're always grumbling, and me not at all well! Boo-hoo-hoo!" remarks Mrs. Dumoray.

He pushed back from the table and strode out of the room. Myra sent for mamma. They counseled together. When the male monster returned both women wore an air of martyrlike resignation that exasperated him beyond measure.

It went on so for days and months. What might have been expected from the self will and undisciplined temper of Philip Dumoray? He was moody and half savage at home. Myra would shut herself up and sulk and cry for hours. Mamma was there to protect her darling, and perhaps it was well she was, at times. Philip was sincerely fond of his little boys. That much at least is to be said for him. He amused himself and them every day. One afternoon he missed them.

"Where are the babies, Myra?" he asked his wife.

"Oh, I sent them away to spend a month at nurse's mother's in the country. I'm not well and they made me nervous."

"Why, woman, what are you thinking of? Have you no natural feelings toward your own children?"

Philip's mother had never let him out of her sight in his childhood, so rare and precious had she held him.

Myra put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I never thought I'd live to be insulted in this way. And you would marry me, you know!"

"I didn't know I was marrying a fool," muttered Philip, savagely.

"Mamma! mamma!" shrieked Mrs. Dumoray, and fell back in a hysterical fit. Mamma came, murmuring, "Oh, my poor, poor darling!" Once more the man had to beat a retreat. The moment he was out of the house the abused wife dried her eyes and sat bolt upright. Philip wandered aimlessly to the park and sat down, restless and discontented. Was all married people's life like this? But he had had his own way, to be sure. His marriage had been one of those cases wherein all a man's best friends can do is to stand back and see him make an ass of himself. And while he was musing on matrimony, he saw a bright little phaeton flash by. Inside of it was his wife, gay and pretty, chatting with one whose polite attentions were not a compliment to a lady, married or single. He went home in a fury. When presently the wife in all her poodle dog prettiness came back a scene took place which it will be quite as well not to repeat.

It may be mentioned that similar scenes followed. The discord became common talk. Everybody took the part of the wife. Was she not a sweet, pretty, childlike creature, whom no one could help loving? A man who would mistreat her was a brute and a monster. Who would blame her if she did seek a little relief from the wretchedness at home? There was no lack of these who did not like Philip. His imperious temper and haughty frankness had not tended to draw friends around him. By degrees he got the name of a tyrannical husband and a bad man. He heard the whispers about himself. He saw his wife flirting openly with fops and rakes. He became a young fellow fit for desperateness.

One evening he came home earlier than usual. The light burned low in his wife's parlor. He looked in. The man whom he had seen riding in the park with Myra was there. His arm was about her, he was murmuring low words in her ear, her head was on his shoulder.

Philip was like a tiger. With one hand he gripped his wife's arm, and flung her against the wall. He took her companion by the throat, before he had time to recover from his first daze. He throttled him until he was purple, and threw him out the door, and down the steps. He was a giant.

Then he clasped his hands to his temples, and sat down to think. A crumpled rose-colored object against the wall attracted his sight. It was his wife lying there insensible, in the gay dress she had worn to receive that man.

He had laid violent hands on a woman.

Myra was in a dead faint. He gathered her up and carried her to her bed. He sent for the doctor. When she recovered consciousness, and her eyes fell on him, she fainted once more. She was ill for many months.

From that night she never could endure the sight of her husband. He wandered about as one accursed. Her side of the story got abroad. Philip never told his side, he was as proud as Julius Cæsar.

His wife hated him with a steady hate. It was surprising that a creature so shallow and

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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