BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

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

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 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.

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PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
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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 23th, 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

B. B. B.
Burdock Blood Bitters
Is a purely vegetable compound, possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system, and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it

CURES
All blood humors and diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its unrivalled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequalled as a cure for all diseases of the

SKIN
From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure salt rheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin

DISEASES
Are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by B.B.B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases, such as scrofulous swellings, humors and

SCROFULA
We have undoubted proof that from three to six bottles used internally and by outward application (diluted if the skin is broken) to the affected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B.B.B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach, and to open the sluice-ways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions, allowing nature thus to aid recovery and remove without fail

BAD BLOOD
Liver complaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, dropsy, rheumatism, and every species of disease arising from disordered liver, kidneys, stomach, bowels and blood. We guarantee every bottle of B. B. B. Should any person be dissatisfied after using the *first* bottle, we will refund the money on application personally or by letter. We also be glad to send testimonials and information proving the effects of B. B. B. in the above named diseases, on application to T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto, Ont.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of the late WILLIAM B. NIXON, deceased, of Nictaux Falls, transacted since September 1889, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within three months from date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make payment to

SAMUEL NIXON.
Nictaux Falls, Dec. 4, 1890. 373m

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 19. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1891. NO. 1.

BRIDGETOWN GROCERY.

JUST RECEIVED:
TEAS AND COFFEES, UNEQUALLED FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOR.
SPICS, 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

SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda
Scott's Emulsion is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases Chronic Coughs and Colds.
PALATABLE AS MILK.
Scott's Emulsion is only put up in salmon color wrapper. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by a Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

N.Y.
NEW YORK STEAMSHIP CO.
THE PIONEER LINE
will resume operations at an early date, which will be announced through the press.
Our wharf has been improved and enlarged, a large and commodious warehouse with most corn improvements erected, making the most complete accommodations for freight and passenger business on the water front.
FINE STEAMSHIPS WILL THEN LEAVE
St. JOHN FOR NEW YORK
Via Eastport, Me.
Every FRIDAY at 3 p.m.
(Standard Time.)
Return Steamers will leave NEW YORK, from
Pier 40, East River, Foot of Pike Street, every Tuesday, at 5 p.m.
Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces.
CHEAP FARES AND LOW RATES.
For further information address
N. L. NEWCOMB,
General Manager, 63 Broadway, New York,
OR AGENT, N. Y. S.S. Co.'s wharf, Rear of Custom House, St. John, N. B.

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. Jones, Toledo, Ohio. Her son, Orbon 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. Get work to spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free. E. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine

Poetry.

The Crocus.

(From the Ladies' Home Journal.)

"Rest, little sister," her sister said—
Violet purple, and wild-rose red—
"Rest dear, yet, till the sun comes out,
Till the hedges bud, and the grass blades sprout.
We are safe in the kindly earth, and warm
In the upper world, there is sleet and storm.
Oh wait for the robin's true, clear note,
For the sound of a drifting wing afloat;
For the laughter bright of an April shower
To call and wake you, sweet Crocus flower."

But brave-heart Crocus said never a word,
Nor paused to listen for note of bird,
Or laugh of rain-drop....In rough green vest
And golden-bonnet, herself she dressed
By the light of a glow-worm's friendly spark,
And softly crept up the stairway dark,
Out through the portal of frozen mold
Into the wide world, bleak and cold.
But somehow, a sunbeam found the place
Where the snow made room for her lifted face.

—*Madeline S. Bridges.*

The Two Mysteries.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill,
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart pain,
Dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again,
We know not to what sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wander still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know: our loved and lost, if they should come this day,
Should come and ask us, What is life? not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as death can ever be;
Yet oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say, those vanished ones, and blessed is thought,
So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may tell you naught.
We may not tell it to the quick, this mystery of death;
Ye may not tell it if ye would, the mystery of breath.

The child that enters life comes not with knowledge or intent;
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known, but I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

Select Literature.

A Financial Failure.

The Story of a New England Woolng.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

CHAPTER I.

The day's business of the old County Savings Bank was nearly done. Mr. Pendell, the treasurer, and his three assistants were busy making up their accounts. Mr. Pendell was a methodical, old-fashioned business man who did most of his writing at a plain, high desk, where he stood leaning on one elbow hour after hour with no apparent fatigue. As for the three younger men they were seated at more or less ornate roll-top desks; two of these clerks were Mr. Downs and Mr. Hathaway, reliable accountants, and both in the later twenties of their age. At the least elegant of the desks, with his face toward the street, sat Jonas Dyer, a young, good-looking country fellow, whose round face had never known an anxious furrow until he came to his junior clerkship a few weeks before.

He was a poor lad himself as to this world's wealth, and of late had been forwarded in life by an old uncle who was senior director of the bank. Jonas Dyer's mother was perfectly confident that he would be this uncle's heir, but old Mr. Dyer was of that spirit and temper of mind which sometimes results in large gifts to impersonal tract socities, and Jonas knew that a great deal might depend upon his own diligence and accuracy in accounts. He was slow at figures and slow with his pen, and he had by nature no gift for saving. It was fortunate that he had little to spend, otherwise there might have been clearer revelations of his generous traits. Everybody gave him congratulations enough on his good chance in the County Savings Bank, but nobody wasted sympathy on the caged heart of poor Jonas, who loved a free life and out-of-door air. He sometimes felt as if the new bank fittings, and especially the handsome iron fret-work behind which he stood, all savored of the prison, and that during bank hours at least he was a sorrowful captive. The other clerks were fond of their surroundings, and recognized, as time went on a different spirit in their young associate. By some mysterious insight they were aware of the tone that Jonas' mother always took in laying his duty before him. She was a devoted mother, but she loved the exhorting sound of her own voice, and had talked so much to her growing boy that he had become stolidly reticent. Perhaps Downs and Hathaway had found their example in one of Mrs. Dyer's rare visits to the bank, when it may be suspected that she had come in merely to look upon her only son at his desk, trusted as he was with untold gold and on the high road to fortune. There was nobody else there that day on the customer's side when Jonas timidly presented his mother to his three companions. Old Mr. Pendell behaved with courtcous dignity, inviting Mrs. Dyer to come in and sit down, while Jonas unfastened the wicket gate for her, and, blushing red, gave her his own chair. How fast the good woman did talk without knowing it! Jonas went ostentatiously into the great safe to divert her mind and show her how completely he felt at home, trying by the way to escape a direct look at Downs and Hathaway. To tell the truth, he was just twenty years old and hardly felt as if he were sixteen.

"I tell Jonas," Mrs. Dyer was saying, "that there is a good deal to be proud of and grateful for in this situation. I know he's a good boy, if not so quick as some, and I advise him to be attentive and bid able to you, Mr. Pendell, and I want him to be constant at meetin' and to avoid worthless associates. I felt very anxious about him when he come away from home. He ain't no judgment what to eat—"

Jonas came bursting out of the safe with an expression of agony.

"I guess Mr. Pendell will let you come in and see where he keeps all his money," the poor boy told his mother, trying to behave as if there was a great joke going on. He did not look at the other fellows.

"I tell 'em up our way that there's nothing to prevent you filling your pockets unless 'tis your own honesty," the visitor said and then happily became speechless as Jonas let her take one hurried look into the gold and silver drawers. He was fond of his mother, but she insisted upon treating him like a boy, and since he had lived in town among strangers, he had begun to feel as if he were a man. The call was abruptly ended by the appearance of a friend who had brought Mrs. Dyer to town shopping. Downs and Hathaway shook hands politely with the good woman and seemed to take pleasure in accepting her kind invitation to come up with Jonas and stop awhile whenever they got leave. But alas! from this call much misery took rise; it was the delight of the elder clerks to treat Jonas as if he were both touchingly young and delicate of constitution. They never went so far as to show the slightest disrespect in allusion to or quotation from the anxious mother; they simply adopted her solicitude about Jonas, who was seldom allowed in their presence to put on manly behavior. But if they did not chaff him about this they would be sure to find something else, and so, as they explained his bank work with unfailing patience, our hero bore their chaffing and mockery as best he might and with whatever bravery and unconcern he could muster.

CHAPTER II.

Jonas stood beside his desk, facing the street, in a moment of idleness; he was so tall that he could see over the mahogany railing that screened the bank interior from the glance of passers-by. It was cold weather outside and he had a sense of snug warmth and his own privileged position, yet the thought crossed his mind that it would be a good day to go through a piece of woods and mark trees for chopping. There would be no wind in the woods; somehow he could not get over the habit of planning farm work. At this moment he noticed an ancient covered chaise which belonged to the elderly farmer who was just arranging his financial business. Mr. Pendell himself liked to attend to some of the old bank customers, for there had been days when the County Savings Bank depended upon his services alone, and he was consequently trusted and respected by all the thrifty farmers of the region.

Under the cover of the carriage Jonas did not at first observe a fresh young country face; he looked at the shaggy, strong old horse, used for plowing and a roadster by turns, and calculated the probable age and worth of the good beast before he saw the bright eyes beyond. Then a little thrill of curiosity and pleasure such as he had never felt before pervaded his frame. He felt a new sense of wakefulness and cheerful alacrity. The girl in the buggy looked at him as he looked at her, and if truth were known the eyes of Jonas were the first to turn away. Hathaway softly reminded him that it was business hours and Jonas bent sideways limberly into the chair before his own desk. Hathaway rose for an instant to see what was interesting outside, but the pretty girl was in eclipse of the chaise top. "Thinking of buying that colt?" inquired Hathaway, a good deal disappointed, and Jonas vaguely smiled.

The old farmer and Mr. Pendell were conversing sedately. "Ain't raised the rate o' interest, have they?" asked the depositor with a smile.

"Directors think of lowering it another year," reported the cashier. "We can't pay 5 per cent if we don't get but 4. Savings bank securities come higher every year. Why don't you buy some bonds, Mr. Hayland?"

"The old County Savings Bank's always been good enough for me and my folks."

"You'd do better with your money by 2 per cent."

"Jim Hymore struck for 18 and ain't got nothin' to show for't. I expect you've heard tell o' his venture, ain't you?"

The cashier smiled and pushed the bank book in its much thumbed envelope across the counter and Mr. Hayland took some time to put it into a deep inner pocket and to button his coat over it. "Well, I've got my savin's where they'll be earnin' a little somethin'," he said, after his usual custom on such occasions. "There'd been more this time, but we've been fixin' up the meetin' house an' wife thought she ought to do same's others. Well, I do' know, but I felt the pleasure o' bein' able to gratify her. Good day."

"Good day, sir," responded the cashier. "Give my respects to Mrs. Hayland."

Jonas longed to take another look before the buggy was driven away, perhaps forever, but he was afraid of Hathaway.

"Who was that old gentleman, Hathaway?" he made bold to inquire, but Hathaway only scuffed an angry foot for answer and began again at the foot of a long column of figures.

"That's Joel Hayland. He lives eight or nine miles down Oak Hill way; a good comfortable farmer and as honest a man as I know." Mr. Pendell himself spoke warmly and Jonas felt as much pleased as if he were listening to the praise of one of his own family.

Just then old Mr. Hayland and his daughter were going out of town, well wrapped against the chilly wind, which luckily was well astern of the covered chaise.

"We shall have it nice an' comfortable goin' home, shan't we, Love?" said the farmer. "Did you get all those things your mother wanted?"

"Yes, sir," said Love. "Seems to me there's something I haven't remembered, too. Who was it in the bank?" she added.

"Mr. Pendell, the cashier, a nice, good man he is, wanted to be remembered to your mother."

"Oh, not Mr. Pendell; I know him," protested Love; "a younger man, I mean."

"I dont know's I really took notice. There's two or three of 'em—a young Downs has been there a number o' years. Mr. Pendell gets right up, whatever he's doin', an' tends to me himself. They say he don't do it for everybody."

"'Twas a tall, young-lookin' feilow," Love Hayland continued persuasively, but the old farmer shook his head. He had taken note of no one but his old friond, the cashier, and so home they went along the winding road through the snowless winter country. It was after Thanksgiving and Mr. Hayland was two or three weeks later than usual with his semi-annual deposit. Although the north-west wind was behind them, the father and daughter were glad to find themselves in their own warm kitchen again. It was almost night when they got home. The day had been short and bleak, but Love came in with rosy cheeks and dancing eyes and a heart full of pleasure.

"I have had a real good ride," she said; haven't you, father?"

"'Twas pleasanter than goin' alone," said the plain man, with unwonted gallantry. "I don't know but I like the road full as well in good weather. Mr. Pendell was civil and accommodatin' to me, same's he always is, and sent his respects to you, mother. I see Abel Foster on the street, too, and he was glad to see me, and they meant to ride up to see us if that long spell o' rain hadn't hindered 'em. There wa'n't many on the street; 'twas a bad day."

Love looked at her father with surprise.

"I suppose you got me that set o' knittin' needles?" asked Mrs. Hayland, after looking over the packages that had been brought in.

"I declare, I forgot all about 'em, mother," said Love. "I left them till the last thing because we had to come by the store again and father was in a hurry to get his bank business done. I got into the chaise after I did the other errands and——"

"Dear heart, 'tain't such a great matter," said the kind little mother with a sigh that Love could not hear. "Somebody'll soon be going again."

Presently Love disappeared and took off her best woollen dress and came back in a comfortable old one, but she had lingered to tie in a piece of red ribbon for a cravat, and she had looked out of the bed-room window towards town to see if she could discover the reflection of the new electric lights The sky was very cloudy and dark, but she was pretty sure that a dim glow lighted the heavens in that direction. When she came down into the kitchen her father and mother and Jacob Bean, the hired man, were already at supper. Love looked uncommonly pretty, and they all noticed her; the father and mother stole a pleased glance at each other.

"Seems to me you've taken a good while to change your dress," said Mrs. Hayland, gently reproachful.

"It didn't seem long to me," answered Love, honestly. "I didn't know how late it was when we got home, it gets dark so early now. Why, I forgot eyer so many things I've thought of buyin'. I shall have to go again quick as I can" (with a little blush).

"Come, draw up and have some of this good warm supper, child," said the father. "I think the road's too plagued rough to drive over again until snow comes. If you'd bought much more I shouldn't had a cent left to leave with Mr. Pendell."

"They weren't all my things," said Love. "Mother, I don't know but I ought to have me a new winter suit after all. Mine seemed to look a little past when I got among folks."

"I thought it looked pretty when you came down ready to go. 'Tis the bother o' getting it made," said the busy little woman. Love was still young for her age and had never settled down into careful womanly ways, though she was already nineteen.

CHAPTER III.

Jonas and Mr. Pendell were alone together in the bank one February morning. One of the young men was away at his brother-in-law's funeral and Hathaway had been sent to Boston on a financial errand. Jonas wished that he could have the variety of a journey to Boston. Sometimes he felt as if the irksome confinement of his business was telling upon his health and spirits, but he looked perfectly well, and unsympathetic friends still congratulated him on his excellent opportunity. The odor of bank bills became more and more unpleasant to him, and once or twice good Mr. Pendell felt obliged to urge him to greater quickness, not accuracy, for our hero was much to be trusted in his figures. His patron, the rich uncle, looked at him approvingly from under his shaggy, suspicious eyebrows as he went and came about his business or the bank meetings. Jonas lived with this uncle, who was a bachelor, and there was always plenty to do night and morning in the matter of household work, the housekeeper being amiable, but decrepid, and the uncle held the opinion that a lad should be made to work as he had worked in his own youth. Jonas was naturally of a domestic turn and only varied his life now and then by occupying a back seat at an evening meeting. In the bank he sometimes felt important and was upborne by the dignity of his position, but out of bank hours he was simply a clumsy country fellow, unused to town life. He often looked out of the bank window to see that old horse at Oak Hill, but he was never fortunate, though the two bright eyes that looked from under the chaise top still shone like stars in his thoughts.

Mr. Pendell was very busy that morning, and when the door was opened he nodded to Jonas, who had been paying and receiving all the morning. As the young man rose he saw the safe horse of his dreams fastened to a post in front of the window. There was an old high-back sleigh now, with two good robes and plenty of bright straw. Jonas recognized the quality of the straw and that a most interesting-looking man held the reins. But the bank door was opened and when Jonas turned there stood his pretty girl. He blushed, and she blushed, and they stood looking at each other, but Jonas' business habits stood him in good stead. He reached for the bank book, which was thr[illegible]ly proffered, but he dropped it twic[illegible] struck his head on the edge of [illegible] counter in trying to pick it up. M[illegible]dell looked up impatiently and [illegible] The bank book was issued nineteen years before and the only amount credited was a sum placed to the owner's credit when she was a baby by the old aunt for whom she was named. Interest had been added from time to time, so that the hundred dollars was now a comfortable little sum. Love pushed a small roll of bills under the grating. "I want to put this in, too," she said, and Jonas dipped his pen and made an entry of the date and counted the money afterward and set down the amount.

"There's some back interest due you, but Mr. Downs isn't here to-day," said Jonas.

"Father said I could leave the book and call for it some other time. I shall have more to put in next month. I'm keeping school."

They blushed again. Hathaway had returned by an earlier train than was expected, and just then entered the bank, but nobody noticed him, though Hathaway was quick to see the blushes.

"Won't it put you out if I leave it?"

"Not at all," said Jonas, with a truly grand air. "It's our business. Much snow down your way?"

"A good deal," answered the pretty girl, still blushing, and then they almost looked each other in the face again, but were happily saved the embarrassment.

"Is that all?" asked the girl with touching deference, and Jonas said that it was all, but they both felt as if they wished there were something more, and Love tipped out to the empty world of the sidewalk.

"You'd better go out an' untie her horse," suggested Hathaway, affectionately, but by means of this jeer Jonas gained one look after the fair depositor and reassured himself of her good looks and that Jacob Bean, the elderly hired man, was not to be feared as a rival.

"That was old Mr. Hayland's girl that was here just before snow came," Jonas told his chief with great interest, for Mr. Pendell had spoken warmly of the farmer.

"Come, step round, Jonas, and get on with your work," urged the cashier. "Seems to me it's one of your numb days and we've got to drive work. It's a bad time to spare Downs." Even this rebuke did not destroy the junior clerk's sense of pleasure. He laid the clean bank book on Down's desk with a lingering touch. He wished that the proper place for it was on his own desk. Bank books had seemed alike uninteresting until that moment.

As for Love Hayland she had forgotten two of her mother's commissions this time instead of one, and was jogging home speechless with delight.

There was stormy weather late that winter and the roads were drifted, then there came a long season of rain and thaw, while Love's book lay unclaimed in the safe. At last she appeared one Saturday morning in March, when the sun was shining like May and the crows were thick and the road nearly bare of ice and snow all the way to town. It was the first day that seemed like spring and winter clothes were too heavy. Spring was in the air and already spring was in Love Hayland's look as she rode in the old chaise at her father's side and waited while he tied the horse to a stone post in front of the bank. Then they went in together, the girl had no idea of letting any one else do her business there.

Jonas had seen them drive up and was in a flutter of anticipation. He had the bravery to elbow Hathaway aside from the counter. Mr. Pendell and Joel Hayland were exchanging their usual friendly jokes and compliments. Joel had sold some of his young stock and had come to town with the money. Mr. Pendell retreated presently to his high desk to make up an account of some sort, but active business still went on between Love and Jonas. It took a good while to credit her with that $20 for her month's school-keeping, and to display and explain the unexpected amount of interest due her in arrears. Then there was a moment of silence except for the scratching of Hathaway's pen.

"Was you ever to Oak Hill?" Love asked Jonas sweetly, in the hearing of all present.

Joel Hayland turned with sudden alarm and took a good look at the junior clerk before he had time to speak. "I expect you're old Jonas Dyer's nephew by your looks. I heard you were in the bank some time ago; favor your uncle I see. Yes, call in if you're over our way. 'Taint so pleasant now as it will be later on but the road's settlin' fast. Good day, Mr. Pendell, much obliged to you, sir." The father and daughter departed and Jonas was con[illegible]scious of that within him which w[illegible] oblige him to knock down anybody [illegible] presumed to smile. As he turned [illegible] however, no one was smiling; there [illegible] aspect of self-restraint and pious [illegible] about both Hathaway and Dow[illegible] Pendell was in the safe and if [illegible] laughed it was inaudible to the [illegible] outside. Jonas knew that m[illegible] store for him and fairly writ[illegible] been supposed to resemble h[illegible] close fisted gentleman wa[illegible] durable of late and ou[illegible] not to live like a toad [illegible] longer.

There were no e[illegible] two clerks mad[illegible] them had any [illegible] Jonas' journ[illegible] way the si[illegible] been a j[illegible] was, s[illegible] permi[illegible] Uncle J[illegible] ing all hi[illegible] missions [illegible] worthy [illegible] Jonas w[illegible] such relation[illegible]

"Was you ever [illegible] ners?" Hathaway a[illegible] in next morning, bu[illegible] so meekly as he hu[illegible] allusion was pressed[illegible]

"When I was up [illegible] funeral this winter I [illegible] a man by the name of W[illegible] tention to the girl of M[illegible] Downs, the head cle[illegible] minded man than [illegible] to speak truthfully. [illegible] still.

"Was the[illegible]? What kind[illegible] She [illegible] pretty girl," asked [illegible]

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"A kind of a seeking widower," [illegible]ed Downs. "She younger than h[illegible] 45 per cent., and didn't favor him at [illegible] but he's well off and the old folks help it on. Their farms join, I believe, and 'twill be a good thing all round. I was kind of surprised when they asked a good-looking fellow like Jonas to call. You'd better not make any trouble, Jonas, but perhaps its all settled and the old gentleman felt safe."

CHAPTER IV.

The next Sunday afternoon, Jonas, out of his limited means, hired the smartest single turnout at the best livery stable at Dartford and drove toward Oak Hill. It was like April overhead, but the mud was deep underfoot and he had to walk his impetuous steed the greater part of the way. The day seemed to him perfectly beautiful, and when he was directed to the Hayland farm nobody can describe how pleasant and comfortable it looked. It was joy enough to be out in the country after being cooped up so long in town. He had been promising to go to see his mother at the first good opportunity, but he did not feel the least shame at this selfish use of a holiday. The Hayland's best wagon was in the side yard, they had evidently been to church in the morning and now for the first time Jonas' heart began to beat in an awful and even retarding manner. He could not tie his horse's hitch rein as it should be tied, the knot worked wrong and he grew redder and redder and did not dare to look up at the house windows. Then the door opened and hospitable Joel Hayland came out and welcomed him and they went into the house together. There was Love in her Sunday dress as pretty as a pink, and Mrs. Hayland was motherly and good-natured. [illegible] had heard about Jonas from someboo[illegible] lived neighbor to his mother a[illegible] what a good steady boy he had [illegible] and that he was doing we[illegible] now; nephew and namesake [illegible] of rich old Jonas Dyer of Dartford. "We should be pleased to have you stop to supper, Mr. Dyer." She invited him kindly, but Jonas thought he ought to be home early. When he turned and looked at Love, however, he forgot time and space, and though they proceeded to speak at length of the state of the roads he felt himself to be entertained indeed, and the last of the long spring afternoon flew by on fleetest wings.

There was a very fresh little fire in the prim best room. Others might have found the wide low-storied kitchen a pleasanter and more airy place to sit, but Jonas and Love had already reached that stage of interest which demands seclusion, and there they sat until the sun was low. It was not art that allured them in the shape of a portrait of Daniel Webster and the Landing of the Pilgrims on the parlor walls; it was not luxury, for the haircloth sofa had stiff springs and sloped forward at a strange angle. What they talked about was also of secondary consideration. It was enough for Love that she talked to Jonas and for Jonas that Love listened to his words. When they came out, trying hard to appear as if it were an every-day visit, Mrs Hayland stood at the side of the window after parting with the blushing young visitor, and remarked significantly to her husband:

"Joel, just as sure's you're born th[illegible] two's goin' to keep company."

"Let 'em have it their own way, [illegible] both good child'n," answered Joel, w[illegible] sage smile.

(*Concluded on fourth page.*)

Thousands of Lives Lost.

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 r[illegible] cure, thus [illegible]arrh.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.