THE
LISTOWEL STANDARD
—is published—
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
in time for the early mails, at the office,
MARTIN'S BLOCK, MAIN ST., LISTOWEL,
—by—
A. ST. GEORGE HAWKINS.

TERMS:
If paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per annum; otherwise, $1.50.

ADVERTISING RATES.
First insertion, per line.....8c.
Each subsequent insertion.....3c.

Contract advertisements inserted at the following rates:

	1 year.	6 months.	3 months.
One column,	$60 00	$35 00	$20 00
Half "	35 00	20 00	12 00
Quarter "	20 00	12 00	7 00
Eighth "	12 00	7 00	4 00

Business cards, not exceeding 8 lines, $4 per annum; over 8 and under 12 lines, $5.

Advertisements of farms for sale, cattle estray, and other small advertisements, $1 for first month, and 50c. per month thereafter.

Special notices, 10c. per line each insertion. Any special notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual, company or society, to be considered an advertisement, and charged accordingly.

All advertisements measured by a scale of Nonpareil—12 lines to the inch. Advertisements without specified directions will be inserted till forbid. Instructions to change or discontinue an advertisement must be left at the office by noon on Monday, and the copy for changes must be handed in not later than 10 a.m. on Wednesday.

JOB PRINTING.
We have a first-class jobbing department in connection—Wharfedale and Gordon presses, and the latest designs in printing material—enabling us to execute all descriptions of job printing on shortest notice, and in style second to no city office.
Our terms for job work, casual advertisements and special notices are cash. Contract advertisements payable quarterly.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CHRIST CHURCH (ANGLICAN)—Main St., Rev. G. B. Taylor, Incumbent. Morning Service at 11; Evening Service at 7.00 o'clock. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

KNOX CHURCH.—Inkerman St., Rev. J. W. Bell, M. A., Pastor. Services at 11 a. m., and 6.30 p.m. Sabbath school at 2 30 p.m. Congregational prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30. Bible class Thursday evening at 7.30.

CANADA METHODIST CHURCH.—Elma St., Rev. Dr. Fowler, Pastor. Services at 10.30 a. m., and 6.30 p. m. Sunday school at 2.30 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Inkerman St., Rev. A. Cooper, Pastor. Services at 10.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHURCH.—William St., Rev. R. L. Ockley, Pastor. Services at 10.30 a. m., and 6.30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2.30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7.30.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Raglan St., Rev. W. F. Clarke, Pastor. Services at 11 a. m., and 6.30 p. m. Bible class at 3 p. m. Weekly prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 p. m.

GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCH.—Services held in the Town Hall every other Sunday, at 10.30 a. m. Rev. Dr. Al. Sommer, Pastor. Sunday school every Sunday at 3 p. m.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—St., Rev. G. M. Graff, Pastor. Service every other Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 2 p. m.

MONTHLY CATTLE FAIRS.

LISTOWEL—First Friday in each month.
GUELPH—First Wednesday in each month.
CLIFFORD—Thursday before the Guelph fair.
TEVIOTDALE—Friday before the Guelph fair.
HARRISTON—Friday before the Guelph fair.
DESWORTH—Saturday before Guelph.
DRAYTON—Saturday before Guelph.
MOORFIELD—Monday before Guelph.
ELORA—The day before Guelph.
NEW HAMBURG—First Tuesday in each month.
BERLIN—First Thursday in each month.
ELMIRA—Second Monday in each month.
WATERLOO—Second Tuesday in each month.
MOUNT FOREST—Third Wednesday in each month.
GALT—Wednesday after the second Tuesday.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
(SOUTHERN EXTENSION OF W. G. & B. RY.)
Trains leave Listowel Station daily as under:
For Kincardine and Intermediate points—Mixed, 7.40 a.m.; Express 1.52 p.m.; Express 8.13 p.m.
For Palmerston—Express at 6.29 a.m.; Express 1.08 p.m.; Mixed 9.30 p.m

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
GEORGIAN BAY AND LAKE ERIE DIVISION.
Trains leave Listowel station daily as under:
GOING SOUTH.
Express, 8.09 a.m.; Express, 1.05 p.m; Mixed, 4.45 p.m.
GOING NORTH.
Mixed, 9 45 a.m.; Express, 1 12 p.m; Express, 9.00 p.m.

DINGMAN & DARLING, BARRISTERS, Solicitors in the High Court. Offices, over Scott's Banking House, Listowel.
D. B. DINGMAN. J. L. DARLING.

FENNELL & GEARING, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Solicitors, Conveyancers, &c. Solicitors for Bank of Hamilton. Offices—over Roy & McDonald's store, Main Street Listowel.

W. J. FERGUSON, B.A., ATTORNEY at Law, Solicitor in Chancery Conveyancer, &c. Office—Campbell's Block Main street Listowel. ☞ Money to lend on farm security at low rates.

J. H. MICHENER, M. D., PHYSICIAN Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office at his drug store, next door to Thompson Bros., Main street. Residence, opp. old Post Office Main st.

WM. BRUCE, SURGEON DENTIST, late of Toronto, Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons. Office—Over Dr. Michener's store, Main street, Listowel. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous-oxide gas.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, MAIN ST., Listowel. The undersigned, having leased this Hotel for a term of years, invites the patronage of the public. The bar will be constantly supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Excellent accommodation for guests. Special attention will be given to farmers' trade. Good stabling and driving sheds, and an attentive hostler can always be relied upon. Charges very moderate.
18 JAS. STEWART.

AMERICAN HOTEL WALLACE ST., Listowel, J. W. KREUGER, Proprietor. Under the new management this house will be kept in first-class style throughout. Excellent accommodation for guests. Bar supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Good stabling, etc Prime lager a specialty.

D. P. CAMPBELL, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the County of Perth. Sales of all kinds conducted on reasonable terms. Orders left at the STANDARD office will receive prompt attention.

THOMAS E. HAY, AUCTIONEER for County of Perth, also the Townships of Grey and Howick, in the County of Huron. Sales attended on reasonable terms. Orders left at the STANDARD office, promptly attended to. Money to loan.

THOMAS FULLARTON, NEWRY Ont., Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Commissioner in B. R. Deeds, mortgages, leases and all conveyancing done on reasonable terms. Money to lend.

COUNTY OF PERTH.—THE WARDEN will be in attendance at the Clerk's Office on the first and third Tuesday in each month, from 10 to 3 o'clock. The Clerk will be in attendance at his office on Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, from 1 to 3 o'clock. The Treasurer will be in attendance at his office on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week, during same hours.
WM. DAVIDSON, County Clerk.
County Clerk's office, Stratford.

MARBLE WORKS!
MITCHELL & SMITH,
Dealer in American and Foreign Marble.
Granite Monuments, English & American Grave Stones.
Table tops Mantel pieces, Fire Grates, window and door sills, etc.
STAND—Opposite Commercial hotel, Main street, Listowel.
W. MITCHELL. A. SMITH.

LIVERY, HACK & BUS BUSINESS.
R. & W. WOODS,
having purchased the Livery and Hack business from Jas. Pelton, wish to inform the public that they are prepared to supply
Rigs of Every Kind on Shortest Notice, and at Reasonable Rates.
They will also run
A BUS AND HACK,
to and from all trains. Good rigs and gentle horses at all hours.
STABLES—Mill street, opposite Town Hall, Listowel.

FARM FOR SALE.
The North-east 50 acres in the 7th con. of Wallace. The land is in a good state of cultivation; all cleared but 8 acres, and fit for a reaper to run on it. A good frame barn 36x52 frame house 18x26, well finished; barn and house new; good well and pump at door, and a never failing spring creek on the place. Terms, $700 down; the balance can run for a term of years at 7 per cent. Also 60 acres will be rented along with the 50 for a term of ten years. The land is first-class; within 3 miles of the town of Palmerston. For particulars apply to the proprietor.
JAMES LITTLE,
Rothsay Ont.

Listowel Standard.

VOL. V.—NO. 21. LISTOWEL, ONTARIO, JUNE 2, 1882. {A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

BANK OF HAMILTON.
CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, $1,000,000.
RESERVE FUND, - - $100,000.
DIRECTORS,
JOHN STUART, Esq., PRESIDENT.
JAS. TURNER, Esq., VICE-PRESIDENT.
HON. D. McINNES, Esq., E. GURNEY, Esq., D. MOORE, Esq., GEORGE ROACH, Esq., JOHN PROCTOR, Esq.
LISTOWEL AGENCY.
Interest allowed on deposit.
H. H. O'REILLY, AGENT.
13.

J. W. SCOTT, Banker,
LISTOWEL, ONTARIO.
ESTABLISHED 1873
Does a General Banking Business.
Special attention given to collections at a moderate charge. Interest allowed on deposit at the rate of
FIVE PER CENT. PER ANNUM
can be drawn at any time.
Money advanced in small or large amount at all times, on good endorsed notes or collateral security.
J. W. SCOTT, Manager and Proprietor

BANKING HOUSE
—OF—
A. McDONALD & CO.,
MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL, ONT.
MONEY TO LOAN
on approved notes, short or long dates. Sale notes bought on reasonable terms.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.
Money received on deposit in large or small sums; interest allowed at the rate of
FIVE PER CENT. PER ANNUM.
Money remitted by draft to any part of Canada or the United States.
Collections attended to promptly; terms reasonable.
REFERENCE—Merchants Bank of Canada.
Office Hours from 9 a. m., to 4 p. m.
A. McDONALD & D. ROY, Proprietors.
9.

MONEY TO LOAN.
A LARGE AMOUNT OF
PRIVATE FUNDS TO LOAN.
—AT—
LOWEST RATES OF INEEREST.
The best privileges given for paying off loans.
DINGMAN & DARLING,
H. Over Scott's Banking House, Listowel.

MONEY TO LEND.
FOR FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES, on Farm and Town property; also private funds at 6 per cent. The borrower can have privilege of paying off principal at any time. Conveyancing done, issuer of Marriage Licenses, &c.
ADAM HUNT, Commissioner.
Teviotdale P. O.
Residence, con. 12, Wallace

MONEY TO LOAM
AT 6½ PER CENT.
Persons wanting money on Mortgage can have the same at 6½ per cent., interest to be paid at the end of each year, with the best privileges of paying a part or the whole loan on a month's notice.
Apply to
R. MARTIN.
For sale, lot 15 in the 10th con. of Wallace, 100 acres, about 70 acres cleared. Bank barn, 38 x 60, and frame house, 32 x 24. Two good wells and a good bearing orchard. This farm joins the corporation of the town of Palmerston, affording all the advantages of that growing town.
Apply to
R. MARTIN.
100 acres for sale in the Township of Grey, Lot No. 19, in the 5 Con., with about 60 acres cleared, frame barn 40x60 and a good Dwelling House, and bearing orchard. For further particulars apply to
R. MARTIN.
Listowel P. O.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT 6 PER CENT.
—ON—
FARM AND TOWN PROPERTY.
THE BEST OF
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT
AND GUARANTEE COMPANIES REPRESENTED.
Office—Montreal Telegraph Office, Main St. Listowel.
S. M. SMITH.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

IN NEW PREMISES!
WM. McKEEVER,
Has pleasure in announcing that he has fitted up a
First-Class Butcher Stall
in his new Brick Block on west side of Wallace street, opposite the old stand, where the
Choicest Meats of the Season
can be had at all times, and at moderate rates.
SPECIAL REDUCTIONS!
to Hotels and Boarding Houses.
Will not be Undersold.
WM. McKEEVER.
Listowel, 1881 46.

THE BEST VALUE IN
STAPLE GROCERIES!
—AT—
JAS. ARMSTRONG'S
next to McDonald's Bank, Main St.
SPECIAL VALUE IN TEAS.
Large stock of
CROCKERY, CUTLERY & GLASSWARE
will be sold very cheap for one month.
Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Buckwheat flour, &c., constantly on hand.
Farmers, bring your Butter and Eggs, and dried meat this way. Highest market price allowed in exchange for goods. 3.

LAKE JOSEPH
SHINGLE MILLS.
The undersigned begs to intimate to his many friends and patrons that he has decided to remove his shingle mill from near Molesworth, to the Muskoka district, and will be prepared to fill orders after the 15th June. Shingles will be delivered in quantities and car loads at any railway station. Post office address, Port Carling, Muskoka, or olesworth, Co. Perth.
THOMAS McGUIRE.
14.

GEORGE LOVE,
PRACTICAL
HOUSE & SIGN PAINTER.
Kalsomining and Paper Hanging done on the shortest notice.
CARRIAGES AND WAGONS RE-PAINTED.
Terms reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Estimates furnished for town and country work.
SHOP—Corner Wallace and Inkerman streets, Listowel. 15.

READ! READ!
E. GABEL,
LATE CUTTER FOR MR. JOHN RIGGS,
Takes pleasure in intimating to the citizens of Listowel and neighborhood that he has commenced business for himself, and has opened a
TAILORING ESTVBLISHMENT
OVER J. C. BURT'S STORE,
MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL,
and all who wish to
SAVE MONEY,
at at the same time get their clothes made in
FIRST-CLASS STYLE,
and guaranteed to fit, are invited to leave their orders with him.
Special attention given to cutting suits. A call is respectfully solicited.
For stylish fit and low prices we will be found to be second to none
16 E. GABEL.

MUSIC & FURNITURE DEPOT.
STEWART PATERSON
Takes pleasure in informing the public that he keeps in stock a full assortment of
FURNITURE,
which he will sell at lowest prices. Also
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
DULCIMERS,
ACCORDEONS,
CONCERTINAS,
VIOLINS,
VIOLIN STRINGS,
FITTINGS,
MUSIC, &C.
PICTURE FRAMING
a specialty. Large stock of mouldings kept in stock.
SHOW ROOM—Opposite the Osborne Hall, Main street. 15

FARMERS, ATTENTION!
WE WOULD respectfully call the attention of the farmers of this section of the country to our COMPLETE STOCK of
REAPERS
—AND—
MOWERS,
comprising the celebrated
"NEW BRANTFORD,"
made by A. HARRIS, SON & Co., of Brantford, and
"Genuine Maxwell,"
made by D. MAXWELL, of Paris; also
SULKY RAKES,
COMBINED DRILLS,
TURNIP DRILLS,
SCUFFLERS, PLOWS,
which will be sold
At Prices which Defy Competition.
We would especially call your attention to our
Wilkinson Plows,
of all kinds and sizes—both steel and chilled boards—the best in Canada.
N.B.—Beware of unscrupulous agents, representing to farmers that implements have increased in price, WHICH IS NOT THE CASE.
Everything guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or no sale. Call and examine our machines before purchasing elsewhere, and be satisfied.
Wareroom—two doors east of Commercial Hotel, Main Street, Listowel. 17c
A. S. DEAVITT. C. W. BARKER.

THE FAMOUS
EDISON
MUSICAL TELEPHONE.
You can Laugh, Talk, Sing and Play Tunes through it at a long distance. Children that can read figures can play tunes at once. The tone is equal to any Flute or Clarionet. No knowledge of music required to play it. To enable any one without the slightest knowledge of Instrumental Music, to perform at once on the instrument, we have prepared a series of tunes embracing all the popular Airs, printed in simple figures on cards to suit the Instrument, at a convenient distance form the mouth-piece, so that it can be easily read, and by means of which, any one, without the least musical knowledge can perform on this Instrument and play tunes at sight. Persons a little familiar with airs can play hundreds of tunes without any cards whatever. The Musical Telephone is more wonderful than the Speaking Telephone as it does all it will do besides instructing persons who do not understand notes to play tunes. "N. Y. SUN." The Musical Telephone is recognized as one of the most novel inventions of the age. "N. Y. HERALD." Price $2.50. Price by mail postage paid and registered $3.00. No instrument sent by mail without being registered. Send money by post-office order or registered letter.
SPECIAL NOTICE—The Musical Telephone can only be purchased of the manufacturers. The EDISON MUSIC CO., 215 and 216 Walnut Street, Pa., or through their several branch houses throughout the United States.
IN ONE HOUR
YOU CAN PLAY THE
PIANO, ORGAN OR MELODEAN, WITH
EDISON'S
INSTANTANEOUS MUSIC.
To any child who can read numbers from 1 to 100 it is as plain as daylight. No teacher required. All the popular tunes. Millions of our pieces now in use. Never fails to give satisfaction and amusement. Complete instructions, with seven pieces of music sent by mail for ONE DOLLAR. Send stamp for catalogue of tunes. To those who live in the country away from teachers they are a never-failing source of comfort. Agents wanted.
For $1.00 we will mail you "EDISON'S REVIEW" for one year and seven pieces of Edison's Instantaneous Music with instructions, or for $3.00 we will send you "EDISON'S REVIEW" for one year and one of Edison's Musical Telephones, registered by mail. When ordering please mention the paper you saw this advertisement in.
EDISON MUSIC CO.,
215 & 217 WALNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
BRANCH OFFICES—280 West Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md., 398 N. 6th st., St. Louis, Mo., 25 6th avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., 357 Washington st., Boston, Mass., 8 S. Queen st., Lancaster, Pa., Cor. 9th and Walnut, Camden, N. J. 14.

10,000 ROLLS
WALL PAPER
RECEIVED AT
DR. MICHENER'S.
THE LARGEST STOCK IN TOWN
All the latest patterns in English and Canadian Wall Papers.
FROM 5C. UP.
also heavy stock of
WINDOW BLINDS.
CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,
EXPRESS WAGONS,
WILLOW and PALM BASKETS.
WALKING STICKS
RUBBER BALLS, &C.
VERY CHEAP.
Large stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods, School Books and Stationery always on hand.
J. H. MICHENER, M. D.
Main Street, Listowel. 14.

PHOTOGRAPHS
in the
BEST STYLE OF THE ART.
Having refitted and re-furnished my Photograph Gallery, and having secured a
First-Class Artist,
I am prepared to execute
ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF PHOTOGRAPHS,
in a style equal to the productions of the
BEST CITY GALLERIES.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO COPYING, ENLARGING, AND FRAMING PICTURES.
—CHARGES VERY MODERATE—
Gallery in rear of Montreal Telegraph Office. Main Street, Listowel.
29. S. M. SMITH.

NEW ARRIVALS!
SPRING STOCK
—OF—
BOOTS & SHOES!
—AT—
KARGES BROS.,
Having purchased largely for this season's trade, we are now prepared to supply the citizens of Listowel and vicinity with all classes of Boots & Shoes. Excellent assortment of
Men's, Boys', Ladies', Misses and, Children's Wear
IN ORDERED WORK!
None can surpass us, as we employ only first-class workmen and use the very best material.
In SEWED WORK we defy competition. Our prices are as low as the lowest. Give us a call.
First door north of Royal hotel, Wallace St.
14 KARGES BROS.

W. E. BINNING,
BUILDER & CONTRACTOR,
LISTOWEL.
Contracts taken for all classes of buildings. Plans and specifications prepared, and estimates furnished.
SHOP—Part of Milne's Factory. 14.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Me

TO THE PUBLIC.
Having leased Mr. Jas. Green's
BLACKSMITH SHOP
for a term of years, I am prepared to do all kinds of
GENERAL BLACKSMITHING,
as well as getting up
ALL KINDS OF NEW WORK.
Satisfaction guaranteed. Particular attention paid to
HORSESHOEING.
WAGON SHOP IN CONNECTION,
managed by Simon Squires.
PETER BENDER.
Listowel, April 4, 1882. 13.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER
when well put together, by
J. P. NEWMAN.
To be convinced of that, call and see J. P Newman's
SPLENDID STOCK
—of—
BOOTS & SHOES.
Part of which has just arrived, and more coming.
LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.
He would direct special attention to his
CUSTOM WORK.
SEWED WORK A SPECIALTY.
Having just received sets of latest styles of American Lasts, he can guarantee a new Boot as easy as an old Shoe, and fit like an old stocking.
REPARING Promptly attended to. A Liberal discount for Cash.
J. P. NEWMAN.

CAMPAIGN POETRY.

How it Affects Them.

"The benefits to be derived by the whole Dominion, and by Ontario in particular, from having a Reform Government in power at Ottawa during the next five years are neither few nor small."—*Globe, May 22nd.*

Give ear, Good Canada, behold us kneeling.
Low at thy feet, with hearts clean purged from pride.
List to our prayer, our appetites revelling—
Let us inside!

Since direful '78 we've had no manna.
Fainting from hunger we have nearly died.
Too long we've played the *role* of Doctor Tanner—
Let us inside!

Too long our skies have sunless been and murkey.
In vain our empty mouths have opened wide;
O, Lord of Lorne, we're leaner than Job's turkey—
Let us inside!

What are our "principles"? O, do not ask us,
To solve that query we have vainly tried;
We're fairly famished, do not overtask us—
Let us inside!

For our dear native land—may Heaven guide her—
Reform and restoration we'd provide;
But such a job appals the mere outsider—
Let us inside!

Let Cartwright in—he loves his country madly
Cipher her," once ardently he cried;
"But she don't sigh for me," now moans he sadly—
Let him inside!

Here's Ross and Paterson and Charlton shiver ing—
With wind on stomachs too severely tried,
Here's Blake and Mills in expectation quivering—
Let them inside!

Here's Anglin anxious for a job of printing
Like that on which his prentice hand he tried;
Here's Albert Smith at a portfolio squinting—
Let them inside!

For public pap persistently we're pining.
Some decent bill of fare for us provide;
On husks—crow—wind—we're dreadful sick of dining—
Let us inside!
Let us inside!!
Inside!!!
—*Mail.*

PITCHERY-BIDGERY.
The Turning of the Long, Long Lane.
BY MONSIEUR DEMOULIN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SHADOW OF THE AFRICAN FOREST.

Let us return to the castaways.

It was morning on the coast of Africa—Africa the mysterious, the inhospitable Africa leonum arida nutrix.

There was a little harbor into which flowed a shallow, sluggish river, while on each side rose high hills. In front of the harbor was an island, which concealed and protected it.

Here the palm trees grew. The sides rose steeply, and summit was lofty, and the towering palms afforded a deep, dense shade. The grass was fine and short, and being protected from the withering heat was as fine as that of an English lawn. Up the palm trees there climbed a thousand parasitic plants, covered with blossoms—gorgeous, golden, rich beyond all description. Birds of starry plumage flitted through the air, as they leaped from tree to tree, uttering a short wild note; through the spreading branches sighed the murmuring breeze that came from off the ocean; round the shore the low tones of the gently-washing surf were borne as it came in in faint undulations from the outer sea.

Underneath the deepest shadow of the palms lay Brandon. He had lost consciousness when he fell from the boat; and now for the first time he opened his eyes and looked around upon the scene, seeing these sights and hearing the murmuring sounds.

In front of him stood Beatrice, looking with drooping eyelids at the grass, her arms half folded before her, her head uncovered, her hair bound by a sort of fillet around the crown, and then gathered in great black curling masses behind. Her face was pale as usual, and had the same marble whiteness which always marked it. That face was now pensive and sad; but there was no weakness there. Its whole expression showed manifestly the self-contained soul, the strong spirit evenly poised, willing and able to endure.

Brandon raised himself on one arm and looked wonderingly around. She started. A vivid flash of joy spread over her face in one bright smile. She hurried up and knelt down by him.

"Do not move, you are weak," she said, as tenderly as a mother to her sick child.

Brandon looked at her fixedly for a long time without speaking. She placed her cool hand on his forehead. His eyes closed as though there were a magnetic power in her touch. After a while, as she removed her hand, he opened his eyes again. He took her hand and held it fervently to his lips. "I know," said he, in a low dreary voice, "who you are, and who I am—but nothing more. I know that I have lost all memory; that there has been some past life of great sorrow; but I can not think what that sorrow is—I know that there has been some misfortune, but I can not remember what."

"Beatrice smiled sadly. "It will all come to you in time."

"At first when I waked," he murmured, "and looked around on this scene, I thought that I had at last entered the spirit world, and that you had come with me; and I felt a sweet joy that I can never express. But I see, and I know now, that I am yet on the earth. Though what shore of the earth this is, or how I got here, I know not."

"You must sleep," said she, gently.

"And you—you—you," he murmured, with indescribable intensity—"you, companion, preserver, guardian angel—I feel as though, if I were not a man, I could weep my life out at your feet."

"Do not weep," said she camly. "The time for tears may yet come; but it is not now."

He looked at her, long, earnestly and inquiringly, still holding her hand, which he had pressed to his lips. An unutterable longing to ask something was evident; but it was checked by a painful embarrassment.

"I know nothing but this," said he at last, "that I have felt as though sailing for years over infinite seas. Wave after wave has been impelling us on. A Hindu servant guided the boat. But I lay weak, with my head supported by you, and your arms around me. Yet, of all the days and all the years that ever I have known, these were supreme, for all the time was one long ecstasy. And now, if there is sorrow before me," he concluded, "I will meet it resignedly, for I have had my heaven already."

"You have sailed over seas," said she, sadly; but I was the helpless one, and you saved me from death."

"And are you—to me—what I thought?" he asked, with painful vengeance and imploring eyes.

"I am your nurse," said she, with a melancholy smile.

He sighed heavily. "Sleep now," said she, and she again placed her hand upon his forehead. Her touch soothed him. Her voice arose in a low song of surpassing sweetness. His senses yielded to the subtle incantation, and sleep came to him as he lay.

When he awaked it was almost evening. Lethargy was still over him, and Beatrice made him sleep again. He slept into the next day. On waking there was the same absence of memory. She gave him some cordial to drink, and the draught revived him. Now he was far stronger, and he sat up, leaning against a tree, while Beatrice knelt near him. He looked at her long and earnestly.

"I would wish never to leave this place, but to stay here," said he. "I know nothing of my past life. I have drunk of Lethe. Yet I cannot help struggling to regain knowledge of that past."

He put his hand in his bosom, as if feeling for some relic.

"I have something suspended about my neck," he said, "which is precious. Perhaps I shall know what it is after a time."

Then, after a pause, "Was there not a wreck?" he asked.

"Yes; and you saved my life."

"Was there not a fight with pirates?"

Yes; and you saved my life," said Beatrice again.

"I begin to remember?" said Brandon. "How long is it since the wreck took place?"

"It was January 15."

"And what is this?"

"February 6. It is about three weeks."

"How did I get away?"

"In a boat with me and the servant."

"Where is the servant?"

"Away providing for us. You had a sunstroke. He carried you up here."

"How long have I been in this place?"

"A fortnight."

Numerous questions followed. Brandon's memory began to return. Yet, in his efforts to regain knowledge of himself, Beatrice was still the most prominent object in his thoughts. His dream-life persisted in mingling itself with his real life.

"But you," he cried, earnestly—"you, how have you endured all this? You are weary; you have worn yourself out for me. What can I ever do to show my gratitude? You have watched me night and day. Will you not have more care of your own life?"

The eyes of Beatrice kindled with a soft light. "What is my life?" said she. "Do I not owe it over and over again to you? But I deny that I am worn out."

Brandon looked at her with earnest, longing eyes.

His recovery was rapid. In a few days he was able to go about. Cato procured fish from the waters and game from the woods, so as to save the provisions of the boat, and they looked forward to see the time when they might resume their journey. But to Brandon this thought was repugnant and an hourly struggle now went on within him. Why should he go to England? What could he do? Why should he ever part from her?

"Oh, to burst all links of habit, and to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day!"

In her presence he might find peace, and perpetual rapture in her smile.

In the midst of such meditations as these her voice once arose from afar. It was one of her songs, such as she could improvise. It spoke of summer isles amidst the sea; of soft winds and spicy breezes; of eternel rest beneath overshadowing palms. It was a soft, melting strain—a strain of enchantment, sung by one who felt the intoxication of the scene and whose genius imparted it to others. He was like Ulysses listening to the sirens. It seemed to him as though all nature there joined in that marvellous strain. It was to him as though the very winds were lulled into calm, and a delicious languor stole upon all his senses.

"Sweet, sweet, sweet, god Pan,
Sweet in the fields by the river,
Blinding sweet, oh great god Pan,
The sun on the hills forget to die,
And the lily revived, and the dragon-fly
Come back to dream by the river."

She had that divine voice which of itself can charm the soul; but, in addition, she had that poetic genius which of itself could give words which the music might clothe.

Now, as he saw her at a distance through the trees and marked the statuesque calm of her classic face, as she stood there, seeming in her song rather to soliloquize than to sing, breathing forth her music in profuse strains of unpremeditated art, the very beauty of the singer and the very sweetness of the song put an end to all temptation.

"This is folly," he thought. "Could one like that assent to my wild fancy? Would she with her genius, give up her life to me? No; that divine music must be heard by larger numbers. She is one who thinks she can interpret the inspiration of Mozart and Handel. And who am I?"

Then there came amidst this music a still small voice, like the voice of those helpless ones at home; and this voice seemed one of entreaty and of despair. So the temptation passed. But it passed only to be renewed again. As for Beatrice, she seemed conscious of no such effect as this. Calmly and serenely she bore herself, singing as she thought, as the birds sing, because she could not help it. Here she was like one of the classic nymphs—like the genius of the spot—like Calypso, only passionless.

Now, the more Brandon felt the power of her presence the more he took refuge within himself, avoiding all dangerous topics, speaking only of external things, calling upon her to sing of loftier themes, such as those cieli immensi of which she had sung when he first heard her. Thus he fought down the struggles of his own heart, and crushed out those rising impulses which threatened to sweep him helplessly away.

As for Beatrice herself she seemed changeless, moved by no passion and swayed by no impulse. Was she altogether passionless, or was this her matchless self control? Brandon thought that it was her nature, and that she, like her Langhetti, found in music that which satisfied all passion and all desire.

In about a fortnight after his recovery from his stupor they were ready to leave. The provisions in the boat were enough for two weeks' sail. Water was on board, and they bade adieu to the island which had sheltered them.

This time Beatrice would not let Brandon row while the sun was up. They rowed at night, and by day tried to get under the shadow of the shore. At last a wind sprang up; they now sailed along swiftly for two or three days. At the end of that time thep saw European houses, beyond which rose some roofs and spires. It was Sierra Leone. Brandon's conjectures had been right. On landing here Brandon simply said that they had been wrecked in the Falcon, and had escaped on the boat, all the rest having perished. He gave his name as Wheeler. The authorities received the unfortunate ones with great kindness, and Brandon heard that a ship would leave for England on the 6th of March.

The close connection which had existed between them for so many weeks was now severed, and Brandon thought that this might perhaps remove that extraordinary power which he felt that she exercised over him. Not so. In her absence he found himself constantly looking forward toward a meeting with her again. Whenwith herhe found the joy thatflowed from her presence to be more intense; since it was more concentrated. He began to feel alarmed at his own weakness.

The 6th of March came, and they left in the ship Juno for London.

Now their intercourse was like that of the old days on board the Falcon.

"I can neverforget all about the journey over the sea, and our stay on the island."

"I can never forget that I owe my life to you," said Brandon, vehemently.

"And I," rejoined Beatrice, with kindly eyes, which yet were softened by a certainemotionof indescribable tendness—"I—how can I forget! Twice you saved me from a fearful death, and then you toiled to save my life till your own sank under it."

"I would gladly give up a thousand lives," said Brandon, in a low voice, while his eyes were illumined with a passion which had never before been permitted to get beyond control, but now rose visibly, and irresistibly.

"If you had a life to give," said Beatrice, calmly, returning his fevered gaze with a full look of tender sympathy—"if you have a life to give let it be given to that purpose of yours to which you are devoted."

"You refuse it, then!" cried Brandon, vehemently and reproachfully.

Beatrice returned his reproachful gaze with one equally reproachful, and, raising her calm eyes to heaven, said, in a tremulous voice:

"You have no right to say so—least of all to me. I said what you feel and know; and it is this, that others require your life, in comparison with whom I am nothing. And my friend," she continued in tones of unutterable sadness," let us be friends here at least, on the sea, for when we reach England we must be separated for evermore!"

"For evermore!" cried Brandon in agony.

"For evermore!" repeated Beatrice, in equal auguish.

"Do you feel very eager to get to England?" asked Brandon, after a long silence.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I know that there is sorrow for me there."

"If our boat had been destroyed on the shore of that island," he asked in almost an imploring voice," would you have grieved?"

"No."

"The present is better than the future. Oh that my dream had continued forever, and that I had never awakened to the bitterness of life!"

"That," said Beatrice, with a mournful smile, "is a reproach to me for watching you."

"Yet that moment of awaking was sweet beyond all thought," continued Brandon, in a musing tone, "for I had lost all memory of all things except you."

They stood in silence, sometimes looking at one another, sometimes at the sea, while the dark shadows of the future swept gloomily before their eyes.

The voyage passed on till at last the English shores were seen, and they sailed up the Channel amidst the thronging ships that pass to and fro from the metropolis of the world.

"To morrow we part," said Beatrice, as she stood with Brandon on the quarter-deck.

"No," said Brandon; there will be no one to meet you here. I must take you to your home."

"To my home! You?" cried Beatrice, starting back. "You dare not."

"I dare."

"Do you know what it is?"

"I do not seek to know. I do not ask; but yet I think I know."

"And yet you offer to go?"

"I must go. I must see you to the very last."

"Be it so," said Beatrice in a solemn voice, "since it is the very last."

Suddenly she looked at him with the solemn gaze of one whose soul was filled with thoughts, that overpowered every common thought. It was a glance lofty and serene and unimpassioned, like that of some spirit which had passed beyond human cares, but sad as that of some prophet of woe.

"Louis Brandon?"

At the mention of his name a flash of unspeakable surprise passed over Brandon's face. She held out her hand. "Take my hand," said she calmly, and hold it so that I may have strength to speak."

"Louis Brandon!" said she, "there was a time on that African island when you lay under the trees and I was sure that you were dead. There was no beating to your heart, and no perceptible breath. The last test failed, the last hope left me, and I knelt by your head and took you in my arms, and wept in despair. At your feet Cato knelt and mourned in his Hindu fashion. Then mechanically and hopelessly he made a last trial to see if you were really dead, so that he might prepare your grave. He put his hand under your clothes against your heart. He held it there for a long time. Your heart gave no answer. He withdrew it, and in doing so took something away that was suspended about your neck. This was a metallic case and a package wrapped in oiled silk. He gave them to me."

Beatrice had spoken in a sad, measured tone—such a tone as one sometimes uses in prayer, a passionless monotone, without agitation and without shame.

Brandon answered not a word.

"Take my hand," she said, "for I cannot go through. This only can give me strength."

He clasped it tightly in both his own. She drew a long breath and continued:

"I thought you dead, and knew the full measure of despair. Now, when these were given me I wished to know the secret of the man who had twice rescued me from death, and finally laid down his life for my sake. I did it not through curiosity. I did it," and her voice rose slightly, wwith solemn emphasis—"I did it through a holy feeling that, since my life was due to you, therefore, as yours was gone, mine should replace it, and be devoted to the purpose which you had undertaken.

"I opened first the metallic case. It was under the dim shade of the African forest, and while holding on my knees the head of the man who had laid down his life for me. You know what I read there. I read of a father's love and agony. I read there the name of the one who had driven him to death. The shadows of the forest grew darker around me; as the full meaning of that revelation came over my soul they deepened into blackness, and I fell senseless by your side.

"Better had Cato left us both, lying there to die, and gone off in the boat himself. But he revived me. I laid you down gently, and propped up your head, but never again dared to defile you with the touch of one so infamous as I.

"There still remained the other package, which I read—how you reached that island, and how you got that MS., I neither know nor seek to discover; I only know that all my spirit awaked within me as I read those words. A strange, inexplicable feeling arose. I forgot all about you and your griefs. My whole soul was fixed on the figure of that bereaved and solitary man; who thus drifted to his fate. He seemed to speak to me. A