ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 9. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1881. NO. 21.

Job Work.

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province, and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description for first-class work. We make a speciality of fine work—either plain, or in colors and, in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues, Bill-heads, Circulars Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention.

We endeavour by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $8.00; two months, $12.00; three months, 15.00; six months, $22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

A COLUMN—First insertion, $10.00; each continuation, $3.00; one month, $14.00 two months, $20.00; three months, $28.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $80.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alertion.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.

IT is a most agreeable dressing, which is at once harmless and effectual, for preserving the hair. It restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray, light, and red hair, to a rich brown, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use thin hair is thickened, and baldness often though not always cured. It checks falling of the hair immediately, and causes a new growth in all cases where the glands are not decayed; while to brashy, weak, or otherwise diseased hair, it imparts vitality and strength, and renders it pliable.

The VIGOR cleanses the scalp, cures and prevents the formation of dandruff; and, by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing properties, it heals most if not all of the humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under which conditions diseases of the scalp and hair are impossible.

As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair

The VIGOR is incomparable. It is colorless, contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil white cambric. It imparts an agreeable and lasting perfume, and as an article for the toilet it is economical and unsurpassed in its excellence.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

HELLO!

AGENTS can make more money selling our new

TELEPHONES!

than in any other business. Send $4 for sample pair and wire to put up and exhibit. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Large profits.

Address,

U. S. TELEPHONE CO.,
123 S. Clarke St., Chicago, Ill.

Subscribe for

The Monitor

KEEP YOUR MONEY AT HOME, BY PATRONIZING A LOCAL INDUSTRY, AND STOP 'TAKING DOLLAR WEEKLIES THAT CONTAIN ONLY GENERAL MATTER, WHILE THE MONITOR LABORS FOR YOUR BENEFIT IN EVERY WAY.

ONLY $1.50 PER YEAR.

Ready - Made CLOTHING!

BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of

Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers.

All a

Splendid Assortment of

FALL SUITS

Pants and Vests. Also,

1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes.

Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very LOW FOR CASH,

BEALES & DODGE.

Middleton, Nov .. '78

MONCTON Refined Sugars.

ALL orders for the above received on or before the

LAST DAY OF MAY,

will be filled and delivered the

FIRST WEEK IN JUNE,

—BY—

W. B. TROOP.

Granville, May 23rd, 1881.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 20 King St., West Toronto, W. W. Butcher, Manager, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the insuruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,
Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

THE LOCAL MEAT MARKET.

[Limited.]

Registered Under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1879.

English, American, Canadian and Australian

MEATS

—AND—

Provision Depots.

CAPITAL - - - $100,000.

OFFICES—Central Depot and Market: 84 Upper Thames Street, E. C. (Under Cannon Street Station) London, E. C.

BONDED WAREHOUSES—Cold Storage Wharf, Cousin Lane, E. C.

BANKERS:—The London and County Bank, 21 London Street, E. C. D. TALLERMAN, Esq., Gen. Manager.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of Shippers of Cattle, Poultry, &c., to the ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND CANADIAN PROVISION DEPOTS, 84 UPPER THAMES ST., LONDON. Furnished with Refrigerating Chambers of large capacity, where Produce of all kinds can be preserved for any length of time, at any season of the year. The advantages to shippers of live cattle are evident, inasmuch as by slaughtering immediately on arrival Expenses Cease, and the most advantageous moment may be seized for the disposal of the consignment.

To parties desirous of shipping apples, &c., to London, for sales and returns, the Company can offer advantages to be found in no other quarter. By use of the refrigerators, decay or deterioration is arrested, while every facility is afforded for sorting, sampling and laying out sound fruit, as well as for repacking such as may be injured on the voyage. Shippers who may wish more speedy returns than can be forwarded by regular mail, can realize an advance which will be ordered by Telegraph immediately on receipt of consignments landed in good condition.

Information in detail can be obtained by application to the undersigned, who are authorized to make advances to Shippers, and, if desirable, to take an interest for the Company in the profit and loss of operations.

WM. HARE, Agent,
171 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

THOS. S. WHITMAN, Agent,
Annapolis, N. S. 43tf

Books, - - Stationery.

Buckley & Allen,

OFFER during the Autumn Season, at low prises a large stock of STAPLE STATIONERY, and School supplies. Fancy Stationery, and Stationers' Sundries. Novelties in Ink Stands and Paper Knives. Special inducements to purchasers of Photograph, Autograph and Scrap Albums. An immense variety of Bibles, Church Services and Prayer Books. All the Seaside, Franklin Square and Standard Libraries. Complete supply of the Poets, large assortment of Miscellaneous and Standard Books. Call and inspect for yourselves, Don't forget the address

BUCKLEY & ALLEN.
124 Granville St., Halifax.

GREAT BARGAIN!

THE Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT or private Contract,

His Beautiful Residence at LOWER MIDDLETON.

The House contains 11 rooms, all in thorough repair, Good Stabling for 3 or 4 Horses, Carriage House and Wood House. The grounds consists of 2 acres in a high state of cultivation with a very fine orchard of 100 or more superior trees, (choice varieties of fruit) nearly all which are in bearing, some trees producing yearly 3 Barrels or more. The Guarden is also well stocked with a good variety of Fruit trees. The situation is convenient to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very healthy.

ALSO, Small Farm, situate in NORTH WILLIAMSTON, about two miles from Lawrencetown Railway Station. The House contains 6 Rooms, the ground flat only being finished. Good Barn, and a number of useful and necessary outbuildings. The Farm consists of about 70 acres, 30 of which are in hay and under cultivation. A good Orchard, in bearing, producing yearly 25 to 30 barrels, and with care will soon increase to 100 or more barrals. Cuts about 14 tons Hay yearly, with a superior chance to increase largely at a very small outlay. Location public, healthy, convenient and desirable particularly to a person with moderate means. Possession at once if desired.

Terms for both places easy.

EDWARD H. PHINNEY.

Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

BRIDGETOWN Drug Store!

THE subscriber has removed the Bridgetown DRUG STORE to

QUEEN STREET,

where you may find Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Fancy and Toilet articles, Sponges, Brushes, and perfumery. Stationery, &c., Choice Tobacco, Cigars and Confectionery.

Physician's Prescriptions carefully compounded, and orders answered with care and dispatch. Terms Cash.

J. DENNISON.

n8 3m

Rubber Bucket

PUMPS

THE subscribers wish to announce to the public that they have ordered a large stock, and are prepared to fill orders with promptness.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Parties can be supplied with pumps complete, or in parts to suit by addressing

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO.

LAWRENCETOWN, A. C,

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK.

Steamer "EMPRESS."

Between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting at Digby with the Western Counties Railway for and from WEYMOUTH, YARMOUTH, &c., and at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, for and from KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX, and intermediate stations; also, with the Stage for Liverpool. And at St. John with the International Steamship Co., and the Provincial and New England All Rail Line for Portland, Boston, and other points in the United States and Upper Canada.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, June 6th and until further notice, the splendid, fast, and staunch sea-going Steamer EMPRESS, will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, St. John on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at EIGHT O'CLOCK. Returning will leave Annapolis for Digby and St. John, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY afternoons after arrival of Express Train from Halifax.

Fare—Annapolis to Digby.....75c.
" St. John.....$2.00
Fare Digby to St. John.....$1.50

The splendid Steamer of the Intercolonial Steamship Co. leave St. John on Monday Wednesday and Friday Mornings, at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston, thus forming connection with "Empress" each way every trip.

Express Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John at 8.15 a. m. and 9 p. m. every day, excepting Saturday night and Sunday morning.

Through Tickets from Annapolis, Digby and all Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis and Western Counties Railways, to Boston and Portland, issued at special reduced rates.

Baggage Checked Through. Low Rates Freight.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents of that Company; also from S. BRIGNELL, Esq., General Superintendant, and the several Station Agents of the Western Counties Railway, and of

R. B. HUMPHREY, GENERAL AGENT.
45 Dock St., St. John.

E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

☞ By request Return Tickets, at One Fare, will be issued from Annapolis and Digby, respectively, to St. John, on Saturdays, good to return on Monday following. These tickets to be confined exclusively to these days, and not to be transferable.

St. John, N. B., June 1st, 1881.

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.

Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Materials for Thinking.

"IF WE WOULD HAVE POWERFUL MINDS WE MUST THINK."

Frankness is the sign of a noble mind.

Never triumph over any man's imperfections.

A little method is worth a great deal of memory.

Let him that knows little, keep to that he knows best.

Be slow in choosing a friend, and slower to change him.

The motive to do good and be truthful should rule us in our lives.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consists in promoting the pleasures of others.

However ill the world may have gone, the roses still blow and the thrushes still sing in it.

The universe would not be rich enough to buy the vote of an honest man.

Use what talent you possess. The woods would be very silent if no birds sang there but those which sing best.

Scandal is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally utters it.

In order to be happy, one must be on good terms with his pillow, for the nightly reproaches it can make must be heard.

If you let trouble sit upon your soul like a hen upon her nest, you may expect the hatching of a large brood.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

A smile costs the giver nothing; yet it is beyond price to the erring and repenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns enmity to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight.

The world produces for every pint of honey, a gallon of gall; for every dram of pleasure, a pound of pain; for every inch of mirth, an ell of moan; and as the ivy twines around the oak, so does misery and misfortune encompass the happiness of man.—*Burton.*

Poetry.

—The following piece of poetry was handed to us for publication, as being somewhat of a curiosity. The original is printed on a sheet of paper, and was found in a very old book, brought out from England some 60 or 70 years ago by the grandfather of Mr. Albert Walker, Granville. The lines are probably 100 years old at least:

The Country Church-Yard.

AN OBSERVATION BY A FRIEND TO THE ESTABLISHMENT, ON THE IMPROPRIETY OF WORLDLY CONVERSATION ON THE CONSECRATED GROUND.

(For our conversation is in Heaven, from whence we look for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ. *Philippians*, iii., 20.)

Lo! Sunday comes, a day of rest
To lab'ring man and toiling beast,—
A day appointed by the Lord,
To read and hear his sacred word:
The Churchman rises from his bed,
And after having breakfasted,
Shav'd, wash'd, and clean'd his shoes,
Put on his shirt and Sunday clothes,
Then straight towards the Church he walks,
To join the Church-yard common talks;
And then from every lane and street,
As custom is, the neighbours meet,
To hear and tell of what has past
And turned up since Sunday last;
Whether wheat is on the rise or fall,
Is talk'd of round the Church-yard wall.
How barley went last market-day,
The price of beans, peas, oats, and hay;
How things went on at such a fair,
You'll hear and learn too who was there;
How cattle sold, whether cheap or dear,
What landlord draws the best strong-beer;
When *Roger Dobins* bought his pig,
Its kind, its price, and near how big;
And what is said respecting news,
Of French, Dutch, Spaniards, and the Jews;
What's going on in Parliament,
How many Troops abroad are sent.
What Expeditions there's in view
You'll hear, and their Commanders too:
What taxes new are coming out,
And what our Ministry's about;
What battles has been fought at sea,
And who has gain'd the victory:
What ships are took or cast away,
And when to *Dipford* or to *Dover*,
Bonaparte is coming over:—
And when he comes how we shall fare?
To Church-yard go and there you'll hear,
And what old mare doth prophecy
About the weather, wet or dry,
And when the moon's at full or change,
Predictions wonderful and strange;
How women rangled and made strife,
When *Snarl* got drunk and beat his wife;
Of hedging, ditching, plowing, sowing,
Thrashing, winnowing, reaping, mowing,
And what the neigbours all are doing;
And aged folks, with locks of hoar,
Talks much about the times of Yore;
With great delight they let you know
How things went fifty years ago,—
When poor men as you hear them tell,
Could keep both bacon and good ale:
Ah, happy times! say they, but we
Such times again shall never see;
With much more of the like import
I talk'd of when they here resort,
But scarce one word of Christ or grace
Is talk'd in all this holy place;
But lo! here comes the Parish Priest,
In his canonic vestments drest:
Now into Church each flies in haste,
Bows low his head, then soon he's plac'd;
Out comes the book, confessions made,
'We all like sheep have err'd and stray'd,'
And some you'll hear in whispers low
Will read the absolution too;
And if the Priest goes nimbly on,
His people all in time have done.
For all knows when to turn and read
Psalms, Paternoster, or the Creed,—
And have it ready and at hand
Both when to kneel, to sit or stand;
And to each Churchman well is known
The long, the loud, and formal tone,
And happy he above the rest,
That plays his holy fairs the best
Then next in comes a sermon read,
To which is given little heed,
For many there can scarcely keep
Themselves from falling fast asleep.
So now the Parson having done,
The Clerk again strikes up his tone,
Who warning gives, and tells the day
You must your rates and taxes pay.
The tedious service now is o'er,
Down caps and hats, and out of door;
And as from Church they homeward walk,
Each tongue renews its former talk,
Till every head with news is stor'd
For all the week, a preacher's hoard;
Perhaps thereon 'bout five or six
Ca nmake a shift to mind the text;
Another too of memory strong,
Can make it out what Psalms was sung;
A third for ought I know may say
We've had a good discourse to-day:
Thus they go home, good meaning men,
Plead'd with the Parson, and their sin;
They've been to Church, and easy feel,
Their duty's done, and all is well!

Our females too we'll not pass by,
That they have tongues, none will deny;
And few will venture a dispute,
To prove that they are always mute.
What christ'nings there have been they know,
And who have been their Sponsors too;
Poor erring girls they're sure to hit,
And marriage-bonds the ne'er forget.
They know, and nicely can express,
Each fashion new, and fancy dress;
Yea, well can they describe to you,
All gowns, shawls, hats and bonnets new;
No hem has pass'd unnoticed by,
Or 'scap'd the quick discerning eye;
Thus homeward parting all the way
Of observations new to-day,
Till forced to cut the story short,
Each to their different dwellings part;
Good by, good by, they give and take,
And afternoon appointments make.

Select Literature.

"To Let—Kipple Grange."

Mr. Pixley was a real-estate agent. Mr. Pixley had had a goodly number of houses on his list in his time, but never one so persistently, unalterably, perseveringly on his list as Kipple Grange. Year after year it had figured on his books as a 'Desirable Country Residence, to be had on Reasonable Terms, year after year it still hangs hopelessly on his hands.

Nor was Mr. Pixley the only real estate agent who had wrestled, so to speak, with Kipple Grange. Other land brokers and rent collectors had had their 'try' at it, with equally unsatisfactory results. It had been advertised in newspapers, and pasted up on bulletin boards, and still it remained 'Kipple Grange—To Let.'

'Hang the old place!' said Mr. Pixley, vehemently scratching his bald head. 'I wish it would burn down, or blow away, or something! It's a disgrace to a business man to keep such an eyesore on his list. I've a great mind to put old Miss Briggs into it, to keep it in order until I can get a better tenant. She wants a cheap place. I'll let her have Kipple Grange for nothing.'

So when Miss Briggs came tiptoeing into the real estate office—a faded, melancholy little old maid, leading her terrier dog by its string, and wearing a green veil to neutralize the spring winds—Mr. Pixley told her that Kipple Grange should be hers, for the present at least.

'You'll probably find it lonely,' said he.

'I dote on the country,' said Miss Briggs.

'And very much out of repair,' he added.

'I don't doubt that it will do for me,' said the old spinster, her faded eyes brightning.

'Probably, also, there's a ghost about the premises, jocosely uttered the agent.'

Miss Briggs shook her head with a sad smile. 'It's live people I am afraid of,' said she, 'not dead ones.'

'Well,' said Mr. Pixley, 'Kipple Grange shall be yours this quarter, if you'll fix up the garden a little, and give the place a lived in sort of a look. Of course it will be for sale, and I shall expect you to do your best for our interests.'

And Miss Briggs courtesied, and said, 'Yes, she would,' and withdrew, greatly elated in spirit.

Upon the same day, the 25th of April Mr. Beggarail, the real estate agent of Dorchester, let Kipple Grange to old Mr. Hyde, who was a naturalist and a botanist and an etomologist, to say nothing of half a dozen other *ists*, and who wanted a quiet country home, with woods and meadows in its vicinity, wherein to prosecute his beloved sciences. And MacPherson & Co., of Long Island, made a bargain with the Reverend Mr. Betlairs, an invalid clergyman, who was in search of country air and complete repose. Mrs. Bellairs was a pattern housekeeper, and gloried in the prospect of grass bleaching, new laid eggs, wild raspberries, and plenty of plums and apricots for preserving purposes.

And, strangely enough, it occurred to none of the three real estate agents to let the other two know of his action.

'There is never any demand for Kipple Grange,' said Macpherson & Co., indifferently.

'I'll write to Pixley and old Mac when I get time,' said Beggarall.

'There's no hurry about Kipple Grange,' thought Pixley. 'If Miss Briggs keeps it from tumbling to pieces she will do very well.'

Meanwhile Mrs. Kipple herself, the plump widow whose grandfather on the husband's side had bequeathed her this impracticable piece of property, began to think of running down to look at it herself. 'They tell me there's no such thing as letting it,' said she. 'I've a mind to go down and see for myself. One really pines for the country, now that they are selling lilac blossoms and pansies in the streets; and I am quite sure that a change of air would do me good. I'll take Dorcas, my maid, and a few cans of peaches and sardines, and we'll picnic at Kipple Grange, just for the fun of the thing.'

'It never rains but it pours,' saith the ancient proverb; so upon this windy, blooming April day, when the sunny meadow slopes were purpled all over with wild violets, and the yellow narcissus was shaking its golden tassels over the neglected borders of Kipple Grange, the old brick house, which had stood empty for six good years at least, became all of a sudden alive.

It was an ancient mildewed structure, on the edge of a wood, an old red house whose front garden, tangled over with rose-briars, and grown with the fantastic trunks of mossy pear-trees, and apples that leaned almost to the ground, sloped down to the bank of a merry little rivulet. Here the tiger-lilies lifted their scarlet turbans in the July sunshine, and the clumps of velvety sweet-williams blossomed first and sweetest. Great cream-heart roses swung against the tumble down stone wall, and love-in-a-mist, Londonpride, and all those rare old fashioned flowers of our ancestors ran riot, sprawling across the grass-grown paths, and packing themselves into the angles of the fence, where the honey-suckles trailed, and the scarlet poppies looked like drops of blood. The old garden of Kipple Grange was like a horticultural show gone mad at mid-summer And even now it was sweet with tufts of crocus, blue velvet iris, and daffodils, while at the rear rose up the silent hemlock wood, still and scented and emerald green, in the twilight.

Miss Briggs, with her terrier dog, her handboxes and her poor little hair trunks studded with brass nails, had got there early. She had opened the windows to let in the yellow glow of the April sunset, kindled a fire with straight sticks on the deep tiled hearth, and was sitting on a starch-box turned upside down, drinking cold tea, and feeding her dog with occasional cold scraps of canned beef and baker's bread.

'It seems rather lonely here,' said the little old spinster to herself, 'and the rooms are very large and dreary-looking; but I dare say I can hire a little furniture in the village, and the garden is really superb. I never saw such tulip roots in my life. And the little brook twinkling at the foot of the wall is an idyl in itself.'

Miss Briggs, who had a great deal of poetry in her starved soul, set down the can and reached over to look out of the window at the golden western sky.

'So quiet, too!' said she; so secluded!'

But, to her amazement, even as she looked, she perceived the figure of a stout old gentleman, pale and spectacled and carrying an immense flat travelling case under his arm, who was picking his way among the rose-briers that lay prone across the path, stopping here and there to examine the growth of silver green houseleeks on the garden wall.

Miss Briggs, who was somewhat near sighted, jumped at once to the conclusion that this interloper was a tramp. She hurled the tin can recklessly down into the budding currant bushes.

'Go away! she cried.

Mr. Hyde peered upward, with one hand back of his ear. 'Eh?' said he.

'Or I'll set the dog on you,' squeaked Miss Briggs encouraged by the shrill bark of the terrier.

'Woman,' said the scientist, who are you?'

'I'll let you know,' said Miss Briggs waxing more and more excited in her indignation. 'How dare you trespass on my premises?'

'How dare you trespass on mine?' retorted the old gentleman, curtly.

'He's a madman,' thought Miss Briggs; and she remembered, with a thrill of terror, that there was no key to the big front door, and the bolt was rusted into two pieces.

At the same moment the sound of whooping voices was heard through the wide echoing halls, and three chubby lads rushed hilariously in, tumbling over one another as they came.

'Hurrah!' they shouted, 'hurrah! Ain't this a jolly old cavern of a house! My! here's a fire! and here's an old woman!'

Miss Briggs, who had drawn her head in from the window, stared at the three cherry-cheeked invaders, who had returned her gaze with interest.

'Boys,' said she severely, 'what are you doing here?'

'Why,' said Master Bruce Bellairs, *setat*, it's our house. And pa and ma are helping unpack the cart at the south door. And I've got a redbird, and Johnny's got a brood of Brahma chickens in a basket, and Pierre has a monkey.'

'But, boys,' said Miss Briggs, with a little hysterical gasp, this is my house'

'No, it ain't,' said the three Masters Bellairs in chorus; 'it's ours. We've rented it for a year, and pa and ma are unpacking down stairs.'

'Is that your pa?' said Miss Briggs, with a sudden inspiration, as she pointed to the old gentleman in the garden, who stood stock-still, like the Egyptian obelisk.

'No, indeed,' said Pierre, contemptuously.

'Nothing of that sort,' said Johnny.

'Our pa ain't such a guy at that,' chuckled Bruce.

'I think I must be asleep and dreaming,' said Miss Briggs, as the door opened, and a stout, blooming matron entered upon the scene, with a kerosene lamp in one hand and a basket of carefully packed china in the other, while from her finger depended a bird-cage.

'My good woman,' said the Reverend Mrs. Bellairs, 'I suppose you have come here to see about a situation. If you can bring good references as to character—'

'You are entirely mistaken, madam,' said Miss Briggs, with energy. 'I am here because—'

At this moment Mrs. Kipple herself, with Dorcas her maid, entered the room. She was a tall, handsome woman, dressed in elegant mourning, and she used an eye-glass as she talked, and somehow she seemed to take up a good deal more room than anybody else. Mrs. Bellairs set down the kerosene lamp and the bird-cage, Miss Brigg's terrier stopped barking, and the three boys instinctively retired behind the starch-box.

'Who are you all?' said Mrs. Kipple, surveying the scene through her eyeglass. And how came you to be here?'

'I have taken this house,' said Miss Briggs, with dignity.

'So have we,' said Mrs. Bellairs.

'So have I,' declared the bald-headed old gentleman, who had by this time made his way up into the ruby light of Miss Briggs' fire, and stood there, closely hugging his flat travelling case.

'Dear me!' said Mrs. Kipple; this is very singular. And I have come here because the house wasn't rented at all.'

And then ensued a general chorus of explanation, laughter, and deprecation, whose general effect was heightened by a single combat between Master Pierre Bellair's monkey and Miss Brigg's terrier.

'What are we to do?' said Miss Briggs, plaintively, looking at the hair trunks studded with brass nails.

'Do?' said Mrs. Kipple, briskly—'why, there is but one thing to do that I see; the house is big enough for us, and half a dozen families to boot. Let us all live here together.'

'I am sure I have no objection at all, said Mrs. Bellairs.

'Neither have I, said the old gentleman, setting down his flat travelling case with a sigh of relief.

''Birds in their little nests agree,' quoted the Reverend Mr. Bellairs, who had by this time entered upon the scene, with one joint of a bedstead balanced across his shoulder. 'And it really seems to me as if we might do the same thing.'

So Kipple Grange was let, and good, earnest Mrs. Kipple and Dorcas established themselves in two sunny rooms opening to the south, where the apple boughs brushed against the lozenge-shaped panes of the casement. The Bellairs family settled down all over the rest of the first floor, in a miscellaneous, cosmopolitan, sort of way, mixing up birds, old china, sermon-paper, patch-work and theology in a manner which amazed the precise soul of gentle Miss Briggs. The scientific man perched himself on the top floor, where he could have a good outlook with his telescope, and set up his case of specimens without let or hindrance. And Miss Briggs herself made a home-like little home on the second story, and devoted her whole energy—and not without some degree of success—to keeping the peace between Chico, the monkey, and Nip, the terrier.

Mrs. Kipple, however, got tired of rural felicity, and returned to the city in the autumn.

Mr. Bellairs received a call to a Delaware parish, where peaches were thicker than blackberries, and the climate was soft as that of Italy, and he accepted it promptly.

'What shall we do now?' said Miss Briggs, who was disposed to take a timorous view of things.

Mr. Hyde pushed his spectacles on to the top of his head. 'Don't you like the house?' said he.

'Yes,' Miss Briggs admitted, 'I like the house.'

'And don't you consider the situation salubrious?'

'Certainly,' said Miss Briggs.

'Then,' said Mr. Hyde, looking at the edge of his geological hammer, 'why don't you stay here?'

'What, all alone by myself?' said Miss Briggs.

'No,' said the scientific gentleman; 'with me?'

'Good gracious!' cried Miss Briggs.

'We both like the place,' said Mr. Hyde, 'we like the situation, and we like each other. Why shouldn't we settle down here for life?'

'But I never have thought of such a thing,' said Miss Briggs in trepidation,

'Think of it now,' said Mr. Hyde, in accents of scientific persuasion, as he laid down his hammer and took her black-mittened hand tenderly in his.

And Mr. Bellairs married them before he went away, and Kipple Grange has never been to let since.

Victoria's Peril.

THE ATTEMPTS ON THE QUEEN'S LIFE IN THE EARLY YEARS OF HER REIGN—A CRAZY YOUNG ASSASSIN—CIRCUMSTANCES NOTABLY RESEMBLING THE ATTACK ON PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The attempt upon the life of the President recalls the series of like attempts to shoot Queen Victoria in the early years of her reign. Three times in two years after the marriage, says Mrs. Oliphant in a pleasant little biography, entitled 'The Queen,' this young, innocent and virtuous woman, so attractive to all who surrounded her, so free of all personal errors or disadvantages, so popular and beloved as she was, was shot at in the peaceful streets of her own cheerful and unseditious London. That the offenders were contemptible in the highest degree did not make the danger or the outrage less, for a bullet from the hand of a fool may do damage which all the wisdom of the wise could not undo, and the shock not only of alarm but of discouragement likely to be produced upon a sensitive young mind by such incidents was naturally very great. The first of these attempts took place in June 1840, only a few months after the Queen's marriage, when a man named Edward Oxford fired at the Queen when she was driving down Constitution Hill for her daily airing. The royal couple were in a small phaeton going to pay their dutiful visit to the Duchess of Kent in all the simplicity and confidence of nature, Prince Albert driving his wife through the peacefulness of the Summer evening. 'We had hardly proceeded one hundred yards from the palace when I noticed,' Prince Albert writes, 'on the foot-path on my side, a little, mean-looking man, holding something towards us, and before I could distinguish what it was, a shot was fired which almost stunned us both, it was so loud and fired barely six paces from us. Victoria had just turned to the left to look at a horse, and could not understand why her ears were ringing, as, from its being so very near, she could hardly distinguish that it proceeded from a shot having been fired. The horses started and the carriage stopped. I seized Victoria's hands and asked if the fright had not shaken her, but she laughed at the thing. I then looked again at the man, who was still standing in the same place, his arms crossed and a pistol in each hand. His attitude was so theatrical and affected it quite amused me. Suddenly he again pointed his pistol and fired a second time. This time Victoria also saw the shot and stooped quickly, drawn down by me. The ball must have passed just above her head.'

This was not a pleasant feature in an afternoon drive. The Queen, however, continued her course undaunted, with the cheerful and simple courage natural to her, and went on to her mother, to carry the first news of the outrage, and set all anxiety to rest upon its effect. Afterward 'we took a short drive through the Park, partly to give Victoria a little air; partly, also, to show the public we had not lost confidence in them.' The Queen at the time was in a state of health such as is often affected seriously by a very much smaller matter, but her sound nerves and high spirits defended her better than armor or mail. The wretched culprit was a dissipated lad of seventeen, apparently moved by nothing more serious than depraved vanity and a desire to be notorious. It is not certain whether there was a bullet in the pistol he fired, and the convenient plea of insanity was brought in to save England the bother of executing such a being for high treason. Only the other day, during the sitting of the Commission on Lunatic Asylums, it was mentioned that this pitiful criminal was still vegetating among the madmen—more respectable in their real misery than he—but not insane; 'as sane as any of us,' the doctor said who spoke of him. Thirty-seven years of imprisonment are perhaps, on the whole, even to the meanest spirit, as hard a punishment as one swift hanging once for all.

THE SECOND ATTEMPT.

Two years later, at very nearly the same place, and the same time of the year, a still more exciting incident of the same kind occurred. Prince Albert saw, in the middle of the day on Sunday, on the return from church, 'a man step out from the crowd and present a pistol full. He was some two paces from us. I heard the trigger snap, but it must have missed fire. I turned to Victoria, who was seated on my right, and asked: 'Did you hear that?' She had been bowing to the people on her right, and had heard nothing. I said: 'I may be mistaken, but I am sure I saw some one take aim at us.' Nothing was said publicly, however, on the subject. No one among the Queen's immediate attendants had observed it; and the Prince, though he informed the police and the Minister, was half disposed to believe that he himself was deceived. However, during the Sunday afternoon, several corroborations turned up. A boy who was among the crowd had seen the incident, and had seen and spoken to a third spectator, who also perceived it. This was enough to set the police and authorities in activity, and the vague danger thus known to exist conveyed a certain excitement into the palace. 'We were naturally much agitated, Victoria very nervous and unwell,' says Prince Albert. Notwithstanding, the Queen went out for her daily drive as usual, though such precautions as could be taken were adopted. 'You may imagine continues the narrative, 'that our minds were not very easy. We looked behind every tree and I cast my eyes around in search of the rascal's face. * * * * * * On our way home, as we were approaching the Palace, between the Green Park and the garden wall, a shot was fired at us about five paces off. It was the fellow with the same pistol—a little swarthy, ill-looking rascal. We felt as if a load had been taken off our hearts, and we thanked the Almighty for having preserved us for a second time from so great a danger.' 'Her Majesty told me she had expected it, and it was a relief to have it over,' says another witness. 'She said she could never have existed under the uncertainty of a concealed attack. She would much rather run the risk at once than have the presentment of danger constantly hovering over her.'

OXFORD'S IMITATORS.

The assailant on this occasion was another wretched creature called Francis, equally without any motive of incentiment which could account for such a piece of cruel and cowardly folly. A still more remarkable thing, however, remains to be told. A month afterward, just after the trial of Francis, a third incident of the same kind occurred, an ugly deformed man called Bean being the culprit. The culmination in itself must have had a very painful effect on the Queen's mind, since nothing worse could have occurred to the most hated despot than these repeated shootings, which threatened the most popular and beloved of Queens. The first of the three naively gave his interpretation of it afterward: 'If I had been hanged,' said Oxford, 'there would have been no more shooting at the Queen. The original criminal despised his imitators. 'I was not at all frightened,' the Queen wrote to her uncle, 'and feel very proud at dear Uncle Mensdorff calling me *sebrumuthig* (very courageous), which I shall ever remember with peculiar pride, coming from so great an officer as he is.' Thus the Queen gave proof of her valor under fire—not less an ordeal that her enemies were so contemptible and all the greater as without excitement or encouragement—a danger encountered not in passion but in cold blood. The young lady's royal calm is charmingly contrasted with the emotion of her Minister, Sir Robert Peel, not generally a