DRY GOODS, MILLINERY Ready Made Clothing, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

Crockery HARDWARE. Best Groceries. TIN WARE, ETC. EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT ON ALI

Eggs for Goods or Cash.

The whole Stock of W. W. SAUNDERS

will be sold at a Great Reduction dur-ing the Xmas Holidays, embrac-ing the following well-

DRY GOODS HOSIERY, a Specialty, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES AND AISO, CUIDING, POSTS, Steps, SLIPPERS, OVERBOOTS, RUBBERS AND LARIGANS, GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONERY,

CANNED GOODS, ES-SENCES, EX-AND PATENT MEDICINES, large stock of LAMPS, GLASS, EARTHEN STONE T WARE, HARDWARE, CUTLERY, AND A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF XMAS NOVELTIES William Hart,

DR. FOWLERS EXT: OF . ·WILD. **RAWBERRY** CURES HOLERA olera Morbus OLIC-and-

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

W. D. SHEEHAN, The American Tailor.

Some of the reasons why my coats are the BEST and MOST STYLISH CUT: 1. They always fit close to the neck, and never drop down or rise up.

2. They always fit into the waist with

graceful curve. The shoulders never wrinkle, and always improve on your actual build. 4. Every garment is made on the premises under my own supervision, by first-

GENTLEMEN who have found difficulty in

being properly fitted by their tailors, will do well to call on me and I will guarantee

FOR SALE at the DRUG STORE. CASTORIA, best Spirits Nitre, Sulphuric Acid, Enos Fruit Salt, Plasters, Teaberry, Tooth Powder, Pierce's Medicines, full line,

Vasileres, full lines, Paine's Celery Compound, Riege's Food for infants, Lactated Food, Chloride Lime, Diamond and Electric Dyes, Insect Powders, Washing and Baking Soda, Copperas, Senna, Alam, Indigo, Nutmegs, Aniline Dyes, Puffs, Toilet Powder, Soap, Perfumeries, Lime Juice, Mack's Magnetic Medicines, Kendall's Spavin Cure, Bur Blank Music Paper and Books.
L. R. MORSE, M. D.
Setember, 1889.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE,
the great medical work
of the age on Manhood,
Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline,
Errors of Youth, and the
untold miseries accessorer untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only \$1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, grad uate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted con-

At Private Sale!

Valuable Property on Granville St. THAT very superior and substantially

Duilt Two Story Dwelling, with Garden, containing acre of land, well stocked with Apple, Pear and Plum Trees; also Stable, Carriage and Wood House in good repair. Immediate possession. Apply to the subscriber,

Lewis A. Dickie.

Bridgetown, Jan. 30th, 1889. BANKS,

PRODUCE COMMISSION AGENT, Parker Market Building.

Halifax, N. S. ALL KINDS OF-

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL Farm Produce Sold on Commissi HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

VOL. 17.

CHEAP

OATMEAL,

FEEDING FLOUR. CORMEAL, GROCERIES.

HORSE CLOTHING.

STOVES, PLOWS



POPULI SUPREMA

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1889.

AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

NO NAUSEA

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

of COD LIVER OIL with Hypophosphites

physicians for

ing and Lung Diseases.

Brown Bros. & Co.,

Yarmouth and Boston. THE FAST STEEL STEAMER "YARMOUTH,"

IN BRONZE

EACH PLUCand PACKAGE

of 1889 between

Also, Agent for The London Guarantee and Accident Company, of London, England.

Executor's Notice.

A LL persons having any legal demand

within six months from the date hereof; and

all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to CHARLES M. DANIELS,

Bridgetown, June 4th, 1889.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. vertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be vide for '\$ IN NEW YORK.

EPHRAIM BOCKMAN,

late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annalis, Esquire, are requested to render same duly attested to with the undersig

CHEMISTS,

Harnesses made to REPAIRING ATTENDED PROMPTLY. N. H. Nov. 19th, 1888

## INSPECTION

Butter and all Other Produce in Exchange is Invited of our Terms and Prices for all Description of Work in

HEADSTONES, Etc.

Drysdale & Hoyt Bros.,





LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY (ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager. THE CELEBRATED

FORCE PUMP with Hose attached if required. We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for un-derdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Rail-way. Send for Price List.



FOR

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FROM SMOKING TOBACCO Annapolis FINER THAN EVER.

Summer Arrangement.

netic Medicines, Kendall's Spavin Cure, Bur dock Blood Bitters, Standard Piano and Organ Instruction Books, Sheet Music and Tuesday and Friday p. in., directly after the arrival of the Halifax express, for Boston FARE FROM ALL W. & A. R. STATIONS

ONE DOLLAR LESS than by any other route.

ST. JOHN LINE. The Palace Steamer "CUMBERLAND" or "STATE OF MAINE" will leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 7.25 Eastern Standard time. Tickets can be obtained from all agents on the W. & A. R.

W. H. KILBY, Agent, FRED. CROSSKILL. Agent. R. A. CARDER, Agent, BRIDGETOWN

MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS,

and manufacturer of Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.

Also Monuments in Red Granite
Gray Granite, and Freestone.

THE subscriber offers for sale that very nicely situated property in MIDDLE-TON, County of Annapolis, and Province of Nova Scotia, on the Post Road in the

SCHOONER Capt. Longmire.

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

Farm for Sale

Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

Nova Scotia, on the Post Road and in the immediate neighborhood of Railway Station, Telegraph Office, Post Office and Churches, consisting of about forty-five acres superior soil, a thriving young orchard of about one hundred and fifty Apple Trees of choice anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice.

T. D.

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

T. D.

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

JONATHAN WOODBURY.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

SHIRLEY CARSTONE, By ELIZA ARCHARD.

> ould he do nothing to make amends? Noth-ig. He might live to be a hundred years old, and make every hour a period of expiration, but he could never be the same in his own

He mendened it to her.
"You want to get rid of me, now that yo

"God knows I do not, Myra," he said. "If there was anything that would make things right God knows I would do it." "There is nothing that will make things right. I hate you! Look what you have ought me to. And you would marry me. What do you bring all those children in here for? You do it to yex me. You know I hate children. There, I am going off again. Give me my drops and go away."

He looked at her. Was she losing her mind? She caught the thought in his brain, and Pancreatine is largely prescribed by with a mental keenness she had never shown Nervous Prostration, Wast-

"Yes, I'm going crazy, and you have made walked the floor. He sent for the physician, and asked him anxious qu PUTTNER'S EMULSION The family physician answered shortly:
"Your wife is an opium eater."

has especially proved efficacious in cases weak and delicate children, and those who are growing fast, for WOMEN who are debilitated, caused by nursing, family cares, over work, or troubles peculiar to their sex. For invalids recovering from sickness it is of What a life was in store for these two! Philip had had his lesson. He was never the same again, from the night he had struck his wife. He became the gentlest, most patient of men. His boys were growing to be bright, intelligent little creatures. He devoted him-Puttner's Emulsion is sold everywhere for life he found with them.

By degrees his wife quite lost her mine He would not put the insane woman away in ashes of human remains. At the same time the advantage an asylum. He accepted the care of her as they deem it necessary to state that a similar handkerchief. part of his punishment. He tended her crazed creature. She retained still gleams of recollection. The most vivid was her hatred of Philip. She never forgot that in her most cd moments. She knew him and her boys. For the children in her sane days she her Philip loved them. Therefore she hated exami

Will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday Evenings, after arrival of the train of the Western Western He will not hold his glass back to give one hour more of hold his glass back to g inties Railway. Returning, will leave youth to a Cleopatra. He will not hasten it ewis's Wharf, Boston, at 10 a. m., every to shorten by so much as one second the tor-

Lewis's Wharf, Boston, at 10 a. m., every Tuesday and Friday, connecting at Yarmouth with train for Halifax and Intermediate Stations.

The YARMOUTH carries a regular mail to and from Boston, and is the fastest Steamer plying between Neva Scotia and the United States. Fitted with Triple Expansion Engines, Electric Lights, Bilge Keels, etc.

The Steamer "City of St. John" leaves Pickford & Black's wharf every Monday, at 10 p. m., for Yarmouth and intermedate ports; returning leaves Yarmouth every Thursday, at 8 a. m.

For all other information apply to F. CROSSKILL, Station Agent, Bridgetown, or to "God bless them!" mumured Philip.

The Steamer "City of St. John shows and the tone ment of a martyr in flames.

The Steamer "City of St. John" leaves Pickford & Black's wharf every Monday, at 8 a. m.

For all other information apply to F. CROSSKILL, Station Agent, Bridgetown, or to "God bless them!" mumured Philip.

The Steamer "City of St. John shows was sent to the house of Mrs. Daily News was sent to the house of Mrs. Dumoray's mother to trace the origin of the ugly suspicion, if possible. Mrs. Bliss is a lady noted for her charitable deeds and moves in the highest social circles.

"Our reporter was admitted to an interwice, and the trained to be and from Boston, and is the fastest Steamer plying between Neva Scotia and the United Stations. The size of his powerful nature beat by Mrs. Dumoray's mother, with his insane wife should perish within. Thus skillfully had malice wrought its work.

He had now to earn his bread. He looked for work. Who would give employment to one suspected of so foul a crime! No ment of the twin boys and the ment of a martyr in flames.

Philip Dumoray's boys were 4 years old. All the tendernees of his powerful nature by monther, within the hung of the number of the twin boys and the ment of a martyr in flames.

Philip Dumoray's boys were 4 years old. All the tendernees of his powerful nature by monther, within the hung of the remetide to be shared by Mrs. Dumoray's mother, within the numbe forts; returning leaves Yarmouth
fhursday, at 8 a. m.
For all other information apply to F.
CROSSKILL, Station Agent, Bridgetown, or to
W. A. CHASE,
Sect. and Treas.
Manager.

for years, he recalled afterwards.

How long he had been asleep he did not know. He was suddenly awakened with an awful horror at his throat. He only knew something was strangling him, something was strangling him, something was being pressed steadily down upon his mouth and nose. He threw his arms convulsively upward. His hands caught a human form, which glided from his grasp. With a last effort he threw the thing, whatever it was, from his face. It was a pillow. He tried to spring to his feet but fell back, weak and helpless. He saw his wife gliding like a spirit out of the low window that opened on the veranda. How could be see her in the door from the hallway. The flame licked the ceiling and lapped the door. The smoke spread through the room. He was suffocating again.

The that your son-in-law set fire to his own house.

Affliction such as hers should, perhaps, be sacred from the public eye. But the public eye. But the public is interested in unveiling the mystery, perhaps the crime, that lies back of the fire on Linden the crime, that lies back of the fire on Linden the crime, that lies back of the fire on Linden the crime, that lies back of the fire on Linden the crime, that lies back of the fire on Linden the story began. It was two years later than when the story began. It was the day after Shir-weight the story began. It was the day after Shir-weight the story began. It was two years later than when the story began. It was the day after Shir-weight the solution and be story began. It was the day after Shir-weight the story began. It was the day after Shir-weight the silver laurel wreath. School had ended for the year.

The girl wore a white dress, and had a bright red rose in her long, fair hair. The hair was no longer in braids now. It was wreathed around and around an How long he had been asleep he did not mow. He was suddenly awakened with an spread through the room. He was suffocat- library?

lesperate moment, he staggered toward their beds, and fell across it with open, empty arms. The children were gone!

Morgan CHAPTER V. THE PIRESHIPPORTE ... This fine horse, owned by Thomas Doran Windsor, will make the season BRIDGETOWN & HORTON.

a man. He collected himself.

Messengers, descriptions of the lost children were sent in every direction. There were days, weeks of heartsche for the stricken father, but no tidings of his darlings came.

Where was his wife? It was the conclusion, at first thought, that she had been burned to death, and buried under the ruins. In his agony that night Philip had not given much thought to her. But next morning a message came from Myra's mother. His wife was at her house, and would he, her husband, take her away at once, and provide for her? She had fied there in the night, from the fire. Madam did not feel safe to have her in the house.

Philip had no home for her now. There remained only one place. The poor, demented creature went to a lunalle asylum.

tales on a woman, Mr. Dumoray, he said.
"Bus Mary, who tended on Mrs. Dumoray,
oft her last night and went to a ball. I "But Mary, who tended on Mrs. Dumoray, left her last night and went to a ball. I saw her at midnight. I was out myself, and I don't deny it, and didn't come home till 2 o'clock. I saw a bright light in the library, where the piles of newspapers are. I thought it was you up reading, and I didn't look in. I went by easylike, for I didn't want you to know I was out so late. I put off my shoes and slipped around to the back stairs. I saw Mrs. Dumoray going along the hall toward fra. Dumoray going along the hall toward somebody coming.

She saw it was her son-in-law and put her hand. She was nobody to watch her, and she handkerchief to her eyes. He laid a heavy

Philip thought so too, remembering what he ad seen. But the boys, his children Had be carried them in their sleep into her own com, or into the library, before she lit the

fire! It was an awful thought.

The boys were at first given up to have perished in the burning building. But Mr. Dumoray had yet to learn the depth of deviltry and cunning of which insane hate is capable. New troubles awaited him. He had none to whom he could turn for help. His father and mother were now both dead. They had never been the same to him after his marriage. It had caused them a displeasure why you come here to insult me in my own and disappointment they are the able to overcome. He took lodgings near the ruins of his home, resolved to penetrate the "She put up her handkerchief again." mystery of the disappearance of his boys. fully dug out and examined. A council of self, by your insinuations." minent experts was summoned. They earched the burned remains. No trace of bone or of flesh could be found. After laying heir heads together they rendered an opinion of a wisdom and profundity such as only it. Into these two words she puts all the emmedical and chemical experts can give. The law has a waxen nose, which the law-

yer can turn to the right or left as he pleases, says the German proverb. So has medicine. verdict of the learned ones was on this may not even go off and drown her sorrows. be, you a woman." "The undersigned have to report that they have carefully examined different portions of vinegar of her gentle nature. the ashes and embers taken from the ruins of Mrs. Bliss sat bolt upright and remarkedself to them. He was in place of a mother to the bereft infants. All the happiness of his subjected the same to rigid analysis. In their Philip Dumoray's house. They have "The idea!" judgment traces have been found of a subnce which may be construed to be the the disadvantage he was at. The lady saw ashes of human remains. At the same time the advantage which was hers. Up went the Let me give you a bit of philosophy. I have

> "JAMES BENSON, M. D. "H. T. TOMPKINS, M. D., "J. L. BOYD, Pharmacist." Here was wisdom. Philip Dumoray was just where he was before. What should be do next? He sought every possible source of information. He again. She became majestic. In the con-

THE SHORTEST AND BEST ROUTE
BETWEEN NOVA SCOTIA AND
THE UNITED STATES.

The quickest time only 17 hours between
Yarmouth and Boston.

The quickest time only 17 hours between
Yarmouth and Boston.

The quickest time only 17 hours between
Yarmouth and Boston.

The same fancies took shape in one there were the them. Her insane mother. It was touching to see the pleas or one plain plumpary. She became a cumning, dangerous lumatic, the same dull, dead despair. One morning, only to be overcome with the same dull, dead despair. One morning, only to be overcome with the same dull, dead despair. One morning, only to be overcome with the same dull, dead despair. One morning, only to be overcome with the same dull, dead despair. One morning, only to be overcome with the same dull, dead despair. One morning, only to be overcome with the same dull, dead despair. One morning, only to be overcome with the same dull, dead despair. One morning, only to be overcome with the same dull, dead despair. One morning, only to be overcome with the same dull, dead despair. One morning, only to be overcome with the same dull, dead despair. One morning, only to be overcome with the same dull, dead despair. One morning, only to be overcome with the same dull, dead despair. One morning, the same dull, dead despair. One morning, only to be overcome with the same dull, dead despair. One morning, the estimable lady fairly towered, at that moment. With a scepter-like wave of their hand the over the waiting for me at the gate, to take me to the every morning, only to be overcome with the same dull, dead despair. One morning, the same dull, dead despair. One morning, the minutes. In waiting the remaind to permit them one that the coul and provided them. He had superior sufferings, the estimable lady fairly towered, at that moment. With a scepter-like wave of them had the prevery morning on the rhand towards the door, and in a toplottical tone of voice, she said:

"Refleve this mansion of your odious present was the them the rand had over the said a these helpless ones he came to care for others, too, and think of them. He lost himself in self forgetfulness and sweet thought fulness for others, this selfwilled, flery tempered youth who had always had his own way.

Time glides on alike to the happy and miserable. What cares Time? He will not hold his glass back to give one hour more of youth to a Cleopatra. He will not her husband as the author of the tother to shorten by so much as one second the torment of a martyr in flames.

Philip Dumoray's boys were 4 years old. All the tenderness of his powerful nature went out to them. They slept in a little bed when the care of the standard powerful nature went out to them. They slept in a little bed because and second from the flames, when she escaped from the flames,

view, and the following conversation took "Reporter-I have called, madam, to ascer-

tain your opinion as to the truth of the rumor that your son-in-law set fire to his own house. the sun was sinking low on a summer after-

ma again.

Great God! His boys! His darlings!

With the last effort he could make in that esperate moment, he staggered toward their eds, and fell across it with open, empty arms.

The children work great the result of the first that she saw the saw the saw the saw that the saw the same saw the same saw the same saw the same saw the saw the same saw the saw the same saw the saw t her husband carry the children down stairs and out of the door to the rustic garden house. He went carefully, so as not to waken them. He left them there, and went into the library. My daughter watched him. She sawa bright Where were Philip Dumoray's boys?

A wild glance around showed him they were nowhere in the room. The nearing flame sucked his breath and scorched his hair. He had barely time to save himself by the window the had barely time to save himself by the window the had barely time to save himself by the window the had barely time to save himself by the window the had barely time to save himself by the window the had barely time to save himself by the window the had barely time to save himself by the window the had barely time to save himself by the window the himself by the window the himself by the window the himself by the window to death, as well she might be been, poor darling!

"Reporter—What motive could Mr. Dumoray have for the deed?

"Man Bliss—The house was heavily in-

BRIDGETOWN & HORTON.

The will stand at Glencross' Stable on the breath and secretched his hard. He was concluded and the might have been dealth and to save himself by the wind dow the which Myra. had vanished the he which Myra. had vanished the hards a girlt.

Wall, Shirley did not faint or weep. It was deaded the hards a size of the fames with the children's like was not on the veranal. It is an early and a still. It is not a size of the fames with the children's like was not on the veranal. Firs and anobe poured to the ground. For any other weekstall, at several was the land with the children's like wind over the fame with the children's like was not on the veranal file wind over the fame with the children's like wind over the care the could hide the fame with the children's like wind over the care the could hide the fame with the children's like wind over the care the care the could hide the fame with the children's like wind over the care that the tree winds and the care the care the care the care the care the

It was a pitiful thing so see him, crying for his children, calling them by their names, searching for them under the trees, peering into corners of the outbuildings, if hapty they might not be hidden there. All that hight he went on crazier than his insane wife.

Toward morning he remembered that he was a man. He collected himself.

Mrs. Bliss retrains from making any accusation against her son-in-law, it will be observed. Her delicacy of feeling in this respect can only increase the sympathy which must be universally drawn toward this estimable lady in her sorrows."

It fell like a thunder bolt upon Philip Dumoray. It is not too much to say that at this point his feelings also quite overcame with the point his feelings also quite overcame 

He rang the bell at the Bliss mansion, "Where is Mrs. Bliss?" The grim old colored serving man an "Yer mother-in-law's got

"Yer mother-in-law's got the mewks."

"What do you mean?"

"Try Ayer's Pills"

chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Gout. If every victim of this disease would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land. These words would be-'Try Ayer's

"By the use of Ayer's Pills alone, I cured myself permanently of rheumatism which had troubled me several months. These Pills are at once harmless

and effectual, and, I believe, would prove a specific in all cases of incipient Rheumatism.

NO. 15.

snaps your head off, and says we're tryin' to

she'll be in her grave soon enough, dear knows, with all her sufferings. Better not

The man was an old familiar, and spoke his

go in to-day, sir."

ward her.

Down went the handkerchief

"The idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Bliss.

ent her into her grave. Then she draws

No medicine could have served me in better stead,"—C. C. Rock, Corner, Avoyelles Parish, La. C. F. Hopkins, Nevada City, writes:
"I have used Ayer's Pills for sixteen
years, and I think they are the best Pills
in the world. We keep a box of them
in the house all the time. They have
cured me of sick headache and neuralgia.
Since taking Ayer's Pills, I have been
free from these complaints."

"I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

Aver's Cathartic Pills, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

there is a single impulse or affection of hand on her shoulder. He held the paper tohuman nature that I don't feel, at one time and another, within my own breast. You Instantly she removed the handkerchief want to beat me black and blue, do you? and drive me crazy, as you did my poor darflashing down the road and pass everybod else with our new horse-I take such delight it," she went on complainingly. "I don't see tain the life of self denial is the sublimest and disappointment they were never quite house, and my poor darling insane, and me life, and yet I worship all the pretty things of the world. I can't understand it at all. have felt too, sometimes, as if I could commit "I beg your pardon," said Philip. "But

you must know you set this lie going yourdifferent ways. So it should be. Only those who are thus drawn should ever write. To Have you ever noticed how a woman looks the true singer it is given to be all things, to when she says—the idea? A man never says know all, to love, to suffer all in his own soul. Only then can he interpret to the race phasis that should go with those stronger ex- the divine music which is everywhere, but ressions, the use of which is denied her on account of her sex. She may not swear, she Divine indeed is his calling. Such a one was may not fire a bootjack at the candle, she Shakespeare. Such a one I believe you will She may only say-the idea! In that one

"And yet,"- said Shirley expletive she must vent all the venom and But it will be, I think. There may be storm and trouble that we don't know of in store for you. There may be hindrances that will Philip Dumoray sighed. His mind was prevent for awhile, though I cannot see how. settling into the coldness of despair. He saw Patience will wear out everything in time upheld myself with it when everything else ash is sometimes the residuum from the consumption by fire of other organic compounds.

"You came here to bring me down with failed. I have learned it at last, made it a part of my life. Think of it in the time to if I hadn't got enough to bear from you now, come, when—when I am gone. It is this: with my poor darling where she is, and my nerves all shattered—boo-hoo!"

Reconcile yourself to the inevitable."

Rut the girl quite passed by the But the girl quite passed by the bit of Philip turned away. The lady had left a philosophy, though she heard it.

corner of one eye uncovered to watch him. "Are you going away, Mr. Morrison?" she "Yes, in ten minutes. Jim Sweet will be ned the newspapers with fear and hope sciousness of injured virtue and superior suf- waiting for me at the gate, to take me to the

when she escaped from the flames,

"Such was the rumor, too unpleasant to be credited. Accordingly, a reporter of The Daily News was sent to the house of Mrs.

Dumoray's mother to trace the origin of the very suspicion, if possible Mrs Bliss is a constant of the constan O, my angel, my blessed inspirer?"
"But—you—you go away," she gasped.
"I dare not stay," he said. "I go because

"But you will write-write to papa?" "When I can-if ever I can, I will write to you; I will come back to you. I would like Once more, as on the first day of this story, you to remember that always."

Both faces were pale. This was too pain

effort. She had not learned then the iron discipline that gave her strength to smile when her heart was breaking, to laugh when her soul's eyes overflowed with weeping. That came later. She covered her face with

her bands. But the master had learned the lesson already. A flash of infinite pain, of infinite love and longing, flitted across his face. It was gone in a moment. The face which was bent down so close to Shirley's was calm, the eyes were steady, and bright, and hopeful. He drew her hands away from her face, and held them caressingly in both his own for paused and turned back, and said lightly: "Do you know Shirley, now that I am-I've half a mind to kiss you?"

He lowered his face again, and kissed her on the lips. Then he was gone, in a moment.
At the turning of the path he glanced back at her. He stood an instant and bowed with his hat off. She never forgot his counted nance as she saw it then, the serene, loft brow, the face so full of inspiration. In all her life she never met another face so full of power and light and hope, And he was gonel.

empty hencoop when she went to take down the shutters and open her grocery at 5 o'clock, as usual, one morning.

She shook him vigorously. "Here, you!" said she, "whose child are you? What are you doin' here?"

The child sat up suddenly. He rubbed his eyes, and stared about him. "Whose child are you?" repeated Mrs. "How'd you get into that there hencoop?"

She shook him by his ragged collar again. 'None o' yer lyin' ter me. What's yer

"Don't that bang anything, now?" ejacu-lated the woman. "Tell me yer name, or I'll take a stick to you, you little riprobate."
"That's it," said the boy. "They call me [TO BE CONTINUED.]

back of the rustic seat beside her.

"How gorgeous the sky is," he said.
"See that cloud ship," said Shirely. "It is perfect, with sails all set. It glides noise-lessly toward the Islands of the Blest. We

TWO SCENES.

live there, all of the nice people, and you, when you are good natured." She mur-The Islands of the Blest, they say—
The Islands of the Blest—
Are peaceful and happy by night and by day,
Far away in the glorious west.
They need not the moon in that land of delight,
They need not the week scale stand

They need not the pale, pale star;
For the sun he is bright by day and by night,
Where the souls of the blessed are, "Romantic dreamer!" exclaimed Mr. Mor

"He calls me romantic. I shall never get over it. Take any shape but that!"

"Well, you are romantic." "I am built wrong, somehow. I am drawn