BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

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

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 19. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1891. NO. 26.

Professional Cards.

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, N. S.
Office,—"Dr. Gunter" building.

L. G. deBLOIS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

G. BARNABY, M.D.
(GRADUATE OF HARVARD, 1872.)
Physician and Surgeon.
Office and residence in the house formerly owned and occupied by Dr. L. G. deBlois.
Special attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.
Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 3m

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROCKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
having fitted up rooms in his new residence at MIDDLETON, may be found there from the 1st till the 9th of each month. Those requiring the services of an expert Dental Surgeon can rely on thorough work and satisfaction in each and every instance. ALL THE LATEST DENTAL APPLIANCES.
Middleton, June 25th, 1890. 12 1y

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL
(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)
BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA,
STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable.
Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge.
G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29

$1,000.00 GIVEN AWAY
—BY:—
THE WILMOT CO RSET O., South Farmington, N. S.
For particulars apply to:
Mrs. H. D. Woodbury, Mrs. L. C. Wheelock,
C. H. Schaffner, R. D. Beals,
S. Harris & Son, Mrs. Ansley,
G. I. Letteney & Bro.
Feb. 11th, 1891. 1y

BRIDGETOWN MARBLE WORKS
THOMAS DEARNESS
Importer of Marble
and manufacturer of
Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.
Also Monuments in Red Granite, Gray Granite, and Freestone.
Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.
N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice. T. D.
Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

Halifax Commercial College
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Thorough instruction in Book-keeping, Banking, Commercial Law, Business Penmanship and Correspondence, Business Arithmetic, Stenography, Type Writing, etc.
Persons of both sexes taught to earn a living, and carefully prepared for good positions.
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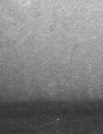
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The Weekly Monitor from now till the end of year 1892 for $1.50.

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BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
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Ceilings thoroughly whitened and cleaned without injury to Furniture or Carpets.
Estimates given. All jobbing punctually attended to.

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DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALTED BEEF, LAMB, PORK, BACON AND VEGETABLES.
THE subscriber has lately established business in the premises known as the PAYSON PROPERTY, first door east of the Post Office, where he intends to conduct the Meat and Provision Business in the best style, and so as to meet the requirements of the trade in all particulars. By strict attention and by dressing the best of stock, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage.
My team will run to Round Hill and Granville weekly.
Bridgetown, June 10th, 1890. 10 1y

DR. FOWLER'S EXT: OF WILD STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
Cholera Morbus
COLIC and CRAMPS
DIARRHŒA
DYSENTERY
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after taking my instructions, will work industriously, that the above sum is within their reach in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount, or money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

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A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, and Free. Address MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York.
Feb. 11th. 1y

Executors' Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of JAMES G. CHARLTON, late of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to
JOHN H. CHARLTON, } *Executors.*
HENRY S CHARLTON, }
Lawrencetown, March31st, 1891. tf

UNDERTAKING.
Messrs. ROOP & SHAW
MIDDLETON, N. S.
Beg to announce to the public that they intend carrying on the Undertaking Business at Middleton, and have now in stock a varied and comprehensive line of
Caskets, Coffins, Trimmings,
AND ALL OTHER FURNISHINGS.
Parties requiring their services can rest assured of prompt and satisfactory attention, at most reasonable charges.
ROOP & SHAW.
Middleton, June 16th, 1891. 11 tf

THE KEY TO HEALTH.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

PLEASANT AS MILK
Is the Expression Used by many when they take,
ESTEY'S EMULSION.
Children will take it and ask for more. Delicate people can take it when their stomach cannot retain the ordinary Emulsions. It is easily digested.
—WHEN BUYING AN EMULSION—
Ask for Estey's.
Sold Everywhere. Price 50c., Six bottles, $2.50.

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—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.
THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd. 1890. 29 1y

NOTICE.

The packet schooner **TEMPLE BAR** will ply as usual between this port and St. John, N. B.

LIME and SALT
constantly kept for sale.
J. H. LONGMIRE, Master.
ALSO—Schooner **NANCY ANNA**, W. R. LONGMIRE, Master, will run on same route
When schooners are not in port, apply to
Capt. P. NICHOLSON,
50 tf Bridgetown, N. S.

Dr. J. WOODBURY'S DINNER PILLS
are not offered to the public as a remedy for all diseases, but for every form of
INDIGESTION,
and the innumerable train of sadly distressing symptoms arising therefrom, these Pills are decidedly **the most infallible remedy ever offered to the public.**
For the removal of DYSPEPSIA in all its forms, CHRONIC DISEASES OF THE LIVER, PILES, JAUNDICE, IRREGULAR ACTION OF THE HEART, etc., these Pills are emphatically
THE REMEDY.
Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.
PREPARED ONLY BY
F. L. SHAFFNER, Middleton, Annapolis Co., N.S.

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JOB WORK
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
We have increased facilities for turning out
FINE WORK
—such as—
NOTE HEADS, LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, MEMO. HEADS, BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS.
POSTERS, DODGERS, PROGRAMMES, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, TICKETS, ENVELOPES, ETC., ETC.
Choice Lines of
WEDDING STATIONERY
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Estimates Furnished, Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Orders from any part of the Country will receive prompt attention.
Address,
"MONITOR" OFFICE,
Bridgetown, N. S.

PIANO & ORGAN TUNING.
I am devoting my time to tuning and repairing Pianos and Organs, and any orders sent to me at Truro will receive my attention in my annual turn through the province. Intending purchasers will do well to communicate with me before purchasing elsewhere, as I am willing to order for small commission.
4 tf G. O. GATES, Truro, N. S.

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BOOTS AND SHOES,
MEN'S HAND-MADE LONG BOOTS.
CLOTHING IN GREAT VARIETY
TWEEDS AND FLANNELS.
—A Fine Line of—
HORSE BLANKETS, SURCINGLES, HALTERS, ROBES, &C.
All of which will be sold way down Low.
B. STARRATT.
Paradise, Oct. 29th, 1890. 30 tf

BRIDGETOWN GROCERY.
JUST RECEIVED:
TEAS AND COFFEES, UNEQUALLED FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOR.
SPICES, Warranted Pure.
CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
BISCUITS, Fresh from the Manufactory,
SYRUPS of all kinds,
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FRUIT: ORANGES, LEMONS, and BANANAS.
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ISSUED ON WEDNESDAY,
At Bridgetown, Annapolis Co., N. S.
M. K. PIPER, Proprietor and Publisher.
TERMS $1.50 per annum, if paid within three months; if not, $2.00.
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Twenty-five cents each continuation.
One square, one year.....$10.00
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A liberal discount to regular advertisers, and full information given on application.
Advertisers are respectfully requested to hand in their matter as early in the week as possible.
Copy for changes, to secure insertion, must be in our hands not later than TUESDAY NOON.
JOB PRINTING
of all kinds, plain and fancy, executed at short notice. Neat work, good paper, and reasonable prices. Pamphlets for lodges, societies, and catalogues, put up in any style required.
News items from all parts of the County respectfully solicited.
Births, deaths and marriages inserted free of charge.
Address all business letters or correspondence to "MONITOR" Office, or
E. S. McCORMICK, Manager.

Poetry.

Autumn Song.

(From the Youth's Companion.)

Fair autumn stands by the maple tree,
(Ah! But the winter follows!)
And drops the bright leaves down to me,
Or blows them away on the north wind free,
Across the meadow, across the lea,
Over the hills and hollows.

The squirrel runs to the chestnut tall,
(Ho! But the frost's cold fingers!)
And rattling down the ripe nuts fall,
But never a squirrel shall have them all,
While the lads and lassies merrily call
Through fields where the astor lingers.

The witch-hazel waves her fringe of gold,
(Hark! to the winds-a-sighing!)
The hunters moon shines over the wold,
The days grow short and the nights grow cold
And the weary year is getting old,
While the withered leaves are flying.

Telling the Bees.

Out of the house where the slumberer lay
Grandfather came one summer day,
And under the pleasant orchard trees
He spake this wise to the murmuring bees:
"The clover bloom that kissed her feet
And the posy bed where she used to play
Have honey store, but none so sweet
As ere our little one went away.
O bees, sing soft, and bees, sing low,
For she is gone who loved you so!"

A wonder fell on the listening bees
Under those pleasant orchard trees,
And in their toil that summer day
Ever their murmuring seemed to say:
"Child, O child, the grass is cool
And the posies are waking to bear the song
Of the bird that swings by the shaded pool,
Waiting for one that tarrieth long!"
'Twas so they called to the little one then,
As if to call her back again.

O gentle bees, I have come to say
That grandfather fell asleep to-day,
And we know by the smile on grandfather's face
He has found his dear one's hiding place.
So bees, sing soft, and bees, sing low.
As over the honey fields you sweep;
To the trees abloom and the flowers ablow
Sing of grandfather fast asleep,
And ever beneath these orchard trees
Find cheer and shelter, gentle bees.

—*Eugene Field in Chicago Daily News.*

Select Literature.

White-Headed Dashford.

BY ROSE HAWTHORN LATHROP.

A cold chill ran through the boat-load of young people as Dashford tipped the dory upon entering it. There was something alarming in having a person white as snow to the temples, his hat in his hand in deference to a sharp breeze, making that inevitable movement which startles the best of us. It seemed as if a young fellow like that must be a dangerous companion on a voyage. The boat panted over the sea, at the instigation of two bronzed deckhands, to the slender yacht, which rode the elastic water like a butterfly. Here Waldo Morrell sprang aboard before the others, and turned to receive them as host of the *Arrow*, lately given him by his mother.

The young ladies all stood upon the little deck in anxious hesitation, each wondering if the chances of the trip would bring Dashford to her particular lot, and not daring to commit herself by sitting down. As if accustomed to a good deal of indifference, the man in question strolled off to the upper deck and lingered about the masts.

Mattie Ames, Bessie Silsby, Alice Martin and Sally Tileston clustered into a positive tangle round the rudder and whispered together.

"Who in the world is he?" cried Bessie Silsby under her breath.

"Waldo Morrell's chum, of course," replied Sally Tileston, who always knew the reason why black was not white.

"He has no business to bring such an Ancient Mariner as that on board!" whispered Alice Martin, indignantly.

Mattie Ames looked out over the water; but turned back to the group quickly, and said:

"He must have suffered. Let us see if we can make this one day a happy one for him."

Not one of the other girls failed to catch her meaning, or rejectrd her kind impulse. If Dashford had looked round at them all from the prow his eyes would have discovered the brightest ones in return, the gentlest lips, and full faces instead of profiles.

"Oh dear," exclaimed Sally, softly; "I am afraid he is not available for the experiment! Our sour looks have already driven him away."

"Now you young ladies must not run this craft!" said Morrell, approaching. "Do you realize that the captain has to stand by this rudder here? We've been arranging cushions in nooks and crannies for the too-too luxurious; and down stairs are lounging-chairs and physic for those of us not harmoniously inclined toward rough sailing. But I put in a plea for this—wherever you are, fair ones, don't conglomerate, don't mass, like lilacs or hydrangeas!"

This speech seemed to express the sentiments of the three other young man, who made up, with the retiring Dashford and an elderly lady and gentleman, Waldo's party; and amid a good deal of laughter, not quite traceable to its source by the sturdy little captain who now had called his hands to order, the young beauties were detached from each other just as the *Arrow* slipped her moorings. The breeze was not too lively to admit of inside merriment, whereas a more exciting start-off would have drawn attention wholly to the ocean itself. Dashford did come thoughtfully back from the other end of the yacht; but he saw little chance of conversation by that time, and sat down on the upper deck by the cabin door, with his legs hanging over comfortably enough.

"See here," said Morrell in a trice. "Get off that, Dash! I want to introduce you all round."

With a grave demeanor Dashford went through the ensuing ordeal, if it was one to him, and came out of it with a straightening of the shoulders and a motion of the eyes, as much as to say that he could stand it if they could.

"How nicely you are all arranged!" Morrell said, glancing at the young ladies, each beside her cavalier.

"Excuse me, sir," chipped in the skipper, "but I must have room to swing this rudder, or we shall go over."

"Do you hear that, my lovely guests?" asked their host, with a low obeisance to Mattie Ames and Alice Martin who came under the arm of the law. "Captain Prince always has the last word with me in this way. If I try to drink off a glass of champagne in the saloon there during lunch, he will remark from his vantage-ground of the rudder, "Excuse me, sir, but if you ship another sea we shall have to take to the boats!" He seems to wish to convey the idea that we are skimming over the depths of eternity in careless enjoyment, under these snow-white sails." While Morrell spoke he took Mattie Ames by the hand, and led her aside, and had soon ensconsed her in the most charming spot the whole yacht afforded, pillowed about with æsthetic plush cushions, and with the *Arrow's* spy-glass at her side. Then he called to Dashford, "Come this way, Malcolm, please; Miss Ames may need some further righting, and I must be off to interview the cook a moment."

The other girls all admired Waldo's quickness to perceive which of them would be most soothing to a harshly used man, such as Dashford showed himself to be; harshly used, that is, by the sterner element of fortune which we call fate; for he had evidently been the favorite of means and culture. Mattie Ames was able to study the lines of Dashford's face as it was relieved against the sparkling blue of the sea; and she noticed the hard and sad expressions of the eyebrows and cheeks and chin; but his mouth was gentle and forcible at once. Under the white of his hair was a dark rim around the brow, which showed that the bleaching process had been exceptionally unnatural, and reminded one of the frequent aspect of an old army or navy officer. In spite of this phenomena, however, Dashford was as handsome as any requirements of his in the future would be likely to render acceptable.

"You have a very becoming seat," he remarked to Mattie. As she was that instant thinking of his good looks against the blue, she could not help blushing; and partly because she did not wish to say it, she exclaimed:

"Well, now, I was thinking the same thing of yourself!"

Dashford shook his head, with a fine smile, and returned: "I have put off all that! I am no longer either vain or self-conscious."

"Since when?" said Mattie, blushing deeper as she spoke again, from some thoughtless impulse.

"Since my hair turned white, Miss Ames."

Mattie looked at the billowing sea for a little while in some perturbation. She was sorry to have seemed so very much wanting in tact and eager to know what suffering Dashford had been through; and above all, her kind heart led her to wish that she might in some way show she had a real regret for an experience sufficiently grave to have so materially affected the appearance of her handsome companion. Something in her own still and lovely countenance under her white sunshade impelled Dashford to say at last:

"Your face is so calm that I can hardly conceive of storm as reaching you under any circumstances. You would quiet it, as you still an uneasy dissatisfaction in my own consciousness, although I have known you only about five minutes."

"I wonder that my face looks calm," answered Mattie in low tone, "for I do not feel so."

"*You?* Why?"

"You say that you are less distressed by a rebellious feeling in yourself than usual; but I think I must have borrowed your normal mood, then, since I am possessed by a sense of sadness, and do not know the nature of it."

"If you have borrowed my sorrow, I can tell you its cause," Dashford replied with earnestness, in a lower voice. "I seem to myself to have already conversed with you about it, I am so ready to confide in you and win your sympathy. May I speak further?"

The white sails of the *Arrow* swung across her at this juncture, and the two young people (for Dashford was still a young man) paused to lower their heads and join in the small excitement which broke over the party, like a wave, as the yacht changed her course. When this episode was consummated, Mattie looked up from under her parasol and answered:

"You must have had a great deal of sympathy already; but if mine can have any value with you, pray accept it, even before I know the outlines of your calamity."

"It is the *kind* of sympathy that tells," Dashford asserted with emphatic conviction, leaning further back upon the deck opposite to Mattie, so that his eyes and hers were in a direct line.

Mattie half closed her lids, and felt so gentle and full of pity that Dashford was quite as certain of her friendly sentiment toward him as if she had spoken. He stroked his brown mustache on each side with his right hand, which bore a red scar across the palm.

"At the particular time to which I will refer," said he, "I was a poor man, with all the instincts of a person of property, being descended from a family which was, not long before my time, one of wealth and position. I was twenty-four years old, rather more full of life and hope than the companions who seemed to cluster about me very willingly, considering my impecuniousness. Morrell was the only one among them for whom I had real respect, and whom I loved. But I loved a woman. I will not tell you her name. It was once music to me, and is dirge-sand to me now. How the sea swells and sinks as I go back in thought! In the same way my heart's indefinable emotion rises, and hides itself to rise again, always with the same persistence! She was one of the beautiful and consecrated girls who never come to a maturity of ordinary experience, but who are doomed to bloom and die before the common-place has claimed them. She was a Jewess, and forbidden by her parents to marry me." Dashford's eyes deepened in expression as he looked over Mattie Ames's shoulder. "We had planned a flight together; but in marrying me she would have become estranged from her inborn religion. The strain upon her heart and conscience was too great. She could not stoop to subterfuge and expedients, and her mind became affected in the struggle between love and lofty instincts toward her tribe. When I met her—for she came to the place of *rendezvous*—she held in her hand a dagger (an heirloom of the family) and struck me with it. At the sight of my blood her senses partially returned, and her distress was something terrible to witness. I realized that the moment was one of annihilation to our prospects, and every tear which she wept for me and herself I seconded in tears for our future. She never recovered from her doom. She died; and I have survived her as well only as you perceive." Dashford pulled off his hat and stroked his waving white hair. "I am a marked man. There is nothing left for me to do. I have inherited a fortune. The parents of my beloved are now my friends. *But she is dead.*"

Mattie thought that the poor young man's horizon-line of troubled fate was very clearly defined, with no sail of promise for him anywhere. What could she say for comfort? "Keep my secret from the rest," said Dashford, pleadingly; and she started up with a look, and her sweet, sad lips opened to speak some words of pity. The words failed her; but the look was enough.

A little stir upon the yacht turned their eyes in that direction. The elderly Mrs. Hamden, Morrell's aunt, was proudly admitting her willingness to be shown to one of the two tiny state-rooms, and Mr. Hamden was dizzily escorting her thither. They were both hopelessly sea-sick. The girls were rosy and sparkling with suppressed laughter, and yet longing to treat the pallid sternness of the kind pair with respect; but their dimpling cheeks and twitching mouths only added to the merriment of the young men, who could whirl round on their heels or look down at their toes if they wanted to chuckle. When the luckless Hamdens had disappeared it must be admitted that Morrell went through some gymnastic performances of extraordinary agility, laughing in a falsetto treble of satisfaction. Nobody else was so rash; but nevertheless he had expressed the sentiments of the group, which were, even including Mattie Ames and Dashford, merry enough to insure amusement during the trip.

Sally Tileston and her partner in the dancing *Arrow* scrambled the upper deck and went to the prow, with such light steps that they seemed to fancy they were walking on Fifth avenue. It was fortunate that no wave opposed this airy freedom of theirs on the vasty deep. Alice Martin, one of Mattie's particular friends, had the temerity to interrupt the latter's *tete-a-tete* with Dashford, merely to inform her that one of her silver hair-pins was dangerously loose, and—in her ear—that Waldo Morrell had no one specially to talk with and it was somebody's duty to require his attention; but every one of the girls was absorbed, herself included.

To Alice's important communication Mattie replied behind her parasol, which she used as a screen between the white-haired young man who was smoothing his mustache:

"He set Mr. Dashford to look after my comfort. You should be the one, if you feel the obligation so keenly."

"It would be impossible," whispered Alice. "Mr. Kittory begged me not to leave him in the lurch, as he expressed it."

"Quite a suitable word for the place," laughed Mattie. "Go away, child, and I will call our host."

At her summons Morrell hastened to her side. To tell the truth, he was glad enough to come when asked; for Mattie had a day or two before almost rejected a half-expressed proposal of marriage from him, and he was in a sort of disgrace at once piquant and crushing. Mattie had found time to give an earnest response to Dashford's confidential remarks upon his personal history; and they could both enter willingly into a rambling talk with Morrell, feeling that their previous conversation was complete. Presently, however, the white-headed member of their trio slipped down to the lower deck, and turned to Bessie Silsby. She had a large mass of white daisies in her bodice, and upon them rested a yellow butterfly, which no one but Dashford had noticed. He managed to ingratiate himself immediately, and Bessie's companion was forced to resign himself to a long perusal of the vanishing mainland through Morrell's glasses.

"What a terribly sad experience your friend has had," Mattie Ames was saying to her admirer.

"Has he spoken to you of it?" asked Morrell, with a quick look.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mattie, "do not go on! He asked me to mention it to no one. But you are so intimate with him!"

"Yes, of course; but I was surprised for a moment that he should have referred to it at all on so short an acquaintance with you. But you are so different from every one else that people must take a new course with you, indicated entirely by yourself."

About this time lunch was announced by a trim little steward in white linen, who stuck his head through the companion-way as if he had been hunting for that aperture all the morning. Sally Tileston sent word by her cavalier that they were both considerably affected by the movement of the yacht, and would like to have their lunch at the prow if permitted. And young Mr. Furl was ready to return with the first course. As his color was admirable, and his eager glance at the table enlivening, there were those who doubted the genuineness of his malady; and when repeated returns to the scene of action by him, with the result of carrying away piecemeal a specimen of every delicacy, had exhausted the culinary resources of the *Arrow*, there was a general shout of derision from the festive board, which Sally herself distinctly heard as she gazed smilingly at the glorious clouds piled along the sky.

Some time intervened before the yacht arrived at her destination and the party landed upon the long beach which was the outline of pastures and meadows, surrounded by rich verdure. Wild flowers were growing in the long grass in rich profusion, and beautiful pebbles were to be found on the shore; so that there was ample excuse for a show of busy interest in nature, which is the most excellent set-off to a latent sense of ease and pastime.

Mr. Hamden insisted upon walking with Sally Tileston, and Mrs. Hamden gathered several of the young people about her. But Dashford and Alice Martin paired off by themselves, and sat down upon a little ledge of grass, where a group of three fine trees spread vigorous branches. Under this shade, upon the soft grass and with the most delicious sea-breeze blowing gently into their lungs, while the water rippled toward them as if bringing unlimited relays of satisfaction, the two were evidently quite to be envied.

"Ah!" exclaimed Dashford, "this could not be better! Morrell knew where to come when he gave the "Arrow" 'wing."

Alice was glad to see her escort contented; for she was somewhat appalled by his companionship, lest he should suddenly frown upon her, and thus vent some of his probable enmity to the fate which had whitened him upon her innocent head. So she responded fervently to his geniality.

"But that divine sea upon which we are looking does not reveal its possibilities just now," he went on. "Were you ever in a wreck, or even a severe storm, Miss Martin?"

"Heavens! No!" said Alice, shocked, and as Dashford turned his eyes slowly upon her realized her worst apprehensions of his grimness. "I never could have lived through such a thing!"

"I've seen as delicate women as you are live through it," replied he, with peculiar emphasis. "The most terrible moments of my life were passed in a scene of aquatic despair; and, as you see, I bear the outward effects in my blanched top-knot. If you would like to hear an account of my experience I will relate it to you; but permit me to say, it would be a matter of confidence, as I do not wish to be spoken to upon the subject, except by those who induce me to choose them for my hearers from a sense of their sympathetic qualities. Now, you are so *debonnaire* that I am sure it would be a relief to obtain your rosy pity; and, in fact, I could endure to have you laugh the whole matter off, and in that manner partly wipe it from my memory."

As Dashford spoke he was smoothing his mustache in his reflective way, and letting his eyes wander from point to point, alighting now and then on Alice with a gleam in their blue depths which began somewhat to soften her alarm and let her, she felt, more and more into his confidence. But when he said she was astonishingly like a young lady on board whom he had seen swept into the sea, she became truly interested in the whole affair to which he referred, and begged him to proceed with his story if he could muster the courage to rehearse it.

Suddenly Dashford's manner changed; he fastened upon Alice a fascinating but thrilling gaze.

"Two years ago," said he, "I was in the middle of the ocean there, which ripples up to our feet like a kitten, and around me the waves were so high that the cloudy heavens showed no more surface than one could serve on a plate. But there were five hundred people upon the same spot of ocean with myself and the expectation of death was bulky and heavy enough to have carried us all to the bottom without the assistance of the winds. But, worst of all for me, the voyage had developed a love in my heart which was almost as sweet as a love which returned it, in the heart of a girl as exquisite as early June. She was on board—terrible thought!—and when I rushed to the saloon to tell her that the steamer was to be abandoned I found her working at her *fleur-de-lis*. She just said, 'Let me finish this leaf!' and for a moment refused to stir in order to follow me to her mother, who had already made her preparations for the chances of life in a row-boat. I almost shrieked to her—I can almost hear my ringing voice now—'Finish that leaf! Do you realize, my love, that this vessel may sink to the eternal bottom at any moment.'"

"Oh!" gasped Alice, starting up and stretching out her hands. "Didn't she move? You say she was so like me! Did she drown? Oh, I feel as if I were that poor girl!"

Dashford raised his eyebrows.

"She moved. But in that deadly moment of suspense she had stricken the color of youth from my hair. . . . Could I forgive her?"

"No, I suppose not. Oh, I feel more than ever like her!"

"Miss Martin, only in loveliness. I am sure *you* are not so fond of Kensington work."

"I am afraid I am, nearly. Still, I shall remember this story of your life's sorrow with wholesome effect. I shall not do fancy work during crises. How perfect the sea looks."

Dashford relieved Alice's discomfort at his confidential reminiscence with very agreeable conversation of the foamiest description; and they had a pretty little half hour of chat, assisted by the young lady's consciousness of her resemblance to Dashford's former sweetheart. Their attention was at last arrested by the frantic efforts of one of the young voyagers to rescue his hat from the gay waters upon the edge of the sand. Anon it would be swept near his cane, and again it would be wafted a little further back upon the surface of the laughing waves.

"Why didn't you wear a cloth cap?" asked another young man, standing in an attitude of ease, while he dropped pebbles into the sea. "Or even a hood?"

The victim of the mishap only remarked, in deep tones of rage, that he wished that there was less wind in more quarters than one.

Some of the party were reading aloud, a couple were helping the little crew to collect driftwood for a fire at dusk (for supper was to be served on the beach) and others were strolling about; and almost everybody had a harvest of wild-flowers in their belt or round their hat-rims.

"Lazy-bones!" cried Sally Tileston, as she hastened past, shaking a large bouquet of wild roses at the pair under the three trees; and Alice rose to her feet for a change of occupation.

As soon as he could Dashford went up to Sally and took her to task for calling him Lazy-bones, and wanted to know if there was anything he could do for her.

"Oh no!" retorted Sally. "Old folks must be waited on and humored. Dear me! I would not treat your gray hairs with dishonor for the world."

Such impertinence Dashford declared he had never, never known in a young lady of good breeding.

Sally could not quite think what to say to this, and looked as she felt non-plused, blushing; but was ready to invent some more nonsense in another minute, as many of us are.

"I should think you might ask me to come for a row," she finally rejoined.

Dashford was soon heaving one of the boats over the not too impatient sea, and Sally was sitting happily at one end. "I say," the young man remarked, when he had swept her some distance out. "Why were you so hard with me on account of my premature whiteness? Don't you know that such an effect is sometimes produced by courage, as in other cases it is produced by fear?"

"I never thought anything when I spoke," answered Sally. "If I ever did, I should not have any surprises; my remarks often bring about very funny results. Yes, I should suppose you were brave enough to be a pretty good safeguard in case of bears, or anything like that. Was it a case of bears?"

Dashford pulled harder, and then nearly stopped.

"I will only tell the winds and the waves and you," he said. "It's not the usual thing to tell of a right action of one's own. But if you'll keep it to yourself, I would like to tell you. You are a fearless girl. I can see that."

"Go on," says Sally.

Dashford disobeyed her, and pulled a little way in silence. Then he began:

"When I was in the war with China—"

"What war?" asked Sally, leaning forward.

"Two or three years ago; before you was reading newspaper, Miss Tileston. It was not a large one, except to the regiments employed and killed. Do let me slip on. When I fought in China, I had experiences."

"Is that where you received the gash across your palm?" asked Sally. "I saw it as you lifted your hat, when you were introduced."

"We will see," he replied. "I stood upon the great wall, as did the rest of us, while the Chinamen inside the barrier, fluttering in garments of pale silks, flew madly about. Firing frightened them so that it was a pity to see them, and we all agreed to take the city by some other means. We settled upon bayonets; and so we went to work, violently prodding into the enemy whenever a head popped above the level. But on they came. Never gave us a chance to get down off the wall. And over the hills we saw more coming, as if the very surface of the ground had taken to walking towards us. The General's voice was heard now, giving orders to get down off the wall, and you know it is impossible to disobey a superior officer. Somebody must make a start; and my life for it but I can hear the command to this day, ringing out till the China wall echoed like a row of cups and saucers in a thunder-storm. Beside me was a nice boy of fifteen, a dear fellow, whom we all cherished; for he was brave as a Titan, but delicate as a Cupid. He it was who first responded to his General's order, and seizing his gun in a firmer grip and turning to those nearest him to say a word of farewell, was about to precipitate himself into the arms of certain death. The enemy wildly danced, and held up platters of the finest pattern to receive him. I saw it all. I whispered to the men to hold Finland, our gallant boy; for *I* would take the rash deed upon myself. In a moment it was over. I was in the midst of embroidered dresses; I gagged for air; I felt myself borne along; I came to myself in a dark shanty. To myself? Not exactly! Miss Tileston, they offered me a cut of fence-rail for dinner. They were starving, and they had the impudence to propose to starve me. Fence-rail or some tid-bits of rats, said they. I offered the vagabond who thus palitered with my earnestness a nibble of my sword."

"Really," exclaimed Sally, "these experiences affect my own hair strangely. It seems to be rising!" She took off her hat and pressed her white hands upon her brown head.

"Things went on in this way for a while; and then there came a morning. My jailer entered my room with a dish of some miserable trash or other, and looked up at me with a grin. The plate fell, simultaneously with his jaw; and in a moment the shanty was as empty, except for my own person, as when first put together. I sallied forth, gazed into a brook, Narcissus like, and found myself the manner of man I am at this present speaking—white-haired."

"You must have begun to get gray when you jumped from the China wall," suggested Sally, resting her chin on her hand and gazing at Dashford.

"Most likely."

"Don't you wish jumping into the brambles again, as it were, would have the proverbial effect?"

Something in her glance and tone caused him to smile.

"You are a humbug!" she concluded, simply.

Dashford bustled about with his position and oars.

(Concluded on fourth page.)

TO PREVENT RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.—Another electrical device has been brought out to afford communication between trains in motion and to prevent accidents. Batteries and the necessary connections are to be placed on each engine, a central conductor being laid parallel with the rails. Should two trains approach within a certain distance of each other, an alarm is sounded within each cab with an electric gong and a steam whistle is set blowing. The engine drivers can stop the train and communicate by telephone. The communication can be effected when the trains are running or still. An automatic signal is also given if a switch is misplaced or a bridge burned or washed away. Additional batteries are placed at the stations along the road, and these work the alarm should those on the engine become broken.

Could Scarcely See.

Mrs. John Martin, of Montague Bridge, P. E. I., writes: "I was troubled last summer with very bad headaches and constipation and sometimes could scarcely see. One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters made a complete cure of my case, and I wish you every success.

—"Pat, Pat, you should never hit a man when he is down!" "Begobs, what did I worruk so hard to get him down for?"

"Just as Good"

Say some dealers who try to sell a substitute preparation when a customer calls for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not allow any such false statements as this induce you to buy what you do not want. Remember that the only reason for making it is that a few cents more profit will be made on the substitute. Insist upon having the best medicine—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It Is Peculiar to Itself.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.