



Weekly Monitor, Every Wednesday at Bridgetown. SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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MORSE & PARKER, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Conveyancers, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC. BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of SAMUEL T. NEELY, Esquire, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within six months from this date; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to BURTON D. NEELY, Executors.

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Poetry.

A BABY'S SMILE. As through the busy street I pass, Open, in sun or rain, I mark some pleasant household group, Behind a window pane;

The mother is gaily blind, The father does not see, But if I note a baby there, The baby smiles at me.

Dear sinless soul of babyhood! She does not coldly wait To ask about my bank account, Or lends, or real estate;

With small soft face against the pane, And dove-like too the white, She beckons with her dainty hand, And answers back my smile.

She does not scorn my glance because She never heard my name, Nor query of my social place, Nor question where I came, No tedious rule of etiquette Restrains her loving grace;

Or chills the winning smile that lights Her lovely wildflower face. She knows me not by that nameless sense, That wisdom sweet and fine, Which babies have not as yet spoiled Their innocence divine;

That strange, unerring magnetism Which some kind angel sends, By which all sinless things perceive, And recognize their friends;

Which draws the pigeons to my hand, Fearless and trustful still, Which makes the social sparrows crowd Which birds and babies trust;

My friendly window-sill! The silent sympathies which makes The homeless dog I meet Forget his hungry loneliness. To fawn about my feet.

Ah! Though the world seems full, sometimes, Of darkness and of dust, The soul is not quite desolate Which birds and babies trust;

Life is not all a wilderness, Made up of grief and guilt, While eyes so shadowless and sweet, Smile back to eyes that smile! —Elizabeth Akers Allen, in Youth's Companion.

Select Literature.

By The Well. BY JULIA KATYANAGH. CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

On a cold winter's morning Maitre Pierre Leudt stood Basil to harness La Guise, his stout Norman mare, and put her to the covered cart. And where could Maitre Pierre be going on this dreary day? asked Madeline, standing still, with a dish in her hands, in the middle of the great farm kitchen, to put the question. Maitre Pierre leonically replied that he was going to Fontaine. Why, there would be a snowstorm! argued Madeline. Maitre Pierre looked at the patch of dull grey sky beyond the one deep wide window of the kitchen. 'Yes, it would snow,' he said, throwing a heavy woollen cloak around him, and as horse and cart were both ready in the yard, he got up and cracked his whip. La Grise answered with a loud neigh; a toss of her shaggy mane and a great jingling of bells, and they were gone.

Now what did he want in Fontaine? grumbled Madeline indignantly; and Basil, a tall, fair, and slim young Norman, sententiously replied, 'Nothing.' But tapping his forehead, he added, that when the master had anything there, why that thing must be, that was all.

Basil was right so far that Maitre Pierre had no particular business in Fontaine; but perhaps he was tired of the warmth and comfort within—perhaps he wanted to exchange the roaring of the logs on the hearth of the great stone kitchen for the chill breath of this bleak winter's day. If so, he had his wish.

The road from Manneville to Fontaine, which is so beautiful and lovely in the summer time, looks very wild, barren, and desolate in winter. Not a farm, not a homestead, not a cottage, do you see nothing but the sky above, and beneath your feet slope on your right, and on your left undulating plains that stretch for ever away to a low misty horizon. Scarcely had the young farmer got on his road when the snow began. It fell slowly at first; then it grew thicker and thicker; then the green fields vanished, the brown leaf as oaks turned white, and it was as if a vast pall had been thrown over the whole landscape. And still the snow fell on, thick, noiseless and unwearying.

Maitre Pierre had reached a thoroughfare, and was still about half-way to Fontaine, when he saw a woman sitting on the last step of the old stone cross which seems to guard that lonely spot. Her cloak and hood were white with snow, her head was bowed over her knees to shun the blinding snow which the wind west-fell in her face; yet black though the spot was, she sat there like one too weary to go on. The cart was standing still in the middle of the road, and Maitre Pierre was halting her, and asking if she would have a lift on to Fontaine. She looked at him awhile. Maitre Pierre's handsome face which she saw beneath a fur cap, was honest, though somewhat stern. The woman rose without a word, handed Maitre Pierre a little basket, and was carrying, then lightly climbed up and sat down by his side. La Grise went off again, and for awhile the jingling of the bells alone was heard.

'Thy cloak is all wet with snow,' at length said Maitre Pierre; 'take it off and have mine. There's a blanket under the seat that will do me.'

The stranger obeyed. Whilst she undid the broad silver clasp which fastened the cloak around her neck, Maitre Pierre, holding the reins with one hand—La Grise was very good, but her master never trusted her—groped with the other under the seat. As he dragged forth a shaggy covering that had seen some wear, and domed it instead of the woollen houppelange which he handed over to his companion, the hood of her cloak fell back, and he saw a young face, very sweet and fair, and eyes so beautiful, that he sat staring with his blanket half off and half on, like one bewitched. He let her take off her cloak and put on his, and he never assisted her, never moved, never spoke. The young girl returned his look very steadily for a few seconds; then bending her gaze on the snow-covered landscape; she folded her hands upon her lap in an attitude which, like her whole bearing, was most modest and composed. 'After awhile, during which Maitre Pierre's eyes had not left her, he drew a deep breath, and said, abruptly, 'Who art thou?'

'Why do you ask?' she said. The blood rushed up to Maitre Pierre's dark cheek and dyed it crimson. The truth: 'I ask because I want to see thee again,' stuck in his throat, but would not pass his lips. She waited for his reply, then, seeing that none came, she gave him a look of quiet scorn, and, turning away, said very composedly, 'I took you upon trust, so must you take me.'

Maitre Pierre, unused to such curt replies, bit his lip, and stared at her, angrily; but the young girl once more sat in her quiet attitude, looking straight before her and without heeding him. Despite all his wrath Maitre Pierre could not help looking at her. He did not mind the snow which still fell on; he did not mind La Guise, though he vaguely heard the jingling of her bells; he minded nothing save that young face with the bloom of a wild rose upon it, and from which he could not take his eyes.

'I shall get down here,' said the young girl, and, looking round, Maitre Pierre saw that, slowly though he had driven, they were near Fontaine. It did not occur to him to remonstrate or dispute her will. He mechanically took back his cloak and gave her hers; he helped her to alight, he handed her the basket, he looked after her as she struck into a path on the left, after briefly thanking him, and he never so much as uttered a word. It seemed as if speech and thought and power had all left him, or had been taken from him in one terrible swoop.

Maitre Pierre could scarcely eat or drink that day, nor could he sleep that night. Yet he did not rightly know what ailed him. He was feverish, and thought he had taken cold, which did not prevent him from going to Fontaine the next morning. He went daily for weeks, but neither by the cross nor in the street of Fontaine, nor behind the windows of its little brick houses, did he ever see a sweet young face and beautiful eyes; they had vanished like the snow of that winter's morning.

The stormy element is part of man's nature; and when his outward life does not supply food for that craving—when war, revolutions, and the world's great drama do not go on around him, but only reach him in dull sounds like the deadened roar of a distant battle—he is apt to seek for turmoil within the world of his own heart. Hence, secluded spots, where the flow of life is monotonous, so often see the greatest tragedies. There hate rises strong, and there, too, love, rocky though may be the soil in which it grows, can strike roots that are both fast and deep. Maitre Pierre became very fitful and moody about this time. Old Madeline wondered to Basil what ailed the master, and Basil replied 'temper'; and Maitre Pierre, being a rebel, still tried to cheat himself into the belief that it was fever which brought the griefs of face for ever before his eyes. He had heard that when people look low fever, certain fancies were apt to cling to them, and such he held to be his case. You see, though he was twenty-eight, he had no past experience to fall back upon, and novels being unknown in Manneville, Maitre Pierre had not that accurate knowledge of the early symptoms of his disease which a member of a novel-reading community, Old Madeline, being a woman, was more clear-sighted, and made at least a shrewd guess. She was alone in the kitchen when her master on an afternoon of clear cold frost. He sat by the fire smoking, and looking thin, worn and unhappy. After watching him awhile, Madeline put down the worn copper saucepan she was scouring to say, 'Maitre Pierre you want a wife.'

Maitre Pierre started amazed, then blushed like a boy, for, as Madeline uttered the word 'wife,' the fair face and the beautiful eyes flashed before him, and, for a moment, he saw them by the firelight, just there opposite him—and they were his. The next moment indeed they were gone, and he saw Madeline's faded face and keen look in their stead. Maitre Pierre muttered something about the heat of the kitchen, and, rising, walked out into the courtyard. It was very cold and still. The hens were already going to roost, the ice cracked under the young farmer's heavy shoes, the air was keen and frosty, and the last pale flush of sunset was fading from

the wintry sky above the river. But Madeline's words had set the young man's heart on fire, and put the sweet fervor of a summer noon into his bosom. He knew what ailed him; he knew what he wanted; he knew what, cost what it might, he was resolved to win. Restless, though happy, he walked up and down the yard, when suddenly he saw her standing before him in her hood and cloak. Close by the old well she stood, and but that her clothes were dry, she might have come up out of it, for all Maitre Pierre knew.

'I am Josephine Delierre, your step-mother's servant,' she said; 'I left a napkin on the cart on the day when you took me to Fontaine, and I have come for it. I spoke to you as I came in at the gate, but you did not hear me.'

Maitre Pierre never moved while she spoke, and he did not answer her at once. 'Come with me,' he said.

Josephine obeyed, silently, taking off her black sabots at the kitchen door. Madeline was gone, and Maitre Pierre said they must have a light, but he seemed unable to find the candlestick till the girl impatiently pointed it out to him on the mantelpiece. He then took it down, lit the candle, and, saying the linen was upstairs, he showed her the way. She followed him making no more noise in her little felt slippers than if she had been barefoot. The farm of the Lenuds was a large one; to Josephine it seemed like a town. Up the old oak staircase, with heavy balusters, they went, through store-rooms which could have fed all Manneville, Josephine thought, so full of bacon and hams, and dried vegetables, and pears and apples, they were; through other rooms again with large old presses, whose locked doors told nothing of the treasures within, or through bedrooms with big square beds piled high with mattresses, which showed that the Lenuds could maintain a large family, and that if they did not have such, it was not for want of means. They went on till Josephine was almost wearied, and began to look timorously at these great gloomy chambers, where Maitre Pierre's tallow candle shed but a faint light. At length, when they reached the last room, and not till then, Maitre Pierre stood still, fumbled in his pocket for the key of a large armoire, in which the table-linen was kept, did not find the key, called Madeline, who, being dead, did not answer, and finally as Josephine began looking at the door, discovered he had got the key all the time. The armoire on being opened displayed a goodly stock of table-linen, all new, all spotlessly white, all shining damask of the richest description. But though Maitre Pierre looked through the whole stock he could not find Madame Lenud's missing napkin, which, considering that he had never found it in the cart and never brought it home, was not surprising. Still he seemed astonished. He remembered it and its pattern—an oak-leaf and acorn—so well, would Josephine come and look for it with Madeline some other day. Josephine said neither Yes nor No, but turned to the door, and Maitre Pierre followed her out, locking all the doors which he found unlocked behind him; many of the keys were rusty, so this took time. As they passed through the room in which the fruit was stored, he took down four large Calville apples—beautiful glossy ribbed apples—fit for the table of a prince, and without looking at her he said, 'Take these to thy brothers.'

Josephine took the apples and put them back on the shelf whence he had taken them. 'My brothers have done without apples all these years,' she said, 'and can do without them still.'

Pierre bit his lips, but he uttered not a word of justification. Perhaps he could not, perhaps he would not. He only said as he reached the foot of the long staircase: 'It is too late for a young girl like thee, to go back to Fontaine on foot. I can go with thee, and can take thee along with me the cart.'

'I shall sleep at my mother's to-night,' replied Josephine.

'When she went out of the house, putting on the sabots she had left at the door, Maitre Pierre said: 'Thou canst go out by the postern door, it is the readier way.' But Josephine answered, like dear old candle La Fontaine: 'I like the long road best.'

And out through the great gate and by that long road she went.

Maitre Pierre's business that night in Fontaine took him no further than the cottage of the Delierres, around which he lurked as stealthily as if he had come to carry out the old feud in some deadly fashion or other. A feeble glow-worm light stole out from the one window onto the frost-bitten grass of the orchard. Neither shutter nor curtain screened those within from the keen eye of Maitre Pierre. They were gathered round the miserable fire of rape-stalks and rods, which the poor of these regions are glad to get. It crackled and sparkled on the hearth, giving light, but little warmth, and Maitre Pierre saw that the younger boy, who squatted on the floor in it's shade, had his sister's woollen scarf tied under his chin; he saw that the sickly shivering widow had her daughter's cloak around her, and, spite the silver clasp that she wore, one of those her looms from which the poor are loth to part: he saw, too, that Josephine, whose face was turned toward him, was very poorly and thinly clad. How Maitre Pierre longed to wrap her once more in his own

warm garments, to cherish her and hers, to thrust love-gifts, everything he had upon her and them, as he thus saw their bitter poverty! But what was the use of that longing! Josephine would rather be in that hovel with those she loved than in the warm farm with the man she hated, for, as he watched her thus, he saw her ally looking at her brother Andre, who, unconscious of observation, stood near the table with his hands in his pockets, greedily sipping three little shrivelled pippins, which Josephine had brought from Fontaine. 'I would not give them to my pigs,' angrily thought Maitre Pierre, as he turned away, 'but she thinks them sweeter than my Calville apples, which are just fit for a queen.'

CHAPTER IV.

These unhappy apples stuck long in Maitre Pierre's throat, but he got rid of them at last, for on a pleasant sunny morning, when winter was just melting into spring, he went off to Fontaine to make it up with his stepmother; and laden with such a peace-offering of game and poultry, that Madame Lenud's heart must have been a flint, indeed, if it did not relent towards him. Fontaine is a little town with a very wide street, on either side of which there is a row of very little and very bright brick houses. Fontaine has a notary with a gilt escutcheon hanging over his door; a lady bookseller, who deals in books on one side of the shop-and in bonnets on the other; and a linen-drapery, who wears a velvet jacket and a slouched hat, and who, when he stands smoking on the doorstep with his hands in his pockets, looks like a Neapolitan brigand 'on guard' while his comrades may be supposed to be making up the balles of goods within. Fontaine, like many little places, thinks a great deal of itself, and conceits, and ostentatious self-conceit, is the failing of its sons and daughters. There was just such a touch of uneasiness about Maitre Pierre, as, after leaving his horse and cart at the best inn, he came to Madame Lenud's best house. She was a woman of spirit, she might decline his offerings, and so virtually close her door on him for the future.

For the present at least the door opened, and behind it appeared the sweet modest face of Josephine. Without giving him time to speak, she said at once that her mistress was out. Was she? replied Maitre Pierre. Why, then he would wait for her. Josephine allowed him to pass, then opened a door at the end of a little hall, and wanted to show him into the best room; a square apartment with six yellow chairs, a round table, a gilt clock, not going, and the brightest of shining red floors.

'I prefer the kitchen,' very coolly said Maitre Pierre Lenud, and before Josephine could remonstrate, he had entered that apartment, and was sitting in Madame Lenud's favorite chair by the wood fire, on which a *poêle aux sautés* of most favorable odor was stewing. That hen compelled Josephine to keep her unbidden visitor company; but she was too much engaged with it to give him either a word or look. Maitre Pierre too was silent. This kitchen, which was his step-mother's sitting-room, was a warm and pleasant place. Everything from the bright brass candlesticks on the mantelshelf down to the spotless tile floor was exquisitely neat and clean. Comfort too abounded here. That hen had a delicious smell, and Madame Lenud's chair was wonderfully soft and easy. How pleasant she must find life, sitting in it with that brass chaffereute under her feet, and that bright glimpse of the sunny garden in front of her, and that young graceful Josephine moving about or spinning at her wheel, for that was her work in yonder corner, Maitre Pierre felt sure. What a gaunt, dreary place the old kitchen at the farm seemed, with old Madeline and two blowy girls, when compared to this little nest of comfort. All these things Maitre Pierre saw and noted and commented upon, whilst with that double sight which is the gift of his disease, he never lost one of Josephine's looks and motions. He he sat watching this young girl, who without seeing it displayed to his gaze the hundred graces which are the charm of woman in her youth, he felt again all he had felt in the cart, but with far more power. This Josephine Delierre was to him the revelation of all feminine loveliness, so no wonder that he looked at her with such ravished eyes. Ah! what divine poems there would be, if the true and tender feelings which spring in a man's heart could be put into speech every now and then. But all Maitre Pierre's poetry, after half an hour's silence, was the abrupt question: 'Are these Madame Lenud's spectacles? And he took them up and from the table as he spoke, and looked hard at Josephine, as if wondering whether they might not be hers.

Josephine looked up from the pot she was stirring, and there was just a pair of little mischievous dimples in her rosy cheeks, which said that Josephine was much inclined to laugh at Maitre Pierre just then, but she demurely replied that the spectacles were Madame Lenud's. Maitre Pierre saw the dimples and read their meaning, but they charmed him for all that. They reminded him of little Fiffine, who had had them, and he could not help saying: 'I wonder I did not know thee at once: 'Thou art not so much altered, Fiffine.'

(To be continued.)