Weekly Monitor.

VOL 6. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY JUNE 19, 1878. NO. 9

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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Advertising Rates.

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

SQUARE, (two inches).—First inser [illegible].00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, 6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $4.50; each continuation, $1.00; one month, $7.00; two months, $11,00; three months, 14.00; six months, $20.00; twelve months, $35.00.

A COLUMN.—First insertion, $8.00; each continuation, $2.00; one month, $12.00 two months, $18.00; three months, $25.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $70.00.

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

BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

FALCONER & WHITMAN

are now manufacturing

Monuments & Gravestones

Of Italian and American Marble.

ALSO:

Granite and Freestone Monuments.

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad

☞ Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work.

DANIEL FALCONER. OLDHAM WHITMAN

Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of MAJOR JOHN SAUNDERS, late of Paradise, Annapolis County, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

WILLIAM S. SAUNDERS, AVARD LONGLEY. } Executors.

Paradise, September 22nd, 1877. [n23 tf

Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully informs his friends that he is now in

BRIDGETOWN,

to fill engagements previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please not delay.

Jan. 10th '77. n36

MORSE & PARKER,

Barristers-at-Law,

Solicitors, Conveyancers,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. 1y

ROYAL HOTEL.

(Formerly STUBBS')

146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

Opposite Custom House,

St. John, N. B.

—:§:—

T. F. RAYMOND.....PROPRIETOR.

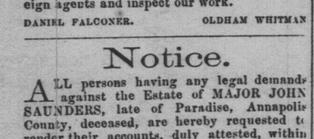
sept '73 y

☞ The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is 12,154, being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is 10,200, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its Circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the *Star* has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

Bill Heads in all sizes and styles executed at this office at reasonable rates.

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.



The Great English Remedy is an unfailing cure for *Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency*, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as *Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision*, Premature Old Age, and After Taking, many other diseases that lead to *Insanity* or *Consumption* and a *Premature Grave*. ☞ Price, $1 per package, or six packages for $5, by mail free of postage. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. Address WM. GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ontario, Canada. For Sale by all Druggists. W. W. Chesley Bridgetown, and Dr. L. R. Morse, Lawrencetown, Agents.

NOTICE.

THE Subscribers wish to call the attention of the Public to their

SPRING IMPORTATIONS,

consisting of

Boots and Shoes, Tweeds and Cloths of all kinds, Crockery, Groceries, Timothy, Clover and Garden Seeds.

Also, they would call the attention of

BUILDERS

to their Stock of

Nails of all kinds, Paint, Oil, Glass, Putty, Zinc, Tarred, and Sheathing Paper, Locks, Knobs, Hinges, &c.

Also, CARRIAGE STOCK

consisting of

Spokes, Rims, Bent S. Backs and Rails, Enameled Cloth, Enameled Leather and Dasher Leather, with a varied stock of

SHELF HARDWARE of all kinds.

FLOUR AND MEAL

always on hand. The above will be sold low for Cash.

BEALES & DODGE.

Middleton, April 28th, '77

GILBERT'S LANE

DYE WORKS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

IT is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dying to make them look as good as new. *Carpets, Feathers, Curtains, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemens' Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c, &c,* dyed on reasonable terms. BLACK GOODS a specialty.

AGENTS.—Annapolis, W. J. SHANNON, Merchant; Digby, Miss WRIGHT, Millinery and Dry Goods.

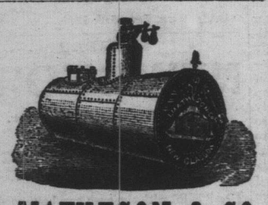
may '76 A. L. LAW.

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against buying or negotiating a NOTE OF HAND in favour of *JACOB SPINNEY*, dated in September last, past, due the last of December next ensuing, for the sum of twenty-six dollars. Not having received value, I shall resist payment of the same.

JAMES L. BROWN.

Torbrook, Nov. 22nd, 1877. n33 tf



I. MATHESON & CO.,

ENGINEERS

—AND—

BOILER MAKERS,

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Manufacturers of PORTABLE & STATIONARY

Engines and Boilers.

☞ Every description of FITTINGS for above kept in Stock, viz:—

Steam Pumps, Steam Pipe, Steam and Water Guages, Brass Cocks and Valves, Oil and Tallow Cups.

dec5'76 n34 tf

Three Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "EMPRESS."

For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway and Western Counties Railway for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, and intermediate Stations, and with Stages for Yarmouth and Liverpool, N. S.

Until further notice steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 8 o'clock returning TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax and Intermediate Stations..

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class...$5.00
do do do 2nd class... 3.50
do. do. Annapolis..... 2.00
do. do. Digby..... 1.50
Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class.)..... 7.50

Return tickets to Clergyman and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHEWAY, 11 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., April 2nd '77.

STEAMER EMPRESS

AND THE

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

FREIGHTS for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendence at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7, a. m., and 6. p. m., daily, to receive Freight.

No freight received morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to

SMALL & HATHEWAY, Agents, 39 Dock Street.

ap18

LAWYER'S BLANKS.

Neatly and cheaply executed at our office of this paper.

VISITING CARDS.

Neatly executed at the office of this paper.

NEW SPRING GOODS

Ex "Nova Scotian."

SEVENTEEN PACKAGES

CONTAINING:

22, 26 and 28 doz. Worsted Coatings, New Patterns:

Scotch Tweeds, Fancy Dress Goods, Black Brilliantines, Fancy Prints, Spring Styles, Regatta Shirtings, Spring Styles, Scotch Yarns, Rumia Crash, Alhambra & Honeycomb Quilts.

Also, Four Packages containing a large assortment of

Buttons, Coat Binding, Hercules Braids, Combs, Needles, etc.

FOR SALE AT LOWEST PRICES.

Thos. R. Jones & Co.,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

THE

ROGER'S UPRIGHT PIANO.

THIS INSTRUMENTS IS CONSTRUCTED ON ENTIRELY NEW PRINCIPLES, and the most earnest and careful attention is called to the *Elliott Patent Iron Tuning Arrangement*, consisting of a *slide, sting-pin, set-screw*, held in place by a block or knob cast on the iron frame, by which positive accuracy of pitch and reliability of tune are attained. It is not only capable of being tuned *perfectly*, more easily and readily than any other piano, but after the stretch is once out of the string there is no possible chance for the instument to get out of tune.

Having control of the sale of these pianos in the Maritime Provinces, I am able to furnish them as low as any FIRST CLASS PIANO can be purchased. Illustrated Circulars furnished on application.

THE MODEL PIANO.

This Piano is designed for those who have not room for a large piano or cannot afford to spend $300 or $400 in the purchase of an instrument. They are about the size of the ordinary cabinet organ. The cases are made of Walnut or Rosewood finish.

It has a compass of 5½ Octaves. Scale A to C. Full Iron Frame, strongly braced in rear, and are first-class in ever respect.

Prices from $175.00, upwards.

The W. P. Emerson

Square and Upright Piano.

These Pianos are first-class in every respect. I can furnish a 7½ Ontave, four-round cornor piano for

$800 and upwards.

The Geo. A. Prince, The Mason & Hamlin, and the Dominion Organ.

at lowest prices.

A GOOD DOUBLE REED ORGAN FOR $100.

A Ten Stop Organ for $125.

A Very Elegant tri-reed Organ for $150.

☞ Send for Catalogues and Terms. ☜

F. L. COOK.

AT

Middleton Station.

JUST Received, per Intercolonial, from Toronto

100 BBLS. SUPERIOR FLOUR.

In Store,

100 Bbls. Choice Kiln Dried Corn Meal,

Very Low For Cash.

General assortment of Groceries &c. Always in stock

Lumber and Shingles

for Building purposes always on hand.

Persons wishing conveyance, please call on the subscriber.

N. F. MARSHALL.

BRICK. BRICK.

30,000 Superior made Brick,

enquire of Job T, McCormick at Lower Middleton, or the subscriber,

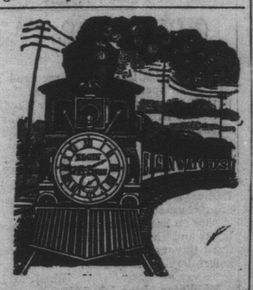
n42 y N. F. MARSHALL.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of SAMUEL T. NEILEY, 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

L. S. MORSE, BURTON D. NEILY, } Executors.

Bridgetown, April 30th, 1878. 6m t26



SANCTON

is still alive, and has a fine lot of

Gold and Plated Jewelry,

FOR SALE.

—ALSO—

Good Watches

—IN BOTH—

GOLD & SILVER

Poetry.

ASSIMILATION OF NATURES

has been described by Tennyson, in words which will live as long as the English language itself:—

"Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fall in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind,
Till at the last she set herself to move
Like perfect music unto noble words."

LITTLE EDDIE'S LAST WORDS.

The happy birds were singing
Amid the leafy bowers,
And the summer air was fragrant
With many lovely flowers.

But in a humble cottage
Dear little Eddie lay;
And the angel death was waiting
To bear his soul away.

O, father dear, he murmured,
My life is almost o'er,
Promise me that you will never
Taste one drop of liquor more.

It bears a curse upon it,
And has caused our tears to flow,
And has made home, O my father,
A place of want and woe.

Poor mother's heart is breaking
And sister Mary's too;
And both of them are praying
Every day I know for you.

And I too, dearest father;
Lying in this quiet room,
Have prayed that God would save you
From the drunkard's fearful doom.

I am going now to Jesus;
Soon I'll reach the Heavenly shore;
But before I go, dear father,
Promise me you'll drink no more.

O shun the liquor, father,
That has led your feet astray;
And seek the Saviour's mercy
And He'll wash your sins away.

O say you will, dear father;
I must leave you soon I know;
O say you will I pray you,
Just once before I go.

I will, my darling Eddie,
The father said with tears;
When I think of all my wanderings,
Great indeed my guilt appears.

He bowed his head in anguish;
But a smile of peace and joy
Lit up with Heavenly beauty
The face of the dying boy.

God has heard my prayer, he whispered;
Then closed his weary eyes;
And the waiting angel carried
His soul beyond the skies.

HARRIET COLE.

Milton, Queen's Co.

Select Literature.

By The Well.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

I

The farm of the Lenuds lies just outside of the little village of Manneville. It is a great rambling old stone house, with numerous sheds and outhouses that grow around it like mushrooms, and a rare old courtyard, large and sunny. There is a great bleating of invisible calves and a great cackling of hens, who seem to be ever laying eggs, and great cooing of pigeons beneath the sunny eaves, in this *grande cour*. You are also apt to stumble over sacks of corn, or bundles of onions, or tubs full of cider-apples, when those good things are in season, in this same courtyard. And all the year round a little river flows past it, being one of the boundaries, and flocks of ducks float up and down the stream within the shadow of grey willows, and troops of geese meet in council, like solemn senators, round an old pear-tree, tall and sturdy as an oak, and on which the pears are more plentiful than acorns; and the pigeons, when they are tired with cooing, strut about an old well, so pretty and so picturesque, that a painter would travel miles just to look at it.

It has a roof, as most wells have in Normandy: a low thatched roof, shaggy, brown and old, but made rich and gorgeous when the sun shines upon it by many a tuft of deep green fern, and many a cluster of pink seedum and golden stone-crop. Beneath that roof, in perpetual shade and feshness, lies the low round margin built of heavy ill-jointed stones, grey and discolored with age; and within this, at the mouth of the dark, deep shaft, spreads an irregular but lovely fringe of hart's tongue. The long glossy leaves of a cool, pale green, grow in the clefts of the inner wall, far as the eye can reach, stretching and vanishing into the darkness, at the bottom of which you see a little tremulous circle of watery light. This well is invaluable to the Lenuds, for, as they pass by the farm, the waters of the little river grow brackish and almost unfit for use. So long ago, before they were rich, the Lenuds having discovered this spring through the means of a neighboring mason, named Delpierre, got him to sink and make the well, in exchange for what is called a servitude, in French legal praise; that is to say, that he and his were to have the use of the well for ever and ever. Bitter strife was the result of this agreement. The feud lasted generations, during which the Lenuds throve and grew rich, and the Delpierres got so poor, that, at the time when this story opens, the last had just died, leaving a widow and three young children in bitter destitution. Maitre Louis Lenud, for the Parisan monsieur had not yet reached Manneville, immediately availed himself of this fact to bolt and bar the postern door through which his enemy had daily invaded the courtyard to go the well. The widow claimed ihe servitude; Maitre Louis denied it, and tauntingly bade her drink river-water, or go to law and prove her right. The widow felt the force of the argument, and submitted, with many complaints, to the rich man's tyranny.

'It was easily done, and it cost me nothing — not a sou,' exultingly thought Maitre Pierre Lenud, coming to this conclusion for the hundreth time, on a warm evening in July. The evening was more than warm — it was sultry; yet Maitre Louis sat by the kitchen-fire, watching his old servant, Madeline, as she got onion soup ready for the evening meal, utterly careless of the scorching blaze which shot up the deep dark funnel of the chimney. Pierre his son, unable to bear this additional heat, stood in the open doorway, waiting with all the impatience of eighteen for his supper, occasionally looking out on the farmyard, grey and quiet at this hour, but oftener casting a glance within. The fire-light danced about the stone kitchen, now lighting up the armoire in the corner, with cupids and guitars, and shepherd's pipes and tabors, and lover's knots, carved on its brown oak panels, now showing the lad in the bright copper saucepans, hung in rows upon the walls, now revealing the stern grim figure of his father, with his heavy grey eyebrows, and his long Norman features both harsh and acute, and very stern could Maitre Louis look, though he wore a faded blue blouse, an old handkerchief round his neck, and on his head a white cotton nightcap, with a stiff tassel to it, now suddenly subsiding and leaving all in the dim shadows of twilight. During one of these grey intervals, the long drawling Norman voice of Maitre Louis spoke:

'The Delpierres have given up the well,' he said, with grim triumph.

'Ay, but Fifine comes and draws water every night,' tauntingly answered Pierre.

'Him! the old man exclaimed, with a growl which was known in his household as a sort of *cave canem!* Beware of the dog!

'Fifine comes and draws water every night,' reiterated Pierre, and he strengthened his assertion with proof. Passing by the cottage of the Delpierres that morning he had seen the eldest child Fifine, a girl of eight or ten, sitting on the door-step singing her little brother to sleep, with a wreath of hart's-tongue around her head, and another round her waist; 'and a little beggar too she looked,' scornfully added Pierre, 'with her uncombed hair and her rags.' Now, there was no hart's-tongue to be found for more than a mile, unless in Maitre Louis Lenud's old well. The inference was clear—so clear that on hearing Pierre's statement, the farmer uttered a fierce oath, then was silent. The fire-light, which had shot up again, lit his moody face. Pierre bent forward and read it eagerly, and his dark eyes flashed like those of a young hawk, and his aquiline features worked with the strong hate of the young, as he said: 'Shall we let the dog loose to-night?'

Maitre Louis uttered his deepest growl, and promised to break every bone in his body if he attempted such a thing. That promise, though often made, had never been kept yet. There was a dangerous light in Pierre's eye; but Maitre Louis, though fierce and violent, was also astute—far too astute to let the dog loose on Fifine. For if the child were half throttled or wounded, would not the law step in and attest his right to the well, and, maybe, mulct him in heavy damages? So though he had fostered hate of the Delpierres in his son's heart till it broke out thus, he now gave him a silent wink of his left eye, which was as menacing as the growl, then took in sulky silence the large plateful of soup which Madeline poured out for him. Pierre, too, gulped down his onion soup, but the 'do it if you dare,' of the paternal wink, only spurred him on. He gave up the dog, as too cruel, but not his revenge.

Accordingly, when the family had retired to rest, Pierre, who had not gone to bed, took off his thick-nailed shoes, and softly groped down the stair-case. In the stillness of the house he could hear Maitre Lenud's loud snoring, and the rustling of old Turc in his straw; but the farmer did not waken, and the dog was too keen-scented to mistake his young master for a burglar. A little oil enabled the lad too open the kitchen door without making the least noise, and, his heart beating with a guilty joy, he stood out in the clear and cool moonlight. He threw himself in the shadow of the nearest outhouse, then crept on towards the well, as slowly and as stealthily as an Indian when his war-paint is on and he is on the track of the white man: or, better still, when he pursues and hopes to scalp some fellow Indian, member of a rival tribe. There must be a fierce sort of pleasure in hate, else, surely, men and women, children even, would not like it so. Yet we rarely hate for hatred's own sake. There is ever something else, some greed to satisfy, some wrong to revenge, which whets the sinner's appetite, and with the plausible almost turns it into a sort of virtue. No remorseful feeling towards the poor orphan child came to Pierre as he reached the well and crouched down beside it. He too hated and denied the 'servitude,' but with perfect sincerity; and to defend the paternal courtyard against those low beggarly Delpierres, seemed an act of filial duty, to which creeping out thus stealthily, the watching and the waiting, gave a touch of romantic heroism. His hereditary enemy, indeed, was of the sex which chivalry is bound to guard, and of the years which manhood scorns to attack. But Pierre was no knight, nor was he yet a man. He was but a sturdy Norman peasant lad, reared in that doctrine of the strong, 'Might makes right;' and, to do him justice, believing in it most devoutly.

The night was a lovely one, and its tender and subdued meaning might have reached Pierre's heart,—but did not. He saw, as he crouched in the grass near the old well, that the full round moon hung in the sky; he saw that the willows, by the little river, looked very calm and still, and lay bathed in pale gray light; he saw that there was deep repose everywhere, that labor had ceased in his father's house, that birds were sleeping soundly in every nest; he would have wagered, if questioned, that Turc himself was snoring; nay, so conscious was he of this universal rest, that he almost fancied the gentle ripple of the river on its pebbly bed was fainter than by day; and all this, as Pierre vaguely felt, was beautiful, for a full sense of Nature's loveliness seldom reaches the peasant's heart: but there he stopped. Nothing said to him: 'This is wearied Nature's hour for rest. This is the time when evil passions themselves must pause and rest. This is the great truce between all living creatures, save the perfidious and cruel; obey it, then, if you would not be like unto them.'

No such sweet persuasive voice addressed the lad; or, if it spoke, it was neither heard or heeded. His blood was warm and young, his passions keen and strong, and he waited for his feudal enemy, Fifine Capulet, without the least possible thought of becoming a Pierre Montague.

But night, the mighty goddess would not be outraged by this young rebel. As her silver car was passing over the old well, which had led to such bitter warfare, she saw Pierre in the dewy grass, and, bending over him with a haughty smile, she just shook one or two poppies, then went on her starry path and thought no more about him. No knight of romance ever succumbed to the evil fairy's spell with more fatal rapidity than poor Pierre. In a moment, in a second—before he had time to think about it or resist—his head had fallen on his knees and he was fast asleep. And there must have been something very baleful in these poppies, we fear; for Pierre's dreams were of the fiercest kind. In the cool moonlight, as he dreamed, he saw little Fifine stealing out of her mother's cottage. He saw the pale widow in her black garments, hoisting the child over the wall, then handing down a bright new pitcher, of which Pierre thought as its glazed coating shone in the moonlight, 'What a hole I shall make in thee yet!' But this was not all. Pierre saw Fifine tripping with her little bare feet across the yard till she stood by the well. Then, suddenly, he became an actor in the drama. Starting, like a young tiger from his lair, the lad pounced upon the young girl, seized her in his strong arms, then, holding her aloft for a moment, he deliberately dropped her into the well. A plash in the deep dark waters below, and all was over. Pierre looked in, however; and seeing something white fluttering at the bottom, he remembered the pitcher, and, though not versed in Roman history, he asserted his Gallic blood by throwing it down he well upon the unhappy little maiden. All this was accomplished with the calm cruelty of the dreamer, but also with such a sense of exultation and triumph that it awoke him, and lo and behold you! there was little Fifine with her pitcher, standing in the moon-light by his side.

Such as he had seen her in his dreams, such as he saw her daily, she stood there with her hair falling about her face, her torn bodice, her scanty petticoats, and her little bare feet. How the little traitress had got in, while he, the careless dragon, slept, Pierre could not imagine; but she was evidently quite unconscious of his presence, and he never stirred, nor scarcely breathed, lest she should find him out too soon and cheat him out of his revenge. Remember that hatred had been taught him, and not merely hatred, but abhorrence and contempt. Such mercy as is shown to the wolves and their young, he held, figurately speaking, to be the due of the widow and her child.

No presentiment came to little Fifine in this hour of impending calamity. The child set her pitcher down very softly, shook back the hanging hair from her face, and peeped into tha well. Poor little thing! she liked to look thus into that dark hole, with its damp walls clothed with the long green hart's-tongue that had betrayed her. She liked also to look at that white circle of water below; for you see, if there was a wrathful Adam by her ready for violence and revenge, she was a daughter of Eve, and, Eve-like, enjoyed the sweet flavor of the forbidden fruit. But her mother's last behest had been, 'do not be long;' and Fifine's obedience being quickened by a little personal fear, which long importunity had not been able to deaden, she now set about her task. She softly lowered one of Maitre Lenud's new buckets—'the little thief,' thought Pierre, wrathfully,—dipped it into the water below, then, carefully drew it up again; and all this Fifine did with ease, for, slight though she looked, she had the strength of a peasant girl. When she had filled her pitcher the child turned to go, and now Pierre, anxious to see the mode of her exit, stretched out his head and watched her motions eagerly. Fifine crossed the court as noiselessly as possible; but when she had reached the pear-tree she rested for awhile within its deep black shadow. 'The pitcher is heavy; it will be lighter by-and-by, Fifine,' grimly thought Pierre; 'but which way art thou going? not over the wall with a pitcher full of water.'

Fifine did not keep him long in suspense. She took her pitcher up again and walked straight on to the river. Pierre stared amazed; then suddenly he understood it all. There was an old forgotten gap in the hedge beyond the little stream. Through that gap Fifine and her pitcher nightly invaded Maitre Lenud's territory. Her back was now turned to the well; besides, she was too far away to hear; so having first picked up a sharp flint which lay in the grass beside him, Pierre rose and bided his opportunity. Fifine went on till she had half-crossed a bridge-like plank which crossed the stream, then, as her ill-luck would have it, she stood to listen to the distant hooting of an owl in the church-tower on the hill. Pierre saw the child's black figure in the moon-light, standing out clearly against the background of grey willows; he saw the white plank, and the dark river tipped with light flowing on beneath it. Above all, he saw Fifine's glazed pitcher, bright as silver: he was an unerring marksman, and took a sure aim at this. The flint sped swiftly through the air—there was a crash, a low cry, and all was suddenly still. Both Fifine and her pitcher had tumbled into the river below—and vanished there.

II.

Pierre was stunned at first. He could not believe the truth of what his eyes had seen. It had all been so sudden that he looked vacantly for Fifine, expecting to see her climbing up hastily the opposite bank on her way to the gap in the hedge. But he saw nothing—nothing save the moon shining in the sky, the grey willows, the river flowing on, and above it the lone bare plank on which Fifine had been standing. In one moment, with one spring, Pierre had reached the stream and was wading through it; and there, in its shallow bed, with her pale face turned upwards, her little hand still grasping the pitcher, lay Fifine! Some broad trailing bushes had caught her garments, and prevented her from drifting down wiih the current of the river. Pierre snatched her up and shook her, with mingled despair and grief. Fifine's eyelids fluttered; she heaved two or three deep sighs, and uttered one deep moan; then her head sank back heavily, and she lay like a log in the lad's arms. He thought her really dead, and he felt half frantic with remorse and fear. He had meant to break the pitcher, and he had killed the child. He heard her mother's shriek, his father's growl, and he saw a young Pierre Lenud ascending the steps of the guillotine—all in one moment: and all were so terribly real that he stood in the cold river with Fifine still dripping in his arms, nor thought of doing anything till she moaned again. With a deep sigh of relief he got her out and laid her in the high grass. Fifine was not dead, but she shivered from head to foot and looked ghastly white. He felt her all over, in search of some injured limb, but she whimpered pitifully that the stone had hit her on the ankle.

'No it hit the pitcher,' jealously corrected Pierre, who would not hear his skill as a marksman impugned; but that, in breaking, had hit Fifine. And now, where was the ankle?

She held out her bare foot, and, seeing it dabbled in gore, Pierre felt no better than a murderer. In vain he washed the wound with water from the river; the blood still flowed on, and then the child still shook and shivered like an aspen leaf. But one course still lay before him: to put her on his back and take her home to her mother: Pierre did so.

'You cannot pass through the hedge; you are too big,' said little Fifine, faintly; but, with a groan, Pierre said they would go through the postern door — how he wished it had never been locked!—and he took her up.

'I want my pitcher, please,' said Fifine, still speaking very faintly. With another groan Pierre replied that her pitcher was broken; and, without heeding the child, whose mind seemed confused with the fall and who still claimed her pitcher, he waded back through the river, crossed the court, unbarred the postern door, and took her at once to the low thatched cottage of the Delpierres.

(To be continued.)

☞ Mouldiness is occasioned by the growth of minute vegetation. Ink, paste, leather and seeds most frequently suffer by it. A clove will preserve ink; any essential oil answers equally well. Leather may be kept free from mould by the same substances. Thus Russia leather, which is perfumed with the tar of birch, never becomes mouldy. For harnesses, oil of turpentine is recommended.