Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

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J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

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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.

Extension OF TIME

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Puttner's Emulsion

OF COD LIVER OIL

WITH

Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda

may give this to all who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, General Debility, and all wasting Diseases.

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CHEMIST AND DRUGGISTS,
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CASH!

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OATMEAL,
FEEDING FLOUR,
CORMEAL,
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STOVES, PLOWS,
HORSE CLOTHING,

Harnesses made to Order.
REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

N. H. PHINNEY.
Nov. 19th, 1888.

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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.

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DO you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach? Sometimes a faint all-gone feeling in the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy? Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing?

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Jobbing and repairing promptly and satisfactorily attended to. 7 13i

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One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 30 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

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The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

Make New Rich Blood!

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FOR BOSTON, DIRECT.

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NEW BRUNSWICK

Having been thoroughly repaired, will leave ANNAPOLIS (calling at DIGBY every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, directly after the arrival of the Express Train from Halifax. Returning: Leave BOSTON MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings.

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Commencing MONDAY, May 5th, one of the Palace Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN for BOSTON via EASTPORT and PORTLAND every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 7.25 Eastern Standard Time.

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with Hose attached if required.

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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

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IN
THE WORLD
POLISH
MORE IN CAKE THAN OTHER MAKES.

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ON AND AFTER THE 2nd OF JUNE

THE S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO.

ROBERT FLEMING, Commander.

will leave the Company's wharf, Reed's Pt. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday at 7.30, local time, for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS, connecting there with the W. C. and W. and A. railways, returning same day, due at St. John about 7 p. m.

94m. HOWARD D. TROOP, Manager.

Poetry.

Where?

The moon shines bright in the starlit sky,
And the fleecy clouds go sailing by,
Perhaps, they are shadows of angels there,
Coming from Jesus, with words of cheer.

Of the home we are longing, longing to see;
They tell us of joys of the souls set free.
Where can it be, this home of the blest?
Where, oh, where, is this haven of rest?

Is it above thee, oh, moon, so bright?
Is it beyond thee? Oh, tell me to-night,
Where, oh, where is the home we love?
Does it surround us, or is it above?

Where are the spirits of those who've gone,
Those who have passed to eternal morn?
Where, oh, where, is the great white throne,
Where never is sound of sigh or moan?

Where all is joy and service and praise
To the infinite God of endless days,
Where hymns are sung for deliverance given,
It matters not where, or what, it is Heaven!

There joy is endless, and sorrow unknown.
At the feet of the king each cross is thrown,
And in place of its burden a cross is given
To all, who have sought and found their heaven.

—*Janie.*

The Light at the Eventide.

The day has been lonely and dreary,
And my spirit partook of its gloom,
As restless, and sad, and unquiet,
I wandered from room to room.

For the mists in the early dawning
Had risen, and heavily lay
Like a shroud on the face of the pallid sun,
And darkened each struggling ray.

And the clouds grew darker and darker,
Till the sound of the falling rain
Came borne like tears by the wailing wind,
Or the sob of a soul in pain.

And vainly I watched and waited,
As the hours dragged wearily by,
For a rift in the sombre darkness
That hung like a pall o'er the sky;

Till just as the day kissed the evening,
Ere he sank on her bosom to rest,
A flood of such wonderful glory
Illumined and lightened the west,—

That, breathless, I gazed at its beauty,
As broader and brighter it grew,
Till it seemed like the gateway of heaven,
With the glory of God shining through.

And the beautiful vision thrilled me
As I gazed, for I seemed to see
How God in that scene was revealing
His ways and His dealings with me.

For over my heart came rushing
Their meaning all glorified—
The words of the beautiful promise,
Of the "light at the eventide."

And peace such as passeth all knowledge
Just flooded my tired heart then,
Till it seemed that I never could murmur
Or repine at my lot again.

What though the mists and the shadows
Lay dark o'er the morn of my day,
And I've struggled through storm and through tempest,
Each sorrowful step of my way?

I shall rest at the nightfall, and o'er me,
From the gates by an angel swung wide,
Will burst with a glory eternal
The "light at the eventide."

—*Lilla M. Alexander.*

Select Literature.

Pippo's Reward.

(From All the Year Round).

"If I could but buy it!"

He was only a little brown-faced, barefooted Italian lad, and he stood with his wistful eyes fixed on the window of a dingy shop in a still more dingy London street. Above his head the hot sun poured down its burning rays, but he did not mind that; it reminded him of his own land on some dim cloudless afternoon, when he had had nothing to do save to lie under the shade of the vines on the mountain side, or to listen to the music of some rill of water babbling under cool green leaves, with a stone image sculptured above, that those who sought its shelter might also give due reverence to its patron saint. There was no vines here, and no babbling fountains, and sculptured Madonnas; only hot streets and countless roofs, and but chance glimpses of blue sky far up above the housetops. Neither were there market days and feast days for innocent merry making; nor any rest or peace for his little weary body, since the cruel black-browed padrone had brought him from across the seas to this country of want, and work, and endless misery.

No. There was never any peace for him now; any pause of time when he might dream day dreams of all things beautiful. All was noise, and turmoil, and ceaseless clangor, and unending strife, and life was a sordid, pitiful thing that left him only too often sleepless, and hungry, and foot sore, and with a tired aching in his heart that he could not put into any words; that even if put into words would have won for him nothing but mockery and jeers, and perhaps blows.

Blows—was that a blow now that fell on his shoulder from which the ragged little shirt had partly fallen? He started and shrank back with the timid, frightened gesture of a beaten dog. But it was no blow this time, only the pressure of a strong hand on his little shrinking form.

"What are you staring at so earnestly?" asked a kind hearty voice in the language which the child as yet only imperfectly understood.

"Nothing, Signor Inglese," he answered timidly, and shrank away with his little broken fiddle under his arm, as though he had done something to be ashamed of.

"Nothing? Why your eyes looked as if they would start out of your head. If it had been a cook shop now, or a baker's I could have understood it; you look half-starved. But this old rubbishing *bric-a-brac* place. What the deuce could you see there?"

He was a young man who spoke, dressed in naval uniform, but his loud, hearty voice bewildered the little lad, whose scant knowledge of English prevented his understanding what was said. He stood looking helplessly at the stalwart frame and sunburned face of his interrogater, but something in the kind blue eyes gave him courage at last. He drew a step nearer.

"I look but at—this," he said shyly, pointing to an old violin lying among a heap of rubbish in the window.

"That! and what do you think of it?" asked the young man wonderingly.

"It makes music," faltered the child.

"Music!" laughed the young Lieutenant, "and what of that?"

The little lads eyes grew soft and dreamy. "What?" he murmured in Italian, "only that I love it, only that in all this great city it is the one thing that speaks to me of the home I have lost."

"Poor little chap," said his interrogator regretfully. "I don't understand your lingo but I dare say you're a victim of one of those rascally padrones who make a living by sending women and children into the streets to work for them. Would you like that fiddle?" he added slowly, pointing to the instrument as he spoke.

The child did not understand the question, so to make it clear the young man walked into the shop, making a sign to the little lad to follow. An old Jew rose up from behind the counter and peered through the gloom at his customer.

"What you pleashe, sare?" he asked, rubbing his dirty hands slowly together as if he scented business.

"Let me see that fiddle you have in the window," said the young man.

"That—violine," corrected the dealer.

"Well, I don't know as the name makes any difference," returned his customer, impatiently. Haul it out of your hold, and let's have a look at it. It doesn't seem worth much, to judge by its appearance.

"It is one var fine inshtument, sare," exclaimed the Jew, indignantly. "It's an old Italian violine, of fine make, and of tone wonderful. Try it, sare."

"Try it!" exclaimed his customer, contemptuously. "You don't suppose I should play on a dirty blackened thing like that? If I ever perpetrated anything in the musical line," he added, laughing, "I should take care to have a fine brand new instrument, at all events."

The Jew looked with unfeigned commiseration at this display of musical ignorance.

"A new violine," he exclaimed, "play on a new violine. Ah, sare, it ish plain you know not much of music."

"You're right there," laughed the young sailor, "but I want to try what this youngster does. I found him looking very covetous at that rubbishing old piece of wood and catgut. Just hand it over here a minute."

"Let that dirty little brat touch my Italian violine? Nevare!" exclaimed old Jacobs with indignation. Do you take me for von fool, sare? I thought it was you that needed the inshtrument for yourself; but that street brat—"

He turned away contemptuously, and thrust the violin once more into its old place among the cracked China, and dull brasses, and time-worn bronzes, and bits of genre, as he called them. The little lad who had imperfectly understood the dialogue, clasped his hands despairingly together as he saw the coveted treasure put once more beyond his reach, but his new protector was not to be easily baffled, and he sternly ordered the Jew to give the instrument to him and tell him its price.

"Twenty pounds," was the cool response.

"Twenty pounds!" exclaimed the sailor, indignantly. "Do you take me for a fool?"

"No, sare, for a shentlemans," answered the Teutonic Hebrew with a grin; "but if you were a connoisseur, you would know that this is a fine old Italian instrument, and worth every penny of vhat I ask you."

"Put some strings on it, and let me see what it's like," said his customer shortly.

The old man obeyed, and presently handed the violin to its prospective purchaser with its bridge fixed and its strings in playable condition.

"You vant a bow too?" he asked with a grin.

"Of course," answered the young man loftily, though when the violin and bow were in his hands he knew nothing of how to use them. "I used to see old Jack Barber play the thing on board ship often enough," he said ruefully; "But I'm blest if I know how to clap sail on myself. Here boy," he added, unheeding the Jew's remonstrance, "see what you can make of it."

The child took it with reverent tender hands, and without an instant's hesitation began to play. Something in the little wrapt face and earnest eyes, as well as in the instinctive grace with which he used the bow, and brought the long-silent music from out of that old time-worn instrument, silenced the Jew's remonstrances, and changed the young sailor's laughing curiosity to a deep attention.

"By Jove! The little chap understands what he's about," he said in surprise. "Curious how natural music seems to these Southern birds. What do you think of that, eh?" he asked old Jacobi suddenly.

"Tink! Why, that he vill spoil my violine, and I shall hold you responsible," was the strictly professional reply.

The sailor gave a prolonged whistle.

"Stow all that trash," he exclaimed indignantly. "That lad knows more about the instrument than you do. Spoil it? Those clever little fingers? Bosh! I'll tell you what, though; I'll give you five pounds for that old fiddle, and a good offer it is. Take it or leave it as you like. I can soon pick up another. I saw some in Levi's in H—— street, and he's an old friend of mine."

"Levi is my cousin, and he is rich, and I am von ver poor dealer," screamed the old Hebrew excitedly; "but Levi has not in all his shop one single violine that is in the least degree so good as that. No, sare; you would not rob a poor old man; you vill give me for him ten pounds."

"Five, and not a halfpenny more," was the resolute answer, as the young man took the violin from the child's reluctant hands and placed it on the counter.

"Seven—six—five pound ten," persisted the Jew in a broken voice as each abatement was steadily ignored. "Vell, vell, if it must it must. I make you great sacrifice, but it shall not be said that you ver imposhed on by one of my cousin Levi's bad violines. No; sooner vould I suffer myself than that, and von day you may again see a leetle instrument you like—also it shall be a bargain—if you go not to Levi. He is noting of a dealer, noting. I should not like to see a goot young gentleman like you imposhed on by him."

The young man laughed heartily at this tirade and drew his purse out.

"All right, I won't go to Levi," he said. "Now, put that fiddle in a case and hand it over, will you?"

"Shall I not send him for you?" asked the dealer, persuasively "It shall come to-day, certain."

"Thanks," said the young sailor cautiously. "But you see I'm not a good judge of instruments, and—ahem—I might forget what it was like!"

The Jew had to confess himself worsted in the encounter, and soon after his strange customer left the shop with the little Italian lad carrying the case and trotting beside him.

"And I thought it wosh be all sailors are so confiding," murmured the old Israelite regretfully, as he returned to his dingy den. "I have heard it said so. But still," and he rubbed his dirty hands gleefully—"still it has not fer me been so bad a bargain. Five shillings I give for that old fiddle two years ago, and now five pounds I sell him for; and then I have secured a customer from mine ver good cousin Levi!"

This last reflection seemed to give him almost as much satisfaction as his bargain—not quite; for a Jew's pocket is usually his most sensitive point, and what affects it is in consequence of primary consideration.

Meanwhile, the young sailor, Ned Fordyce by name, and his strange companion, went out once more into the narrow close street and hot sunshine. The little lad broke out into a string of incoherent passionate thanks that seriously discomposed the bluff young sailor, who had all an Englishman's dislike to the expression of gratitude on the part of any one benefitted by his generosity.

"Come, come, that will do," he said good-naturedly. "Never mind the Madonna. I don't suppose she will trouble herself about a graceless individual like myself."

The child looked a little awed and surprised. "Not mind the Madonna," he thought; "well, that certainly could not be a right thing to say."

"And now, what will you do with this?" asked his new friend, as they reached the end of the street.

"Play on it," answered the lad readily.

"I may make money now, and the padrone will not beat me so much. This has beautiful music in it, and the other was so old and broken it was no use, and the people used to drive me away when I played in the streets; and as for money, they never gave any for playing, only when I sang."

"You poor little chap," said Ned Fordyce pityingly. "What a life!"

"The life I would love in my own country," said the child in his eager, imperfect English; "wander through the fields in the moonlight and play while the stars are shining and the nightingales singing in the thickets. Ah!" He drew a long deep breath; he knew what he felt, but he could not express it in this cold and unfamiliar tongue.

The young sailor looked down on him with wonder. The child was a mystery to him. That he should desire a piece of wood and four strings in preference to toys or something to eat, was in itself a surprise. That he should rhapsodize in this fashion about it, regardless of bare feet and ragged clothes and scorching sun, was a cause of greater astonishment still.

"Where do you live?" he asked suddenly.

The child mentioned a low street in the neighborhood of Soho, and, to the further inquiry whether he had any parents, told all his pitiful little tale about having been stolen away from his own country and brought here to earn a living for a taskmaster as pitiless as he was unprincipled. It was a common enough tale in the mouth of an Italian beggar, but the simple pathos of this child's delivery touched his warm-hearted acquaintance with a deeper compassion than he had ever felt before for any friendless, homeless outcast, and there were many such who had experienced the benefit of his generous and large-hearted charity.

"Will your master allow you to play on that violin?" he asked the boy at the conclusion of his tale.

The child was long in understanding the meaning of the question, but, when he did, a sudden fear flashed into his eyes.

"I don't know," he said, hesitatingly; then his face brightened. "Netta is very good," he added, "and I will pray her to speak to the padrone. He minds her always."

"Who is Netta?" asked his companion.

The child looked perplexed.

"She is with us—there," he said, nodding in the direction of the street he had named, "and she is just Netta, but she is very good, though sad—always sad, and when she dances her feet are, oh, so heavy, but she says her heart is heavier still, and I think it must be," he added with a sigh.

"Well, said the young man, giving him some loose silver as he spoke, "go home now and I hope your new treasure will outlive the padrone's anger, and you will not weary of it very soon. And look here. This is my card, I live here, and if you get into any trouble with your master, just you come round and let me know, will you?"

"The signor is too good," exclaimed the boy, raising his great soft eyes to the bronzed and manly face above him. "I shall never forget him—never, and may all the Saints and the Blessed Madonna herself—"

"Oh, yes, I know all that," interrupted Fred Fordyce impatiently. Never mind the blessings. I have heard them so often and found the more numerous they are the less of gratitude goes with them. Run along now little chap, and don't lose my card. I never make empty promises, and if you want me you'll know where to find me."

"I had a rare lark to-day," said young Fordyce, as he sat at dinner with his mother and sisters that evening. "I met a little Italian beggar boy, and what do you think he was breaking his heart about?"

"Polonies or macaroni," suggested pretty Edith, the elder of the two girls.

"Not a bit of it," said her brother laughing. "He wanted a fiddle—I beg pardon, I believe I ought to say a violin. He was a rum little chap, but couldn't he play?"

"Did you hear him, then? What new act of philanthropy have you been committing?"

The young man looked a little confused.

"None—at least, not exactly," he replied. "I couldn't bear to see his poor, wistful little face there against the window, and so—"

"Oh, yes, I quite understand," said Mrs. Fordyce. "You took him in and bought him what he wanted. If it had been a twenty guinea affair you would have done just the same. You are just like your poor father. His hand was always in his pocket. I think all the beggars in London knew him."

"I am sure it is a good thing Ned does not stay long when he is on shore," exclaimed Edith, "for the number of crossing sweepers, beggar women, blind men, organ grinders, white mice sellers, and image dealers that flock to this street—well, it's something quite too dreadful. Ned is as well known as the Prince of Wales, I think."

"What a compliment to an obscure individual like myself!" laughed her brother.

"Well, but what did you do about the boy this morning?" asked his younger sister, Gertrude.

Ned told his tale in a few words, making so light of the purchase of the violin that none of them imagined it had cost him more than a few shillings.

"I hope, however, you did not tell the child to come here?" said his mother as he concluded his story. "We have quite enough pensioners of yours already."

"Besides, it is really not safe," put in prudent Edith. "One hears such dreadful things nowadays about thieves' kitchens and the like, I dare say Ned would find all his deaf, lame and blind beggars in full possession of all their faculties and limbs if he only knew where they congregated."

"Well, "what the eye doth not see the heart does not grieve for,'" laughed Ned, as he rose from the table to open the door, "and I'm sure my poor beggars have never done any harm as yet."

"But there's no knowing what they may do," persisted Edith, pausing behind the others as they passed out of the dining-room. I'm sure when you're away, Ned, I'm always in terror lest some of those creatures should rob or murder us, or set the house on fire. I really am."

"And so I am in the proud position of acting safeguard against robbery, murder, and incendiarism," laughed Ned, merrily. "What a pity more people don't know of my valuable properties. I might make quite a fortune by hiring myself out every night; really it would pay better than the Navy, I do believe; besides—"

"Oh, do be sensible," exclaimed his sister, impatiently; "you know very well what I mean. You carry charity too far, and are too indiscriminate in your almsgiving."

"There spoke a pupil of St. Theophilus," said Ned, mischievously, alluding to a certain High Church curate of that name who was deeply smitten of pretty Edith. She colored hotly at the words, but her remonstrance was effectually silenced by them, and she left her brother to his solitary dessert and soothing cigar with an indignant pity for his blindness, that in no way interfered with his enjoyment of those luxuries.

His usual evening reverie being solaced thus, and he himself feeling lazily disposed, after a long summer's day outing, it was not to be wondered at if his thoughts wandered off into a doze, and in a hazy, dreamy fashion he found himself weaving strange fancies together and becoming the hero of many curious adventures, among which may be remarked the selling of white mice and plaster images, the dancing in heavy shoes in the muddy streets, the fighting of black-browed padroni, and amid all and through all these varied occupations, hearing the soft sad wail of a voilin, whose sounds nothing could stifle or silence. These sounds were still in his ears as he woke with a start and sat upright in his chair, in that very self-evident, wide-awake manner peculiar to people on whom slumber has stolen unawares in an auspicious moment.

Was it fancy, or was there really a face peering at him through the window—a sallow evil looking face with fierce black eyes that glowed through the semi-darkness with covetous vindictive longing. He sprang to the window in a second. It was a French window opening on to a balcony, and that a turn in led by a flight of steps to one of those squares or gardens so often found in London suburban houses. The window was fastened by an ordinary hasp or lock which did not yield quite freely to the hand. With an impatient effort he flung it open at last, but there was no one on the balcony, and all the square was solitary and deserted as was usual at that hour of the evening.

Half angry at his own sudden alarm, he returned to the room, taking care, however, to shut and bolt the window securely.

"I mustn't tell my mother or the girls," he said to himself, "or they will be more nervous than ever." Then, with one more searching look around he left the dining-room and rejoined the feminine members of the family in the pretty lamp-lit drawing-room beyond. When he reached the door he paused. Was it only fancy, or was his dream still haunting him, for, floating through the air and up to the open windows came the self-same plaintive, sorrowful strains that had been ringing in his ears a few moments before. Ned stood quite still, instinctively he knew who the player was, and felt that the little friendless lad had traveled all those hard stony streets to pay this tribute to his young benefactor. The delicacy of feeling which had prompted this ignorant and untutored child was recognized and understood, even as he would have had it understood. Ned staid his sister's hand as she was about to toss out some coins to the hidden player.

"No," he said, hastily; "there are some cases where money is an insult. I know why this child is here."

Just as he spoke a sweet young voice lifted itself up, seeming as if it must find its way to heaven, with its rich far-sounding notes. On many a saint's day the boy had walked in the processions with hundreds of other children, singing what they had been taught to sing, and glad to sing it because the music was beautiful and the saints would be pleased with their service. And as he sang he was once more in his own land, and above him beamed the cloudless blue of an Italian sky, and he saw glowing waters and dancing waves, and the brightness of the morning sunlight, and the little grassy paths where the river ran by his side and— He awoke from his dream with a start of fear and the snap of a broken string. A shadow fell across the moonlit road, and a harsh voice muttered in his own tongue:

"Thou hast sung enough, go ask for money now."

The child shrank back as from a blow.

"Oh, no," he entreated, "not money to-night. I gave you the money of the kind stranger. I did but come hither to play to him in gratitude, he will understand, he is so noble, and good and strong, just like the Archangel Michael in the picture on the chapel walls, and—"

"Carramba," hissed the man fiercely. "I have not asked thee to prate of archangles and chapels, silly fool. Go, do what I bid thee, or fifty stripes and no supper on thy return home."

The child answered never a word. With proud mute dignity he put his violin back in its case and walked away, leaving his task-master to follow or to beg in his place.

He took his stripes and went hungry and bruised and footsore to bed, yet he uttered no cry, and gave no word of complaint even to pitying Netta. In his own simple, childish fashion he thought he deserved such chastisement for his disobedience, but in his heart he said: "I could not have begged of him. I never will beg of him though I saw him twenty times a day. He heard me play to-night—he will understand."

Did Ned Fordyce understand? They were all talking over the beautiful singing in the pretty lamp-lit drawing-room, and wondering that it was succeeded by no solicitation for the usual donations.

"I should like to have that boy in my choir," said St. Theophilus. "What a voice. It was exquisite."

"He is better in the streets," said Ned abruptly—almost rudely, Edith thought. "One does not cage nightingales."

* * * * * * *

Was Pippo dreaming?

He sat up in his bed of straw and rubbed his eyes. There was a dim light in the room, and many forms huddled up in different corners. It was close and pestilential and unwholesome, but the little lad had grown used to it now, and, indeed, was often too weary and spent to notice anything—only too glad to lay his aching limbs on his heap of straw and sleep the sleep of utter exhaustion.

What had awakened him now? Had he dreamed that name, or had somebody said it really. He laid himself noiselessly back in his straw and listened. Yes, voices were talking close beside him—the voices of men in the adjoining room, but through the thin partition he could hear every word. And as he listened and heard, his heart seemed to stand in terror, his face grew ashy gray, his little thin brown hands shook like aspen leaves where they rested on their straw couch. Then there came silence, and the light was extinguished, and only the heavy breathing of the many companions of his own miserable life sounded through the wretched place, but Pippo slept no more that night. His heart beat with the agony of an intense fear and the greatness of a heroic purpose, and the faint pale light of the dawn fell on him lying there with wide open terrified eyes that no sleep had visited.

Pippo was allowed to pursue his usual vocation that day. It was Sunday, and the padrone bade him, in surly accents, remain at home through all the long hot summer hours, while the boy's whole heart was full of an intense longing to get away, to put in practice the resolution he had formed during these terrible wakeful hours of the night. He heard the bells ringing over the still, sultry air, and he knew that the church doors were open, and the white-robed choristers singing, and the people playing in their own fashion.

Netta bought him a dry crust and an apple for his Sunday meal, and he washed it down with a draught of water that was warm and dull-looking, and bore little affinity to the clear sparkling streams from which he had once been wont to drink.

Then the girl, who pitied the gentle dreamy little lad, and saw how unfit he was for such a life as he now led, bade him wash his face and come out with her. The padrone had given her leave to take him away, and they would not return until the evening, and she would go in one of the river steamers and get out at some place where there were green fields and shady trees and the noise and dust and glare of the city might be forgotten for even a few hours. Pippo started to his feet in delight. Such a holiday of this Netta had often spoken of and planned, but they had never been able to accomplish it. He could scarcely believe it was possible even now. His preparations were soon made, and his little wan face was flushed with excitement, and his big brown eyes literally danced with delight as he ran down the dark and crooked stairway to where Netta awaited him in the street below. She was a rough looking, brown eyed girl of some twenty years. She might have been pretty once, but years of a coarse, sordid, criminal life had taken all the womanliness from her face and eyes, and left her very hardened and reckless.

She took the child's hand in hers, and together they went out into the hot sunshine. Pippo had lost all memory of what he had heard the previous night in the rapture of this granted holiday. To float down the river, to feast his eyes on fields once more, and see the sky stretching wide and vast above his head, instead of being hemmed in by thousands of roofs; to hear a bird's song from the safe free shelter of the boughs, not from the narrow cramped bars of a cage; to see the tufts of reeds and hedges standing high as his own head on the river banks; above all, to have no fear of harsh voices and blows for the sweet glad length of a summer afternoon; this was as much joy as his little heart was capable of holding for hours after.

(*Concluded on fourth page.*)

Don't Grumble.

Everything goes wrong with some because they make it. They never have any pleasure, because they never get ready to enjoy it. Everything is out of humor, and so are the people. Something is wrong all the time, and the wrong is with them. Their lots are harder than falls to other mortals; their home is the worst of anybody's; they have more trouble than anybody else; they are never so happy as when they grumble; and if everything worked to their satisfaction they would still grumble because there was nothing for them to grumble about. The grumbler is a violater of God's law, and a sinner against the peace and harmony of society.

While we are perfectly willing the grumbler should go to heaven at death, everybody is heartily glad to get rid of him on earth. Don't torment yourselves with borrowed troubles. Don't wait for happiness. Go to work and make it. Adopt the true philosophy of life. Take things as they come. If there is no bright side, brush up one of the dark ones. Don't hang down your heads or lips. "Nothing is so bad but it might have been worse." "'Tis always morning somewhere in the world. "It is a long lane that has no turning." "Every cloud has a silver lining." "The darkest hour of night is that which precedes day."

Form the habit of thinking how much there is to cheer you, even when there may be much to depress. Cultivate what is warm and genial, not the repulsive, the sullen and the remorse. Smile, and ill-nature will smile with you; the air will seem more balmy, the sky more clear, the grass will have a brighter green, the trees a richer foliage, the flowers a sweeter perfume, and the sun, moon and stars will appear more beautiful.

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