

**Weekly Monitor,**  
PUBLISHED  
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Yearly advertisements charged offener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

**JOB WORK.**  
At the office of this Paper may be obtained to order and at short notice:  
Pamphlets,  
Circulars,  
Programmes,  
Bill-Heads,  
Dodgers,  
Business Cards,  
Wedding Cards,  
Visiting Cards,  
Shipping Labels,  
Posters,  
Tickets,  
&c., &c., &c.  
**Magistrates' Blanks**  
Kept constantly on hand.  
Call and inspect Samples of Work.  
CHARGES REASONABLE.

**HARD TIMES Are Upon Us.**  
OWING to the hard times I am determined to sell at  
**LOWER PRICES**  
THAN EVER BEFORE,  
and I now offer at my store on Queen Street a nice selection of  
**JEWELRY**  
AND  
**FANCY GOODS,**  
far below CITY PRICES, and invite all to call and see them. They consist of  
WATCHES,  
CLOCKS,  
TIMEPIECES,  
RINGS,  
BROOCHES,  
EARRINGS,  
SLEEVE BUTTONS,  
STUDS,  
GOLD & PLATED CHAINS,  
SPOONS,  
FORKS,  
SPECTACLES,  
Purses,  
CHARMS, &c., &c.  
All parties now owing the subscriber are hereby notified to pay up.

**J. E. SANCTON**  
Bridgetown, Oct. 27, '75

**Windsor & Annapolis Railway.**  
SPRING ARRANGEMENT.  
COMMENCING  
Monday, 3rd of April, 1876.  
HALIFAX TO ST. JOHN.

Miles.	STATIONS.	Pass. Pass. Exp. and Frgt. Prgt.
0	Halifax Leave	8 30 9 15 3 00
8	Bedford	8 55 10 00 3 40
13	Windsor Jctn	9 10 10 32 4 00
26	Mt. Uniacke	9 47 11 17 4 50
36	Ellerhouse	10 16 11 54 5 23
		P. M.
39	Newport	10 25 12 07 5 34
45	Windsor	10 45 12 40 6 10
62	Hantsport	11 06 1 08 6 35
63	Wolville	11 39 1 55 7 13
		P. M.
70	Kentville	12 15 2 40 7 50
82	Berwick	12 51 3 28 8 38
87	Aylesford	1 06 3 48 9 00
98	Windsor	1 39 4 32 9 40
101	Middleton	1 48 4 44 9 53
107	Lawrencetown	2 06 5 08 10 17
110	Paradise	2 15 5 21 10 30
115	Bridgetown	2 35 5 41 10 50
122	Round Hill	2 52 6 00 11 10
129	Annapolis—Arrive	3 10 6 35 11 30

190 St. John by Steamer 8 00.....

**ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX.**

Miles.	STATIONS.	Pass. Pass. Exp. and Frgt. Prgt.
0	St. John by Steamer	8 00 8 00 8 00
9	Annapolis Leave	8 00 9 00 2 00
7	Round Hill	8 26 9 27 2 17
14	Bridgetown	8 52 10 23 2 35
19	Paradise	9 12 10 47 2 47
22	Lawrencetown	9 24 11 00 2 55
28	Middleton	9 49 11 32 3 12
31	Windsor	10 01 11 50 3 20
43	Aylesford	10 55 12 30 3 50
47	Berwick	11 16 1 04 4 03
		P. M.
59	Kentville	6 30 12 35 4 45
67	Wolville	6 57 1 06 5 08
77	Hantsport	7 39 1 59 5 35
84	Windsor	8 20 2 35 5 55
90	Newport	8 42 2 58 6 12
93	Ellerhouse	8 56 3 10 6 21
103	Mt. Uniacke	9 47 3 50 6 50
116	Windsor Jctn	10 40 4 15 7 38
121	Bedford	11 00 4 50 7 43
129	Halifax—Arrive	11 35 5 25 8 10

N. B.—Express Trains run every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, stopping at all Stations. For Time of Money Express Train West of Kentville, see handbills. Trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Kentville and Annapolis run on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays only; trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Kentville and Halifax run daily. Steamer "Empress" leaves St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 8.30 a. m. for Annapolis, and returns on arrival of 8.30 a. m. Express Train from Halifax. International Steamers leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8 a. m. for Liverpool, Portland and Boston. European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.30 a. m. daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada. Through Tickets at reduced fares by above routes to all parts of the United States and Canada, may be obtained at the Company's Office, 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, at Richmond, and the principal Stations on the Railway. P. INNES, Manager. Kentville, March 31st, '76.

**Three Trips a Week.**  
**ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!**  
STEAMER "EMPRESS."  
For Digby and Annapolis.  
Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.  
On and after Monday, April 17th, until further notice, Steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reece's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY morning at 8 o'clock, and return the same days, connecting at Annapolis with Express Train for and from Halifax and way stations.  
FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class.....\$5.00 do do do 2nd class..... 3.50 do do do 3rd class..... 2.00 do do do 4th class..... 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.  
SMALL & HATHEWAY,  
39 Dock Street.  
St. John, N. B., April 15th, '76.

**STEAMER EMPRESS**  
AND THE  
**WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.**  
Fares for Kentville, Wolville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.  
A careful agent in attendance at Warehouse, Reece'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,  
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

**Farm for Sale.**  
The subscriber will offer for sale a Farm in Annapolis County, in the vicinity of PORT GEORGE, consisting of about 70 Acres of GOOD LAND, well watered, with House, Barn and other Outbuildings. AN ORCHARD, consisting of Apple and Plum Trees is also on the place.  
The above will be sold at AUCTION, Friday, the 12th day of May, if not sold before at Private Sale.  
EDWIN GATES,  
April 4th, 1876.

**W. H. OLIVE,**  
Custom House, Forwarding, COMMISSION,  
Railroad and Steamboat Agent,  
Prince William St., St. John, N. B.  
May 3rd, 1876.  
**GEORGE WHITMAN,**  
Auctioneer & Real Estate Agent,  
Round Hill, Annapolis, N. S.

Parties having Real Estate to dispose of will find it their interest to consult with Mr. Whitman in reference thereto.  
No charge made unless a sale is effected, or for advertising when ordered so to do, may 22 '73

**CARD.**  
**Jno. B. Mills,**  
Barrister, &c., &c.,  
Bona Vista House,  
ANAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.  
**ROYAL HOTEL.**  
(Formerly STUBBS')  
146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,  
Opposite Custom House,  
St. John, N. B.  
T. F. RAYMOND..... PROPRIETOR,  
sept 73 y

**WILLIAM HILLMAN,**  
Silver and Brass Plater,  
ELECTOR PLATER  
in gold and silver.  
ALL REPAIRS DONE  
CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS  
No. 60 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.  
sept 16 y

**ERB & BOWMAN,**  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
3 & 4 NORTH MARKET WHARF,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
HAVE always on hand and for sale at market rates a great variety of Choice Brands of  
Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, &c.  
CONSIGNMENTS OF PRODUCE  
Respectfully solicited and carefully handled,  
ap14 ERB & BOWMAN.

**THOMAS PEARNESS,**  
Manufacturer of  
Monuments, Grave-Stones  
TABLE TOPS, &c.  
South Side King Square, St. John, N. B.  
P. S.—Mr. Pearness will visit Annapolis and neighboring counties at stated intervals to solicit orders.  
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**GREAT REDUCTION!**  
FOR CASH.  
Tweed Suits,  
\$20 to \$24,  
FORMER PRICES, \$26 to \$38.  
MENS FURNISHING  
and all other Goods  
PROPORTIONATELY LOW.  
J. E. WHITTAKER,  
Cor. Germain & Princess Sts., St. John, N. B.

**SADDLERY BUSINESS**  
in all its branches, keeping on hand a large stock of Ready-Made  
Harnesses,  
comprising Saddle, Brass and Japanned Mountings. A large amount of HARNES MOUNTINGS at the Lowest Prices.  
ALL KINDS OF LEATHER kept in variety.  
The highest prices paid for Hides in exchange for leather.  
GEORGE MURDOCH,  
Bridgetown, Dec. 8th, 1875. n36

**NEW FURNITURE WAREHOUSES!**  
AT LAWRENCETOWN.  
THIS subscriber has opened as above, and will keep constantly on hand a full line of Superior Furniture of every description, consisting in part of  
Elegant Walnut (in Hair Cloth, Rep. &c.) Parlor Sets, Marble Top, and Plain Walnut Centre-Tables, Parlor Chairs, Easy Chairs, Rockers, Sofas, Couches, Lounges, Bedroom Sets in variety, Tables of all kinds, Bureaus, Stands,  
Cane Seat, and Wood Bottom Chairs, Children's Chairs, Common Bedsteads, Picture Frames, Hat Boxes, &c., &c.  
Just opened—A large and Varied Assortment of Men's 'Youths' and Boys' and Women's, Misses', Girls', and Infants' Boots, Shoes, and Slippers, in every style and quality.  
Money can be saved by purchasing at this Establishment.—Call and be convinced.  
FRED. LEAVITT,  
Lawrencetown, April 28, '75 y

**MARBLE WORKS!**  
THE undersigned having entered into Partnership for the purpose of manufacturing all kinds of Marble, hereby notify the public that they are prepared to furnish at Short Notice and on reasonable Terms,  
MONUMENTS,  
Headstones, Table Tops, &c.,  
Head of the Firm, Mr. ALCOCK, has had three years experience in some of the best establishments in the City of Providence, Rhode Island, and feels assured that he can give every satisfaction to those entrusting their orders to him.  
All orders left at their Shop, next door to J. B. Reed's Furniture Factory, Bridgetown, will receive prompt attention.  
DANIEL ALCOCK,  
OLDEHAM WHITMAN,  
Bridgetown, April 12th, 1876. n3 114

**EX STEAMER**  
FROM NEW YORK.  
3 Bales  
**AMERICAN GREY COTTON!**  
1 Bale  
AMERICAN BLEACHED  
Shirtings and Sheetings.  
Also from CANADA:  
3 CASES READY-MADE CLOTHING,  
in Men's, Youths', and Children's Suits.  
To arrive in a few days direct from G.L.S. 307:  
6000 (Six Thousand) Rolls  
PAPER HANGINGS,  
From 5 cents to \$1.00 per Roll,  
in Gold Leaf, Bronze, &c. Persons about to paper will do well to wait the arrival of the above, as they will find on inspection to be of as good value as ever offered in the Province. Special attention is called to a quantity of CONGOU TEA at 40 cts., usually sold at 50 cents.  
JOHN LOCKETT,  
Bridgetown, March 27th, 1876.

**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 natural life is half worn, and only require cleaning and dyeing to make them look as good as new. Carpets, Feathered, Curtains, Dress Goods, Shirts, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemen's Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c., &c., dyed on reasonable terms. Black Goods a specialty.  
A. L. LAW.

**CHEESE FACTORIES!**  
All Kinds  
Cheese Vats,  
Milk Cans,  
Curd Knives,  
and every Description of  
APPARATUS  
FOR  
Cheese Factories!  
FRAZEE'S  
GANG CHEESE PRESSES!  
AT COX BROTHERS,  
Bridgetown, April 12th, 1876. 91 610

**NEW GOODS!**  
Victoria House,  
Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.  
Spring, 1876.  
NOW receiving per Freight and Mail Steam- a Choice Stock of  
**DRY GOODS**  
in every department.  
The attention of the Trade as well as of Retail buyers solicited.  
E. D. WATTS.

**ATTENTION.**  
AS MRS. FRASER & SISTER  
are determined to give up their  
**MILLINERY BUSINESS**  
between this and the 1st of April next, a good opportunity is now offered to any wishing to purchase a good established business (twelve (12) years standing). In the mean time goods will be sold at a  
Great Reduction for Cash.  
All indebted to the above will please settle their accounts and save further trouble.  
Bridgetown, Dec. 1st, 1874. n35

**195,000.** THE DAILY and WEEKLY Editions of the  
**MONTREAL STAR**  
have now (it is estimated) an audience of One Hundred and Ninety-five Thousand Readers, which makes them the most widely circulated and influential newspapers published in Canada.  
17 145

**Poetry.**  
**THE BURIAL OF MOSES.**  
MRS. ALEXANDER HORTON.  
By Neb's lonely mountain,  
On the spot Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Canaan,  
There lies a lowly grave.  
And no man dug that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it ever;  
For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever took place on earth,  
The no man heard the trumpeting,  
Or saw the train go forth.  
Silently as the day light  
They laid his body in the tomb,  
And the crimson streak on the ocean's cheek  
Grew into the great sun —  
Silently as the spring-time,  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves,  
So without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that weep,  
Silently down from the mountain's crown  
The grand procession swept.

Perchance the grey old eagle,  
On lone Bethpeor's height,  
From out his rocky eyrie  
Looked on the wondrous sight;  
They saw the Hon. King  
Still shuns that hallowed spot,  
For best and bird have seen and heard,  
That which man knoweth not.

Amid the noisiest of the land  
They lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honored place  
With costly marble dress,  
In the great minister transept,  
Where light-like glories fall,  
And the choir sings, and the organ rings  
Along the emblazoned wall.

And when the warrior died,  
His coat of armor and his sword,  
With arms reversed and muffled drums,  
Follow the funeral car,  
They count his banners taken,  
They tell his battles won,  
And after him lead his masterless steed,  
While peals the minute gun.

This was the bravest warrior  
That ever lived on earth,  
This the most gifted poet,  
That ever breathed a word;  
And he'er did his golden phylaxer  
Trace with his godly pen,  
On the deathless page words half so sage,  
As he laid down for men.

And had he not high honour?  
The hill-side to his praise,  
To lie in state, while angels wait,  
With stars for tapers tall,  
And the dark rock-pines like nodding  
Plumets,  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own Hand in that lonely land  
To lay him in his grave?

In that deep grave without a name,  
Whence his uncloined clay  
Shall take to life — Oh wondrous thought!  
Upon the Judgment Day,  
And stand with glory wrapped around  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the best life, which won o'er  
In the incarnate Son of God.

Oh grave in Moab's lonely land!  
Oh dark Bethpeor's hill!  
Speak to these questioning hearts of ours,  
And bid them to be still!  
God hath his mysteries of grace,  
Which man's feeble intellect  
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep  
Of him he loved so well.

**Select Literature.**  
**A Lost Letter.**  
(Concluded.)  
But effort and resolution accomplish miracles yet. The days rolled on, and autumn was past; Christmas drew near, and Miss Strickland had long since returned home, and to herself; she recognized the fact that the grace and bloom of life were gone for her, and also she recognized the more important fact that the feverish gaiety that had marked her conduct for a while, was gone. In its place shone a staid light—the cheerful acceptance of things as she found them. She went into society as much as ever; was perhaps more than ever admired there. And it is certain that her mother and herself were drawn nearer together than ever before.

In the performance of certain duties Miss Strickland found herself at the church the day before Christmas-eve. The ladies of St. James' took infinite pride in their Christmas decorations, and half the feminine congregation was gathered on this occasion, with a slight sprinkling of the less ornamental but perhaps more efficient sex.

Mrs. Grey, the rector's wife, was there—a little woman, chirrupy as a bird, self-important as a honey-bee queen; well liked, pretty, and full of suggestions more poetical than practical. Miss Latham was there, Arthur Gilbert, Herbert Stacy, Joe—the frolicsome spring of whose unnumbered—and fifty more, with whom we have nothing to do.

There! said Mrs. Grey, finally turning to the group about her. 'I think, at last, that it promises to be really beautiful.'  
All agreed with her. There was quite a chorus of satisfaction, with some looking toward the door, for it was growing late.

'There is one thing more that must be done, however—that certainly must be done,' said Mrs. Grey, with her usual daintily emphatic utterance. 'Poor Joe's bench must be furnished up a little. The cushion must have new material. As it is, it is simply disgraceful.'  
'But, dear Mrs. Grey, what does it matter? It doesn't show.' This remark manifested a practical one.  
'We must not make clean only the outside of the cup and platter,' returned Mrs. Grey, smilingly, but still feeling herself the rector's wife. 'Mr. Gilbert, will you loosen the old covering for me?'  
As in duty bound, Mr. Gilbert would turn upholsterer with much pleasure.  
'Here is a hammer—heavy, but I think you can use it,' said Mrs. Grey, and she handed Mrs. Grey's muscles, and you perceive, she thought those of Hercules would have been beneath the weight.  
Arthur, laughing took the weighty affair avowing that he thought he could wield it by the exercise of all his strength. He went upstairs.  
'Oh no, Miss Strickland, pray be kind enough to take him this one. The one he has has no—I don't know the name—nothing to take out tacks with.' Miss Strickland did not seem to hear.  
'I will take it, dear Mrs. Grey,' said Miss Latham, with great obligingness.  
But this little lady always preferred her own arrangements, however trivial.  
'No,' she answered. 'I want your assistance about the placing of the calls lilies. You will oblige me, Miss Strickland, will you not?'  
'I will take it to Mr. Gilbert, since you wish it,' said Miss Strickland, not without annoyance.  
'Thank you. Come, Alice my dear, Joe, come and help me lift the vases.'  
Miss Strickland walked up the steps very slowly. She hoped Mr. Gilbert's task would be accomplished before she could reach the top. For, in addition to other objections, she felt her errand rather ridiculous.  
But he did really experience some vexatious hindrance through lack of the proper instrument, and was swearing a little, very softly and unconsciously, under his breath. When Miss Strickland said, just beside him:  
'Here is a better hammer, Mr. Gilbert. Mrs. Grey told me to bring it to you.'  
'Thank you,' he answered, coldly. 'I am much obliged to Mrs. Grey, and of course to you also, Miss Strickland.'  
'Not at all to me. I would not have brought it but that she insisted.'  
It was only about a hammer and a piece of green cloth. But so oddly is life compounded that this was the most important moment of their lives. Never since that fatal Sunday had they stood one moment alone together. Never since then had either spoke one voluntary sentence to the other. I have not the art to tell all that their hearts as they stood silent. For silently they did stam' a moment. Miss Strickland had tried to turn and to go down steps again, but her head was a little giddy, and, raging at herself for her unsuccessful agitation, she still found it would be wisdom to remain an instant where she was.  
Mr. Gilbert did not glance toward her again. He was afraid to do so. She stood so near him! Her dress touched him. That meaningless contact thrilled to his very soul. He, too, called himself a fool, and invoked inaudible anthems upon himself. But his heart was one wide pain. He took the hammer she had brought, lifted it with unnecessary force, and brought it down—upon his own fingers.  
'Oh!' cried Miss Strickland. It was hardly more than a breath, but the tender morsel, surprise from her lips, spoke so much! She stretched out her hand instinctively, and drew it back with a painful blush.  
'It is no matter,' said Arthur. 'It did not hurt me.' And indeed he scarcely felt it.  
He used the hammer once more, with better effect, loosening an odd, rough-looking piece of wood that held the faded cloth. The cloth fell down, and a little cloud of dust rose. Something rustled and fell on the floor at his feet.  
'Ah!' said he, 'here is an old letter. How long has it been there, I wonder? It is yellow with age.' He was thankful to the letter for being there. It gave him something to say.  
But it was only with dust it was yellow. Eight months had it lain there, holding its little secret against the time of its disclosure. And the time had come. He glanced at the address, and saw in his own handwriting, Mabel's name. He opened the note without speaking.  
'I don't suppose it ever did really happen that a man's heart stood still—until it stood forever—or that a man's living blood ran ice. But ice and fire seemed in his veins for a moment. He looked frightened at Miss Strickland.  
'What is it?' she said, forgetting herself.  
'Do you remember,' he said, in a voice that was not Arthur's voice—'do you remember the last Sunday that we sang together?'  
'Yes, I remember. Oh—'  
'Did you have a note from me that morning?' he asked, in the same strange voice.  
'I? A note? Oh no!'  
'Here is the note that I sent you that day. Will you read it now?'  
'What do we there? That taste of heaven—more that taste of heaven—close to the person's night afore last,' said the farmer. 'I'd advise you to keep your doors pretty well bolted, and it wouldn't be amiss to let the man sleep in the garret, till this disturbance is over.'  
'Nonsense,' said Miss Arcthusa, who had by this time recovered her wonted self-possession.  
'I'm not afraid of the burglars.'  
And she went away.  
That evening there was a freshly gathered nosegay of sweet-williams, pinks and southernwood on the shelf, and Miss Arcthusa lighted the lamp.

ed the corner and came in sight of them.  
'Entirely a success,' Arthur answered. 'It has been worth its weight in gold, but in diamonds.' He was sitting on Joe's bench, with somewhat such an air as if it had been an imperial throne.  
Miss Strickland was replacing some hairpins, and her face was that of the goddess of morning—celestial rosy red.  
Some time after this, Mr. Gilbert enjoyed the pleasure of an explanatory interview with the ingenious 'blower.' Without alarming his inventive power by any reference to the lost note, he contrived to learn from that artless youth one or two facts which threw some light upon its fate.  
'A while ago,' said Joe, 'that ere piece of cloth—no sense anyhow—got loose and tripped me up a time or two. And down it came—bang! once when Mr. Grey was prayin'. I didn't catch it then, I guess! Oh no! he never said a cross word in his life. He wouldn't.'  
But these enigmas were explained and commented upon by appropriate expressions which left no doubt that his remarks were entirely ironical. He further stated that, in a zealous mood, he had then improved the condition of his bench by nailing the cloth fast, and by nailing over it a strip of wood to hold it down. All unconscious of the letter that had slipped from his pocket between the cloth and the cushion, he had thus looked up for a little while this key to two destinies.

Joe was surprised at the donation which rewarded this information. But still it obtained his entire approval. This was a mode of expressing approbation of his merits which he understood and appreciated.—Harper's Weekly.

**The Lover's Reception.**  
'Dear me! Aunt Arcthusa!' cried out Laura Wynyard, in a tone of well-figured astonishment, 'a blue ribbon in your hair.'  
'And new out-buttons, as I live, echoed her twin sister, Effie.  
'Miss Arcthusa Whistleton looked rather sheepish.  
'Well, why shouldn't I wear blue ribbons if I've a mind to?' she retorted. 'It's a free country, I hope.'  
'Oh, yes,' laughed Laura, 'it's a free country. And blue is certainly very becoming to you, aunt. Is Mr. Pouncington to be at the farm this afternoon?'  
'I don't know whether he is or not,' said Miss Arcthusa, tartly. 'Mr. Pouncington is nothing to me.'  
'But he may be one of these days,' retorted mischievous Effie. 'Only think, Laura, what a nice thing it would be to have a wedding in the family.'  
'You'll ask Effie and me to be the bridesmaids, aunt, won't you?' said Laura, with the utmost gravity.  
'Girls, ain't you ashamed of yourselves?' cried out Miss Arcthusa, scornfully knowing whether it was best to be pleased or vexed.  
And just then the entrance of a visitor created a timely diversion, and Arcthusa was allowed to retreat with her basket of eggs.  
Miss Arcthusa Whistleton was fat, fair and forty.  
She lived all by herself, in a snug little farm-house, always kept neatly painted, with a 'posy-bed' in front, full of southernwood, marigolds, and such like odd fashioned flowers, and had a neat account in the Humbleton Savings Bank.  
But, in spite of all these substantial charms, no one had ever yet sought to gather her from the stem of 'maiden meditation fancy free.'  
Mr. Peter Pouncington was a single gentleman, nearer fifty than forty. He lived four or five miles away in an ancient brick house, with a row of poplars in front, and he never had got married simply because he had had a wicked aunt who kept house for him, darned his stockings, and prepared his soup with exactly the right amount of cayenne pepper in it.  
'What should I marry for?' said Mr. Pouncington. 'I want Betty understands my likes and dislikes a great deal better than anyone else could do.'  
But one day paralysis laid his grim touch on Aunt Betts, and the next day she died.  
'What shall I do?' said Mr. Pouncington, helplessly, the morning after the funeral was over.  
'I'd get married, if I was you,' said Squire Martin.  
'I don't know of anyone to marry,' sighed Peter the Hermit.  
'There's ain't no smarter woman in all the neighborhood than Arcthusa Whistleton,' said the squire, after a little period of cogitation, 'and she's got a snug bit of money, too.'  
'Thus it happened that Mr. Peter Pouncington turned his attentions in the direction of Miss Arcthusa.  
And all this preamble will doubtless set forth the exact state of things that existed on that August day when Miss Arcthusa stood on the door step of the Wynyards with the basket of eggs in her hand.  
'I say, Thusy,' called out Farmer Wynyard, as he came in from the field, 'I heard about the gang of burglars that's going through the village.'  
'Burglars? No,' almost shrieked Miss Arcthusa.  
'They was at Moley's last night; and close to the parson's night afore last,' said the farmer. 'I'd advise you to keep your doors pretty well bolted, and it wouldn't be amiss to let the man sleep in the garret, till this disturbance is over.'  
'Nonsense,' said Miss Arcthusa, who had by this time recovered her wonted self-possession.  
'I'm not afraid of the burglars.'  
And she went away.

That evening there was a freshly gathered nosegay of sweet-williams, pinks and southernwood on the shelf, and Miss Arcthusa lighted the lamp.

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