Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 5. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1877. NO. 27

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00.

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.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; 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.

NOTICE. All persons having any legal demands against the estate of *JOSEPH EDWIN MORSE*, Carpenter, of Bridgetown, deceased, must render their accounts, duly attesd to, within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

MARIA G. MORSE, admx.,
ISAAC P. MORSE, admr.

Bridgetown, April 25th, '77. 6m

CONSUMPTION CURED

AN OLD PHYSICIAN, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a Vegetable Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of

Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and all Throat and Lung affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering, he will send FREE OF CHARGE, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and successfully using. Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,

DR. C. STEVENS, Box 86, Brockville, Ont.

PORTABLE GRIST MILLS

ONE OR THREE RUN.

ADDRESS

JOHN WELSH, Agent...Amherst, N.S
A. FISHER, " .....Truro, N.S.
W. H. OLIVE, " ...St. John, N.B.

Waterous Engine Works Co., BRANTFORD, ONT

*** State where you saw this advertisement.

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.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For all the purposes of a Family Physic, and for curing Costiveness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Breath, Headache, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Biliousness, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, for Purifying the Blood,

Are the most effective and congenial purgative ever discovered. They are mild, but effectual in their operation, moving the bowels surely and without pain. Although gentle in their operation, they are still the most thorough and searching cathartic medicine that can be employed: cleansing the stomach and bowels, and even the blood. In small doses of one pill a day, they stimulate the digestive organs and promote vigorous health.

AYER'S PILLS have been known for more than a quarter of a century, and have obtained a world-wide reputation for their virtues. They correct diseased action in the several assimilative organs of the body, and are so composed that obstructions within their range can rarely withstand or evade them. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are, at the same time, the safest and best physic for children. By their aperient action they gripe much less than the common purgatives, and never give pain when the bowels are not inflamed. They reach the vital fountains of the blood, and strengthen the system by freeing it from the elements of weakness.

Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates, containing neither calomel nor any deleterious drug, these Pills may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar-coating preserves them ever fresh, and makes them pleasant to take; while being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Avery, Brown & Co., Halifax
Wholesale Agents.

Sold by DR. DENNISON and W. W CHESLEY, *Bridgetown N. S.*

FLANNELS
AND
BLANKETS!

WHITE LANCASHIRE FLANNELS;
WHITE MEDIUM do;
WHITE IMITATION WELSH;
WHITE do do fine;
WHITE ANTI-RHEUMATIC;
WHITE SAXONY UNION all wool;
WHITE SERGES, all wool;
WHITE PLAIDINGS;
SCARLET LANCASHIRE;
SCARLET MEDIUM do;
YELLOW LANCASHIRE;
GREEN do;
INDIGO BLUE, HEAVY, PLAIN;
INDIGO BLUE, TWILLED;
SCARLET SAXONY;
COLORED do;
CANADIAN ALL WOOL, GREY;
AMERIC'N WHITE, GREY, SCARLET

BLANKETS!

WHITE, BROWN AND GREY,
FOR SALE BY
W. G. LAWTON,
Cor. King and Canterbury Streets, St. John, N. B.
October 1876.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX,

ANNAPOLIS AGENCY.

INTEREST allowed on Deposits. Drafts on New York, Boston, Montreal, St. John, and Halifax, at City rates.

STERLING EXCHANGE BOUGHT and SOLD.

COLLECTIONS MADE ON ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.

ALEX. SHEARER, Agent.
Jan. 10 n38 tf

MacFarlane & Adams
Forwarding & Commission MERCHANTS.
Agents for
Canada Paper Co.
HALIFAX, N. S.
Oct. 16th, '76. 6mn27

CARD.

Jno. B. Mills,
Barrister, &c., &c.,
Bona Vista House,
ANNAPOLIS 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.
ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF
CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS
No. 60 Charlotte St.....St. John, N. B
sept30 y

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

Three Trips a Week.
ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!
STEAMER "EMPRESS,"

For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.

Until further notice, Steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY for Digby and Annapolis, connecting with Express Trains W. & A. Railways for and from Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, etc., and RETURN ON SAME DAYS.

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,
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

FLOUR, FLOUR.

THE subscriber has just received from Toronto,

100 BBLS.
CHOICE CANADIAN FLOUR,

which will be sold at the Lowest Cash Price. Warranted to be good or no sale. Also:

50 bbls. American Corn Meal.

A. ELLIOTT.
Port George, Aug. 19th, '77 n17 tf
Agent at Middleton,.....JOHN GULIVAN.

TRY THE
DUFFERIN FLAT 12'S
AND THE
ACADIA TWIST TOBACCO,

And you will not want any better.

R. B. MACKINTOSH & CO.,
Proprietors, Halifax, N. S.
Oct. 17th, '76. n27

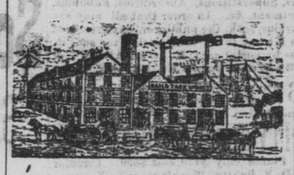
GLASS! GLASS!

1000 Boxes GLASS, in all sizes, at cheap rates.
White Lead, Oils, Brushes,
Paper Hangings of all kinds,
WHOLESALE and RETAIL,

The trade supplied on reasonable terms at *22 Germain St.....St. John, N. B.*

BLAKSLEE & WHITENECK.
sept30 y

S. R. FOSTER & SON'S
STANDARD
Nail, Shoe Nail & Tack Works
ST. JOHN, N. B.



ESTABLISHED 1849.
(Formerly W. H. ADAMS' CITY NAIL WORKS.)
Orders solicited, prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. ap10

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.

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

☞ 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."

BUSINESS CARDS

Neatly and promptly executed at the office of this paper.

Five Years' Sickness Cured by Four Bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy. Pain in Shoulders, Back and Lungs, and Droppings in Throat Disappear.

ST. ARMAND, P. Q., Sept. 18, 1876.

MR. T. J. B. HARDING.

DEAR SIR,—Being desirous that others may know something of the merits of your CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY, I wish to inform you what it has done for me. I am 27 years old; had been out of health for about five years. I had employed three or four different doctors, and tried various medicines, without receiving any permanent benefit, but continued rather to grow worse, until last fall, when I had become so bad as to be unable to do an hour's work at a time. Had severe soreness and pain under the shoulder blades and through the shoulders, with very lame back, and a feeling in my right lung as though there was a weight bearing it down, with continual dropping in the throat and down upon the lungs. Such was my condition, when I commenced to take your Catarrh Remedy, one bottle of which eased my pains and gave me an improved appetite, and after taking four bottles I was restored to health, so as to be able to endure hard and continued labor, such as chopping and clearing land, at which I have been engaged the past season. My recovery I attribute solely with GOOD blessing, to the use of your Catarrh Remedy. Yours truly,

HENRY SNIDER

Price $1 per bottle.

ASK FOR LITTLEFIELD'S CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY AND TAKE NO OTHER.

BRIDGETOWN
Marble Works.

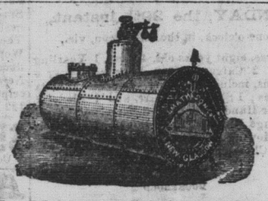
ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

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



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

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

Time Table,
COMMENCING
Monday, 15th of Oct,, 1877.

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Steamb't Express Mon., Wed., and Saturday.	Passengers and Frght. daily.	Pass. and Freight daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
0	Windsor—leave.....	8 00	11 15	5 00
7	Hantsport.....	8 28	11 43	5 25
			P. M.	6 53
15	Grand Pre.....	8 55	12 12	6 10
18	Wolfville	9 07	12 28	6 20
20	Port Williams.....	9 14	12 83	6 40
25	Kentville—arrive.....	9 30	1 00	
	Do—leave.....	9 45	1 20	
34	Waterville	10 15	1 52	
37	Berwick	10 26	2 05	
42	Aylesford	10 46	2 37	
49	Kingston	11 09	3 04	
53	Wilmot	11 23	3 20	
56	Middleton	11 33	3 35	
62	Lawrencetown	11 49	3 58	
65	Paradise	11 59	4 10	
		P. M.		
70	Bridgetown	12 15	4 38	
78	Roundhill	12 37	5 07	
84	Annapolis—arrive	1 00	5 30	
	St. John by Steamer	8 00		

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Passengers and Freight daily.	Passengers and Frgt. daily.	Steam'b't Express, Mon, Wed, and Saturday.
		A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
0	St. John—leave.....	.....	.....	8 00
				P. M.
0	Annapolis—leave	.....	7 00	2 15
6	Round Hill.....	.....	7 24	2 33
14	Bridgetown	.....	7 48	2 53
19	Paradise	.....	8 08	3 06
22	Lawrencetown	.....	8 22	3 15
28	Middleton	.....	8 47	3 34
31	Wilmot	.....	8 58	3 42
35	Kingston	.....	9 14	3 53
42	Aylesford	.....	9 40	4 11
47	Berwick	.....	10 02	4 25
50	Waterville	.....	10 24	4 34
59	Kentville—arrive	.....	11 05	5 00
			P. M.	
	Do—leave.....	8 00	11 45	5 10
64	Port Williams.....	8 20	12 05	5 26
66	Wolfville.....	8 28	12 25	5 38
69	Grand Pre.....	8 42	12 40	5 43
77	Hantsport	9 17	1 15	6 08
84	Windsor—arrive	9 45	1 45	6 30

N. B.—Express Trains leave Windsor at 8 a.m. every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, connecting at Annapolis with Steamer for St. John. These trains offer special facilities for the conveyance of Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, enabling the same to be landed in St. John the same evening.

International Steamers leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8. a. m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.15 a. m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. INNES, Manager.

Kentville, Oct. 10th, '77

Lawyer's Blank Executions,
A FRESH stock just printed and for sale at the "MONITOR Office."
September 1st, 1877.

Poetry.

THE DEPARTED.

Down the dim vista of the vanished years
I gaze sad-hearted,
And see thro' gath'ring mists of blinding tears
Loved ones departed.

Brows on which memory's radiance is cast
In fadeless splendor,
And voices that still whisper of the past
In accents tender.

Hands that have lain confidingly in mine,
As loth to sever;
Eyes that upon my darkened pathway shine
No more, forever.

Hearts on which mine was ever wont to lean
With trust unshaken,
What not a single cloud could float between,
Doubt to awaken.

And dearer than all others to my sight,
Sweet, childish graces;
Dark grew the world, when death's solemn night
Hid those fair faces.

I sometimes wonder I can ever smile,
Or speak with gladness;
But God is good, and present joys beguile
The past of sadness.

And the fair future stretches far away
From our weak vision;
And thinking of its sunny days, I stray
In fields of Elysian.

Yet earthly futures are but dark and dim
Beside that Heaven,
To which God hath, to all that follow him,
Free entrance given

And there I know my loved ones are at rest,
'Mid beauty vernal,
And ne'er can sorrow, care nor sin, molest
There peace eternal.

And I will wipe away my selfish tears;
Death can not sever
The ties that bind our souls thro' mortal years—
They last forever!

Select Literature.

The Conscript.

In one of the fruitful valleys of Piedmont, nestled amongst the clustering foliage of the vine and mulberry, stands the picturesque village of Florina. Attracted by its simple beauty, I took up a summer residence there some years ago, and formed the intimate acquaintance of its venerable pastor. He was at that time verging on his seventieth year, but the hand of time had touched him gently; there was a cheerful freshness in his voice, and an infectious humor in his laugh.

I was one evening sitting in his cozy sitting room, when my eye chanced to light upon two military Orders and a golden cross of the Iron Crown, encircled by a wreath and suspended over the mantlepiece. Feeling curious to learn how those badges of war had come to adorn this peaceful home. I questioned my host respecting them. Suddenly however, a cloud gathered over his furrowed brow.

'My question causes you pain?' I ventured to remark.

'No, no,' he faltered, 'not pain; but the memory of sad events awakened by those mementoes. If you will patiently hear me to the end, I will relate them.'

I promised attention, and after a pause he thus began:

'My story refers to the period when Piedmont's brave sons were driven forth to swell the armies of Napoleon. Near the school-house in the village there stands a vine-dresser's cottage, where resided with his widowed mother a young peasant named Andrew Toniato. He was a fine, stalwart youth with supple limbs and powerful frame. In an adjacent cottage there dwelt the beauty, I may say pride, of our little community, Marie Lavelle. She and Andrew had grown up from childhood together, and as they reached maturer years their attachment ripened into earnest love.

'At length the bridal day was fixed; but within a week of its approach the sound of the drum through the village street caused many a stout heart to quail with fear. It announced the periodical conscription, and a few hours later I met Andrew on his way to the rendezvous. He was permitted to take a farewell of his mother and Marie, and wishing to bid him adieu I hastened at once to the cottage.

'Marie,' he was saying, as I paused, unseen, upon the threshold 'my darling Marie, next Sunday was to have been our wedding day,' he continued; 'but now four long years stand between that happiness we have waited for with so much anxiety.'

'Yes, four long years' Andrew,' she said in a faint whisper.

'If they were twenty,' said he, 'I could wait, Maria, and find no change in you, even though your face should be wrinkled and your hair silvered. But I shall have to encounter perils in every shape, before my return; nay, perhaps even death itself.'

The young girl shuddered, and clung to him with a convulsive grasp, as she slowly repeated, 'Death!'

'Yes, Maria,' he continued; 'and before we separate, possibly for ever, I wish to release you from your vows to me—to leave you free to accept another "who will love and protect you as I would have done had Providence so willed it. This is my earnest desire. Will you comply with it?'

'I cannot, Andrew,' she replied, in a beseeching tone; 'I cannot. My heart is yours, my love is yours; they can never belong to another.'

'Ay, Marie,' he said; but if you wait and wait through many long years until your youth fades, where will you find a protection in your age?'

'In God, Andrew,' she replied, in a voice of fervent meekness.'

At that moment the short, measured tread of armed men fell on my ear, and the sergeant, with his file of soldiers, halted in front of the cottage. Andrew knelt hurriedly before his mother and received her parting benediction; then, folding Marie to his breast, he bade her look up, that he might bear the image of her bright face forever in his memory.

'While the painful scene was passing, she pressed a small cross, carved in wood, and entwined with a lock of her golden hair, into his hand. He took the humble token, and placed it next to his heart

'At that moment the word to move forward was given. I received Marie from him, and the band marched away on their sad route. We watched them pass around the winding hill, the declining sun slanting their shadows on the dusty road, until they disappeared from our strained sight.

'At the end of two months, a letter arrived from Andrew, dated Madgeburg. It told us that he had joined a regiment of grenadiers. The following spring he wrote from Arsnza, in Spain; he had then passed unscracthed through many a hard-fought field, had risen to the rank of sergeant, and had been decorated with an order.

'Two years wore away. One evening my attention was arrested by a group gathered in the front of Andrew's cottage.

'Here is our pastor!' they shouted; 'he will be glad to hear the news.

'What news, my friends?' I inquired.

'Every voice, as with one accord, cried joyfully, 'Andrew Tonaito is returned!'

'I passed to the door where Marie welcomed me, her beautiful face all smiles and tears. Following her, I encountered the erect form of Andrew in uniform. The mother with her furrowed face, resting on his breast, was trying to bear her part bravely, but the confusion of her heart was plainly visible.

'Back, Andrew, at last?' I said, as he grasped my hand.

'Yes, he replied, 'we are now on our way to rejoin the Italian army. I have obtained a three days' leave of absence to visit my mother and Marie.'

'How long have you to serve now?' I inquired.

'Two years,' he smiled as he drew Marie to his side, 'and then the trial and suspense of this devoted heart will be all over. She will be mine forever then—my wife.'

'To Marie those three days were the brightest she was ever destined to know. When the hour for Andrew's departure came he placed a ring upon her finger and a small golden chain around her neck.

'You will see me again Marie,' he said, 'with an epualet on my shoulder. I go forth leaning on your love and His strong arm.'

'He went back to his regiment. In a few weeks Andrew's name appeared in the list of the wounded; but he speedily recovered, and was appointed to the Imperial Guard.

'Two more years passed. France became embroiled in a war with Russia Andrew was ordered away. His first letter was from Smolensk, informing Marie that he was adjutant, and that the cross of the Iron Crown had been presented to him. She tried to smile when she read me the proud intelligence, but the tremulous emotion of her lips and the moisture of her eyes belied her happiness.

'At length, in the winter of 1812, a rumor reached our secluded village that the French army had been defeated. The fatal tidings quickly followed that Andrew had perished at the Beresina. From that time I hardly saw a smile on Marie's face.

'In time, remnants of the shattered French army passed through our village, and from some of the soldiers we gathered full particulars of Andrew's death. One old sergeant of the Imperial Guard I overtook as he was limping wearily up the hill leading to my church.

'Do you belong to Piedmont, my brave? I asked.

'Yes,' he replied, 'and thanks to the lances of those rascally Cossacks, my name will soon be struck from the muster roll of the Old Guard.'

'Did you know a young fellow named Andrew Toniato, belonging to your regiment?' I asked.

'Halt!' he cried suddenly, as the tears started to his eyes, and fell down his swarthy cheeks. 'Bombshells and sabre!' he gasped out in a hoarse, tremulous voice, 'but you have made a woman of me. Did I know him? He fell at the Beresina. We had crossed the bridge, side by side together, when a bullet reached his heart. As I knelt over him for a moment a beggarly Russian cut me senseless to the ground and when I awoke I was in a hospital. Poor Toniato! He was the idol of the regiment, and of the Piedmontese. He used to boast that he carried two talismans next to his heart.'

'Marie's love gifts,' I inwardly thought.

'I took the brave fellow to my house, and brought Marie to see him, that she might hear the tidings of her lover's death from the man that saw him fall.

'For long days and nights after that, Marie would steal away to the brow of the hill at the entrance to the village, and gaze over the long, winding road, hoping against hope that Andrew might return.

'Three years passed slowly by. Whatever little girlish vanity Marie had once possessed, had vanished, and a grave thoughtfulness lent a pensive sadness to her beauty. One evening I met her wandering through the little churchyard yonder. She was coming, as it subsequently appeared, to solicit my advice.

'My dear child,' I said, 'has some new grief befallen you?'

'Lifting her pale face, she gasped, in a choking whisper, 'They wish me to marry.'

'Who wishes you to do so?'

'My parents,' she replied; 'they are aged and infirm. Their daily cares will be lightened, their poverty removed by Guiseppe Bernarde, the farmer, who has proposed to my hand.'

'Guiseppe Bernharde,' I pleaded, 'is a prosperous, thriving man. You would secure by this marriage a happy home and a worthy husband.'

'She looked at me with a questioning, earnest glance, and then sank into a long thoughtful silence. At last she murmured 'It's a bitter sacrifice I'm required to make.'

'A sacrifice, Marie, that will smoothe your parents, declining years and give you perfect triumph over self,' I urged. 'I leave your decision with your own calm judgment. Pray, my child, for the Almighty's aid to guide you.'

'I will, father,' she said meekly, 'Come to our cottage to-morrow evening; Guiseppe will be there for his answer.'

The following evening according to my appointment. I repaired, at sunset, to Marie's humble abode. Guiseppe was already there when I entered the cottage.

'Well, Marie,' said I, 'what is your resolve?'

''Guiseppe Bernharde,' she began, with her eyes fixed alternately upon the anxious faces of her father and mother, 'I cannot love you as I loved Andrew. I can never banish his image from my heart. The only hope his death left me was that I should end my days alone, with his memory for a solace. But a higher duty has been pointed out to me, and I will not shrink from it; if, then, you are content or accept as much love as I have strength to bestow, take my hand. Through good and evil I promise to be a faithful and devoted wife."

''I ask no more, Marie,' said Guiseppe, tenderly.

''This ring and chain,' she said pointing to Andrew's parting gifts, 'I should like to wear them still."

'Do not misunderstand me, dear Marie.' said Guiseppe, with a manly tenderness; 'I never was jealous of the memory of Andrew, who was my friend, ay, a brother in my heart!'

'On the bridal morning, the aged parents were removed to Guiseppe's comfortable house. At the end of a year, a son blessed their union, whom they christened Andrew.

'On the fourth anniversary of their wedding, a few friends, myself included, were invited to pass a social evening.

I lingered in the midst of their circle till the shadows of evening had deepened into night, and then reluctantly took my leave. My hand was on the latch of the garden gate, when a strange familiar voice said:

'Good evening, sir.'

I turned abruptly, and in the clear full light of the moon my gaze fell on the tall, attenuated figure of a man, whose ghastly bearded face and glaring eyes sent a thrill of fear through my veins.

'Forgotton by you, too?' he faltered out in a whisper.

'Andrew Toniato!' I exclaimed, as I grasped his arm to assure myself that he was living.

'I was called so once, I believe, he said, with a bitter sigh; but now I think that it must have been a dream.'

'I dragged, rather than led him into the house, with a whirl of conflicting thoughts battling in my mind.

''When did you arrive, Andrew? I inquired, as I looked into his care-worn features, under the fuller light of the lamp.

''At dusk, this evening,' he replied, as he dropped with a leaden weight into the nearest chair. 'My mother—does she still live?'

''Yes, Andrew, she is still alive and well. But she must be prepared for your unexpected return. The sudden shock might prove fatal to her.'

''Yes, true,'' he assented, he brushed away a falling tear. 'And Marie?'

''She is well and happy,' I replied. But why have you not written?'

''I *have* written,' he replied, with a look of surprise.

''Then your letters have miscarried. No one reached us.'

''Then for the last seven years you have believed me——'

''To be dead,' I broke in.

''Dead!' he exclaimed, with a bitter emphasis. 'Oh, the joy that glowed in my breast as I neared home! Home!' he repeated—'fool that I was to believe that in finding home I should find happiness.—And Marie believes me——'

''Marie belongs to another now.'

''And if the letters which I have sent within the last two years had reached home?'

''It would have been too late. Marie has been married four years now. She is a true wife and happy mother.'

''And her husband?' he inquired.

''Guiseppe Bernharde,' I replied.

''Will you go with me to my mother?' he asked, as he rose wearily from his chair.

'We walked slowly through the village to his mother's cottage. Leaving him at the porch, I gently broke the tidings to the poor woman. Then I beckoned Andrew inside, and in the next instant his aged mother's arms were clinging around his neck and her tears and kisses, warm and bright fell on his wasted face.

'I stole quietly out and turned my steps to Guiseppe's farm. Marie had retired to bed. I told Guiseppe all, and charged him to break the news gently to his wife. The next day Guiseppe had requested me to bring Andrew to his house the same evening.

'When we entered the parlor, Marie, with her youngest child on her knee, was seated in a chair. Guiseppe was playing with his little son.

'Marie rose at our entrance, and with extended hand and smiling lip sprang toward Andrew, saying, 'Thank Heaven! I never believed we should meet again on earth. There indeed,' she added pointing upward, 'I had hoped to meet you, Guiseppe and I.'

A faint smile illuminated Andrew's wan, quivering features, as he silently took the outstretched hands of Marie and Guiseppe in his own and pressed them to his lips. He then took the child from her arms, and held him to his breast.

''And your name, my brave boy?' he asked the child.

''Andrew,' said Marie.

'He drew the child closer to his embrace and hid his weeping face in its clustering curls.

''We were told,' said Guiseppe, after a long pause, 'that you had perished at the Beresina.'

''I still carry the bullett that struck me down,' said Andrew; but I recovered and was marched a prisoner to the frontiers of Siberia.

'There it was my fortune to attract the notice of Baron Lestoff, a Russian noble. I rose quickly in his favor, but when I asked permission to return to Piedmont, he set a guard upon me, and evidently intercepted my letters. After many fruitless attempts, I at last effected my escape. Alone, and on foot, I traversed a great portion of Asia and Europe, depending at times on the casual alms of a stranger for a meagre meal. One hope sustained me, the ——, he paused abruptly, and in a tone of forced gaiety, added, 'Ah! it is a long road between here and Siberia.'

'Marie's wifely devotion seemed to receive a new strength in that hour of trial and when he rose to depart her pure virtue shone out clear and soft in her bright smile and her ingenuous tone.

'Andrew's step was heavy and faltering as we walked homeward together across the fields.

''You are fatigued,' I observed, as he abruptly halted, and leaned with a heavier weight upon my arm.

''Oh, yes!' he sighed; 'I am fatigued. Through years of captivity I have looked

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