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SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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

CONSUMPTION CURED

AN OLD PHYSICIAN, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Ministry 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 persons complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow. Acquired by this medicine, 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 88, Beekley, Ont.

High School at Lawrencetown.

J. B. HALL, A. M. PH. D., PRINCIPAL.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT,

MISS A. J. DUDGE, Teacher.

DEPARTMENT OF DRAWING AND PAINTING,

MISS B. BROWN, Teacher.

At this school does not close till July 12th. It affords superior instruction in all the arts and women who intend to apply for a license. Notes on the best methods of teaching, are given weekly.

ST. JOHN, N. B., WHOLESALE DEALERS

Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS

Haberdashery, Small Wares, Hats and Caps, &c., &c., &c.

MANUFACTURERS OF (CLOTHING, HIRT, &c.)

The best assorted stock in the Lower Provinces!!

New Goods arriving Weekly.

FOR SALE ON LIBERAL TERMS, to safe parties.

T. R. JONES & CO. may 9 '77

Chaloner's Drug Store, DIGBY, N. S.

The Proprietor who has been established in St. John the past thirty years, has opened a Branch Store in Digby N. S. He keeps a superior stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Brushes, Soaps, Combs, Spices, Fancy Toilet Goods, Feeding bottles with extra fittings, &c., &c. The Proprietor is also a large manufacturer of Flavoring Extracts, Fancy cheap Perfumes, and the Aniline Dyes in packets, these were originated by him, the genuine bear his name, and are kept up to the proper standard of purity and weight. All other kinds of Dye Stuffs on hand. He also claims Poor Man's Cough Syrup, the cheapest and best remedy known—Chaloner's Worm Lozenges—Chaloner's Tonic Extract, the great Antidote to Cholera—Borek's Liment, called by one who used it "the best Liment in the world"—Furniture renovators—Stove Varnishes—Salt Rheum Ointment and other reliable preparations. Goods sent in season. Address, J. CHALONER, Druggist, Digby, N. S., or St. John, N. B.

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

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. This is an infallible cure for Gonorrhoea, Stricture, and all diseases that follow a venereal infection. It is a safe and certain cure for all cases of Gonorrhoea, Stricture, and all diseases that follow a venereal infection. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we send free by mail to every one. Address W. L. GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ontario, Canada. For Sale by all Druggists. W. W. Chesley, Bridgetown, and Dr. L. R. Morse, Lawrencetown, Agents.

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 Stone 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. OLDFHAM WHITMAN

ROYAL HOTEL.

(Formerly STUBBS) 146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, Opposite Custom House, St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, PROPRIETOR. 1877

COUNTRY RESIDENCE FOR SALE OR TO LET

The well-known residence, formerly owned and occupied by the late H. D. Belmont, is now offered for sale or to let. The above mentioned residence, situated one mile east of Paradise Station, and in the vicinity of churches, schools, &c., contains Three Acres of Land in a high state of cultivation, on which are One Hundred Fruit Trees of apple, pear, and quince. The dwelling is tastefully built in Gothic style and is finished throughout. Stable, coach-house, and a never failing well of water are on the premises. For further particulars apply to J. G. H. PARKER, Esq., Bridgetown, n5 if

Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist, WOULD respectfully inform 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. n56

Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of MAJOR JOHN SAUNDERS, late of Paradise, Annapolis County, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to WILLIAM S. SAUNDERS, Executors, AVARD LONGLEY, Paradise, September 22nd, 1877. [s23 if

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. ly

Three Trips a Week. ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "EMPRESS"

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

Until further notice steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Read's Point every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, returning same days, connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax and Intermediate Stations. FARE—St. John to Halifax, 1st class...\$3.00 do do do 2nd class... 2.00 do do do 3rd class... 1.50 Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class)... 7.50 Return tickets to Clergymen and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office. SMALL & HATHWAY, 11 Dock street. St. John, N. B., April 2nd '77.

STEAMER EMPRESS AND THE WINDSOR & ANNOAPOLIS RAILWAY.

RENTS for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax, and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates. A careful agent in attendance at Warehouse, Read'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 & HATHWAY, Agents, 39 Dock Street. LAWYER'S BLANKS. Neatly and cheaply executed at the office of this paper.



SANCTON

is still alive, and has a fine lot of

Gold and Plated Jewelry, FOR SALE.

—ALSO— Good Watches

—IN BOTH— GOLD & SILVER

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 dyeing to make them look as good as new. Carpets, Feathered, Curtains, Dress Goods, Silvers, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemen's Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c., &c., dyed on reasonable terms. BLACK GOODS AGENCY.—Annapolis, W. J. SHERK, Merchant; Digby, Miss WARD, Millinery and Dry Goods. A. L. LAW. may '78

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against signing or negotiating a NOTE OF HAND in favor of JACOB SPINNEY, dated in September last, past, due the last of the month next ensuing, for the sum of twenty-six dollars. Not having received value, I shall resist payment of the same. JAMES I. BROWN, Torbrook, Nov. 22nd, 1877. n33 if

The average daily circulation of the Montreal Evening Star is 12,164, being considerably 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."

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 Ganges, Brass Cocks and Valves, Oil and Tallow Cups. dec576 n34 if

NOTICE.

THE Subscribers wish to call the attention of the Public to their SPRING IMPORTATIONS, consisting of Boots and Shoes, Tweeds and Cloths of all kinds, Crockery, Groceries, Timothy, Clover and Garden Seeds. Also, they would call the attention of BUILDERS to their Stock of Nails of all kinds, Paint, Oil, Glass, Putty, Zinc, Tarred, and Sheathing Paper, Logs, Knobs, Hinges, &c. Also, CARRIAGE STOCK consisting of Spekes, Rims, Bent Sicks and Rails, Enamelled Cloth, Bannister Leather and Dasher Leather, with a varied stock of SHELF HARDWARE of all kinds. FLOUR and MEAL always on hand. The above will be sold low for Cash. BEALES & DODGE, Middleton, April 28th, '77

BUSINESS CARDS

Neatly and promptly executed at the office of this paper.

Poetry. DIVIDED LIVES.

Somewhere across the wild deep sea that frowns, Dashing against the rocks in clouds of foam, Somewhere beyond my life, the latter pages Of your life written in a distant home. Well, it is well, yet I keep you so close, Deep in my heart, a temple and an shrine. No consecrated place of prayer more holy, No love more pure than this great love of mine.

Sometimes I wonder if the scenes around you, Are like the scenes we loved so to behold; Sometimes I wonder if new ties have bound you, And blotted out all record of the old, And when the woods grow dark, and dreams descending, Fall on the earth as softly as the dew, And memories grow and gather, never ending, The thought will rise, "Am I forgotten, too?"

Ah, how the breath of Spring is strong to waken As from the dead, the thoughts of bygone hours; The rustle in the leaves the winds have shaken, The freshness and the odors of her flowers, The music of the stream, the black-bird singing, Deep in the brake, the steeple larks at play, All these have more than magic in them, bringing Back to the heart some glory passed away.

And now, just when the world is green and bright, Now in the golden promise of the year, Strong, tender thoughts of you are ever present, Your memory is more than ever dear, Ah, if I could but hold your hand, be near you, Look in your face and find it still the same, Stand for a moment by your side, and hear you, Lend with your voice, new music to my name.

But that can never be—I think, forever; Fate is more cruel than the seas that roll, More pitiless than all the seas that sever, Two lives that were as one — one perfect whole; And since all prayers are vain for that one hour, That might bring quiet to a long unrest, What is left to me on all the earth to pray for? What is left to me to say, but "God knows best."

Select Literature.

A STORY OF THE TIMES.

(Continued.)

A few repetitions of this miserable experience stung the mother to absolute desperation. She never for one moment, forgot her ladyhood, but she was incessantly urgent in finding some small chance of making good and dollars for her children. Come what would, they should never suffer, whatever went in the balance. If you please, madam, you read this, you have yet to know how little pride, repulse, flesh and blood, night-watching and day serving weigh against the sound of a child's voice saying: "I'm hungry, when there is no bread to give it. If honor turns the scale it is by a hair's breadth."

She tried to get together a little school, for she was more than passably educated. She wrote children's songs and stories, after she had been washer-woman, cook and nursery governess for her family all day, and got a \$3 here and a \$5 there at rare intervals, enough to keep the children's feet from the ground. She wore a pair of leaky arctics in her visits to newspaper offices, because she had no shoes except a pair of felt slippers to wear about the house. No matter, her arctics dress, five seasons old, and expensive when new, kept well, and hid the ungainly shoes; and she wore her home-made dolman and hat which her clever fingers turned out of old things as creditably as any Broadway modiste could have made them, with all her native pride and an air that never failed to bring her consideration above other applicants. She often walked from the Heights to Madison square, to save car fare, after a breakfast of bread and tea, with 3 cents hoarded to pay the ferry back in case her hope of getting help should be unsuccessful. Once a friend slipped a dollar bill into her hand to buy a present for one of the children, not knowing that she had provided the whole family with the only food they saw for three days. Thrift kept the four at home on this allowance, and the mother learned to market with nice economy. A veal heart for 10 cents, with an onion and barley, made a stew for three days, and in the short winter days they needed but two meals a day. The children sat and told stories and went to bed happily by the light that shone in from the street lamps. Then the kerosene lamp was lighted, and the mother sat down to her portfolio or work-basket. There was so much that had to be spent—the newspaper every morning to see what advertisements of 'help wanted,' there might be, then the paper and postage stamps for answers, or the fare and lunch if the application was made in person, then materials for work, lace and silk and beads, and advertisements put in when there was a dollar or two to spare, in hopes of getting something permanent to do. Mrs. G—

tried all the ways of making a livelihood so well known to desperate efforts, taking children to board, with lessons and a mother's care, advertising for a furnished home to board the owner for rent, with the privilege of letting rooms, offering herself as matron of a hotel or charitable institution or to keep a linen-room. She even tried book-cannvassing, and was moderately successful in introducing children's histories, one week by unceasing labor making five dollars. But the children, left in a neighbor's care, ran wild and got sore throats, so she had to stay at home and nurse them, and that week the publisher gave up employing agents. An advertisement brought her before the secretary of a charitable society, who appointed her, with half a dozen other women, solicitors for subscriptions to the fund, paying them 20 per cent. of all collections. Her thoroughly refined air and good address made her very successful at this work, which she accepted reluctantly, only for the sake of those children waiting at home. Her commissions were sometimes \$15 a week, and other energetic solicitors made more than this. But her directions led her down town, among business men's offices, where a presence more attractive than usual exposed her to annoying experiences, as might be expected. Easy, idle men would try to amuse a dull afternoon by drawing out her history. She was asked if there was up other business a handsome, well-bred woman could find that would not take her among business offices, what was her husband thinking of to allow it, and civilities less equivocal. One day a gentleman invited her in his private office politely to enable her to explain the working of the charity for which she came, closing the door as he did so. She gave the information with modest dignity, evading personal inquiries he was disposed to make and to go. He flushed and hurried to open the door, but her hand was on the knob to find a spring-lock locked. She gave him one wondering look and passed composedly out, but nothing could induce her to go on with the work.

At this time she had been happy and encouraged because the children kept so well. They were so patient and merry, making up in their games for other pleasures wanting. If there was little to eat they told stories and went to bed early. Their lessons were kept up by the mother, whose one horror was that in this interval of poverty they were losing advantages at school and association that would take years to regain. It went to her heart sometimes to hear her oldest boy say: "Fris your hair matted, and put on a nice dress, and look pretty as you used to." There was consolation of a sort mother would understand in hearing him insist to the boys at the gate that he had the handsomest mother in the block "when she was dressed up." But the scarlet fever swept the city and three sickened. Not a neighbor would come near them for fear of infection. The father was away all day in a little post that brought a few dollars a week, and the mother watched by her children's beds night and day till she fainted with exhaustion. The medicines and stimulants ordered for two days took a week's salary. G— drew all in advance his employers would allow him, and then was forced to stay at home and take care of his wife as well as the children. The mother lay on a bed where she could see the sick children either side of her, and dig herself to her when wanted, or whisper directions, for her voice was gone with exhaustion. Every dollar was gone and all they could look forward to, and the lives of the pale, clay images on the pillow depended on their strength being kept up by the highest stimulants—beef tea, port wine and brandy every twenty minutes—and they must be had. Their nearest friends were away. The father must leave them and go over to the city to see what help could be found. The mother crawled from bedroom to kitchen and bedside as water and food and nursing were wanted, once crawling on her hands and knees in a fit of faintness after water for the youngest child.

The doctor mentioned their needs to a lady who knew Mrs. G— slightly, and wine and delicacies for the sick came in enough to last for weeks, and money was not wanting, though no one cared to risk the infection by coming near. The other families in the house kept the door locked for fear the G—s might come and ask for help.

The crisis was past, and every care was lost in the intense gladness of seeing the children spared, when the second morning the oldest boy, who had suffered most, had a relapse, sank imperceptibly while his father was watching, and died before his mother could be called. It was no use to wake her then, and her husband let her sleep the death-like sleep of one worn out. The chill and scanty food of the past few months had weakened the child so that he could not rally from disease. His mother wrote to find her little, brave lover, her first born, had passed away without farewell.

It was the irony of fate, then, that that now her courage was taken away and the circle she kept through such a bitter struggle was broken, the kindness came that might have saved what they loved. The times were better so that G—s employers could afford to raise his salary, out of sympathy for his troubles, and Mrs. G— found her talent for millinery so appreciated by a

circle of friends, that she carries on a modest business in the most private way at home; nothing to make them rich or even keep them without close work, but enough to forbid such cruel straits as those which have been barely and truthfully told above.

LEONA'S PRIDE.

"Marry a common carpenter!" said Leona Bracebridge. "No, indeed!" She was tall and pretty, with dark brown hair, lovely blue, brown eyes, with white color in her face; and old Mrs. Lynton was short and stout, with a double row of suspiciously bright brown curls, and a cap that was not trimmed with the freshest of ribbons. Mrs. Lynton reddened at the girl's remark.

"He's a carpenter, I know, Leona," said she. "But as for being common—"

"Oh, you know what I mean," said Leona. "We have been expensively educated, Zoe and I, and papa was a lawyer, and mamma was distantly related to the Sevrens of Severn Manor."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lynton, "but all that don't help you to a penny now. And as you have been my guests for three months perhaps it isn't so very unnatural that Felix should think—"

"Oh, if we have worn out our welcome!" interrupted Leona, haughtily. "It isn't that, my dear," said the old lady. "Goodness knows your welcome to stay here as long as you can put up with our old-fashioned ways. But it's most a pity, isn't it, that you can't make up your mind to a comfortable home here, with a man that loves the very ground you tread on?"

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Lynton," said Leona. "Because Felix is very nice, and I love you dearly, but I never could entertain the idea of becoming a mechanic's wife."

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"I am very sorry, Mrs. Lynton," said Leona. "Because Felix is very nice, and I love you dearly, but I never could entertain the idea of becoming a mechanic's wife."

"Just as you please," said old Mrs. Lynton, knitting away until her needles seemed to flash magnetic fire.

And Leona went up-stairs, to the little apartment where her sister Zoe was cutting out gingham aprons.

Maurice Bracebridge had been a gentleman—one of the seedy, impoverished kind, that are always writing begging letters and borrowing five dollar bills—and he had brought up his daughter's at Madam Lynton's seminary, until that lady declined to receive the two girls any longer without the accompanying ceremony of a small payment on account.

And then he had hired lodgings of Mrs. Lynton, and died there, leaving Zoe and Leona penniless. Mrs. Lynton was a kind soul, and had never told the orphans that their father had not paid her a solitary cent.

"What would be the use?" said she. "Poor lams, they have nothing to pay me with!"

Leona was a beauty, with a soft contralto voice, a willow, graceful figure, and a face that everyone turned to look at the second time; but Zoe the younger sister, had not been so favorable.

So Leona Bracebridge went away, bidding her faithful friends a cavalier sort of 'good-bye.'

"Felix," said Zoe, looking timidly up in young host's sad and abstracted face, after the last trunk had departed, "you are not vexed with Leo?"

"Vexed, Zoe? No!" "Because I'm sure she never meant to hurt your feelings," coaxed Zoe. "But she is a genius, and they are not like other people."

"She is a genius, little Zoe," said Felix, with a faint smile, "and I am a fool. Is that what you mean to say?"

"Oh, Felix, how can you be so cruel?" said Zoe, and she retreated into the little dark bed-room to cry, and wonder why it was that she was always saying awkward things.

Leona Bracebridge threw herself heart and soul into the new life. She practised trills, and ripples, and high G's with unremitting perseverance; she sat all day at her hired piano, and spent her evenings in studying up the plot of a novelette which was to take the unconscious world by storm. And so the year passed by.

"Sing?" said M. Peroux, the leader of the Orchestra of the Opera House, little parlor vocalist, a very nice, little parlor vocalist, I dare say, but you'd be no more use on the stage than a chipping-sparrow. I should think your own common sense might have taught you that."

M. Peroux was rough, but he was honest; and Leona went back in tears to the boarding-house, where a fat bundle of M. S. S. awaited her, neatly tied up in white paper, and labeled:

"For Miss Bracebridge, positively declined."

"Is it possible that I am a failure?" said poor Leona to herself. "And with all these bills to pay, and the piano-hire due for a year, and—"

But Miss Bracebridge's unpleasant reverse was cut short by the tapping of her landlady's knuckles on the door.

"I don't want to intrude, miss," said the lady, with the belligerent air of one who means business; "but I've several heavy payments to meet next week, and I would be greatly obliged if you could just make it convenient to let me have a small payment. For it's nearly six months—I'm a-tellin' you gospel truth—since I have seen the color of your money; and it's just such boarders as you, miss, as drives honest people like me into the bankrupt court!"

Her nose reddened spitefully, and her voice grew louder, as she uttered these words, and poor Leona shrank away in spite of herself.

"I will communicate with my friends, Mrs. Battersby," she said, "and settle with you very soon."

"I hope you will, I'm sure, miss," said the landlady, closing the door behind her with a jar that set every vein in Leona's frame quivering.

She sat there, in the shabby room, all the afternoon, crying quietly to herself, thinking, with her aching head resting upon her hands, of the past and present. And then she put on her bonnet, and went to the little red-brick house where her father had died, two years ago.

Mrs. Lynton was sitting in the red glow of the fire-light, knitting away, as if she had never left off all those months of Leona's absence.

"Child," said she, as the tall figure glided across the floor, and stood in front of her, "is it you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Lynton, it is I," said Leona. "I've come back to tell you I am sorry that I ever acted so foolishly. I've come to say that you will marry Felix, if he will overlook the past."

Old Mrs. Lynton began to wring her hands in dire dismay.

"Oh, Leona, you are too late! Felix was married last week. We tried our best to get your address, but we had moved away from the last place, and left no clue behind. Zoe was almost heart-broken about it, but there was no help. Yes, he was married last week, and they have gone to Philadelphia for their wedding trip. And I do believe my darling boy is happy at last."

Leona stood pale and silent, as a statue of marble.

"Whom did he marry?" she asked.

"Didn't I tell you, child? Why, Zoe, of course!"

Felix Lynton and his young wife are as happy as if there was no such thing as trouble in the world. So is old Mrs. Lynton. And Leona is supporting herself by giving music lessons, and doing whatever jobs of plain needle-work she can obtain.