Weekly Monitor.

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Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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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.

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

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 Tags,
Posters,
Tickets,
&c., &c., &c.

Call and Inspect Samples of Work.

CHARGES REASONABLE

JUST PRINTED AND IN STOCK

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS!

25 Cts. per Quire.

Merchants and Manufacturers should send us an order for

Shipping Tags!

A large stock on hand.

Just Printed

Hymns for Social Service.

1.00 per hundred. Send for sample copy.

SANCTON & PIPER.

This standard article is compounded with the greatest care.

Its effects are as wonderful and as satisfactory as ever.

It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.

It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff. It gives the head a cooling, soothing sensation of great comfort, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.

By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.

As a dressing, nothing has been found so effectual or desirable.

A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Price, One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS.

This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade, to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in one preparation, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color, which will neither rub nor wash off.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N.H.

Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.

Avery, Brown & Co., Halifax, Wholesale Agents.

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

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING

Tuesday, 12th of Dec. 1876,

HALIFAX to ST. JOHN.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Exp.	Pass. and Frgt.	Pass. and Frgt.
			A. M.	A. M	P. M.
0	Halifax	Leave	8 00	7 45	3 15
8	Bedford	"	8 22	8 13	3 43
13	Windsor Jnctn	"	8 45	8 45	4 10
26	Mt. Uniacke	"	9 30	9 35	4 58
36	Ellerhouse	"	9 57	10 12	5 28
39	Newport	"	10 06	10 24	5 40
45	Windsor	"	10 28	11 00	6 20
52	Hantsport	"	10 50	11 28	6 45
				P. M.	
63	Wolfville	"	11 24	12 20	7 23
			P. M.		
70	Kentville	"	12 00	1 10	7 50
82	Berwick	"	12 35	1 56	....
87	Aylesford	"	12 52	2 19	.....
98	Wilmot	"	1 24	3 04	.....
101	Middleton	"	1 33	3 17	.....
107	Lawrencetown	"	1 50	3 40	.....
110	Paradise	"	1 59	3 53	.....
115	Bridgetown	"	2 20	4 14	....
122	Round Hill	"	2 38	4 42	.....
129	Annapolis—Arrive		2 55	5 10	.....
190	St. John by Steamer		8 00	.....	.....

ST. JOHN to HALIFAX.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Pass. and Frgt.	Pass. and Frgt.	Exp.
			A. M	A. M.	A. M.
	St. John by Steamer		.....	.....	8 00
					P. M.
0	Annapolis	Leave	.....	7 00	1 45
7	Round Hill	"	.....	7 24	2 02
14	Bridgetown	"	.....	7 48	2 20
19	Paradise	"	.....	8 09	2 34
22	Lawrencetown	"	.....	8 22	2 43
28	Middleton	"	.....	8 47	2 59
31	Wilmot	"	.....	8 59	3 08
42	Aylesford	"	.....	9 46	3 42
47	Berwick	"	.....	10 06	3 55
59	Kentville	"	6 30	11 30	4 40
				P. M.	
66	Wolfville	"	6 57	12 10	5 01
77	Hantsport	"	7 39	12 59	5 34
84	Windsor	"	8 15	1 45	6 00
90	Newport	"	8 37	2 10	6 15
93	Ellerhouse	"	8 50	2 24	6 23
103	Mt. Uniacke	"	9 35	3 10	6 46
116	Windsor Jnctn	"	10 25	4 05	7 20
121	Bedford	"	10 45	4 25	7 35
129	Halifax—Arrive		11 15	4 50	8 00

Trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Annapolis and Halifax run Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday only; trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Kentville and Halifax run daily.

Express trains run every Wednesday and Saturday, and when signalled, or when there are Passengers to set down, they will stop at all Stations.

Steamer "SCUD" leaves St. John every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 8 a.m. for Annapolis, and returns same day, on arrival of 8. a. m. Express train from Halifax.

International Steamers leave St. John every 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 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, Dec. 7th, '76

Two Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "SCUD."

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 "SCUD" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning, at 8 o'clock,—returning same day,—connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains 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. 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 Clargyman and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
11 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., June 5th, '76.

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.

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

VISITING CARDS.

Neatly executed at the office of this paper.

ADAM YOUNG.

38, 40, & 42 WATER ST.

and 143 Prince William St. John, N. B.,

Manufacturer of

Cooking, Hall and Parlor Stoves,

Ranges, Furnaces, &c.

Marbleized Slate Mantle Pieces,

—AND—

Register Grates.

A large assortment of the above Goods always on hand, at the lowest possible prices. Catalogues on application.

August 2nd, 1876. n17 y

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 tf

CARD.

Jno. B. Mills,

Barrister, &c., &c.,

Bona Vista House,

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

MORSE & PARKER,

Barristers-at-Law,

Solicitors, Conveyancers,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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

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

ROYAL HOTEL.

(Formerly STUBBS')

146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

Opposite Custom House,

St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND.....PROPRIETOR.
sept '73 y

WILLIAM HILLMAN,

Silver and Brass Pater,

ELECTOR PLATER

in gold and silver.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF

CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS

No. 60 Charlotte St.....St. John, N. B

sept30 y

Great Bargains

—IN—

DRESS GOODS.

A LOT OF

SUMMER DRESS GOODS!

Now Being Offered at Cost, by

M. C. Barbour,

48 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

THOMAS PEARNESS,

Manufacturer of

Monuments, Grave-Stones

TABLE TOPS, &c.

South Side King Square,....St. John, N. B.

P. S.—Mr. Dearness will visit Annapolis and neighboring counties at stated intervals to solicit orders. oct y

LAWYERS' BLANKS!

A LARGE STOCK ON HAND AT THE "MONITOR" OFFICE.

☞ Some material improvements have been made in the SUMMONSES. Call and inspect them. SANCTON & PIPER.

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.

ALBION HOUSE.

FALL AND WINTER!

We have now completed our importations for this Season's Trade, and are showing a Full Assortment of

Fall and Winter

DRY GOODS.

in each Department, which we offer

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

upon the most Liberal Terms, and Solicit Inspection.

BEARD & VENNING.

G. W. STUART,

Produce Commission Merchant,

COLONIAL MARKET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED,

Guarantee Sales made in all cases, and in no case more than 5 per cent commission charged Prompt returns.

Bill-Heads.

Different sizes and styles promptly and cheaply printed at the office of this paper.

L. H. DEVEBER & SONS.

Wholesale Merchants,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Dry Goods Department

93 & 95 PRINCE WILLIAM ST.

Keep constantly on hand a large stock of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

from the English Markets, suitable for the Wholesale Trade.

ALSO

AMERICAN GOODS,

such as Prints, Grey & White Cottons, Cotton Flannel, and Roll Linings, sold by the case or small quantity.

Canadian and Domestic Goods,

GROCERY DEPARTMENT,

34 & 36 *Water St.*

A full stock kept constantly on hand, of Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Rice, Soda, Cream Tartar, Nuts, and an assortment of Spices, for sale in bulk at the lowest prices.

August 2nd, 1876. n17 y

MacFarlane & Adams

Forwarding & Commission MERCHANTS.

Agents for

Canada Paper Co.

HALIFAX, N. S.

Oct. 16th, '76. 6mn27

LONDON HOUSE, RETAIL.

BARNES, KERR & CO.

INVITE especial attention to their large and varied stock of STAPLE GOODS and General House Furnishings—Sheetings, damasks, and repps in silk and worsted, table covers and cloths, and a large assortment of dress materials, ladies' fancy costumes, black and colored silks, torquoise and satins, umbrellas and parasols jet and silk buttons, trimmings. 3 *and* 4 *Market Square,....St. John N. B.*

THE BANKRUPT STOCK!

—OF THE—

Estate of Lansdowne & Martin

HAVING been purchased by MAGEE BROTHERS is now being sold at

BANKRUPT PRICES!

and will be continued until May 1st, 1877, at the

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

Cor. King & Prince William Sts.

Visitors to St. John will find superior advantages offered for procuring

CHEAP DRY GOODS

at this establishment. Fresh importations are being constantly received from Europe and the United States to keep the Stock well assorted, and are sold at

COST PRICES.

MAGEE BROTHERS.

St. JOHN, N. B., May 1st, 1876. y

Just Received.

1 BBL. SCOTCH SNUFF;
SIMPSON'S CATTLE SPICE;
POWDERED TUMERIC;
BORAX, SALTPETRE;

Ayer's Hair Vigor, Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime, Kidder's Liniment, C. Brown's Chlorodyne, Essential Oil of Orange, very fine, Essential Oil of Bergamot. For sale by

J. CHALONER,
Cor. King and Germain Street.

St. John, N. B., May, '76.

June Importation.

Checked Dress Goods; Black Silk Fringes; Seal Brown, Cream and Ecru Silks; Nottingham Lace Curtains; Ecru Lace Curtains; Neck Frillings; Ecru Nets, Ecru Laces, Ecru Scarfs; Muslins of all kinds; Brown Hollands; Irish Linens; Cream Damask; Linen Tea d'Oyleys; Ladies' Linen Collars and Cuffs, New Styles; Black Trimming Velvet; Mantle Velvets; Matalasse Cloths; Matalasse Braids; Black Dress Buttons; Gentlemen's Linen Collars and Cuffs; Linen Tassos, for Costumes; Narrow Plaid Ribbons; Plaid Sash Ribbons; Ladies' Josephine and Cuff Kid Gloves; Hyde Park Wraps, for Girls; Crumb Cloths; Gentlemen's French Kid Gloves; New Plaid Prints.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

27 King Street, St. John, N. B.

VINCENT & McFATE,

PARADISE ROW, ST. JOHN, N. B.,

HAVING received about $5,000.00 worth of the Finest Quality of Oil-Tanned Larrigan Leather from Wm. Peters, one of the Leading Tanners in the Province of New Brunswick, we will be prepared for the manufacture of all kinds of

LARRIGANS AND SHOE PACS,

And believing this Stock to be far superior to to any imported from the United States, will guarantee all our Customers a Superior Article at a CHEAPER RATE than any manufacturer in the Dominion of Canada. Also having received one of the LATEST IMPROVED TURN SHOE MACHINES, at a cost of $1,000.00, we will be able to compete with any of the Americans or Canadians in the Manufacture of Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Childrens' SLIPPERS of all kinds.

☞ 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."

Poetry.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

There's a Beautiful Land by the spoiler untrod,
Unpolluted by Sorrow or Care;
It is lighted alone by the presence of God,
Whose throne and whose temple are there;
Its crystalline streams, with a murmuring flow,
Meander through valleys so green,
And its mountains of jasper are bright in the glow
Of a splendor no mortal hath seen.

And throngs of glad sinners with jubilant breath,
Make the air with their melodies rife;
And one known on earth as the Angel of Death,
Shines here as the Angel of Life;
And infinite tenderness beams from his eyes;
On his brow is an infinite calm,
And his voice, as it thrills thro' the depths of the skies,
Is as sweet as the Seraphim's psalm.

Through the amaranth groves of the Beautiful Land
Walk the souls who were faithful in this;
And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the zephyrs are fanned
That evermore murmur of bliss;
They taste the rich fruitage that hangs from the trees,
And breathe the sweet odor of flowers
More fragrant than ever were kissed by the breeze
In Araby's loveliest bowers.

Old prophets whose words were a spirit of flame
Blazing out o'er the darkness of Time;
And martyrs, whose courage no torture could tame,
Nor turn from their purpose sublime;
And Saints and Confessors, a numberless throng,
Who were loyal to Truth and Right,
And left, as they walked thro' the darkness of Wrong
Their foot-prints encircled with light;

And the dear little children that went to their rest
Ere their lives had been sullied by sin,
While the Angel of Morning still tarried a guest,
Their spirits' pure temple within—
All are there—all are there—in the Beautiful Land,
The land by the Spoiler untrod,
And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the breezes are fanned
That blow from the Garden of God!

My soul hath looked in through the gateway of dreams
On the city all paven with gold,
And heard the sweet flow of its murmurous streams
As through the green valleys they rolled;
And though it still waits on this desolate strand,
A pilgrim and stranger on earth,
Yet it knew, in that glimpse of the Beautiful Land,
That it gazed on the home of its birth!

—*Wm. H. Burleigh.*

Select Literature.

Eversleigh House.

'Can you tell me which is the nearest way to Giles Eversleigh's?—Eversleigh House, I think? Shall I travel to the right or to the left?'

The speaker was a woman, very poorly clad. Her boots were worn and soiled with the dust of a long journey on foot; the traces of time and weariness were written upon her face.

She stood at the corner where the highways meet, and addressed herself to a boy who was leaning upon a fence, whistling a lively air, and watching the setting sun.

'Mr. Eversleigh's?' replied the boy. 'Don't you know? It's about a mile further to the right. I am his agent's son.

Without further inquiry, the poor woman muttered her thanks, and proceeded upon her way.

When she reached her destination, it was nearly dark. Still, there was sufficient light to discern the graveled path from the highway to the house. It lay between a stately avenue of trees, and ended in a wandering, zigzag course, between great beds of plants and flowers. And a little to the left a river ran through the grounds—She could hear its gentle murmuring. All else was silent as the grave.

The woman mounted the steps, and tapped gently at the door.

It was opened by a servant who enquired her business there, and partly closed the door again before she could reply.

'I wish to see Mr. Eversleigh,' she said.

'He is engaged,' the man replied, eyeing her curiously.

'Thank you! I will wait,' the woman said, advancing a step forward.

'I wouldn't if I were you,' said the servant, with a smile. 'He is particularly engaged, ma'am, I assure you.'

'James, is that some one asking for papa?' a young girl questioned, who had overheard some portion of the dialogue, 'Why do you not inform him, James?' and she passed into a room near by.

'Is that his daughter?' asked the woman eagerly.

The servant ventured no reply: nor did he hasten to perform the young girl's bidding. He scrutinized the woman keenly, and at length he asked her, in a surly tone:

'Well, what name?'

'Tell him Norah,' said the woman, coolly.

'Norah who?'

'Tell him Norah, I said!' replied the woman, spitefully. 'He know's me—that's enough!'

The servant closed the door, leaving her still upon the stoop.

In a few moments he returned and said:

'You're to come in.'

He led the way along the corridor, and opening a door, ushered her into a spacious room, where Giles Eversleigh sat reading.

Giles looked up from his book, when the door opened.

'You here?' was the first greeting. 'What new freak is this?'

'Yes, I am here, Giles,' the woman replied, earnestly. 'It is natural, is it not that I should love my brother well enough to visit him sometimes?'

'Is it not equally natural,' retorted Giles, 'that I should again refuse to acknowledge my relationship to one who has done her very best to heap disgrace upon the name I bear?'

'Giles,' said the woman, quietly, 'if the dead could speak—if the truth could be declared—who's would be the shame, think you?—who's the disgrace? The woman was denied the shelter of her father's roof through the evil machinations of her own brother. The brother lives in idle luxury upon the wealth which is her true inheritance.

'If you came here merely to indulge in vagaries such as these—'

'I have traveled many weary miles, Giles Eversleigh. I come to see if time has worked its changes in your design. Will you make restitution, brother Giles?'

'I have nothing to restore.'

'Not for my own sake, Giles. I ask it for my son!'

'Years ago, Norah, when your wretched husband died, I offered you a home. You then refused my offer, and I shall not repeat it. We are strangers to each other now. As to your plea for 'restitution,' it is ridiculously absurd. You forfeited all right to the love and generosity of an affectionate father, and now you bear the natural punishment.'

'He was reconciled to me, Giles. You know that my words are true. Long before his lips were sealed in death, he gave me his forgiveness and his blessing.'

'It is useless continuing the argument,' said Giles.

'Yes—as you say—henceforth we are strangers to each other. I will never seek to break your peace again. But, Giles,' she continued, wildly, 'when I am dead and cold,' she raised her arm menacingly, and spoke in cold, impassive words, as if the gift of prophecy was hers—'if the dead have power to influence the living—and I think it is sometimes permitted them to avenge a great wrong—your treachery shall be avenged. And, Giles, I would have my vengeance slow, but sure. The blow shall reach you on *your daughter's wedding-day!*'

However mad and meaningless her words her measured tones seemed to affect him greatly. She turned toward the door. He stayed her, with a gesture of impatience, and caught her by the arm.

'Woman!' he said, menacingly, 'how dare you?—he raised his hand as if to strike her down. 'No, no; you were my sister! Leave me!'

'Kill me, Giles,' she said. 'Why not? I am defenceless and a woman; and yet,' she muttered, 'in all my long life through I have never injured him!'

He touched a bell, and the servant appeared again.

'Show this person out,' he said. 'Never on any consideration, admit her to my presence again!'

She laughed scornfully. Then the servant hurried her along the passage and into the grounds. Breathing a long breath of the pure air, she walked rapidly away.

In her excitement, it was but natural the woman should mistake the path by which she came. Instead of taking that which led into the road, she followed a different course.

Before she was aware of her mistake, she was at the water's edge. Her mind was pre-occupied; her steps never faltered; she saw no danger.

Again she stepped forward. It was quite dark. She heeded not the gentle rippling of the water. Another step, and she slipped down the steep incline into the river.

Recognising her position then, she made one struggle to regain the bank. Another slip. She feebly cried for help, and the waters closed over her senseless form, leaving no evidence of her unhappy fate.

The body was found days afterward. Giles Eversleigh recognized it by the clothing, but he said nothing which could lead to its identification.

'It was the body of a woman who called on me one night,' he said, 'seeking my charity.'

Secretly his sister's death annoyed him. If that event had happened miles away, and he had come to hear of it, he would have given it only a passing thought; but its happening almost under his own roof, and after such an interview as had passed between them, aroused to a new existence a conscience that had long ceased to mortify his will. He had not acted a brother's part toward her. He had craftily advanced his own interests at the expense of his honor and her welfare.

Success in life, insured by unworthy means, must sooner or later disturb the peace of mind of the most indifferent.

Giles became suddenly morose. His face assumed a thoughtful, fretful look, and it was reported in the neighborhood that Eversleigh House was 'haunted.'

People who professed an utter disbelief in ghosts, would shrug their shoulders expressively. Others, of an imaginative turn, laid great stress upon every little incident which could be twisted into a semblance of mystery and terror. Every new speaker added to the story, and there were few dare venture to approach the building after dark.

Meantime, Giles Eversleigh's daughter, Flora—the maiden who had unwittingly procured his sister Norah's admission to the house upon that night of terror—grew into womanhood, unmindful of it all. If they were ghosts, they visited not her. She was as bright as a sunbeam in the house—the only being who could extract a smile or a kindly word from Giles.

And when, of her love for her father, a deeper and more enduring love was born—when she first began to feel the loneliness of the house, and to find, in another lonely house, a being beneath whose admiring gaze she would blush, and turn away the eyes that were as yet unaccustomed to the light of love—by some strange chance her choice was sanctioned by her father, and life to her was full of gentle happiness.

Her wedding day came at length, and Flora gave her hand where her heart had long been bestowed; and for the first time within many years, Eversleigh House became the scene of gaiety and pleasure.

Giles—remembering perhaps his own wedding—was even more cheerful than the rest; but when the last moments came—when the new bride, forsaking her father's house, permitted her loving husband to lead her tenderly away—that was the ordeal. He passed it bravely through, and with the parting words still loitering upon his lips, he went back into the house, troubled, anxious and alone.

He entered the room where years before he had dismissed his sister Norah from his presence.

'After all, what does wealth bring me?' he thought. 'Nothing but loneliness, weariness and remorse!'

He left his seat and hurriedly paced the room. Some dismal sound had reached his ear—a low, hollow laugh, vibrating through the place. It was but the recollection of the scornful tone in which his sister had addressed him.

He took up a book and tried to read, in order to divert the current of his thoughts. By some mischance it was the same volume he had opened on that unlucky night (desiring then to seem pre-occupied and careless of the ceming interview). He threw it down again.

Again he paced the room; then left it hurriedly, and walked into the grounds. Instinctively he turned toward the river. He shuddered and retraced his steps.

'Can the dead influence the living? No, no! Her promised retribution—faugh! what of it? This is my daughter's wedding day. Her was an idle threat. To-morrow I shall breath freely.'

Again that hollow sound—so disregarded then, so full of meaning now. The rippling of the river, the rustling of the leaves upon the trees, even the distant barking of an unruly dog seemed to unnerve him, and impress the one remembrance and no other, on his mind.

'I am not myself to night,' he muttered 'My nerves are unstrung At any rate it was not Flora's happiness she sought to mar, but mine. I am thankful for that.'

Unselfish now; he was indeed repentant! Had the kindly thought but come a little sooner he might have been happy too. Blinded by avarice he had felt himself secure. The tragic ending of his sister's life had worked the first change.

'It was an accident,' he said, and the thought brought some composure. Then something inwardly whispered; 'You were its cause!' and he paled again.

That night, Giles Eversleigh was stricken with fever. He tossed uneasily upon his bed. He could not sleep. All the events of his life crowded reproachfully upon his mind. He was delirious!

He thought he was again in the room where that interview had taken place. His sister stood defiantly before him.

'Kill me, Giles!' she said. 'Why not?—I am defenceless and a woman?'

'I did not!' he cried. 'I did not even wish that it should happen so! I would give half my possessions—'

'Will you restore!' the voice said, mockingly.

'To-morrow!' he shrieked, in agony—'to-morrow!'.

She shook her head, he fancied, and again he seemed to hear that scornful laugh repeated many times, until at length it died distinctly away. He was free then—free to breathe, to sleep! But in a few moments he would open his eyes widely, vacantly, and the mental strain occurred once more.

The night passed and when the morning came his eyes were closed in a long sleep—remorse had fulfilled his sister's prophecy. He died upon the night following his daughter's wedding-day.

If Eversleigh House was haunted by evil spirits they were appeased. They made no sigh thereafter.

A LEAP FOR A LOVER.

Riding over the Texan prairie on her spirited black steed, with cheeks glowing, and eyes flashing with a sense of limitless liberty, Alice Arlyn seemed a second Di Vernon—an Amazonian queen—everything brave and beautiful.

A summer day's sun was sinking beyond the horizon line of the wide expanse of prairie. A light breeze came murmuring over the undulating grass.

'This is perfectly delightful!' exclaimed Alice, removing her hat. 'The wind fairly lifts the hair from my brow.'

'If you wore a chignon, you would be more desirous to avoid that effect,' laughed her brother. 'Imagine Arab and me scampering over the prairie in chase of the article!'

Alice smiled.

'If I were a cynic, I would say that a chignon is a fit emblem of civilization—a sham; but as I am not a cynic, I will enjoy my present freedom in thankfulness.'

'I say, Alice, hadn't we better return? They generally want me at the Ranch about this time.'

'I'll excuse your further attendance, Tom, but I am determined to go as far as the river. I have discovered a new species of running vine among the trees there.'

Tom reined in his horse and hesitated.

'Why, Tom,' said Alice, 'you are not afraid that anybody will run away with me I hope,' and she shook her riding whip valiantly; 'and it's impossible for me to run away with anyone, for there are not a dozen living souls within as many leagues.'

She re-arranged the folds of her dark-green habit, and with a graceful mock obeisance to Tom, darted away. Tom, unlike most brothers, admired his sister more than any one else on earth. These two were all to each other—alone in the world—and their mutual love was infinitely greater on this account. Tom stood still for some time, looking after the receeding figure, until the red horizon reminded him of his duties at the Ranch.

Reaching a clump of trees on the bank of the narrow stream, Alice halted, and gazed around her. Amid all the gorgeous coloring of the scene there mingled that undefinable spirit of sadness which never fails to accompany the death of a day.

Her thoughts had gone back two years—back through months of dreary waiting and self-reproach. The figure of the man she had loved seemed to come between her and the sunset, with the reproachful look he had won at their parting.

Guy Philips and she had met, and become engaged. He had loved her passionately, and she had returned his love with equal fervor, but they had different ways of showing it. Guy would have been content to gaze at her from morning to night, and a smile or a word would have been sufficient for him. Alice was not satisfied with this. She wanted her lover to be more 'lover-like'—less 'indifferent,' as she phrased it. They were at a fashionable summer watering-place, and Alice flirted fast and furiously. Guy bore it all with admirable patience.

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