"It Saved My Life"

Is a common expression, often heard from those who have realized, by personal use, the curative powers of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. ❊❊I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, believing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died from lung troubles.—E. Bragdon, Palestine, Tex.

About six months ago I had a severe Hemorrhage of the Lungs, brought on by a distressing Cough, which deprived me of sleep and rest. I had used various cough balsams and expectorants, without obtaining relief. A friend advised me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I did so, and am happy to say that it helped me at once. By continued use this medicine cured my cough, and, I am satisfied, saved my life.—Mrs. E. Coburn, 18 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for over a year, and sincerely believe I should have been in my grave, had it not been for this medicine. It has cured me of a dangerous affection of the lungs, for which I had almost despaired of ever finding a remedy.—D. A. McMullen, Windsor, Province of Ontario.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life. Two years ago I took a very severe Cold which settled on my lungs. I consulted physicians, and took the remedies they prescribed, but failed to obtain relief until I began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Two bottles of this medicine completely restored my health.—Lizzie M. Allen, West Lancaster, Ohio.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5

N. H. PHINNEY,

Stipendiary Magistrate

—:AND:—

COMMISSION MERCHANT.

STOVES, PLOWS, HOLLOWWARE,

GROCERIES

FLOUR and MEAL,

AT BOTTOM PRICES

—:FOR:—

CASH.

Lawrencetown, Feb. 7th, '87.

PAINTS!

To Beautify & Preserve

THE subscriber has just received a large, fresh supply of Best PREPARED PAINTS for Outside and Inside Work or Use, WHITE LEAD, BLACK LEAD, ROOFING and MINERAL PAINTS, VARNISHES and PURE GRAINING COLORS, ALABASTINE and KALSOMINE, WHITING and

PORTLAND CEMENT,

RAW and BOILED LINSEED OILS, PAINT and WHITE WASH BRUSHES, GLASS and PUTTY, LIGHT and HEAVY

HARDWARE,

IRON and STEEL, Various styles.

For sale by

H. FRASER.

I would say to my customers that I shall endeavor to supply them as usual with the best quality of

Hard & Soft Coal

—in season.—

A Small Lot of BLACKSMITH COAL still on Hand.

1887. Letter "A." No. 161.

In the SUPREME COURT,

Between MARY E. CLARK, Pltff.,

—AND—

JOHN MIDDDEMA'S and REBECCA MIDDLEMAS, his wife, Defendants.

TO BE SOLD AT

Public Auction,

By the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his deputy, in front of the Court House, Annapolis, in the County aforesaid, on

Saturday, 12th Nov.,

at 11 o'clock in the forenoon,

PURSUANT to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein on the 11th day of October, 1887, unless before the said day of sale the said Defendant shall pay to the said Plaintiff or her solicitor, the amount due herein for principal, interest and cost,

All the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the said Defendants and of all persons claiming and entitled by, from or under them, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of

LAND,

situate at Brooklyn, in the County of Annapolis aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, that is to say, being part of Lot No. 30, Beginning at the south-west corner of land now owned by one Joseph Brown, and at the south-east corner of said land on the Brooklyn road (so called), thence running north the course of said Joseph Brown's west line until it comes to lands conveyed to the said Peter Middlemas to Caleb Slocomb; thence west at right angles forty rods to a stake and stones; thence turning and running south through the lot until it comes to the Brooklyn road aforesaid; thence easterly along said road until it comes to the place of beginning, containing by estimation, one hundred acres more or less, together with all and singular the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues, and profits thereof, and also all the estate, right, title, interest, property, claim and demand and right of dower which the said John Middlemas, and Rebecca his wife, now have, or may hereafter, of, in and to the said land and premises with the appurtenances.

TERMS:—Ten per cent deposit at time of sale; remainder on delivery of deed.

J. AVARD MORSE, High Sheriff.

J. G. H. PARKER, Solicitor of Plaintiff.

Bridgetown Oct. 11th, 1887. 5i32

Notice of Change of Partnership.

The Law Firm of

T. D. & E. RUGGLES,

Office on Queen Street, Bridgetown, N. S., will henceforth be known under the name and style of

T. D. RUGGLES & SONS.

consisting of T. D Ruggles, Q. C., Edwin Ruggles, B. A., and Harry Ruggles, B. A.

Dated December 16th, A. D., 1884. tf

WORKING CLASSES ATTENTION! We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5.00 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting all their time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this may send their address, and test the business, we make this offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.

United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TGAS, ETC.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 15. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1887. NO. 29.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2116, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

MOTHERS SHOULD READ THIS!

GENTLEMEN,—I have again to ask you to send us some more of your excellent Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. It has proved such a valuable remedy in all cases of Pulmonary Complaints and for building up the constitutions of our little ones, many of whom come to us in a very weak and debilitated state, we have come to think that we cannot do without a supply of PUTTNER'S EMULSION in our Home. We have no trouble in getting the children to take it, in fact they often ask and sometimes cry for it.

MRS. L. E. SNOW, Matron, Infants Home

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 23rd, 1886.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Is SOLD by all WHOLESALE and RETAIL DRUGGISTS throughout the Dominion.

Brown Brothers & Co., Proprietors, - - Halifax, N. S.

DRYSDALE & HOYT,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

MONUMENTS, TABLETS, HEADSTONES, Etc.

IN AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE. Also

Granite and Freestone Monuments in the most Graceful Designs.

Curbing and Fencing Lots in Cemeteries

A SPECIALTY.

MANTLES, TABLE TOPS,

SOAP STONE, FOR STOVE LININGS, TO ORDER.

WE respectfully beg to solicit a share of public patronage, and hope by strict attention to business, square dealing and promptness in filling all orders, to merit the same.

Our Mr. Drysdale achieved a reputation throughout this County during his connection with Mr. O. Whitman, as foreman of his marble works, for the excellence and perfection of his work, and all persons favoring us with their orders may rest assured that the same careful attention in all details will be exercised.

WE WILL BE FOUND FOR THE PRESENT,

Near the SKATING RINK,

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

A. J. DRYSDALE. W. J. HOYT.

FARMERS ATTENTION!!

—WE HAVE OPENED A—

Warehouse at Bridgetown, in Charge of E. A. CRAIG,

and are prepared to give the Farmers in the Annapolis Valley

FARM MACHINERY

of the BEST KIND and at LOWEST PRICES Ever Offered.

A Full Stock of Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Seed Sowers, Drills, Mowers, and Rakes. Always on Hand.

TOP BUGGIES A SPECIALTY.

TIPPET, BURDETT & CO. - - E. A. CRAIG, MANAGER.

PIANOS! ORGANS! ORGANS!

ACADIA ORGAN CO.,

—:ARE STILL:—

MANUFACTURING THEIR FINE ORGANS

Which are Selling Fast and the Demand Steadily Increasing.

—THE PRICES ARE—

BELOW THE IMPORTED INSTRUMENTS,

Therefore the Intending Purchaser need not send his Money away for ORGANS when he can buy one of the Finest Instruments at Home.

PIANOS!

We have secured agency for several of the best makes of Pianos, such as STEINWAY & SONS., J. & C. FISHER, J. HERR, LANSDOWNE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICKERING & SONS, and many others.

—Those who have been—

WAITING TO BUY CHEAP

and have an opportunity of selecting for themselves, will please call and see our Stock

WE CAN SELL AT CITY PRICES.

—We have in connection with our Organ business a lot of—

Dining Extension Tables,

made by the well-known maker, MR. JOHN EMSLIE, now in stock, and shall continue to keep them. Call and inspect. Mr. Emslie will also

REPAIR FURNITURE AT REASONABLE RATES.

CALL AND SEE US.

CURE for the DEAF!

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums.

PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING, no matter whether deafness is caused by colds, fevers, or injuries to the natural drums. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. Music, conversation, and whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book of proofs *free*. Address, F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. 1ly

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late JOEL BANKS, farmer, deceased, of Clarence, Annapolis County, are requested to render the same duly attested within three months from the date thereof, and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment to

EMDON FRITZ,
WILLIAM L. BEALS.

Inglisville, Aug. 9th, '87. 3mpd.

Select Literature.

Was it a Mistake?

(Read before the Young Ladies' Society.)

(Concluded.)

'Well, Nina, you little will-o'-the-wisp, so I have really got you at last. I had begun to think that your promises, like lovers' vows and pie-crust, were only made to be broken.'

The speaker was Mrs. George Chillingly, dark-eyed, vivacious, and on the sunny side of thirty. Her companion was Nina Ferrers. They were seated in the cosey inner drawing room at Chillingly, in affectionate proximity to a roaring fire. The time of year was January; the time of day was 5 o'clock, p. m.

Although nearly two years had elapsed since Nina's extraordinary adventure, she had kept the experiences of that February night a profound secret. Not even to Aunt Jane had she confided her 'narrow escape.' For months afterwards she had scarcely dared to go out alone, so great was her terror of again meeting and being captured by the unhappy man who suffered from so strange a delusion. But I am obliged to confess that she thought of him much more frequently than Aunt Jane would have approved, or indeed than she entirely approved herself. And, to Aunt Lavinia's indignation, she had sent five more suitors—all eligible—disconsolate away, and announced her fixed and unalterable intention of living and dying a spinster.

She had arrived at Chillingly only an hour ago, on a month's visit to her old friend and schoolfellow, Janet Foster, now Mrs. Chillingly.

'I thought we were never going to see you again,' said the latter lady stiring the fire vigorously. 'And now that you have come, I want you to make yourself specially charming—even more charming than usual I mean.'

'Why?' smiled Nina, idly waving an elaborate fire screen to and fro. 'Have you any one in particular staying here?'

'Only Col Lorimer just now. You have met him often enough. He and George are out murdering innocent little birds. I expect them in every moment. But it is not for either of them that you are to do the seductive, my dear. We expect a certain Mr. Beresford to-night—a new chum of George's. They met last autumn somewhere in Scotland, and George took a great fancy to him. I can't say he is exactly the kind of man I like. He came for a few days in November, and I felt as if I were at a funeral the whole time. He is, well—er—peculiar, very reserved, and melancholy, and difficile generally. So I want you to take him in hand.

'Thanks, very much,' yawned Nina, 'you are very kind; but I don't I care about peculiar, reserved, melancholy, difficile men. I'm getting too old to exert myself by drawing them out. I prefer them ordinary, confidential, gay and easy.

'Oh, no, you don't. You always can charm into geniality those taciturn beings who are sphinxes to everybody else. Beside you must, because he is going to stay for weeks, and I could do nothing with him. George and Col. Lorimer will spend the evenings in tearing old Gladstone to pieces, and discussing the Irish question until they are black in the face as usual, and Mr. Beresford will sit silent, with a face expressive of utter indifference as to whether England is governed by a hypocrite, or a fool, or a mountebank, or not governed at all; so you must burst like a revelation upon this iceberg, and—thaw him! Besides, he has a splendid estate down in Staffordshire—Cardew, it is called—and is enormously wealthy. Ah, here comes Brookes with the tea. Bring the table to the fire, Brookes. You don't take sugar Nina? No I thought not.'

'Is this Mr. Beresford young then? Is he handsome, or is he neither?' inquired Nina, languidly, when the man had left the room.

'Oh, he is considerably over 30, I should say. As to looks, he has rather a nice face, if he would only look a little less as if he wished he and everybody else were dead. He has the most extraordinary eyes, by the way; mesmeric eyes—quite. But after all, poor fellow, it is no wonder he looks gloomy; his is a most painful story.'

'What kind of story?' said Nina, taking a rapid and exhaustive view of the cake basket as she spoke. 'A decent story I trust?'

'Oh, yes, quite, at least I believe so. I only know the mere outline George told me (in confidence, of course), and you know the scrappy way men always dole out anything one particularly wants to know. But, good gracious, I must go and see if Macpherson has sent in enough flowers; he is the stingiest old creature. I had no idea it was so late. Now be sure you look your loveliest to-night, Nini mia. Oh yes, I know you have taken vows of celibacy. But I don't want you to marry the man—you could not if you tried; I only want you to entertain him, and waken him up a bit.' And Mrs. Chillingly rustled away.

Nina did look very lovely as she stepped softly across the hall about an hour before dinner. She wore a quaintly made gown of some curious gray shade—a color which would have been trying, probably, to most women, but was eminently becoming to her. Her thick brown hair was piled loosely on top of her pretty head; her cheeks were clearly, softly pink; her eyes dangerously dark and sweet.

She crossed the long drawing room, which was empty, and parted the heavy curtains which divided it from the inner room. Then she paused, one arm slightly raised, her head bent a little forward.

The room was lighted only by the fire, and a single lamp, which burned on a distant table. Standing on the hearth-rug looking down into the flickering flames, and leaning one elbow on the mantlepiece was a tall, rather military-looking man, with close-cropped iron-gray hair. It was not Mr. Chillingly; it was not Col. Lorimer; therefore it must be the difficile stranger, Mr. Beresford.

The brass rings of the curtain rattled slightly. At the sound he turned, and Nina saw a pale, weary-looking face, with piercing deepest eyes, and a stern, sad mouth, half-hidden by a brown mustache. As his eyes met Nina's, a ghastly pallor overspread his features.

'Merciful Heaven!' he articulated in low, intense tones.

Nina felt the color leave her cheeks. Where had she seen that face, heard that voice, looked into those eyes before? She advanced a few steps into the room, then stood motionless, silent, terrified. He stood quite still also, his hand grasping the back of a chair, his breath coming short and quick, his face white as death.

'It is true, then!' he muttered, speaking seemingly half to himself, and with a quiver of mingled awe and rapture in his deep voice (Nina remembered the voice so well). 'It is true, then—the dead may return?'

He came nearer—he held out his arms toward her.

'Adela!' he whispered, in a voice that shook with half incredulous ecstacy. 'Adela, speak to me!'

Some uncontrollable, irresistible impulse—influence—what you will—for which she could never afterwards account, impelled her answer.

'Geoffrey!' she breathed in low, almost inaudible tones.

A fierce, sudden light leaped into his eyes.

'Ah, my darling! my wife!' he panted, still in that passionate whisper. 'Why have you come? Is it to tell me that my long, weary waiting is over at last—that my days on earth are done—that we shall be together, you and I, for all eternity?'

He came nearer still. In the dim uncertain light his eyes seemed to burn into hers. A spell seemed over her, which she could not have broken had her life been the forfeit. She tried to call out, but no cry would come. He was close to her now; she felt his breath on her cheek. In another moment she was in her arms—held close to his heart. But it was only for one brief second. With a short, sharp exclamation he released her, and staggered back. His expression changed rapidly, and he sank into a chair, his powerful frame trembled as a woman's might have done.

Freed from the magnetic gaze of his eyes, Nina recovered herself instantly, and, not noting his extreme pallor, she advanced quickly toward him and laid her hand on his arm.

'You are ill,' she said hastily, forgetting her fears for the moment.

'No, no,' he murmured, waving her away. 'Go—leave me.'

Then in hoarse, exhausted tones he continued:

'In Heaven's name, who or what are you, who thus——'

He stopped and rose to his feet, leaning his hand heavily on a table near him. For a second or two he stood looking down at her agitated face, to which the color was slowly returning. A strange expression, not disappointment, not relief, not mortification, and yet a mingling of all three, rested upon his features.

'Pray, pardon me,' he said evidently speaking with an effort, as though he hardly knew what he said. 'Pray accept my apologies, and excuse me. I—I am ill.'

And, putting one hand confusedly to his head, he crossed the room, hastily parted the curtains, and was gone.

Nina sank into a chair, trembling in every limb. What extraordinary fate had brought her and this unhappy man under the same roof? Did Janet know that she had a raving lunatic for an inmate of her peaceful home? Evidently not, for she sailed into the room at this moment looking as bright and brisk as possible.

'All alone, Nina? I thought the colonel would have been down. Child, how cold and pale you look! Come closer to the fire. George is not nearly ready yet, and Mr. Beresford has only just gone upstairs. How wretchedly ill he is looking. By the way, I was going to tell you about him.' She drew a chair close to the fender, and, holding out a slender foot to the fire went on: 'He is a widower, I forgot to tell you. He married a pretty American girl, and they adored each other. When they were married about a year they had a son, and Mrs. Beresford was never the same after the child was born. I don't know if she was mad but she was next door to it. The baby died when it was only two months old, and she grew worse. Sometimes she was morbidly depressed, sometimes irritable to frenzy. She developed a singular jealousy of Mr. Beresford's cousin, a Miss Scott, who lived with them, and accused the poor fellow, who had no eyes for anyone but his wife, of being in love with his cousin, and all sorts of things. At last she would not speak to her husband at all, seemed to take a dislike to him, and at times did not even seem to know him. He would not hear of having her put under restraint, for the doctors gave him hope that by and by she might recover her reason. So things went on in this terrible way for same months, until one night, about two years ago, she disappeared. Poor Beresford was almost like a madman himself, for he absolutely worshipped her. He followed up all posible and impossible clews, but in vain. He was just going to sail for America, when he was taken ill with brain fever in a hotel in London. Well,' lowering her voice, 'they need not have looked so far from home, for—some months afterward' here Janet stopped and shuddered—'they found her body in a large pond in a lonely part of the grounds at Cardew. She had evidently either fallen in or committed suicide, poor young thing. They say he has been almost melancholy mad ever since. He is certainly queer. Why, Nina, how you are trembling! I didn't know you were so tender-hearted.'

Just then the vicar with his wife and daughter were announced, followed almost immediately by Mr. Chillingly and Col. Lorimer. The latter, who was an old friend of Nina's, took a seat near her, and entered into a low toned conversation, in which, however, she took but little part. A horrible doubt—impression—conviction—was slowly developing in her mind, one which she could scarcely put into shape, and yet which grew stronger every moment, until, happily, the gong sounded for dinner.

'Where's Beresford?' said the host for the second time.

As the words left his lips Mr. Beresford entered, calm, self-possessed, but deadly pale. As Mrs. Chillingly introduced him to Nina, he started visibly; a half-incredulous, half-pained expression flitted over his face, but it was gone in a moment. He bowed silently, and, in obedience to a laughing command from his hostess, offered Nina his arm, and they all went in to dinner.

Certainly he was a novelty in the way of dinner companions, for he only addressed her once, voluntarily, during the whole of the meal, and then it was to say in low though abrupt tones:

'Pardon me, am I am right in understanding that your name is—Ferrers?'

'Yes,' she answered, feeling horribly uncomfortable and nervous.

'Strange!' he murmured, half to himself—'very strange!'

He let his eyes rest for a moment on her's, then turned them hastily aside.

'I do not see why it should be!' returned Nina, rather haughtily.

'I beg your pardon,' he said mechanically. Then he leaned back in his chair and absently fingered the stem of his hock glass. He ate scarcely anything, she noticed, though he drank a good deal.

Queer, Janet had said he was. Most decidedly queer! Miss Ferrers gave an almost audible gasp of relief when her hostess rose to leave the room.

Mr. Beresford's conduct was not less eccentric when he entered the drawing-room. He at once crossed the room to where Nina was seated at the piano, at some little distance from the rest of the party. He did not speak to her, but seated himself in a low chair a little way behind her, so that she could not see him without turning her head. She was playing some dreamy melody of Schubert's, and, as her fingers wandered over the keys she felt though she could not see, that his eyes were bent upon her steadily.

Presently he leaned forward.

'Miss Ferrers,' he said in a very low voice, 'will you come into the conservatory with me for a few moments?'

She played several bars before she answered, then turning her eyes unwillingly to meet his, said somewhat nervously;

'Yes if you wish it.'

They passed into the semi-dusk of the half-lit conservatory, and Nina sat down on a green wire bench near a fragrant flowering shrub whose starry blossoms gleamed palely through the gloom. Beresford leaned his back against one of the slender iron columns which supported the building. He was silent for a short time; then he said abruptly:

'I owe you some apology, Miss Ferrers, for what must have seemed either idiotic folly on my part, or unwarrantable insolence. This,' after a pause, 'must be my excuse.'

As he spoke he detached from his watch chain a small locket, opened it—after looking at it for a few moments hungrily, passionately—held it towards Nina.

She bent forward and as her eyes fell upon the delicately tinted ivory miniature it contained, she could not repress an astonished, half-indignant exclamation. It might have been her own portrait!

His eyes met hers again.

'It is my wife!' he said, and his voice was unsteady; 'my dead wife!'

Nina gazed at the miniature steadily. The resemblance was almost startling. But after a closer inspection it grew fainter. Nina's hair was dark; the hair of the pictured girl was auburn. Nina's eyes were brown; the other's dark blue. The mouth, too, was different; and, above all, the expression.

'You see the likeness—to yourself?' said Beresford briefly.

'Yes; oh yes.'

'Then can you understand what a shock it was to me to-night, when I saw you enter the room in the dim light? I—I had been thinking of—her. You can, perhaps, forgive me?'

'Oh, yes, yes,' she murmured again.

'And yet,' he went on, looking at her steadily, 'I could have sworn you called me by name!'

Nina became very pale. Beresford seated himself beside her, and went on in carefully repressed tones:

'My wife's name was also Ferrers—and you are her living image. It is strange, more than strange. Surely nothing but the tie of blood could account for such a likeness. Have you any relatives in America? I met my wife there, and we were married there.' His features contracted sharply.

'Yes,' faltered Nina, 'I believe I have cousins in America.'

'Of the same name—Ferrers?'

'Yes,' said Miss Ferrers again, feeling angrily conscious that she had been behaving like a shy, timid schoolgirl during the entire evening.

'In New York?'

'Yes.'

'Then you and—my late wife must have been cousins.'

'I do not know. I never saw my American cousins. But as you say there is such a likeness, I suppose—I—Mr. Beresford, I must go—the heat—I feel faint.

'Allow me to fan you,' he said, quietly; and as he took up the fan which lay in her lap, she saw that his hand shook. She leaned back and closed her eyes for a moment. When she looked up again she met his gaze bent upon her, steadily, piercingly.

'We have met before, Miss Ferrers,' he went on in clear, cold tones.

'Met before?' she echoed faintly.

'Yes. To-night was the second occasion, if my memory serves me, upon which I have had the honor of playing the fool in your presence.'

'I—I don't understand you,' she faltered.

'You will pardon me—you do understand me. You cannot have forgotten, I think, how unpardonably I annoyed and insulted you one February night two years ago; I need not, I am sure,' haughtily, 'further recall the circumstances to your memory. However insignificant my individuality may be, I flatter myself that such besotted, drivelling idiocy as I displayed upon that occasion could not fail to be remembered. It must have been a most entertaining experience for you, I imagine.'

'Oh! don't!' uttered poor Nina.

'It was scarcely, however, so entertaining for me,' he went on bitterly, 'I acted madly, unpardonably; but I had some excuse; you had none. You know my story. At least,' with a short laugh, 'as Chillingly knows it, and, as you are his wife's bosom friend, I conclude you do. I was half-crazed at that time by my poor wife's disappearance. Your extraordinary likeness to her—your words—your voice——'

He stopped. Nina sat pale and trembling. She remembered too well her words—his words; the touch of his arm, of his lips.

'If I was half mad before, I think I was wholly so when I found that, as I thought, I had again lost her—my poor wife! let me entreat you, Miss Ferrers,' he continued, breathing hard with difficulty, 'in future, when you feel inclined for practical joking take care who your victims are. Your heartless jest that night almost cost me my reason.'

'Jest!' she returned indignantly. 'Is it possible you think me capable of—of'—and here, I regret exceedingly to state, Miss Ferrers burst into angry, hysterical tears.

Her companion looked perfectly aghast.

'Miss Ferrers!' he exclaimed in extreme agitation.

She checked her sobs with a mighty effort.

'Don't speak to me!' she replied in a voice quivering with indignation. 'How dare you! It is you who ought to be ashamed of your behavior that night. Nothing was further from my thoughts than jesting, I can assure you. I thought you were some dangerous madman! What was I to do? You would not listen to my entreaties; you know you would not. The only way of escape I could see was to humor you——' Here an unruly sob checked her utterance.

'Pray, calm yourself,' he said in a low voice. 'I was unjust. I see—I feel—that my mad folly alone was to blame. Forgive me—do forgive me!' He took her hand as he spoke, and looked at her with contrite and anxious eyes.

'I will never forgive you!' she returned passionately, snatching away her hand and rising to her feet. He arose also, looking pale and agitated.

At this moment Mrs. Chillingly entered the conservatory.

'Nina, we want you to sing,' she began then stopped, as she noted her friend's crimson cheeks and wet, flashing eyes, and observed with amazement the changed aspect of the usually stern and indifferent Beresford.

'Miss Ferrers and I have just discovered that we are distant cousins,' said Beresford, gravely, seeing his hostess' surprised air.

'Cousins!' she echoed. 'How very charming! Why Nina——'

But Miss Ferrers had disappeared.

How Mr. Beresford made his peace with his newly discovered relative neither very well knew. They had no formal recollection; but, during the days which followed they appeared to mutually bury the hatchet and to drift into a calm bonne camaraderie which seemed eminently satisfactory to both. Not seldom Beresford talked to her of his dead wife. She listened sympathetically, and with her clear, wholesome good sense, swept away much of what was morbid in his sorrow; nay, even lessened the sorrow itself. But there was nothing sentimental, let me tell you, in this good fellowship. Plato himself would have viewed it with grim approval. Their convictions, it appeared, were incidental regarding most subjects. They just differed enough to give piquancy to their discussions. Both agreed that love was a folly and matrimony a mistake. Nina's view was that, whoever one married, one was safe before six months to wish one's self single again. Beresford only differed with her so far as to incline to the somewhat morbid belief that the more passionately one loved, the more certain the loved object was to change or to die. Therefore, it was clear to both that men and women were both happier unwed. Nina considered, too, that woman's sphere of usefulness was narrowed by the duties of domestic life; Beresford, that men were fools to allow one passion so to enslave the heart and the senses as to stake all their chances of happiness on possessing the love of any woman. Thus both were calmly superior to the tender passion; the woman because she had never felt its power, the man—because he had. So at the end of a month they parted, each feeling that they had laid the foundation of a valuable, sensible, lifelong friendship.

Having explained the above facts, I will leave it to my readers to explain what followed.

A year and a half had passed. Two men were standing one hot June night, in the curtained doorway of a fashionably crowded ball room in Mayfair.

'By Jove!' said the lesser and fairer of the two, 'there's Beresford. How fit he looks, to be sure! When I last heard of him he was doing the broken hearted recluse—melancholy mad, and all that sort of thing. He doesn't answer to either description just now. And I say, Harcourt, what a pretty woman he is talking to! Who is she? Do you know her?'

The individual addressed as Harcourt turned his head languidly, and fixed his eye-glass more firmly in his sleepy left eye.

'What a fellow you are to talk, Kerr!' he said in slow, expostulatory tones. 'Where? Don't see Beresford at all.'

'There, man, just opposite, talking to the woman in white and gold. By Jove, what a smile she gave him there! Wish she'd look at me like that.'

Harcourt's gaze travelled slowly round the room until it alighted on the lady in question, who certainly was a remarkably pretty woman, even in that assemblage, where pretty women were the rule and not the exception.

'Oh, that's his wife, don't you know?' he said with an air of lazy surprise.

'His wife! Beresford's wife! Pooh! my dear fellow, you are raving. His wife has been dead for the last three years and more. She died just before I went to Jamaica.'

'Granted,' returned the other tranquilly; 'But the law has yet to be passed, so far as I know, which denounces second marriage as illegal.'

'The deuce! Then he has married again?'

'Exactly.'

'Well you surprise me. You remember how awfully cut up he seemed after his first wife's death? We thought him off his head. I never saw her, but I always understood she was wonderfully good-looking. By Jove! the fellow has taste. Who was she—number two I mean?'

'What a bore you are, Kerr! She was a Miss Ferrers, a cousin of his first wife, I believe; and only that she is a little darker and has different colored eyes, she is almost the image of her predecessor.'

'You don't say so! 'The prescription as before?' Well, it seems to have worked a wonderful cure. Upon my word some fellows always manage to get the best of everything. You don't suppose she has another cousin, now?—or a sister, eh? Ah, I was afraid not. By Jove, she is a pretty woman! Introduce me, will you?'

—Use Seavey's East India Liniment.

—Jessop Whitehead, the gastronomic writer, says the infallible rule to know when fried potatoes are done is this. When first thrown into the fat they sink; when done they rise and float. After that it is only a question of how much color when they should be taken out.

—With jingling rings on the arm, a metal dog collar around the neck, and a chatelaine chain around the waist, the modern woman who likes novelties has the appearance of a tin kitchen.—*Boston Journal.*

—Use Seavey's East India Liniment.

—Young women ought never to get into a way of thinking that it is better to marry imprudently than remain single and exposed to absurd comment thereby.—*Pittsburg Cronicle.*

—A Bar Harbor girl, who was told by an old boatman to be sure and have her boat well trimmed, went to work and sewed two silk flounces around the gunwale.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—Girls who can play 'Gospel Hymns' on the piano with the windows open on Sunday afternoons are greatly wanted in the western mining towns. At least, they are not wanted here.—*Springfield Union.*

—If a young man wishes to know all about a girl he must see her in evening dress at a winter ball and in a bathing suit at the beach in summer.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—A Medford (N. J.) mother got wind of the intended elopement of her daughter the other night, and circumvented her by locking up all her wearing apparel.

INVARIABLE INDICATIONS.

If you have Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, rising and souring of food, wind in the stomach, a choking or gnawing sensation at the pit of the stomach, then you have sure indications of Dyspepsia, which Burdock Blood Bitters will surely cure. It has cured the worst cases on record.

—A poet dolefully exclaimed: 'Ah! where are the girls of long ago?' He will find them in the ballet.—*Tory Times.*

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

OIL ON THE WAVES.—In a pamphlet issued lately by the U. S. Hydrographic Office Lieutenant Underwood says that mineral oils are not so effective for use at sea as vegetable or animal. A comparatively small amount of the right kind of oil, say two quarts per hour, properly used, is sufficient, he asserts, to prevent much damage, both to vessels, and to small boats, in heavy seas. The greatest result from oil is obtained in deep water. In a surf, or where water is breaking on a bar, the effect is not so certain; but even in this case oil may be of benefit, and its use is recommended by Lieutenant Underwood. He advises that when an attempt is about to be made to board a wreck the approaching vessel should use the oil after running as close as possible under the lee of the wreck. The wreck will soon drift into the oil, and then a boat may be sent along side of her.

—The experience of years furnishes the most convincing evidence that thousands of lives are annually saved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It speedily cures all affections of the throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs.

—The first shipment of cattle from the ranches near Calgary passed through Winnipeg on the 7th on its way east.

For the Babies.

It is not necessary to buy corn cures. Men and women should remember that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the safe, sure, and painless corn remover extant. It does its work quickly and with certainty. See that the signature N. C. Polson & Co. appears on each bottle. Beware of poisonous imitations.

—Our slang contributor says there is not a disease known that will get a bulge on a man quicker than the mumps.

MULTUM AND PARVO.

There is much in a little, as regards Burdock Blood Bitters. You do not have to take quarts and gallons to get at the medicine it contains. Every drop in every dose has medical virtue as a blood purifying, system regulating tonic.

HURRAH!

Having purchased the staunch schooner

'TEMPLE BAR!'

I WILL sail her as a packet between Bridgetown and St. John for the remainder of the season.

Freight handled with care as usual.

Lime and Salt always on Hand; for Sale Low.

Apply to

J. H. LONGMIRE.

Bridgetown, June 21st, 1887. tf