Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 28. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1900. NO. 14.

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Over Roop's Grocery Store.)
Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States.
Agent Nova Scotia Building Society.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
☞Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

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RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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DR. F. S. ANDERSON.
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.
Office next door to Union Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

DENTISTRY.
DR. V. D. SCHAFFNER,
Graduate of University Maryland,
Will be in his office at Lawrencetown, the third and fourth weeks of each month, beginning February 1st, 1900.
CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK A SPECIALTY.

FRED W. HARRIS,
Barrister, - - Solicitor,
Notary Public, etc.
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA.
Fire, Life and Marine Insurance, Agent.

J. B. WHITMAN,
Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Will be at Annapolis the first and second weeks of ever month, and third and fourth weeks at Bridgetown.

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

JOHN ERVIN,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Commissioner and Master Supreme Court.
Solicitor International Brick and Tile Co.
OFFICE:
Cox Building, - Bridgetown, N. S.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX,
Incorporated 1856.
Capital Authorized, - $1,500,000
Capital Paid-up, - 600,000
Rest, - - - - 328,610

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WM. ROBERTSON, President. WM. ROCHE, Vice-President.
HON. ROBT. BOAK, J. H. SYMONS, Esq.,
C.C. BLACKADAR, Esq. WM. TWINING, Esq.
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Head Office, Halifax, N. S.
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Collections solicited.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold.
Highest rate allowed for money on special deposit.

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Barrington Passage—C. Robertson, "
Bridgetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrows, manager.
Clarke's Harbor, sub. to Barrington Passage.
Dartmouth, N. S.—F. O. Robertson, manager.
Glace Bay, N. S.—J. W. Ryan, manager.
Granville Ferry, N. S.—E. D. Arnaud, acting manager.
Kentville, N. S.—A. D. McRae, manager.
Lawrencetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrows, acting manager.
Liverpool, N. S.—E. R. [illegible], manager.
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London and Westminster Bank, London, England; Bank of Toronto and Branches Upper Canada; Bank of New Brunswick, St. John, N. B.; National Bank of Commerce, New York; Merchants' National Bank, Boston.

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Put up their Bread as it leaves the oven in
EDDY'S BREAD WRAPPERS!
Manufactured solely by
The E. B. EDDY Co.
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5,000 Hides,
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OYSTER STEWS AND LUNCHES SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
Oysters sold by the peck or half peck, or on half shell.
BREAD, CAKES and BISCUIT fresh from first-class bakery always on hand.
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"CLEVELAND" AIM IS HIGH!

Nothing in the construction of the Cleveland Bicycles is left to chance. In the smallest detail of the making, in the littlest part of its mechanism, perfection is the aim. You'll find this favorite machine for 1900 "goes the past one better" in improvements, new features and general equipment.

SEE the hardened block pin which prevents the chain from wearing.
the combined ball and roller bearings.
the dust-proof skeleton gear case.
the improved ball-head spokes.
the chainless models and the combined coaster and brake.

Cleveland BICYCLES

We carry a full line of chain and chainless Clevelands in stock, and will give you a right price for cash or instalments.

☞We also have some big bargains in other makes, both new and second-hand.

JOHN LOCKETT & SON,
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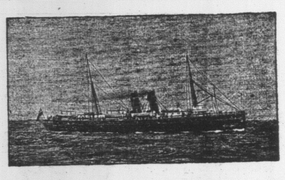

Yarmouth S.S. Co'y, Limited
THE SHORTEST AND BEST ROUTE BETWEEN
NOVA SCOTIA and the UNITED STATES

4 - Trips a Week - 4

Commencing June 26th, the fast and popular Steel Steamers **BOSTON** and **YARMOUTH** leave Yarmouth for Boston every **TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY EVENING** after arrival of the Express trains from Halifax.
Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every **MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY** at 2 p. m., making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic and Coast Railway for all parts of Nova Scotia.
U. S. and Royal mail carried on these steamers.
Through tickets to all points in Canada and to New York via rail and sound lines.
Ask for and see that you get tickets via the Yarmouth S. S. Co. from Yarmouth.
For all other information apply to Dominion Atlantic, Central, Intercolonial or Coast Railway agents, or to
W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treasurer. D. McPHERSON, Manager.
Yarmouth, June 19th, 1900.

NEW FIRM!
NEW GOODS!
To the People of Bridgetown and Vicinity:
Having purchased the Tailoring business formerly conducted by C. McLellan, we intend to conduct an
Up-to-date Tailoring Establishment.
All our work will be guaranteed as to fit and workmanship. Call and inspect our new stock. Tyke and Blenheim Serges always on hand.
ROGERSON & MARSHALL
Murdoch's Block, - Granville Street.

GROCERIES
FRUITS
PROVISIONS
CHEAP AND GOOD.

Ferona,
Shredded Wheat,
Quaker Oats,
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Rolled Oats,

Graham Flour,
Ralston Breakfast Food,
Hygenic Whole Wheat Flour,
Arlington Wheat,
Celebrated Swiss Food.

GOOD VALUES IN TEAS.
A heavy stock of Flour, Feed and Meal in Popular Brands.
Corner Queen and Granville Sts. } **J. E. LLOYD.**

Gold in the Philippines.

Gold is found at an endless number of points in the Philippines, almost every stream which cuts the older rocks carries some dust, and auriferous quartz-veins also are known at several points in Luzon and in Mindanao. I have been able to obtain no information warranting the belief that there is any highly important gold-field in the archipelago. The natives are extremely skilful with the pan, and have been exploiting the the gravels for centuries. They also understand "salting" a mine. I do not believe they have left any great prizes in the way of placers, and, to some extent, they have also worked the quartz. I consider the gold resources of the Philippines comparable with those of the Carolinas and Georgia, rather than with those of Colorado or California. The resources of Mindano are not so unknown as many suppose. Competent experts have made examinations, years ago, in each of the auriferous provinces, Misamis and Surigao, and neither of them reported encouraging results. Great caution must be exercised in seeking to develop gold mining in the Philippine Islands.—*From "Are the Philippine Islands Worth Having?" by George F. Becker in the June Scribner's.*

The Cynic.

It is safe to suspect a man who talks too much about his fairness.

No man will pay a woman a compliment that will sink as deep in her memory as one paid her by her milliner.

If a superstitious man is single, everything is a sign of marriage, but after he marries everything is a sign of death.

When a bore takes up a good deal of a man's time, the man who was bored takes up the time of those around him in complaining about it.

About all the consolation a man has is that when his widow reads on his tombstone that he was a good husband she may be convinced at last.

An eligible widower is like an empty house—every one wonders soon it will be for rent and if it would prove a desirable investment to move in.

The eyes of all the women in town are on the first clothes a man buys his wife to see if they are cheaper or more expensive than those her father bought her.

To Throw Good Money After Bad

Will but increase my pain." If you have thrown away money for medicines that did not and could not cure, why should you not now begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the medicine that never disappoints? Thousands of people who were in your condition and took Hood's Sarsaparilla say it was the best investment they ever made, for it brought them health.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, indigestion.

Poetry.

The Song of the White Man.

(By Rudyard Kipling)

Now, this is the cup the White Men drink
When they go to right a wrong,
And that is the cup of the old world's hate—
Cruel and strained and strong.

We have drunk that cup—and a bitter, bitter cup—
And tossed the dregs away.
But well for the world when the White Men drink
To the dawn of the White Man's day.

Now, this is the road that the White Men tread
When they go to clean a land—
Iron under foot and levin overhead,
And the deep on every hand.

We have trod that road—and a wet and windy road—
Our chosen star for guide.
Oh, well for the world when the White Men tread
Their highway side by side.

Now this is the faith that the White Men hold
When they build their homes afar.
"Freedom for ourselves and freedom for our sons,
And, failing freedom, War."

We have proved our faith—bear witness to our faith,
Dear souls for the world when the White Men join
To prove their faith again!

Bloemfontein, April 9.

Our Legacies.

If some hand is quite still
That we have loved and kept in ours until
It grew so cold;
If all it held hath fallen from its fold,
And it can do
No more, perhaps there are a few
Small threads that it held fast
Until the last,
That we can gather up and weave along
With patience strong
In love. If we can take
But some wee, single thread, for love's sweet sake,
And keep it beaten on the wheel
A trifle longer; feel
The same thread in our hands to add unto and hold,
Until our own grow cold,
We may take heart above the wheel and spin
With weak hands that begin
Where these left off, and going on
Grow strong.
If we bent close to see
Just what the threads may be
Which filled the quiet hands,
Perhaps some strands
So golden, or so strong, may lie there still,
That we our empty hands may fill,
And even yet
Smile though our eyes be wet.

—*George Klingle.*

June Flowers.

The tide of days deep, glowing stream
Is setting toward the afternoon;
Through misted light the waters gleam,
The wide serenity of June
Sets all the country world adream.

About the homestead's dooryard space
Are lemon balm and mignonette;
And southernwood, with plump face;
And, in a narrow border set,
The China pink's old fashioned grace.

Among the fragrant flower flocks
Maraud the lusty bumblebees;
A row of slender hollyhocks
Is tipped and tilted by the breezes,
Till every crimson breaker rocks.

Along a worn, neglected lot,
The quitch grass trails its old device;
From forest and from garden plot
The air is tinctured with the spice
Of mallow and wild bergamot.

The plums have caught a fiery stain
That burns beneath the satin skin,
Till seething in each golden vein,
The mellow honey juice within
Splits all their scarlet coats in twain.

So, on the stream of summer flows,
And June, a happy hearted maid,
Whose cheek with healthy color glows,
Weaves in and out her tawny braid
The glory of the damask rose.

—*Kate Whitney, in Truth.*

Select Literature.

Across the Way.

(By Adella F. Veazie.)

"It's no use, Reuben, I can't stan' it, an' I won't, so there! It's jest wearin' the life right out o' me. Here's Milly comin' more'n five hundred miles to see us, 'n' go 'round among the old places, 'n' she'll want me to go with her, of course, 'n' I can't leave the house for an hour on account o' them pesky hens across the way. It was bad enough before, with Chase's hens all rangin' 'round down below us, but now to have another great flock runnin' loose right across the road; it's more'n I o'n stan'!"

"Stan'! Ye've *got* to stan' it, fur all I c'n see," replied her easy going spouse. "You've said 'n' done all any peaceable woman c'u be expected to say an' do, an' what more *is* there to do?"

"I'll have you understand, Reuben Driscoll, I'm not a peaceable woman. I was once, but I'm done. If you can't stan' up for your rights like a man,' *I'm* goin' to. I've been imposed upon long enough!"

"Sho, now, 'Mandy! yer a little r'iled, I s'pose, 'an' I don't much blame ye; kinder too bad Joe Brown had to move away, for he was a good neighbor, I'll say that for him; but mebbe this one'll do diff'rent after awhile when he sees how the others do. Anyway, we don't want to have no trouble with a neighbor, an' I guess after you've cooled off a bit you'll feel diff'rent about it, 'cause ye know——"

"Speak for yourself, if you please," retorted the indignant and perspiring woman before him. "Perhaps *you* don't want to have any trouble, but *I* do. I'm jest achin' for it. You never had any spunk about stannin' up for yourself!" with a contemptuous snort. "You've always made me think of what the children used to write in each other's books at school, an' it ended—

"Live in peace, die in grease,
An roll down hill in the slop pail."

There *is* such a thing as being *too* peaceable, an' when a man, or a woman either, imposes on me I'm goin' to resent it.

"Ye ain't—ye won't do nothin' rash?" he said, anxiously. "'Cause you know they hain't done any real damage yet, nothin' but scratched up a few posies."

"A few posies!" she glared at him wrathfully. "Yes, an' them few posies, as you call'em, was the choicest ones I had. Cousin Luther sent me the seed clear from California, an' I think as much of my posies as you do of your prize squashes 'an' beets."

"Well, well, I dunno but ye do. Still"—with a dubious side glance at his partner—"seein' such things don't bring in no money, ye can't railly call it damages, now can ye?" with a good-natured chuckle.

"Reuben Driscoll! If you ain't the aggravatinest— How much money does that old fiddle of yours bring ye in, I'd like to know? Has it ever brought you in a cent, an' hain't it pay out an' pay out, for fiddle strings an' bridges an' the Lord knows what, all the time? I guess if anybody riddled it to pieces you'd be pretty likely to call it damages! I guess you would! It makes a difference in this world who or what gets damaged, I take notice.'

"Well, why don't ye go to him, 'Mandy, kind o' easy an' quiet like, an' tell him about their botherin' ye, an' ask him to shet 'em up awhile till things gets growed out o' the way? "Tain't likely he railly wants his creeters to bother anybody, only p'raps he ain't noticed and dunno——'

She sank suddenly down on the back doorstep, flung off her sunbonnet and fanned herself vigorously with her apron, her flushed countenance wearing a most exasperated look as she said witheringly:

"You needn't think everybody's as blind as you be, an' can't see anything till it's right under their feet! Why don't I go to him? That's jest like you, too! It's *your* place to go to him, if there's any goin' done, but no— you're too pesky peaceable for that! But I've been; yes, I have," as she noticed the sudden anxious look that swept over his face. "I was as quiet an' peaceable as you'd be, too. I went in an' carried his wife a diahful of honey, an' I set an' talked a spell till I got the conversation 'round to hens, an' then I says, "How many have you got, Mis' Benner?" An' she says kind o' careless: 'Oh, I dunno. Isaac takes care on' 'em. I don't have anything to do with' em." I see my chance then an' I spoke up an' says: 'Don't he count 'em when he shets 'em up nights? An' she jest laughs an' says: 'He never shets 'em up. They jest roost right 'round in the barn an' in the trees behind the buildin's an' ain't no trouble at all. That's why there's so much money in hens,' says she, 'because they don't have to be fussed with, so Isaac's gone into the buisness pretty deep this spring, seein' there's such a fine chance here. We've hatched over two hundred chickens since the first of April.'

"I see she wasn't no 'count to talk with 'bout shettin' on 'em up, 'cause she's as easy as—as"—pausing for a simile, then—"as you be!" she wound up forcibly, satisfied that she had at last found an appropriate comparison. "Jest then her husban' came in, an' she interduced him, an' then said jest as innercent: "I've been tellin' Mis' Driscoll how many chickens we're raisin', Isaac. You must take her out to see 'em." So we all went, an' sure enough, the back yard was fairly swarmin' with 'em. Cunnin' little things as ever was, 'a' I did feel for a minute as if I'd like to ketch up a couple on 'em an' cuddle 'em a bit, but jest then I remembered that about the time our termaters git ripe this fall, them chickens 'll be jest big enough to come across an' pick 'em all to pieces afore we can get even a taste for ourselves, an' you'd better believe I didn't want to cuddle 'em no more.

"An' then I says sort o' careless: 'I s'pose you'll shet 'em up, hens an all, soon's you git your corn an' things planted,' an' he says: 'Oh, no; my corn an' other garden stuff is goin' up on the side hill too far away for 'em to trouble it.' An' then I began to feel kinder spunky, 'n' I says: "Why, I thought everybody allers shet up their hens in the summer time. We allers do, an' so does Jackson's folks up above us, and Lampson's folks down below us. I'm terrible 'fraid your hens 'll play the mischief with our garden if they run loose.' 'Ye hadn't ought to have your garden out there so near the road," he says. 'Ye ought to know that hens 'll git into it there. Why don't ye put your garden out behind the house, same as other folks do?

"Then I *was* mad, I tell ye! The idea of him comin into the neighborhood an' orderin' folks where they shall plant their corn an' beans!

Her husband straightened up. "Did he say that?" he asked in a tone very different from his usual soft, easy one.

"Yes, he did, 'n' when I told him about his hens tearin' my flower beds all to pieces, he jest kinder turned up his nose 'n' said flowers didn't 'mount to nothin' anyway."

A dull red rose slowly to the face of the apparently stolid husband.

"He'll find out, mebbe," he said slowly. "Mebbe he'll find out afore long whether flowers 'mount to anything or not.'

He was really the careless, easy man he seemed as long as only his own interests were involved; but when his wife was attacked or abused, that was a very different matter and he resented it bitterly. *He* could laugh and chaff her about her "posies" as much as he chose, she understood him; but no other man should talk in the same strain without incurring his just anger.

He had toiled and dug, hoed and raked, those flower beds, and he enjoyed seeing the comfort she took with her flowers, even though he did occasionally speak of them so slightingly; therefore the insolence of the above speech rankled sorely, and he was for a moment tempted to go straight across to his new neighbor and warn him in no gentle terms to take care of his hens unless he wanted to lose them, but he thought better of it after a moment or two of reflection.

"Well, well, 'Mandy," he said, "it *was* aggravatin', an' I'll see if we can't have somethin' done.'

Then he walked off toward the barn, while his wife sat and watched him with a wrath-face.

"Yes, you'll see," she muttered. "You're always goin' to see, 'n' that's all it ever amounts to. *I'll* have to be the one to do the seein' if there's any done, and when Milly comes if we don't contrive a way, then my name's not 'Mandy Driscoll, that's all!" and having by this time recovered somewhat from her hot and angry mood, she proceeded to enter the house and attend to her various duties within doors.

Her husband remained at the barn some little time, and when he emerged therefrom he bore a varied assortment of articles and wended his way to the front gate, where 'Mandy heard him presently digging, and sallied forth to investigate.

"What on earth be you doin'?" she exclaimed as she saw the pile of earth and the hole from whence it had been shovelled.

"You see, 'Mandy," vouchsafed her husband, "I'm bound them hens sha'n't tear up no more posies for ye, 'n' perhaps when he sees how much pains we have to take to keep 'em out, he'll feel kind o' 'shamed an' shet 'em up for a while. I hope so, for I've been thinkin' about them termaters of mine.

I got seventy five dollars clear out'n that patch of termaters last year, an' I cal'lated to get a hundred this year, but as you say, if the hens get there fust, it's all day with 'em.'

"But what be you a-doin' now?" demanded his wife. "I can's see how diggin' a hole in the ground is 'goin to help the matter, unless you're going to bury 'em in it.'

"You see this 'ere post, don't ye? An' you see this here little pulley," reaching into the pocket of his coat which hung on the pickets near him. "Ye know, 'Mandy, we allers shet the gate after us, of course, but children an' peddlers ain't so careful so I've fixed a contrivance that'll make it shet itself. I'm goin' to take, that old tailor's goose that was Aunt Nancy's an use it for a weight, an' I'll warrant there won't be no more hens get in after that."

His wife looked both pleased and relieved at this explanation.

"That will be nice," she said. "It's a first-rate idea. It was real kind and thoughtful of you,' she added with a caressing movement of her hand along his arm.

For all their wrangling and flinging at each other, they were really a devoted couple, but 'Mandy was one of those energetic, go-ahead women who glory in the possession of a sarcastic tongue, and Reuben though not by any means a lazy man, was—well, the word which his wife oftenest flung at him—"easy"—described him exactly, and being slow at repartee himself, he thoroughly enjoyed and took pride in his wife's quicker retorts, and never let slip an opportunity to "wind her up an' set her a goin'," as he termed it.

She watched him for awhile in silence, and then as he trampled the earth firmly around the post, she said soberly:

"What are we goin' to do about the currants, Reuben?"

He paused in his work and a blank look settled over his face.

"Well, now, I hadn't thought of that," he said meditatively. "An' the rosb'ries, too," he added. "They'll everlastingly wade through 'em, won't they, if they once get a taste?" Then brightening up once more: "There's his rosb'ries though, so he'll have to do somethin' with 'em in rosbry time. I guess we won't borry any trouble about it. Time enough when it comes."

They were very soon to learn how their neighbor was to accomplish that indefinite 'something' which optimistic Mr. Driscoll prognosticated, for as soon as the most important part of his planting was over he procured a large roll of the article thereabout known as "hen-wire and proceeded to enclose his raspberry patch therein to the despair of 'Mandy, who knew that this method of procedure could have but one meaning; the hens were to have their liberty forever more, raspberry time, currant time and all.

That night she and Reuben made an estimate of the expense of a wire netting for their own protection.

"The posts an' my labor we won't count. 'Mandy,' said easy Mr. Driscoll, "'cause I can get enough posts in the back pasture wood lot, so they don't railly cost anything, ye know, an' 'twon't take me over a day to put it up; an' I shouldn't be doin' much anyhow 'bout next week, so we'll jest reckon the wire 'n' staples."

Accordingly they did so, with the result that three dollars and forty five cents were expended the next Saturday night for "hen wire," which was duly placed in position, though as 'Mandy declared, it cost more than all the fruit it enclosed would come to that season if sold at highest market prices. Still it was pleasant to have fresh fruit at one's own door, where it could be picked as desired. They had had it so long that they should hardly know how to get along without it; but it did seem rather hard, they both acknowledged to raise fruit and then pay for the privilege of picking it.

July came at last and with it Milly, the long expected sister whom 'Mandy had not seen in five years, and who had removed to another State on the occasion of her marriage, some eight years before our story opens,

Reuben and 'Mandy had visited her once, three years after her marriage, but this was the first time Milly had revisited her old home. There were of course, many questions to be asked and answered, old scenes and friends to be visited, and 'Mandy was in a flutter of delightful anticipation.

What good times they would have, and how glad everyone would be to see Milly had always been a favorite, and being ten years younger than 'Mandy, had always been her pet and plaything since the days when she had rocked her to sleep in the old-fashioned cradle now reposing in the garret.

The morning after Milly's arrival she rose early and went on an exploring tour with Reuben about the barn and outhouses. Noting the flock of hens congregated about the shed door, which was not included in the enclosure usually denominated "the front yard," she said in some surprise:

"Why, Reuben, the hens are out. How do you suppose they manage it so early in the morning? I'm afraid the excitement an' all last night made you forget to lock 'em in."

"No," Reuben answered rather soberly, for they were nearing the door, and he well knew that his wife's ire would be again roused at this early maraudiug. "No, them's Benner's hens, over across the way. We keep our'n shet up, but he ain't never built any pen, an' they stay over there on that platform a good deal, morning's especially, 'cause it's sunny an' warm. Shoo! you varmints; shoo, there!" and he picked up a clog of earth and sent it hurling after the scattering flock as they left the sunny platform on the approach of the couple and went diving in various directions in that frantic and bewildering manner peculiar to hens.

"Kill'em, Reuben! Kill'em if you can!" cried 'Mandy, appearing at this moment in the shed door, whether she had stolen quietly through the long L which connected house and wood-shed. Armed with a broom and with vengeance in her eye she had planned a sudden rear attack on the hen caucus, but her plans had been frustrated by the sudden appearance of her husband and her sister around the corner of the shed.

"Now jist look," she continued. "Did anybody ever see such a sight? Mud an' dirt from one end to t'other? I've swept an' scrubbed an' scoured till I'm sick an' tired! Only day before yesterday I took the mop, pail and an old broom an' scoured that shed floor, an' them steps, an' now look at 'em!"

"Yes, yes, we c'n see 'em plain enough," said her husband, soothingly. Don't talk so loud, 'Mandy; folks 'll think yer jealous of me 'n' Milly, an' they'll be tellin' 'round how you took the broom to us, 'n'——"

"Reuben Driscoll! I'd be a nat'ral born fool if I's you, I would *so!*" and the irate woman marched into the house, followed by the other two, who made no attempt to conceal the hilarious mirth called forth by 'Mandy's excited harangue.

"It does seem too bad," said Milly to her sister, after Reuben had gone out once more. "It seems to me that if the owner of those hens could only know, and see how much trouble they make, he would do something, wouldn't he? Why don't you speak to him about it?"

"Speak to him!' and Mandy glared—yes, 'glared' is the only word in any way descriptive of the look she fastened upon her sister across the table. "Huh! Much good that'll do; I've spoken, and sp——What's that?" as the gate banged shut in obedience to the patent applied by her husband some weeks before. "Somebody's comin'!" Then edging up to the window and peeping out, "It's Mr. Benner himself. Now, you" have a chance to see how much good it 'll do to speak to him. For I'm goin' to. I won't be imposed upon an' never say a word for myself.'

"Then, as the expected rap sounded on the panel of the door, she smoothed out the frown on her face, opened the door, invited her neighbor in, introduced him to her sister, and awaited a favorable opportunity for saying her say. It came sooner than she expected, for almost the first words her caller uttered were: 'Have you got any corn to spare, Mis' Driscoll? I've got out sooner'n I expected to, an' I don't want to go down to the village till to morrer, I thought I'd borry a peck if you could spare it as well as not. I've jest got enough to feed the hens tonight, but I hain't got none for their breakjast, so if you could——"

"Yes,' interrupted Mrs. Driscoll, 'You c'n have the corn's well's not. I allers want to be neighborly, but I do wish,' here she tried to smile pleasantly, 'I do wish your hens wouldn't be quite so neighborly. They can't get into my flowers any more, thank goodness, now that Reuben has fixed the gate; an' we've fenced in our rosb'ries and currants, but the strawb'ries are right in their prime now, an' them hens seem possessed to git among 'em, an' Reuben he has to stay out there about all the time to git any strawb'ries at all; an' they stay in my shed and on my platform till it ain't fit for a decent woman to go near. I can clean that, but couldn't ye jist shet 'em up or somethin' till after the strawb'ries is gone?'

She paused for an answer, which was not long forthcoming.

"Well, ye see,' began Mr. Benner, 'I can't very well, 'cause ye know hens won't lay half so well shet up, 'n' my two sons are runnin' a big ice-cream saloon down to the city n' I furnish 'em with eggs. It's surprisin' how much ice-cream folks get away with this kind of weather. They use four dozen eggs every day, an' all they don't want an eatin' house on the next street takes, so you see it wouldn't pay me to shet 'em up now. I'll tell ye what,' he said, after a moment's thought, 'you get a horn, a good big one, and when the hens bother ye jist blow it; go stan' in the door an' blow it hard 'an' that'll make 'em scatter. You jist try it,' he added, as Mrs. Driscoll poured the corn into the bag which he had brought.

'Much obliged for the corn,' he said, as he opened the door. 'I'll do as much for you sometime, for as I tell my wife, I allers like to see folks neighborly.'

As the door closed behind him, 'Mandy glanced significantly at her sister.

'There!' she said, with an indescribable inflection on the word.

'He's an old rhinoceros!' cried Milly, 'A regular thick-skinned, selfish old rhinoceros. I'd like to know if he calls *that* being neighborly.' Then as a new thought struck her, 'Mandy' you let me an' Reuben tackle this question?'

"I don't care, said 'Mandy wearily, sinking into a chair; 'I've done all I can, an' ain't done a mite o' good. I'm willin' *anybody* should do *anything* after this. Jest think of it, Milly; think of us stayin' at home all summer for the sake of standin' in the door tootin' horns at the neighbors' hens. There's Chase's hens are jist as bad, only there ain't so many of 'em, an' bein' farther off they don't come very often. They allers used to shet 'em up a spell when I asked 'em, in strawb'y an' tomatter time, But I ain't got the cheek to ask 'em now, with that flock across the way runnin' loose.'

Here Reuben came in, and the three entered into a long confab together, which ended by Reuben going out to the wood-shed with Milly, and taking an extensive survey of the premises, Milly soon reappeared before her sister with: "Now, 'Mandy, remember you've given this case up to me'n Reuben, an' you're not to worry any more about it, nor you needn't *know* anything about it neither.

The next move in the programme came next morning when 'Mandy started out to feed her hens, with Milly accompanying her. While the hens were devouring their breakfast, the visitor walked about their pen, admiring and talking to them, but when their meal was finished she deliberately unfastened the staple which held the door of their home in place, and —— Presto! before 'Mandy could interpose every hen was out.

"For the land sake! What did you do that for, Milly Reed?" cried her sister in dismay. "They'll be all over everything now, an' I sh'd think I'd got enough on my hands already without——"

"Never you mind, 'Mandy," was the reply. "A dozen or fifteen hens, more or less, ain't a goin' to count along side of that rampageous flock, an' it'll be all right. You'll see."

When 'Mandy took a flying trip to the wood-shed that noon for kindlings, she stopped on the threshold in amazement.

(Concluded on fourth page.)

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Details have been received at Accra, Gold Coast, of another serious reverse to the relief column under Col. Carter and Major Wilkinson, a day's march north of the Prah. There were heavy casualties. The British gunboat Magpie, stationed at Accra, is the sole protection for the coast.

The Washington State Grand Lodge of Masons has voted not to admit liquor dealers to membership in the order, and directs present members who are in that business to withdraw.

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