Pimples, Boils,

and Carbuncles result from a debilitated, impoverished, or impure condition of the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla prevents and cures these eruptions and painful tumors, by removing their cause; the only effectual way of treating them.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has prevented the usual course of Boils, which have raised and distressed me every season for several years.—Geo. Scales, Fistlaville, Mich.

I was badly troubled with Pimples on the face; also, with a discoloration of the skin, which showed itself in ugly dark patches. No external treatment did more than temporary good. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected

A Perfect Cure,

and I have not been troubled since.—T. W. Boddy, River st., Lowell, Mass.

I was troubled with Boils, and my health was much impaired. I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in due time, the eruptions all disappeared, and my health was completely restored.—John R. Elkins, Editor *Stanley Observer*, Albemarle, N. C.

I was troubled, for a long time, with a humor which appeared on my face in ugly Pimples and Botches. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me. I consider it the best blood purifier in the world.—Charles H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine. Ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and do not be persuaded to take any other.

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

PAINTS !

To Beautify & Preserve

THE subscriber has just received a large, fresh supply of Best PREPARED PAINTS for Outside and Inside Work of the, 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. FRASHER.

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.

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The MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

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Established in 1843. - - Assets, Over $115,000,000.

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All information promptly given or sent by mail upon application.

CALVIN RAYMOND,
Special Travelling Agent for
Western Nova Scotia.

P. O. Address, Yarmouth, N. S.

In the Supreme Court, 1886,

Between GEORGE A. PURDY, Plaintiff,

—AND—

JAMES H. THOMAS, Defdt.

TO BE SOLD AT

Public Auction,

by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his deputy, in front Clarke Bros. Store, Bear River, on

Monday, Oct. 24th, 1887,

at 11 o'clock in the forenoon,

ALL the estate, right, title and interest of the said defendant at the time of the recording of the judgment entered herein, or at any time since, or in, to or out of that certain piece or parcel of

LAND and PREMISES

situate lying and being in the township of Clements, County of Annapolis, on the western side of the east branch of Bear River, bounded as follows:—

Beginning at a spruce tree marked J. M., standing at the north-west angle of land granted to John C. Milner, on the eastern side of the east branch of Bear River, thence south 26 degrees 30 minutes, east by the western line of said Milner's grant 67 chains, thence north 69 degrees 30 minutes, east 15 chains, thence south 26 degrees west 45 chains to a fir tree and pile of stones, thence north 26 degrees 30 minutes west 98 chains to a pine tree, thence north 69 degrees 30 minutes east 17 chains to place of beginning, reserving, however, a public road by the side of the east branch aforesaid.

The same having been taken under execution issued on a judgment against said defendant duly recorded for upwards of one year.

TERMS.—Ten per cent. deposit at sale, remainder on delivery of deed.

J. AVARD MORSE,
High Sheriff.

J. M. OWEN,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Annapolis, September 16th, 1887. 5i29

1887. "A," No. 167

In the Supreme Court,

Between The RECTOR, WARDENS and VESTRY, of the PARISH of WILMOT, Plaintiffs,

—AND—

J. McD. WILLIAM B. ARMSTRONG, (c. s.) Defendant.

UPON hearing Mr. John M. Chisholm, agent of the solicitor for the plaintiffs herein, and upon reading the affidavit of Edwin Raggles, filed the day of September, 1887, the original writ herein, and on motion, it is ordered, That the above named defendant, William B. Armstrong, do appear to this action within thirty days from the date hereof, and that this order be published in the WEEKLY MONITOR, newspaper, published at Bridgetown, in the County aforesaid, for four consecutive weeks, by one insertion each week, and that a copy of the said writ of summons and of this order be sent by a prepaid post letter to the said William B. Armstrong, addressed to him at Everett, in the State of Massachusetts, in the United States of America, and that another copy be left at the last place of residence of the defendant in Nova Scotia, with an adult person residing of being there, if any such person be found there.

And it is further ordered, That the said publication and said posting of this order and of the said writ of summons, and the service of the said writ as herein directed, be sufficient service of the said writ on the said defendant.

Dated at Halifax, in the County of Halifax, this 7th day of September, 1887. By the Court.

Sgd. S. H. HOLMES,
Prothy.

4i27

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 on dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 15. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1887. NO. 26.

PARSONS' PILLS

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Parsons' Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and cause no inconvenience. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a lens. One box will do more to purify the blood and cure chronic ill health than $5 worth of any other remedy yet discovered. If people could be made to realize the marvelous power of these pills, they would walk 100 miles to get a box if they could not be had without. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Illustrated pamphlet free, postpaid. Send for it; the information is very valuable. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Make New Rich Blood!

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 makers 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 whisper 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 hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment to

EMDON FRITZ.
WILLIAM L. BEALS.

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

Poetry.

A Woman's Way.

Among the water lilies, one golden afternoon—
Golden in the sunshine of a perfect day in June—
The trees in all their beauty, so fresh and passing green,
Cast trembling, fleeting shadows, which dimmed the river's sheen.
Among the water lilies
I didn't tell him 'Nay,'
And yet, I say emphatic,
I never said him 'Yes.'
I've heard the world say, smiling,
'Oh, that's a woman's way!'

We talked about the river and how it slid along,
We talked about the stirring birds and listened to their song;
I plucked two water lilies, with broad, green, dripping leaves,
As we sailed 'neath trees which sheltered like overhanging eaves.
Among the water lilies
I didn't tell him 'Nay,'
And yet, I say emphatic,
I never said him 'Yes.'
I've heard the world say, smiling,
'Oh, that's a woman's way!'

Our boat went slowly drifting with wind or with the tide,
Crushing down the water lilies anear on every side;
The swallows almost touched us, as they skimmed the water o'er,
We drifted and we drifted by the reedy, flow'ry shore.
Among the water lilies
I didn't tell him 'Nay,'
And yet, I say emphatic,
I never said him 'Yes.'
I've heard the world say, smiling,
'Oh, that's a woman's way!'

It seemed to me like fairyland, t'was all so passing fair,
With breath of flowers and music sweet pervading all the air;
E'en the 'Prince' was not awanting, and he acted out his part,
For he told me of his waiting, his throbbing, aching heart.
Among the water lilies
I didn't tell him 'Nay,'
And yet it seemed unmaidenly
To say emphatic 'Yes.'
I've heard the world say, smiling,
'Oh, that's a woman's way!'

I do not know what love is, of which the poets sing—
I know 'tis something serious, a most important thing—
But I know I'm very happy, just as happy's birds in June,
And God grant our lives be always one golden afternoon.
Among the water lilies
I didn't tell him 'Nay,'
I said, with all my heart and soul
A most emphatic 'Yes.'
I've heard the world say, smiling,
'Oh, that's a woman's way!'

—ISABEL GORDON.

Select Literature.

A Night of Danger.

During the time of the American war, I was entrusted with a large sum of money, amounting to 5,499 odd dollars, to carry by the most unfrequented route to Colonel Southard at Fort L——, who was waiting for it. The Major-General had advised me to be very cautious, and should I scent danger *en route* to ride in a careless manner as if I had nothing about me. 'Of course,' he said, 'some few evidently know about this, I don't think we need to fear any treachery.' Riding hard and fast along the vast prairie I found myself, to my intense astonishment, entering upon a straggling settlement. I had evidently missed my way. However, here I was. Should I halt or ride through without stopping? The latter course might of itself excite suspicion. So pushing on to the house of entertainment with the most careless air I could assume, I got off my horse and ordered supper. Two travellers next rode up and ordered drinks. One of them threw himself down on a bench outside, and began filling a huge pipe. Strolling carelessly about the room I glanced from the window. My heart leaped into my throat, for I recognized Bill Wolf, one of the most desperate characters that ever figured in the annals of border ruffianism. I sat down and went through the form of eating my supper, but the discovery that this dangerous man, Bill Wolfe, was at my elbow, filled me with suspicion and dire apprehension. Presently the men came in together and ordered supper. Mine was finished, and now was my chance to leave. Paying my score, and saying a general good evening, I crossed the smoky bar-room. They They took no notice of me whatever, not even returning my good night. It was quite duskish outside, but the ostler was fitting about the stable with his lantern; he brought out my steed and I trotted away. The moon would soon rise, and I pushed along along at a smart trot, so as to get well out upon the plains before that time. I was feeling infinitely relieved at my providential escape from contact with the desperate characters whom I had left the settlement, when my ever alert ears detected the sound of swift riding. From behind me? I drew up my horse one moment to listen. Yes—on they came. No chance traveller ever rode like that. It meant pursuit. I gave my steed a lash, and he broke into a convulsive gait, have his body up with one or two plunges, stumbled, and pitched me literally heels over head. For an instant I was paralyzed with astonishment; the next instant I seized the bit to fetch up the fallen animal, for there was no time to lose. But what was the matter with the horse? He had a white spot on his face, and this white seemed to come off on my hand as I touched him. With my heart in my mouth I stooped to feel his white legs and feet. Yes, they were all whitewashed. The trappings had all been taken off my own trusty horse at the inn and transferred to this worthless animal, which had been whitewashed over to imitate mine. This discovery brought an appalling interpretation of the oncoming horsemen. I gave the horse the whip as soon as his unstable legs were well under him, and sent him scouting on ahead; while I ran off on foot to the right, making for a little hollow which I discerned in the distance, and here, to my profound astonishment, I discovered a low cabin or hut. Dashing up to this I gave a rapid succession of knocks. A woman opened the door.

'What is it?' she asked, noticing my breathless haste.

'Is there any chance to hide here? My horse has thrown me and I believe a party of desperadoes are close up with me.'

'No, no; there is no place,' she cried. 'This is all there is, this one room.'

My eyes had been seeking for a piece of furniture, or anything else that I might be concealed in—all in vain. Suddenly they rested on a dark object in the far corner.

'What's this?' I exclaimed, making a rush for it.

'It's a coffin,' was the quick response.

'But there's no other chance—they are turning up to the door; get in.'

I had barely time to place myself in this receptacle for the dead, when a hoarse voice, that of Bill Wolfe, was heard outside. His heavy whip struck the door. The woman threw her apron over her head and opened the door.

'Where's Dick?'

'He has not come back yet!' returned the woman.'

'Oh, not yet! Jenny, have you heard a horse go by yonder?'

'Yes, just but now. I looked thinking one of you might be coming. Seemed to have a small man on it.'

But Bill Wolf must have been of a suspicious nature. I heard him leap from his horse. For the life of me I could not help pushing up the coffin lid by a hair's breadth, and looking through the chinks. Bill had a hand on each doorpost. His brutal head was thrust inside the room, peering about.

'What's that?' he questioned, and my heart stood still, for I knew he spoke of my retreat.

'It is Steffer's coffin,' she answered, 'Blue Rex left it here for Dick to take over to-night.'

'Dick be shot! He ought to be here. Are you sure he is not in? you have not got him hiding anywhere?'

Wolf, all suspicion, went up to the rain barrel and shook it; then he came to the door and looked in again. Satisfied, he turned away and mounted his horse. The woman watched him join his two comrades, who had waited at a little distance; then she came in and barred the door. I was out of the coffin in a trice.

'What shall I do?' gasped the woman. 'They will be back in twenty minutes; for I believe your horse is yet in sight, and my husband also is liable to come in at any moment.'

I looked around in despair. To go out was to meet this Dick; to stay in, meant discovery probably death.

'Stay, there's the rain barrel outside,' said I, in desperation. 'They've tried that once, they may not look in it again.'

In half a minute the cask was emptied and I inside, the woman dropping a tub half filled with water in at the top as a cover. She had barely re-entered the house when a rattling vehicle drew up at the door, and then from the bunghole I saw the return of the three other renegades. Hearing Dick's wheels they must have turned back. They knew they could catch up with my steed at any time, whatever the delay. A jorum of hot nectar was prepared; and they all went in to partake of it.

'Won't old Southard swear,' cried Wolf, 'when he finds the money doesn't reach him, and he doesn't know why?' A shouting laugh.

Dick's voice is heard as it died away. 'Is there water enough out there, Jenny, to drink my horse?'

'I'll see,' she returned going out; and then lifting out the tub she tipped my barrel over a little so that I could spring out. 'Hide where you best can,' she whispered.

The only place seemed to be in between the cabin wall and the barrel. Dick came out and led his horse to drink. Then going indoors again, he brought out the coffin with the help of one of the others and slid it into the vehicle. Bill Wolfe came out next.

'I've made another jog of nectar,' called out the woman; and at the tempting words they all went back to the cabin. At that moment I thought of seizing my own horse and riding off, but the animals were in so exposed a position that it would have been suicidal to attempt it, so I embraced the only alternative. Creeping into the waggon I lifted the coffin lid, and again laid down in the long narrow prison. You wonder what my plan could be? I had none other than the hope of having only one man to deal with, if Dick parted with the rest and went on alone. The three others mounted and all were about to start, when the woman ran out with some sort of blanket, and muttering something about covering the coffin; disposing the blanket across the coffin, she contrived to lift its lid and drop inside a bowie knife. You may be sure I seized it heartily, and gave her a blessing, too, poor thing.

'Dick,' the horsemen called back as they were riding on; 'a cool twelve hundred a-piece! Throw out your old shell and join the hunt.' The driver only mumbled some answer, and whipped up his horses. By-and-bye came a sudden shout, a loud 'tally-ho,' as if the huntsmen had sighted the quarry. No sooner was the noise heard than my driver came to a halt; listening for a moment, he leaped down, and started off towards his friends, who had kept on within hailing for some two or three miles; for one instant my heart stopped beating at the thought of the hard I was about to run.

The next moment I sprang from the coffin to the ground. A few lightning-like strokes and I had severed the traces and the rude bands of the harness. I mounted one of the horses and urged him onwards, but the quick ears of the men caught the echo of his footsteps; looking round they saw me making off, and with a wild shout came on in pursuit. There was a sharp report of two rifles; and I felt a sting in my foot, another in my shoulder, but the horse was unharmed, and the race for life began. I had no saddle, but I was ridding for my life, and I held my steed between my knees, and took the broad trail with the fury of a tornado; the issue would chiefly rest with the horses. I knew nothing of those that were pursuing me, excepting my own white-faced; he could run like an antelope, and outwind a hurricane.

On, and on, and on, my steed, desperately spurred with the point of the knife, bore ahead, actually causing me to gasp for breath; and not two hundred yards in the rear rode the would-be assassins. On the rolling prairie now; and my animal took the declivities with a plunge; and the elevations with a sure, fierce step. Across the brawling ford now; but crack came another rifle echo, and again another stream of fire seemed to strike my shoulder. They were closing in—closing up. I could now but make only two horsemen following. One of these had discharged his rifle at me; the other I supposed was keeping his in reserve until he should be a few yards nearer.

Could I keep up this pace? Away and away went we; I in front, they behind.

A momentary dizziness threw me forward on my horse's neck; but a distant sound struck on my ear and brought me up. Oh, it was good, that sound! but I was not sure yet. I broke into the long, wild, fierce yell of the Border Rangers, and sped on again; but my horse had that peculiar twist now and then in his gait that told me that he was failing. Again that echo reached me, and my heart leaped up. It was the shrill music of the fife and rumble of the drums of the infantry. Again I sent the long, wild, border cry, and I knew that the soldiers had heard and were coming to my rescue. A parting shot, fired at random, and my two pursuers turned; they could not face the soldiers. But one of them was not to be done with. I called my horse with a peculiar whistle that he knew. I repeated and repeated it; and then I heard him coming crashing again in pursuit, while the rider shouted and lashed him, and tried to pull him round the other way. For a brief space of time, Wolf, for he it was, wrestled with the animal, lashed, goaded, and roared at him; but Wolf only leaped from his back when a squad of infantry dashed over a billowy swell of the prairie. When my eyes opened again, for I had fainted with fatigue and excitement, I beheld Wolf a prisoner. Our men had brought him in to receive his deserts.

'It was a near touch, captain,' observed one of the men to me; 'and I should not have liked the coffin at all.'

But it was the coffin that saved my life.

A Humble Instrument.

The house—if such it could be called—was built of logs, and consisted of two rooms separated by a wide covered porch. It was situated in a lonely valley among the mountains of Tennessee, and there was not another habitation within three miles. The nearest town was four miles distant, and could be reached only by a narrow, rocky, mountain road, which was frequently impassable by reason of 'washout,' and the rising after heavy rain, of Buffalo Creek, which crossed the road a dozen times in as many miles.

As Mrs. Thockstayer sat on the wide porch and looked about her, she wondered what would induce her to spend her life in such a place, and felt profoundly sorry for the mistress of the cabin; a slender, delicate-looking woman, who, barefoot and with her golden brown hair gathered in an untidy knot at the back of her head, sat just within the doorway of the kitchen, her twin babies on her lap. Her dress was a faded brown calico and hung like a rag about her figure, and she wore neither collar nor cuffs—had probably never heard of such accessories to the toilette—but, in spite of her forlorn appearance, she interested Mrs. Thockstayer, for there was about her an air of humility and patient resignation to the duress of fate which was indescribably touching and pathetic.

Mrs. Thockstayer, who, with her brother, was travelling over the mountains in an open carriage for the benefit of her health, and had stopped at this lonely cabin for rest and refreshment, felt that there was a depth in this woman's nature worth sounding.

'Have you lived here all your life?' she asked.

'I have lived about hyar, ma'am,' was the reply. 'I was raised just the other side o' Buffalo Creek, whar it branches off near Emville.'

'And have you never been anywhere else—to any city?'

'Only to Gainsboro', ma'am; I reckon you passed it this mornin'.'

'That little town! Why, there are not more than fifty houses in it! And you've never been to any other place?'

'No, ma'am; I was just a hired girl before I married, an' I never got no chance to go nowhar.'

'And you expect to spend all your life here, of course?'

'Yes, ma'am, I reckon so. It's a pretty place, ain't it?' with shy enthusiasm. 'An' we raises enough to live on. We uns couldn't do any better nowhar else, I reckon.'

Mrs. Thockstayer drew a long breath, a vision of her own comfortable home in Baltimore rising up before her. All her life she had had every comfort, every convenience provided for her which money could buy, and she had married the man of her choice. And yet, of late years she had been very much dissatisfied with everything, and thought life not worth living since ill-health had been added to her other burdens. She knew her ill-health was due almost entirely to morbid brooding over her domestic troubles; but that did not make it any easier to bear. She had left home with bitter rebellion in her heart against the husband whom she fancied no longer loved her, and even the fresh mountain air and entire change of scene failed to make her forget the cancer that was slowly eating into her heart and destroying all that was good and noble there.

Her brother, James Levering, came in from the stable where he had been with his host to put up the horses, and dinner was served at once. It was a very simple meal, but the mountain air had given Mrs. Thockstayer an appetite, and she really enjoyed the corn-bread, new potatoes and fried pork.

'If you continue to eat like this, you'll get so fat by the time we get back to Baltimore that Henry won't know you, Augusta,' said her brother, jokingly.

Mrs. Thockstayer smiled, but made no reply. She was engaged in studying the host, Simon Tapp, a silent, peculiar-looking man, who kept his eyes fixed gloomily on his plate, raising them only once during the meal, when he darted a sudden, fierce look at his wife, who, in lifting one of the twins to her lap, accidentally overturned a cup of coffee.

'The man is a brute,' decided Mrs. Thockstayer, a great wave of pity rising in her throat for the gentle, timid wife. She thought she knew how to sympathize with her, but she acknowledged to herself that though Harry had neglected her, he had never given her such a look as that.

When dinner was over the two men went out to the barn again to get out the horses, and Mrs. Thockstayer gathered up her shawls preparatory to departure.

'I reckon you uns'll never be along this way again?' questioned Mrs. Tapp, who was removing the dishes from the table, the twins clinging to her skirts.

'No, no, there's no possibility of such a thing,' answered Mrs. Thockstayer, feeling devoutly thankful for the conviction.

'Well I want to tell you, lest you should think hard o' him, that my man ain't jest right in his mind. He's a bit flighty, an' has bad spells, and I have to b'ar with him considerable. I minded the way you looked at him, an' I reckoned I'd better tell ye.'

'You poor thing!' exclaimed Mrs. Thockstayer. 'I don't see how you stand it! And these twin babies, too.'

She took from her hand-satchel a lawn handkerchief embroidered in colors, and fastened it about the woman's neck.

'Take this to remember me by,' she said, 'I wish I had something better to offer you.'

'Oh, ma'am, I don't like to take it,' objected Mrs Tapp. 'I can't do nothin' for you, an' it seems top much.'

'Nonsense,' laughed Mrs. Thockstayer, 'I don't want you to do anything for me, Good-bye,' and she walked away as the carriage drove up to the gate, not listening to the words of thanks that followed her.

Simon Tapp helped her into the carriage and she went away, thinking she would never see man, woman, or twin babies again.

But we cannot be sure of what an hour may bring forth. A mile from the lonely cabin, one of the horses taking fright at the appearance of a hog which sprang out from behind a stump, swerved to one side, and ran the carriage against a rock smashing one wheel.

This was disaster indeed for there was no blacksmith nearer than the town; and Mrs. Thockstayer had to walk back to Mr. Tapp's and ask shelter for the night while her brother and the driver proceeded on their way on horseback, carrying the broken wheel between them. They expected to return the next day without fail but that night there was a very heavy rain, and Buffalo Creek was swollen to such a height that fording was out of the question and Mrs. Thockstayer found herself a prisoner.

'It'll be the best part o' three days before the creek'll go down, so your brother kin git acrost,' said Mrs. Tapp at breakfast.

Three days! Mrs. Thockstayer's heart sank within her. The thought of spending three days as the guest of these people was not a pleasant one. But there was no help for it. There was nothing to do but to make the best of it.

She felt that she must keep busy, or her mind would dwell constantly on her domestic sorrows; so she cut out some calico dresses for the twins, and sewed on them as if her life depended on their being finished within a certain time. But her diligence did not prevent her from watching Mrs. Tapp, and the more she saw of her wonderful patience with her crazy husband the more keenly did the arrow of self-reproach enter into her own heart. It did not take her long to discover that she was learning a lesson from this poor, uneducated woman in the Tennessee mountains. She began to wonder if, after all, her domestic troubles were not of her own making. Had she shown towards her husband one quarter of the gentleness, patience and humility this woman exhibited, they would never have drifted apart.

No matter how cross and harsh Simon Tapp was, his wife did not notice nor resent it in any way, and her manner towards him was ever respectful and deferential. She appeared to love him too, and to 'bear with him' for love's sake.

'And she has no reward save that which her conscience accords her,' thought Mrs. Thockstayer. 'He takes her patience and humility as a matter of course. There is no appreciation of her nobility. And she looks upon him, crazy as he is, as the head of the house, and deserving respect on that account. And she is content. Yes, there is no rebellion in her heart, no outcry against the cruelty of her fate, the injustice of her lot! What a contrast she is to me! I wonder if it is too late for me to begin all over again?'

James Levering was very much surprised when he reached the cabin on the evening of the third day after the rain to find his sister looking bright and almost happy. And when she drove away with him the next morning she made no complaint of her long imprisonment or the discomforts to which she had been subjected.

'I am afraid you had a tough time of it in that little cabin, Augusta,' he said, 'it was too bad you had to stay there, I expected to find you almost wild.'

A peculiar smile flitted across Mrs. Thockstayer's face.

'No. I did not have a hard time, at all. On the contrary, my stay in that wretched little cabin has done me good. I feel that I am a better woman in every way, and perhaps—I may be happier for it.'

Her brother did not ask any explanation of her words. He never took the trouble to analyze her sister's odd speeches. A surprise awaited Mrs. Thockstayer at Knoxville. The first person she saw was her husband, who was on his way home from Memphis, where he had been on business.

He came out to the carriage and helped her to alight.

'Augusta,' he said, 'how well you are looking! I never saw such a wonderful change in my life. And you have been away from home only six weeks.'

He found a greater change still, a little later on, when they were alone, and the repentant wife put her arms about his neck and told him that she had found out how wrong she had been in every way, and asked him to forgive and forget the past, promising to win back his love if it were possible.

'Win back my love, Augusta,' replied her husband. 'My dear wife, you never lost it. We only drifted apart, and both were too proud to bridge the chasm.'

So, there was peace between them again, and it was peace that was never more disturbed.—*The Standard.*

CERTAIN CURE.

A CURE FOR CHOLERA MORBUS.—A positive cure for this dangerous complaint and for all acute or chronic forms of bowel complaint incident to summer and fall, is found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; to be procured from any druggist.

—A man has spent fourteen years in solving the problem of boring a square hole, and he has succeeded. A company is organized to put his invention on the market. It is simply an oscillating head with chisel edges and projecting lips which cut out the corners in advance of the chisel. The balance of the machine is an almost exact counterpart of the old style boring machine. It will cut a two by four mortice in from four to five minutes—and do it with perfect accuracy—that a carpenter cannot possibly complete in less than an hour.

LIVED AND DIED TOGETHER.—An aged couple—John King and his wife, well known citizens of Windsor Forks, died together last week within two days of each other. They were both sick but a short time of summer cholera. Mrs. King died on Wednesday, and was buried on Thursday, and her husband died on Saturday and was buried on Sunday. Mr. King was 88 years of age, and was a brother of William King of Point Nesbit, Windsor. His wife was 67 years old.—*Windsor Tribune.*

—Use Seaver's East India Liniment.

—Says old Allen Thompson: 'When I am in the woods I never use a compass: in fact, I don't need any. There are three sure ways that I have for finding the points of the compass. You will notice that three-fourths of the moss on trees grows on the north side; the heaviest boughs on spruce trees are always on the south side, and thirdly, the topmost twig of every uninjured hemlock tips to the east. You just remember those things and you'll never get lost.—*Mount Washington Among the Clouds.*

Have you Neuralgia?

If you are suffering the agonies of neuralgia, and have failed to get a remedy that will afford relief, we want you to try Polson's Nerviline. No remedy in the market has given any thing like the same degree of satisfaction. Its action on nerve pain is simply marvelous, and as it is put up in 10 cent sample bottles no great expense is involved in giving it a trial. Polson's Nerviline is the most pleasant, powerful, and certain pain remedy in the world. Sold by and all dealers in medicine, 10 and 25 cents a bottle.

Dancing.

A LIVELY CHURCH ROW OVER THE LIGHT FANTASTIC IN WASHINGTON.

The Washington correspondent of the Hartford *Times* writes:—There is a terrible big row on here in Methodist circles and it may wind up with a tail and the decapitation—official decapitation—of the offending minister. It appears that in a thanksgiving sermon the Rev. Dr. Rice, the pastor of the East Washington Methodist church, announced that he did not think there was any harm, that any sin was involved, or that the church discipline would be violated in any way, by persons who engaged in dancing in their own houses or the parlors or drawing-rooms of others. He, however, took occasion to say that he drew the line at public balls and dancing assemblies. Dr. Rice is a man 60 years of age and by no means regarded as a very progressive or sensational clergymen. Such views coming from him have a great deal of weight. They so incensed one of trustees of the church, Mr. Mahoney, a cooper of East Washington, that he got right up in church and asked the minster whether he—the minister—had ever read in the Bible that Christ had ever danced in a parlor or a drawing-room. Dr. Rice admitted that he had not, and said that he did not know whether Christ knew how to dance or not, or whether he had any drawing-room or parlor. He said he had never read, either, that Christ travelled on a railway car or spoke through a telephone, but that fact did not make either sinful. But the trustees refused to be quieted down, and immediately a factional fight began in the church. Of the 290 members of the church about 265 indorse what Mr. Rice said, while the remaining twenty-five talk of disciplining the offending minister and the great majority of the members, and of turning them out of the church unless they recant and ask for prayers and forgiveness. The presiding elder is endeavoring to heal up the trouble without any clerical interference from the conference or any outside influence.

GOOD WAGES AHEAD.—George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, can give you work that you can do and live at home, making great pay. You are started free. Capital not needed. Both sexes. All ages. Cut this out and write at once; no harm will be done if you conclude not to go to work. After you learn all. All particulars free. Best paying work in this world.

BIG CROP.—Mr. E. H. Lockwood, of Canard, has a small piece of potatoes which will give an enormous crop. Of a number of hills that were weighed, it was found that they tipped the beam at an average of more than 4½lbs. per hill. A whole acre of potatoes planted two feet apart each way, and yielding in the same proportion, would give 792 bushels per acre, at the standard weight.—*Gaudian.*

GRAND RESULTS.

For several years R. H. Brown, of Kincardine, suffered from dyspepsia, he says he tried several physicians and a host of remedies without relief. His friend recommended B. B. B. which he says produced "grand results," for which gives it his highest recommendation.

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