J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR AND NOTARY PUBLIC. OFFICE IN MIDDLETON, Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States. Agent Nova Scotia Building Society -AGENT FOR-Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.

22 Money to loan at five per cent on Real O. S. MILLER,

BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, Real Estate Agent, etc. RANDOLPH'S BLOCK, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given the collection of claims, and all other ofessional business.

JOHN ERVIN,

BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR NOTARY PUBLIC. ommissioner and Master Supreme Court.
o'scitor International Brick and Tile Co. Cox Building, - Bridgetown, N. S.



DENTISTRY! DR. F. S. ANDERSON 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, be in his office at Lawrencetown, the third fourth weeks of each month, beginning

CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK A SPECIALTY.

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

James Primrose, D. D. S. Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Aranville 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.

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

N. E. CHUTE,

Licensed Auctioneer BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX. Capital Authorized, - \$1,500,000 Capital Paid-up,

DIRECTORS President. Vice-Preside C. C. Blackadar, Esq. J. H. Symons, Esq. Geo Mitchelli, Esq., M.P.P. E. G. Smith, Esq.

Head Office, Halifax, N. S. E. L. THORNE, General Manager. C. N. S. STRICKLAND, Manager.

Savings Bank Department. rest at the rate of 3 1-2 per cen

s. N.S.-E. D. Arnaud, manage Annapolis, N.S.—E. D. Arnaud, manager Barrington Passage—C. Robertson, "Bridgetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrow Manager. Clarke's Harbor, sub. to Barrington Pas-Dartmouth, N. S.-I. W. Allen, acting D. McPHERSON, Gen. Mgr. Glace Bay, N. S.—J. W. Ryan, manager. Granville Ferry, N. S.—E. D. Arnaud, Kentville, N. S.—A. D. McRae, manager Lawrencetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrows Liverpool, N.S.—E. R. Mulhall, manager New Glasgow, N. S.—R. C. Wright North Sydney, C. B.—C. W. Frazee manager. Sherbrooke, N. S.—F. O. Robertson, St. Peter's, C. B.-C. A. Gray, acting Sydney, C. B.—H. W. Jubien, manager Sydney Mines, C.B.—C.W. Frazee, actin wanager. Wolfville, N. S. -J. D. Leavitt, manager 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. CORRESPONDENTS .-

Progressive Bakers

Put up their Bread EDDY'S

BREAD WRAPPERS!

The E. B. EDDY Co.

HULL, Canada.

WANTED! WANTED!

5.000 Hides. 15,000 Pelts, For which the highest prices will be paid, Spot Cash. Those having hides to sell

MURDOCH'S BLOCK. -

E. A. COCHRAN.

Weekly

p888888888888

A Business Man

forget that the

Weekly Monitor

Job Department = =

but good stock is used.

WE PRINT

Billbeads,

Statements,

Envelopes,

Dodgers,

Booklets,

or any Special Order

Letterbeads.

that may be required

We make a specialty of Church Work,

Legal Forms, Appeal Cases, etc.

Weekly Monitor, Bridgetown, h. S.

Peccesses

THE YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO'Y, LTD

On and after October 6th, this Company will make

Two Trips per week between Yarmouth and Boston as follows, viz:

LOCAL RATE: Yarmouth to Boston, \$1.50. Return, \$3.00.

NEW

intend to conduct an

Blenheim Serges always on hand.

MEN'S LEG BOOTS, Grain and Wax.

LEATHER AND RUBBER CEMENT.

lines to pick from.

Steamer "Boston" will leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evening; or arrival rains from Halifax.

NEW GOODS!

To the People of Bridgetown and Vicinity

Having purchased the Tailoring business

formerly conducted by C. McLellan, we

Up-to-date Tailoring Establishment.

All our work will be guaranteed as to fit and work-

manship. Call and inspect our new stock. Tyke and

ROCERSON & MARSHALL

Murdoch's Block, - Granville Street.

FALL STOCK COMPLETE

IN ALL LINES!

stayed ankles for children with weak ankles

HALF SOLES AND TOP LIFTS, WOOL SOLES.

FIRM!

Memoranda,

Post Cards,

Posters,

Visiting Cards, Business Cards,

Books,

You will soon need a new stock

of Commercial Stationery or some

special order from the Printer.

In the hour of your need don't

is fully equipped for all kinds of

Job Work. Work done promptly,

neatly and tastefully. Nothing



SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 28.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Poetry.

There is a priceless heritage, beyond
This dream of avarice, which now is free
To all who will, and evermore shall be.
When once the lesson of a life is conned
"Tis known that wealth, though power, is
not a wand not a wand .
To conjure gladness with. There is the Me!
Thyself alone can give the world to thee!
Ideas are the common human bond.
The sky, the see, the landscape all belong
To him who lifts on high his heart in song;
The centuries pour the toil of countless

Into that day on which a toiler strives; And all of culture each new mind can own Nor ever cause a brother man to moan. Springfield Republican.

Dealing with Trouble. He that hunts around for trouble Wastes his time, the sages say, And retires humbly, sadly, Slashed and bruised and beaten badly—

He that runs away from trouble Must be ever on the go;
He has never time for gaining
Hights up which the wise are straining—
His to skulk and dodge below.

He that boldly faces trouble When it rises in his way—
Strives ahead and bravely meets it,
Finds his path, when he defeats it,
Broad and smooth, the sages say.
—Chicago Times Herald.

With Silence as Their Benediction With silence only as their benediction
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction
The soul sits dumb.

Yet would we say, what every heart appro our Father's will,

Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth, In mercy still. Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel;
The good die not!

wholly
What He has given;
They live on earth in thought and deed, a As in heaven.

The Unbidden Guest. When life's festive halls are ringing Sadness comes, a guest unbidden Comes in grave and dark array; In her hand she holds a sceptre,

Why dost thou, unwelcome sadness, All our fancied hopes destroy, Seize love's crown of brightest blosso And usurp the throne of joy?
Ah, I listen for thy answer
Through the gathering mist of fear;
Echoing from the stilly distance, ngly thy words I hear:

"Life without my shadowy presence Would be parched by joy's bright glare; Following in the train of gladness Strengthening grace to hearts I bear; Ever noble in my mission, And I hasten on my way To perfect each heart through suffering For the dawn of heavenly day."

Milton's Last Poem. I am old and blind;
Men point at me as smitten with God's frown,
Afflicted and deserted by my kind;
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak; yet dying,
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme, to Thee.

O merciful One,
When men are farthest, then Thou art
most near;
When men pass coldly by, my weakness

Shines upon my lowly dwelling place, And there is no more night. On bended knee

see.
Thyself—Thyself alone. I have naught to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath I am almost sacred, here
Can come no evil thing.

Staterooms can be secured on application, at the old established rates.

For tickets, staterooms and other information, apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway,
126 Hollis St., North Street Depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion
Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast Railways.

For tickets, staterooms, etc., apply to

McPHERSON Can Max.

Select Literature.

The Man at the Lonely Station.

BY ALVAH MILTON KERR IN THE SAUTRDAY EVENING POST. Though it fell more than fifteen years ago, he is likely to whisper of it in the delirium Pulver is not likely to know a stronger.

and gigantic billows, a canon and sunken head; motes of frost, like floating specks of bowl in that mountain-flow which rolls out steel, glinted in the light falling from the of British America and southward across window; the town sprawled in a gray jumble Montana. The canon and bowl lay above along the canon's base; the smoke from the Idaho, measuring in that mighty breadth of stack of the stamp mill stood up straight in

At the end of a year death closed the mat-ter for Pulver, Senior, and the widow and

He drew in to the light of the window and Bridgetown Boot and Shoe Store big boy, by one hazard and another, came glanced at his watch. It was one o'clock.

As he turned toward the door a man came got to school for a couple of years, following swiftly across the bridge, his breath a white these with two or three years of desultory smoke about his face, and, crossing the track employment of varied sorts, ending in some months of study of telegraphy at home and room with humped shoulders, wringing further months as an unpaid "student" at a little station up in Idaho. From this station on the Oregon Short Line, which run is not station and all his spare frame twitching with cold. He hovered almost against the red stove, spreading his hands and gasping in at all short, young Pulver found himself one cold January day making head for a paid position as night operator at a station in Montana. He had telegraphed his mother, MEN'S HEAVY GRAIN BELLOWS TONGUE. Five different Montana. He had telegraphed his mother, WOMEN'S HEAVY GRAIN SKATING BOOTS. Six different still at Ogden, to meet him at Pocatello and BOOTS FOR WEAK ANKLES. I have got a line of Boots with bours and a wilderness of snow and sage brush and set him down at the Junction, he found she had not arrived. However, a message awaited him saying she would come by the night train, and, after an interview distribution of his veins seemed boiling up and booming the hours and a wilderness of snow and sage. His shabby clothes began to smoke with the heat, and he drew back, sighing audibly as his nipped and shrunken body and this mouth, stifling, terrible. All the blood of his veins seemed boiling up and booming the hours of the sake it is a shabby clothes began to smoke with the heat, and he drew back, sighing audibly as his nipped and strunned, was trying to struggle. He left something crashed into his mouth, and after an interview distribution.

trifle overgrown, with his hulking, powerful frame and blue eyed, boyish face. He ran

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1901.

left, pine forests hung in clouds, black green and motionless against vast up-sweeping

the stoves humpin' or you'll freeze to night." "I'm used to it," said the young giant cheerfully; "cold weather and cold stations in the end of a revolver barrel.

lown in Idaho all right." "Don't doubt it a bit," returned Ryder, throwing down the mail and small packages on the office table. "You can report Num-

tell him y'r here and will be on hand at

sleep during daytime."

pecting my mother up on Number 4 to-night.

"Yes, I don't doubt it." descend upon him, the weighty task of pre- the bullet, he rolled against the legs of one serving human lives and property. He felt of the settees, a crumpled, motionless shade it heavy and, to a degree, fearsome. Ceaseless vigilance must now meet the lurking dangers of the tracks. He promised himself to keep awake, to push back the seduc- The barrel of the pistol was almost in his ive, crushing drowsiness of night, always keeping a clear mastery of himself.

At eight fifteen a freight went north, with engine laboring against the grade and cold wheels whining around the curves. They stopped at Langly, but an order from the despatcher, written out by Pulver, took them to Borden, fifteen miles above, for a "wild." In due time the "wild"—an engine pushing the flanger-a car rigged for cutting back snow from the inside edge of the rails-tore by Langly, going south, then at ten thirty of the room, the stove, the most familiar the down express, with its bustle of passen- things, looked strange. He turned about gers; then eleven o'clock; then the cold and

ooding silence of the night. Pulver had the big cannon stove in the passenger room, and the smaller one in the opened suddenly and two men met him face ffice, red-hot. The telegraph instruments rattled in fits and starts. By times there was dead silence within. In these still spaces Pulver could hear the icy boards of the station platform pop with the frost, the contracted wires mosning and singing under the eaves of the building, and occasionally a curious lisping click from the stumpy steel

bridge that crossed the creek. Despite the resolution he began to feel the story is still a live one in Langly Canon drowsy, for he was young. There would arand Sutton's Bowl. As for Harry Pulver, rive no train until two twenty-the northern express. A wild ore train was coming down of his last breath. Not because utterence making for the smelting works at Salt relative to it is his habit, but for the Lake City. He had heard it reported from reason that the most moving occurance of several stations up the track. The two a man's life is prone to recreate itself trains might meet at Langly and the desmentally in his last mortal moment; and, patcher need him for orders. He roused himas respects the reception of impressions, self and got up and went out on the platform for fresh air. He looked upward and The scene of it lay in a sea of land long abroad as he stood there. Stars glittered ago tossed up and fixed in a chaos of troughs | wondrously thick in the dark blue gulf overtipped and tumbled country as might a the air like a black spire, crumbling slowly crack and dimple seen on the face of the at the top. Lapping over the northern Polver himself was of New England stock.

Its father, an architect of some and stock. His father, an architect of some repute, had sickened with tuberculosis, and, of course, fore. It touched him with awe. All was when too late, joined the colony in Colorado. silent save the muffled thunder of the dis-

ill at Ogden, to meet him at Pocatello and company him north to his station. But or the train had brought him through six against the stranger's fana should be stored by the stored by the stranger's fana should be stored by the stranger's fana sh after the train had brought him through six hours and a wilderness of snow and sage purple, shaggy. His eyes looked big and mouth !" panted the shorter map.

Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

NO. 41

"Its all right; this is a public room."

"I'm an old-time operator," said the man,
"but I'm rather on the bum of late; got weak

In the terror of the thought, in the mad-

moment later sleep lapped him in its delicious fleece. tance his eye lit on gray hills of "tailings" Pulver and gave him an order to hold the sand feet to the westward came the muffled thunder of a forty-stamp mill running on low-grade ore.

Near two o'clock the dispatcher called trom their sockets. If he could but breath the conductor and gave him an order to hold the south-bound ore train for orders, at the sand feet to the westward came the muffled thunder of a forty-stamp mill running on low-grade ore.

Northern Everess at Langly Instead of at lower like spuring flames in his brain. He freely! If he could only tell them! As he plunged and struggled the taller man sandched one of the revolvers from the sandched one of the revolvers from the floor. "Don't kill him, Bill; he's got to hoarse and panting; he was dizzy with the low-grade ore. thunder of a forty-stamp mill running on low-grade ore.

As the train pulled out Pulver started toward the station. Near the door he met Ryder, the agent and day operator. The man's hands were full of mail and express of the man's hands were full of mail and express of the man's hands were full of mail and express of the man's hands were full of mail and express of the man's hands were full of mail and express of the man's hands were full of mail and express of the man's hands were full of mail and express of the man's hands were full of mail and express of the man's hands were full of mail and express of the man's hands were full of mail and express of the man's hands were full of mail and express of the ore train to meet the open the safe!" gulped the other between laboring breaths. "Look out!" Pulver had wrenched his right hand loose and had caught the tailer man by the throat, bearing him backward and toward the lever, but the plate the man's hands were full of mail and express of the ore train to meet the open the safe!" gulped the other between open the safe!" gulped the other between laboring breaths. "Look out!" Pulver had wrenched his right hand loose and had caught the tailer man by the throat, bearing him backward and toward the lever, but the plate the man's hands were full of mail and express of the ore train to meet the open the safe!" gulped the other between open the safe!" gulped the other between open the safe!" Pulver laboring breaths. "Look out!" Pulver laboring breaths." bearing him backward and toward the lever, but the swift rise and fall of his head above the open the safe!" gulped the other between open the safe!" gulped the other between open the safe!" Pulver laboring the working bear w

mometer hanging against the jamb.
"Twenty-two below freezo," he said; "be thirty by midnight. You'll have to keep the storm which twin glittering eyes looked by midnight. You'll have to keep the storm which twin glittering eyes looked by midnight. You'll have to keep the storm which twin glittering eyes looked by midnight. You'll have to keep the storm which twin glittering eyes looked by midnight. You'll have to keep the storm which two round holes; and be-

us; inotel's bad place for a man to try to in statue, but strongly fashioned; that a and that the black cloth mask flew out from "Yes, we've got some extra room. Good The thought had flown through Pulver's and the means by which they had hoped to But it would not yield! the boys have to, at noisy boarding-houses and hotels. Lots of accidents occur because across the man's throat in a strangling class. night operators can't sleep during the day- The cobber whirled and flung him off, and time, and on that account fall asleep at night | whipping the revolver around, fired. In the and let trains go by, and that sort of thing." spurt of flame Pulver saw the tramp's horrified face gleam out, pitted and wrinkled At seven o'clock Pulver felt responsibility with pain, as, whirling with the shock of

Pulver's jaw dropped as he looked at the broken figure. Then his teeth came together with a snap as he turned on the murderer face, but he struck it aside and hurled the robber back, and rushing in, struck with the iron rod with all his strength.

A bolt of lightning had been hardly more destructive. The man doubled under the blow and sank to the floor. Pulver sprang back and stood tetering unevenly on the balls of his feet. No thought of the signal that should be turned against the wild ore train touched his mind. He had killed a man ! The lights, the walls

with heaving bosom and involuntarily ran into the office. As he crossed the threshold, the door leading into the big freight-room to face. As with the first intruder, these two were masked with black face-cloths, and each wore a long coat. They were large men, and the excited glitter of their eyes in the holes of their masks was something grewsome and inhuman. Each held a pistol before him.
Unconsciously Pulver crouched down and

backward, his hands quivering before h face, his lips opening with a cry.
"Hand me y'r keys!" demanded the tall er of the two men; "shell 'em out quick ! He advanced on Pulver with gleaming

eyes and pistol presented.

Had the men been habited in every-day dress, with uncovered faces, it is possible Pulver would have submitted. Appe monstrous, evil and strange, as they did, he instinctively felt that frenzied impulse to destroy them which one sometimes has when confronted by a poisonous reptile. From his down, and the "wild" went by, battering down, and the "wild" went by, battering down, and the "wild" went by, battering wounded, nitiful figure. He saw the nassencowering, crouching posture he leaped straight at the man's head. The leveled pistol exploded, but Pulver felt nothing; evidently the weapon was deflected by his swift movement; but the robber's hat and mask came off in Pulver's clutch and his dark head came forward nearly to the floor. To save himself from falling he rushed forward, ing the lever, he sighed and trembled and burst into laughing tears. and Pulver struck madly at the exposed back of his neck as he passed, but missed his aim. Instantly the man righted himself and cocked the pistol, but his companion was pushing in, hoarsely crying: "Dont' shoot! Hold your fire, Bill! Some of the town folks'll be in here first thing ye know !" In the same breath he clasped Pulver about the body, pinioning the big youth's arms underneath, but with a quick surge the young fellow burst the man's hold and flung him backward against the wall and struck at his eyes with all his might. His fist fell on the intruder's chest like a descending maul and sent a gasping grunt from his lips, but the taller robber had rendered the blow

abortive. Catching Pulver about the ankles

"Can I stay in here till morning?" he askinside his skull. Strangely in that moment with the chief despatcher, he boarded the mail for the north and got down at Langly, his station, as the sun was falling blood-hued and cullen among the mountains at the cold and cullen among the m

his eye slowly around the horizon, narrow from encroaching mountains, gray-blue dull, then dropped his glance to the town, a mass of houses jammed into the canon on the right-hand side of a frozen stream. A short iron bridge hang over the silent creek, and beyond it he saw a crooked street of two-storey-buildings, and a brick block with "Langly Bank" inscribed across the front. The air was bitter. Everywhere pedestrians hurried, bitten and spurred by the penetrating frost. Above the town, and up

ous fleece.

Near two o'clock the dispatcher called

Pulsar and gave him an order to hard the signal lever; his arms seemed being torn from their sockets. If he could but breathe

Pulsar and gave him an order to hard the signal lever; his arms seemed being torn cushing front of the express? Would he be crushed between the trains? The questions

fore which another and more appaling eye looked into Pulver's face—the inky opening in the end of a revolver bound. gazing at something far away. An instant the frozen lake with the reflected aurora "Don't—don't shoot!" said Pulver. The words were a kind of dry whisper in his freight-room. He went over the boxes and pull on the bar. As the car stopped he "Open the door!" came in low tones from the head. Pulver leaped to the door, but the figurer ways not not not and the door, but his fingers were not yet upon the latch of the at the south end of the great room. His rails; then, half insane and laboring for

wavering an instant.

Stop it.

As he flew along the track he tore the crash together before his eyes! From his As he flew along the track he tore the crash together before his eyes! From his and the hitter lips burst a wild prayer, mingling the names

leep during daytime."

long coat covered him to the knees, with a civity of mind, abnormal and strange, for the mechanism in pieces. Wrenching by nature he was big and slow.

"Thank you. Yes, that's so, I'm executing my mother up on Number 4 to-night. bers had come to Langly, he told himself, and threw his shoulder against the lever.

idea to have your mother come. If you can rent a little house and be by yourselves you'll be sure to get asleep. When I was a night man I used to think I'd go insane sometimes for want of sleep, rooming, as most of the door the tramp rose from crouching behind the stove and leaped upon the back of the switch wars allowed the stove and leaped upon the back of the switch wars closued with first wars allowed the moment when he was as section men's tools were still on the car; he section men's tools were still on the car; he felt them under his feet. Suddenly he threw the door the tramp rose from crouching behind the stove and leaped upon the back of the switch were closued with first wars allowed to be of mortal strength. A kind of insanity of power came upon him. The siding was covered with enow, the sides of the switch were closued with first wars allowed. and ice-house down at the marge of Sutton little by little he drove the lever around, Lake! He had remarked them as he came hearing his tendons tear, his joints grind up on the mail. If he could but gain the switch and throw it! With something like rolling disks of red, while nearer and nearer madness he poured all his great strength into the wheels, and the car went humming down the south, and down Langly Gorge rolled an the long, sinuous grade, through the echoing

Wildly crushing his breast and shoulders groove of the canon.

Up near Langly Station his two pursuers

Widly crushing his breast and shoulders
against the lever, he heaved and strained,

had stopped. Pantingly the shorter one looked up toward the sky. Throbbing up the northern heaven and pulsing into the in-

with an oath. "It's nothing but Northern loading. There would be no cars there for Lights," he growled, but his bravado had in loading until June; the ice was thirty inches it a note of awe. "Let's get the ticket thick; on the morrow men would begin cut-money and skip," he said. "Where do yeh s'pose Jim is? Heard 'im shoot, but seen

nothing of 'im since." "Don't know. Listen! There's a train swept upon the field of ice. From the comin' from the north! Let's get out of wheels spuried a showering sheet of white; this, Bill!" They ran across the tracks, a cloud of steam burst up about the engine from the firebox; then the train stopped, a ridges, disappeared in the gloom.

Truly a train was coming. Down the main della reasist the standing upon a floor of armor plate. ridges, disappeared in the gloom.

dulling ears. "Brace up and be a man; that's what he said," whispered the crawling figure. A red trail marked his progress.

He was almost to the signal when the train burst across the switches, but gripped with mortal injury he tried in vain to lift him self to the lever. Again and again his trem.

"Let me get to the signal! Throw the red light for the 'wild!" suddenly shouted Pulver, leaping to his feet.

Despite the strong bands that were nonbling hands crept up the wall as he lay upon him he stripped himself loose. Then he and pounding through a billow of clamoring sounds. To the man on the floor its roar was faint and far off, like the dreamy noise of falling waters. "Brace up—and—be—a—a—man," he breathed, trying to get his stiff.

fell eternally still. The engineer of the "wild" pushed back at the signal as they flew by. The green light was on; the windows of the station he frosted window of the cab and looked up were white with frost. He opened the reads Shakespeare, Scott, Macaulay and throttle a notch wider, mrking for the meet-

Baking Powder Made from pure

cream of tartar. Safeguards the food

against alum.

O. T. DANIELS,

BARRISTER,

INTARY PURITO PER (RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)

Money to Loan on First-Class

against him, but now it was all right; they As he stood on the platform he looked a "Certainly," said Pulver in kindly tone; to crash into her train; of the dispatcher's quicker at the distant division station! Thus

trians hurried, bitten and spurred by the penetrating frost. Above the town, and up the sleping shoulders of the ridges to the left, pine forests have in forcests have in force

man's nance were full of mail and express

the packages, and he stared a moment at the against the "wild". As he got out of his one operator.

"Come in," he said heartily. Pushing through the door, he glanced at the thermometer happing against the image. At the opening was a human head, the face masked with a black the opening was a human head, the face masked with a black that the pistol-butt suddenly came down upon the pistol-butt suddenly came down upon the post-butt suddenly came down upon the post-butt suddenly came down upon the post-butt suddenly came down upon the switch was, and he stared a moment at the switch was, and he stared a bout him; but it must be ahead, and he still drove down and lifted up the working-bar with all his power, and so the face masked with a black that the post of his to the wall. At the opening was a human head, the face masked with a black that the sum of the company to the sum of the switch was, and he still drove down and lifted up the working-bar with all his power, and the face masked with a black that the switch was, and he stared a moment at the against the "wild". As he got out of his post-but suddenly came down upon the switch was, and he stared a moment at the same that the switch was, and he stared a moment at the same that the switch was, and he same that the switch w

in; my tingers are about frozen. Dispatcher's call? It's P-C. Our call is L N. Let her slide."

Pulver sat dewn, and, with the nervousness of a new beginner, called the dispatcher and rather bunglingly gave the train report. Ryder apparently paid no attention as he sorted over the express bills. "Better tell him y'r here and will be on hand at wavering an instant.

his fingers were not yet upon the latch of the spring lock when he stopped. A sort of dumfounded assailants plunged after him, but he fied down the track like a melting shadow. In his semi-delirium of mind he get it unfastened? He had no key! From south, a dozen miles away, he seem the ticket drawer. Was he going to yield to another without a struggle that which had been placed in his keeping? He stood to see the express rushing toward him like a burning star. He was to meet and stop it.

seven," he grunted, which showed that his trained ear had missed nothing.

Pulver acted on the suggestion. When he had finished the message the dispatcher said: "Must be cold up there; your sending sounds like you were having a chill."

"I'm scart," said Pulver, and both he and Ryder laughed.

"That's Banks; he's always funning somebody," said the latter. "Well, soon as I get these bills entered I'll take you over to the house; night man usually boards with us; hotel's bad place for a man to try to "rash together before his eyes! From his stifling gag from his mouth, and she bitter stifl

comparable dome flowed the filmy, ghostly streamers of the aurora. By times these the pinhole and he thrust the iron in. Terburned red through all their gauzy webs, again died away pale and flickering, then gushed upward, radiant, indescribable. "Look at that, Bill!" whispered the one a roar of the whistle for brakes, and the who first saw the vision.

The other looked, and ended the stare train swept, curving and rocking, upon the

> Out the train went crashing and thundering over the end of the empty siding and

Truly a train was coming. Down the main defile, roaring through the silence of the night, came the orea "wild." Inside the station a poor soul was making life's last effort—a supreme struggle to do a deed worthy of man. Inch by inch, foot by foot, the tramp operator was dragging himself toward the signal lever. He had heard the dispatcher's order to Pulver, and now the roar of the approaching train came to his dulling ears. "Brace up and be a man; "Great Soott, what a close call for us!"

"Let me get to the signal! Throw the

-Knowledge of the Bible will refine, en

ing-point with the express at Sutton. He had feared he would find the red light turned or the latest agreeable book. Dickens, Thack eray, William Black, Blackmore, Barrie Crockett, Mrs. Oliphant and Geo. Eliot are all helpful to those who would be good, cause in all these authors you continually find wholesome thoughts expressed in forceful and etrenuous English, and bit by bit you receive of the wealth these masters of English have so carefully bestowed upon their work.—September Ladies Home Journal.

This is What They Say. This is what they Say.

Those who take Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, eczema, eruptions, catarrh, rheumatism or dyspepsia, say it cures promptly and permanently, even after all other preparations fail. You may take this medicine with the utmost confidence that it will do you good. What it has done for others you have every reason to helieve it will do for

Constipation is cured by Hood's Pills. 26c. -The pleasure of doing good is the on'y ever weare out

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper