

(Continued from first page.)

The old house at Ashford Warren had been put into the market, but nobody would buy it, so it dropped out of the market...

"I don't know, Westall," said the barrister. "I don't know. I valued the old place highly of course."

"What is the story, please?" "I will tell you. Hawthorne came to me one day and brought a friend with him from Salem. While at the dinner Mr. Hawthorne's friend said to me: 'I have been trying to get Hawthorne to write a story about the...

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Look and see," said the lawyer gasping - scared and pale. He looked, and rose after the look almost as pale as his companion.

"There's a skeleton hanging there," said the lawyer, "and a skeleton key to skeleton keys, I fancy. This seems likely to be a true word, spoken in random jest, when I picked up these keys."

"The thing about looking at each other long time, pale and silent..." "The few rules there are look read, fall to dust," said Walter, breaking the silence. He put his stick into the chimney and moved it slightly, when as if there needed only a sign to bring it down, it wholly glided into the grate, and with the falling bones fell something with a metallic crash.

"The key to the keyhole, and with wrinkled features of disgust, and a finger and thumb which only just touched it, he unlocked the box, and there before them lay eight thousand pounds, in Bank of England notes, and on the table of them the lawyer which Thibodeau knew, as his own, John Jones, a tramp from Liverpool. There was nothing to which to identify Thibodeau, but Walter Mackenzie had no doubt of him, no as the lawyer, when he heard the story."

MISCELLANEOUS. A MEXICAN LUCK - Four years ago a prospector in California lost his horse and was a wandering prospector, only that he prospected for grass, while his mate prospected for gold...

A STRANGESTY WAS TOLD at Bow Street Police Court, London, lately. It was for the police are right, a man who has for some years been an omnibus proprietor at Lambeth, carrying on business under the name of Powell, is another Charles Lesson, a very determined and well known criminal. In 1865 this man served a term of imprisonment for an extraordinary robbery in Liverpool. Learning that a bookseller of the town was accustomed to keep all his money in boxes under his person, he entered his shop one day with three down five sovereigns, and asked for a note in exchange. The bookseller took up his bundle to oblige him, upon which Lesson made a snatch at the notes and got clear away with his booty, valued at £4,000. A year or two later he was convicted of a burglary at the Manchester Post Office, when about £10,000 in money and property was stolen. For this Lesson was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. At his own request, and after giving up £4,000 of the property, he was sent to Botany Bay with two of his accomplices. These latter are said to have served out the term, and to be prospering in business in Melbourne, but Lesson managed to escape shortly after reaching the settlement. His detection, after being quietly engaged in trade for a number of years in the heart of London, is due to a chance meeting with Superintendent Thompson, who arrested Lesson, III, and undertakes alone to reform the men of that town. She visits religious, guarding houses, and worst resorts at night, often surprising her male acquaintances, with whom she then plays a bad game.

"Evangeline."

HOW LONGFELLOW "WENT TO WRITE THE POEM - THE PHILADELPHIA ALMSHOUSE. [Interview with the Boston Herald. At first the conversation took a wide range. The poet was inclined to ask questions about men and current events, and it was quite a time before the drift of chat turned upon what he was doing, had done and expected to accomplish.

"I am not doing much these days," said he, "staying in bed, getting rusty, and he cast his eyes around the room at the many evidences of work lying about, as though to say, 'You can see for yourself how much that is.'"

"Expressing a preference for his 'Evangeline,' I ventured to say; 'I say you looked the final scene of the beautiful story in Philadelphia.' 'Yes, sir, the poem is one of my favorites also; as much, perhaps, on account of the manner in which I got the ground work for it as anything else.'"

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DYE WORKS, GILBERT'S LANE, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

MEN'S CLOTHES of all kinds, CLEANSED or RE-DYED and Pressed, equal to new LACE CURTAINS, BLANKETS, CARPETS, &c. Cleaned by a NEW PROCESS, every week day. SILKS, IRISH POPLINS, DRESS MATERIALS of ALL KINDS DYED. FEATHERS, RIBBONS, &c., CLEANED OR DYE-D.

H. S. PIPER, AGENT, BRIDGETOWN.

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Boston & Nova Scotia, in Connection with the WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

Table with columns: General Mide., Flour, Meal, Apples, Potatoes, etc. Rows for BOSTON and ANNAPOLIS.

Whitewood Boards, 16 and 18 inches wide, free from KNOTS and CHECKS - WELL SEASONED. PULVERIZED, PELTS, and CURBS for Sleighs.

Wholesale and Retail. BESSONNET and WILSON. Middleton, Annapolis Co., Nov. 17.

THE subscribers wish to announce to the public that they have received a large stock of...

FOR THE GOOD Of the People. DURING THE Spring and Summer Months! WILL SELL - Anything in my Line Very Low Figures FOR CASH!

CHEAP JEWELRY, PLATED WARE, &c. J. E. SANCTON. Bridgetown, April 16th, 1881.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT. George H. H. McLean, of Margareville, in the County of Annapolis, Trader, on the 25th day of March, A. D., 1881, assigned to me by Indenture, all his Stock, personal property, effects, in action, book debts, and securities of every kind, and all the real estate, together with the title thereto, in trust for the payment of the debts of the said George H. H. McLean.

Monuments & Gravestones. Granite and Freestone Monuments. Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Stone Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad for the Family of Annapolis.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD. GEORGE E. CORBITT, BKT. WITH 100 POUNDINGS.

CHOICE MUSCOVADO MOLASSES!! WHICH WE WILL SELL LOW FOR CASH. A. W. CORBITT & SON. FOR WEST INDIES, BARK.

"Geo. E. Corbett," Will be put in the berth for Demerara on her arrival from West Indies. All parties wishing to ship potatoes or hay will please apply immediately.

G. W. Gunter, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. OFFICE at house of Mr. J. A. CRAIG, MIDDLETON, N. S.

Vegetine. GIVES SATISFACTION. I RECOMMEND VEGETINE. T. M. H. STEVENS, Esq., June 17, 1880.

Vegetine. BEST BLOOD PURIFIER IN THE MARKET. ST. JEAN BAPTISTE VILLAS, P. Q., Jan. 8, '80.

Vegetine. I am thankful to my many patrons and with them in the coming year every young man and that there may be a growing demand for first-class Harnesses.

COARSE BOOTS, UPPER GRAIN AND WAX, CALF SKINS, SOLE LEATHER, &c. GEORGE MURDOCH. WANTED. ONE THOUSAND HIDES, for which the Highest Cash Price will be paid.

CITIZENS' FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT Insurance Company OF CANADA. Sir Hugh Allan, President. Henry Lyman, Vice President.

Refined Sugar. The First in this Market. 10 lbs. for \$1! TRY IT. B. STARRATT. Paradise, Jan. 31st, 1881.

NEW YORK ARTIFICIAL STONE WORKS, MANUFACTURED AT ANNAPOLIS, N. S. Plain and Ornamental Stone Work.

Monuments & Head Stones of all descriptions; Ornamental Vases, Drain Pipes, Flower Pots, Plunging for Walks and Platforms, and all kinds of Stone work that can be manufactured.

Vegetine. A horse's digestion is very rapid, and therefore he gets hungry sooner than a man. When he is hungry he is ineffective, and wears out very rapidly. Water fills the stomach, lowers the temperature, and dilutes the gastric juice; therefore a horse should not eat immediately before going.

Vegetine. Agricultural. Feeding Horses.

The horse has the smallest stomach in proportion to his size of any animal. Fifteen or sixteen quarts is its utmost capacity. This space is completely filled by four quarts of oats and the saliva that goes into the stomach with it.

Vegetine. Scouring is also caused by too rapid eating, which can be prevented by putting half a dozen of the size of the bit, into the manger with the oats.

Vegetine. When a horse comes in hot I would give a moderate feed immediately. If the horse is too tired to eat I would take his feed away. A heated body is a reason against watering, and of feeding, for the system is then just in the condition for being digested.

Vegetine. A nice looking old lady with snow-lace about her head, sat in a chair the other day, and drew up her skirts nervously, lest the extract of tobacco-juice that was pouring from the mouths of two ladies next her should deluge her. "Conductor," she asked indignantly, when he came in, "is it against the rules to spit on the floor of the car?"

Vegetine. "The man from the suburbs, as it were, eagerly scanning the forms and features of the twenty-four individuals in the box - one man with unkempt sandy locks, another with an aroma of sentimental seediness brooding over him, and a third with a look of benign vacuity irradiating his countenance, and the others indicating different stages of wretchedness and misery."

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Joker's Corner.

A SMART BOY - A boy about fourteen years of age was smoking a cigar on the fourth portion of the Town Hall the other morning, when a citizen halted before him and said: "Boy do you realize what you are doing?"

"Smokin' a powerful good five center, won on a bet," was the reply. "But don't you know that you are filling your system with poison?"

"No, no, no. The cigar contains enough nicotine to kill a cat." "I'm no cat." "I know. It does not kill you suddenly, but poisons the blood and sows the seed of fell disease. You may drop dead on your way home."

"It fills one with horror to see a lad of your age destroying both soul and body. Boy, I entreat you to throw away that vile cigar." "I don't. Some one else would pick it up and be pizen'd."

"Throw it away and I'll buy three apples." "Don't like 'em." "Or a quart of peanuts." "Say," said the boy as he fondly regarded the inch of ash at the end of the cigar, "I bet a boy the cigars this morning, that he couldn't teach his tongue to a lamp-post, and then sing, 'Sally Waters.' He teased and there's a crowd there now trying to show him lessons. I ain't very smart about being pizen'd, and I don't care much for fatherly advice, and if you've got any spare time you might go up to the bank and tell that boy that a chunk of natural philosophy is worth a hull barnful of experiance."

"Mr. O'Rafferty is sitting in his room with his head tied up and his arm in a sling, when a little boy sticks his head in and asks: 'Me fether's time to enquire how your eye was coming on this morning?' 'Tell your fether to attend a Galveston ward meeting himself and call the chairman a liar, and he will find it all out without askin'."

"No, ma'am," replied the gallant conductor, "Spit wherever you like."

"So that the Grand Jury, 'is it?' asked the man from the suburbs, after eagerly scanning the forms and features of the twenty-four individuals in the box - one man with unkempt sandy locks, another with an aroma of sentimental seediness brooding over him, and a third with a look of benign vacuity irradiating his countenance, and the others indicating different stages of wretchedness and misery."

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