Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 23. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1895. NO. 39.

Professional Cards.

H. E. GILLIS. FRED W. HARRIS.

GILLIS & HARRIS,
Barristers, - - Solicitors, Notaries Public.

ommissioners for the Province of New Brunswick.
ommissioners for the State of Massachusetts.
Agents of R. G. Dunn & Co., St. John and Halifax.
Agents of Bradstreet's Commercial Agency.
General Agents for Fire, Marine, and Life Insurance.
Members of the United States Law Association.
Real Estate Agents.

OFFICE:
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Next Door to J. P. Melanson's Jewelry Store)
Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States.
Consular Agent of Spain.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
☞Money to loan on Real Estate security.

MONEY TO LOAN.
NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefore and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
20 6m *Agent at Annapolis.*

F. L. MILNER,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office opposite Central Telephone Exchange, Queen Street, Bridgetown. 31 tf

J. P. GRANT, M.D., C.M.
Office over Medical Hall.
Residence: Revere House. Telephone No. 19.
Orders left at Medical Hall with Mr. S. N. Weare will receive every attention. 3y

A. A. Schaffner, M. D.,
LAWRENCETOWN, N. S.
Office and residence at MRS. HALL'S, three doors east of Baptist church.
TELEPHONE No. 88 13 1y

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

H. F. Williams & Co.,
Parker Market, Halifax, N.S.
COMMISSION - MERCHANTS,
AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Apples Potatoes, Beef, Lamb Pork.
and all kinds of Farm Products.

Special Attention given to Handling of Live Stock.
☞*Returns made immediately after disposal of goods.* 27 y

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

G. Parsons, B. A.,
...ister, Solicitor, Etc.
...TON, - - - N. S.
...ffice.—"Dr. Gunter" building.

A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.
Specialties { EYE, EAR, THROAT.
MIDDLETON.
Telephone No. 16. 38tf

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Offers his professional services to the public.
Office and Residence: Queen St., 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

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROAKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
Will be at his office in Middleton, he last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

Optical Goods
—AND—
NEW JEWELRY.

P. G. MELANSON,
of Middleton, has now on show the largest and most varied line of Superior Spectacles and Eye-Glasses ever shown in Annapolis County.
His stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver-plated ware is second to none, and is marked at astonishing low prices. Give him a call and verify the truth of the above statement.
Repairing a Specialty.

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 professional business. 51 tf

WANTED HELP! RELIABLE MEN in every locality (local or travelling) to introduce a new discovery and keep our show cards tacked up on trees, fences and bridges throughout town and country. Steady employment. Commission or salary, $65.00 per month and expenses, and money deposited in any bank when started. For particulars write
The World Medical Electric Co.,
23 3m LONDON, ONT., CANADA.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

It was originated in 1810 by the late Dr. A. Johnson, an old fashioned, noble hearted Family Physician, to cure all ailments that are the result of irritation and inflammation, such as asthma, abscesses, bites, burns, bruises, bronchitis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, chaps, chilblains, colic, cramps, cholera-morbus, diphtheria and all forms of sore throat, earache, fractures, gout, headache, influenza, la grippe, lame back, lame side, lame neck, mumps, muscular soreness, nervous headache, neuralgia, pimples, pains in chest, stomach or kidneys, ringworm, rheumatism, scalds, stings, strains, sprains, stiff joints, sore lips, sore lungs, toothache, tonsilitis, wind colic and whooping cough. The great vital and muscle nervine.

For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL Use

Its special province is the treatment of inflammation. Its electric energy everlastingly eradicates inflammation without irritation. It is important everyone should understand the nature and treatment of inflammation. Send us at once your name and address and we will send you free, our new illustrated book, "TREATMENT FOR DISEASES." This book is a very complete treatise in plain language, which every person should have for ready reference.

The Doctor's Signature and directions are on every bottle.
If you can't get it send to us. Price 25 cents; six $2.00. Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free.
I. S. JOHNSON & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., Sole Proprietors.

Do You Want Furniture?

If you do, call at the old stand of J. B. REED & SONS, where you can inspect an immense and comprehensive stock of Furniture, and where you will be convinced that a little money will go far towards furnishing your house in all the latest, handsomest, and most approved designs.

I wish to call your attention to some of the leading lines, as below:—

Hardwood Bedroom Suites in Elm, 7 pieces, from -	$18.00 to $38.00
Hardwood Bedroom Suites in Oak, from - -	$28.00 to $65.00
Parlor Suites in Plush, Brocatelle and Silk Tapestries,	$30.00 to $110.00
Sideboards in Elm and Ash, for -	$12.00, $18.00, $22.00, $25.00
Sideboards in Oak, for - - - -	$25.00, $32.00, $45.00

All other lines at equally reasonable rates.

I am also selling a fine line of CARPETS at Halifax prices.

H. S. REED.
GRANVILLE STREET. - - - BRIDGETOWN.

Frank Scott
Fashionable Tailor
Bridgetown
N. S.

My Fall Stock of Cloths and Trimmings are now in. They are the finest I have ever shown and at prices that defy competition for the quality. I have also

THE CELEBRATED "TYKE" AND "BLENHEIM" SERGES,
the only place in Bridgetown where you can buy them.

The workmanship, fit, finish and style of every garment I guarantee to be first-class and second to none in the county.

Call and Inspect Goods. It is a pleasure for me to show them.

Dr. J. Woodbury's
HORSE LINIMENT
Is Infallibly the Cure for
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind, Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys,
AND APPLIED EXTERNALLY
IT HAS NO EQUAL.

In 1892 this Liniment had a sale of 25,000 bottles. Anyone who has ever used it would not be without it for ten times the cost. Write to us for testimonials.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTURED at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION
IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.

MARK CURRY. A. S. CURRY. B. A. BENT.
CURRY BROTHERS & BENT,
Manufacturers & Builders.
PROPRIETORS OF THE
Bridgetown Wood-Working Factory.

We beg to notify the public in general that we have recently purchased the premises on Granville street, formerly known as the J. B. Reed & Sons furniture factory, and are now equipping it with additional machinery for carrying on a general business in

Contracting and Building,
INCLUDING THE MANUFACTURE OF
Doors, Sashes, Frames, Stair Work, Mouldings, Clapboards, Sheathing, Flooring, Shingles, Laths, etc., and will constantly have on hand a full stock of **Lime** and all other Building Materials.
Our motto will be "give every man a good job." We have come to stay, and if you want a building of any kind put up let us know, and we will give you a figure that will suit the times.

WANTED: -Seasoned Spruce and Pine Lumber.
Correspondence from all points respectfully solicited.

$100 Reward
—IF NOT CURED BY—
TUTTLE'S ELIXIR
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.
For Man or Beast it has no Equal.
Sure Cure for Colic, Black Water, Spinal Meningitis, Sprains and Joint Affections in Horses and Cattle.
Don't fail to try TUTTLE'S FAMILY ELIXIR for Rheumatism and all Aches and Pains.
The Latest Discovery of the Age.
Sold by all Druggists.
C. H. R. CROCKER, Gen. Ag't, South Farmington, Annapolis Co., N.S
☞AGENTS WANTED. WRITE FOR TERMS.☜

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
BARRSITER,
—AND—
SOLICITOR!

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies

☞Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia, Annapolis, N. S. 14 1y

Poetry.

The Song of the Wise Old Christmas Bells.

O ring a low, O ring a loud, O rhyming
Xmas bells,
Above the towns and villages, the valleys
and the dells;
With heraldings of blessedness and every
sort of glee
From the stockings by the chimney to the
starry Xmas tree;
For you shout the birth of Happiness, and
toll the knell of Care,
So ring a-loft, O jolly bells, upon the frosty
air!

There's the cake within the oven, and the
candy set to cool,
And the raisins and the spices, and the holiday from school;
There's the doughty old Plum-Pudding
with his raisin-freckled face,
And as for nuts and oranges they fairly
fill the place.
If you tiptoe in the pantry when there's not
a soul about,
You're sure to get a cake or nut without a
single doubt!

O, the mystery and whispering; and the
popping out of sight,
The rolling up of bundles and the tying of
them tight;
And the craning of the children's necks,
and prying all about,
Into holes where, if you put a pin, you
couldn't pull it out!
And finally the giving of the dolls and drums
and rings—
Dear, it sends you're heart a-thumping just
to think about the things!

Then the present little Bennie gives Papa
from Baby store,
He has hoarded up his pennies, why, for
near a year and more!
And how Papa must prize it, though you
need not be obtuse
To see 'twill never meet the claim of beauty or of use.
Yet many things are homely in the life we
all must live
That are beautiful and useful in the happiness they give.

So ring a-low and ring a-loud, O chiming
Xmas bells,
And bear goodwill and laughter on your undulating swells,
As the motion of the ocean bears a wave
upon its way,
To forever curve and hollow till Eternity's
decay.
So ring a-low and ring a-loud, you merry
Xmas bells,
For many a tale of God and man your glorious music tells.

We've Always Been Provided For.

"Good wife, what are you singing for? You
know we've lost the hay;
And what we'll do with horse and cow, is
more than I can say;
While, like as not, with storm and rain,
we'll lose both corn and wheat."
She looked up with a pleasant face, and answered low and sweet;
"There is a heart, there is a hand, we feel,
but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we
shall always be."

He turned around with sudden gloom. He
said: "Love, be at rest;
You cut the grass, worked soon and late, and
did your very best—
That was your work; you've naught at all
to do with wind and rain,
And do not doubt but you will reap rich
fields of golden grain;
For there's a heart, and there's a hand, we
feel, but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we
shall always be."

"That's like a woman's reasoning; we must
because we must."
She softly said: "I reason not; I only work
and trust.
The harvest may redeem the hay, keep heart
whate'er betide.
When one door shuts, I've alwas seen another open wide.
There is a heart, there is a hand, we feel,
but cannot see.
We've always been provided for, and we
shall always be."

He kissed the calm and trustful face; gone
was his restless pain.
She heard him with a cheerful step go whistling down the lane.
And went about her household tasks full of
a glad content,
Singing to time her busy hands, as to and
fro she went;
"There is a heart there is a hand, we feel,
but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we
shall always be."

Days come and go, 'twas Christmas-tide, and
the great fire burned clear;
The farmer said; "Dear wife, it's been a
good and happy year;
The fruit was gain, the surplus corn has
brought the hay, you know."
She lifted, then, a smiling face, and said:
"I told you so,
For there's a heart, and there's a hand, we
feel, but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we
shall always be.

Select Literature.

Merry Christmas.

THE FESTIVAL THAT CHARLES DICKENS LOVED SO WELL.

His Immortal Pen Pictures.

Christmas day was to Dickens, says Edwin P. Whipple, both a holiday and a holy day; a day given over to festivity and at the same time consecrated to beneficence; a day in which joy was associated with the diffusion and multiplication of joy, so that the pleasure of each person was increased in proportion to the number of persons that participated in it; a day, in short, in which the jollities of life joined hands with the charities, and universal good cheer stood forth as an expression of the spirit of universal love. There is a great deal of eating and drinking in these stories, but then, as has been said, Dickens "Christianizes eating and drinking and contrives to make the stomach in some odd way an organ of the soul." There is a savor and flavor about a Dickens Christmas dinner that no white capped chef can give. Delmonico could not have cooked Bob Cratchit's goose or Toby Veck's tripe.

All of Dickens' Christmas dinners are not in his Christmas stories. Shall you ever forget the Christmas dinner in "Great Expectations?" There was dear Joe Gargery and "Mrs. Joe," just holding back a "rampage;" that fat old hypocrite, Uncle Pumblechook; Wopsie and the Hubbles, to say nothing of Pip, all waiting for the pork pie that never came, and for reasons best known to the latter. And the Christmas in "Pickwick?" Do you remember that inimitable chapter and how it opens:

"We write these words now, many miles distant from the spot at which year after year, we met on that day, a merry and joyous circle. Many of the hearts that throbbed so gayly then have ceased to beat; many of the looks that shone so brightly then have ceased to glow; the hands we grasped have grown cold; the eyes we sought have hid their lustre in the grave; and yet the old house, the room, the merry voices and smiling faces, the jest, the laugh, the most minute and trivial circumstances connected with those happy meetings crowd upon our mind at each recurrence of the season, as if the last assemblage had been but yesterday! Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth; that can transport the sailor and the traveller, thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home."

Christmas at Moor Farm.

Then he shakes the tears from his pen and describes the jolly Christmas at Moor Farm. They began on Christmas Eve, and, according to custom, in the big kitchen of the farm house.

"From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen old Wardle had just suspended, with his own hands, a hugh branch of mistletoe and this same branch of mistletoe instantaneously gave rise to a scene of general and most delightful struggling and confusion, in the midst of which Mr. Pickwick, with a gallantry that would have done honor to a descendant of Lady Tollimglower herself, took the uld lady by the hand, led her beneath the mystic branch, and saluted her in all courtesy and decorum. The old lady submitted to this piece of practical politeness with all the dignity which befitted so important and serious a solemnity, but the younger ladies, not being so thoroughly imbued with a superstitious veneration for the custom, or imagining that the value of a salute is very much enhanced if it cost a little trouble to obtain it, screamed and struggled and ran into corners, and threatened and remonstrated, and did everything but leave the room, until some of the less adventurous gentlemen were on the point of desisting, when they all at once found it useless to resist any longer and submitted to be kissed with good grace. Mr. Winkle kissed the young lady with the black eyes and Mr. Snodgrass kissed Emily, and Mr. Weller, not being particular about the form of being under the mistletoe, kissed Emma and the other female servants just as he caught them. As to the poor relations, they kissed everybody, not even excepting the plainer portions of the young lady visitors, who in their excessive confusion ran right under the mistletoe as soon as it was hung up without knowing it! Wardle stood with his back to the fire surveying the whole scene with the utmost satisfaction, and the fat boy took the opportunity of appropriating to his own use and summarily devouring a particularly fine mince pie that had been carefully put by for somebody else.

Now the screaming had subsided and faces were in a glow and curls in a tangle, and Mr. Pickwick, after kissing the old lady as before mentioned, was standing under the mistletoe, looking with a very pleased countenance on all that was passing around him, when the young lady with the black eyes, after a little whispering with the other young ladies, made a sudden dart forward and, putting her arm round Mr. Pickwick's neck, saluted him affectionately on the left cheek and before Mr. Pickwick distinctly knew what was the matter he was surrounded by the whole body and kissed by every one of them.

Then after the dancing and the fun, "fill up," cried Mr. Wardle; "It will be two hours good before you see the bottom of the bowl through the deep rich color of the wassail; fill up all round, and now for the song.' Thus saying, the merry old gentleman, in a good round, sturdy voice, sang his Christmas song.

No wonder the song was tumultuously applauded, for I'm sure it was well sung, and then, as Dickens pertinently remarks, "for friends and dependants make a capital audience."

Ball at Manor Farm.

And then the ball at Manor Farm! Ah, what a time!

The best sitting room at Manor Farm was a good, long, dark panelled room, with a high chimney piece and a capacious chimney, up which you could have driven one of the new patent cabs, wheels and all. At the upper end of the room, seated in a shady bower of holly and evergreens, were the two best fiddlers and the only harp in all Muggleton. In all sorts of recesses, and on all kinds of brackets, stood massive old silver candlesticks with four branches each. The carpet was up, the candles burnt bright, the fire blazed and crackled on the hearth, and merry voices and light hearted laughter rang through the room. If any of the old English yeomen had turned into fairies when they died, it was just the place in which they would have held their revels.

If anything could have added to the interest of this agreeable scene it would have been the remarkable fact of Mr. Pickwick's appearing without his gaiters for the first time within the memory of his oldest friends.

"You mean to dance?" said Wardle.

"Of course I do," replied Mr. Pickwick. "Don't you see I am dressed for the purpose?" Mr. Pickwick called attention to his speckled silk stockings and smartly tied pumps.

"You in silk stockings!" exclaimed Mr. Tupman jocosely.

"And why not, sir—why not?" said Mr. Pickwick turning warmly upon him.

"Oh, of course, there is no reason why you shouldn't wear them," responded Mr. Tupman.

"I imagine not, sir; I imagine not," said Mr. Pickwick, in a very peremptory tone.

Mr. Tupman had contemplated a laugh, but he found it was a serious matter, so he looked grave and said they were a pretty pattern.

"I hope they are," said Mr. Pickwick, fixing his eyes upon his friend. "You see nothing extraordinary in the stockings as stockings, I trust, sir?"

"Certainly not, Oh, certainly not," replied Mr. Tupman. He walked away and Mr. Pickwick's countenance resumed its benign expression.

"We are all ready, I believe," said Mr. Pickwick, who was stationed with the old lady at the top of the dance and had already made four false starts in his anxiety to commence.

"Then begin at once, said Mr. Wardle. "Now!"

Up struck the two fiddles and the one harp, and off went Mr. Pickwick into hands across, when there was a general clapping of hands and a cry of "Stop, stop!"

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Pickwick, who was only brought to by the fiddles and harp desisting and could have been stopped by no other earthly power if the house had been on fire.

"Where's Arabella Allen?" cried a dozen voices.

"And Winkle?" added Mr. Tupman.

"Here we are!" exclaimed that gentleman, emerging with his pretty companion from the corner; as he did so it would have been hard to tell which was the redder in the face—he or the young lady with the black eyes.

Sour tempers sweetened by the use of K. D. C.

"What an extraordinary thing it is, Winkle," said Mr. Pickwick, rather pettishly, "that you couldn't have been in your place before."

"Not at all extraordinary," said Mr. Winkle.

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, with a very expressive smile, as his eyes rested on Arabella, "well, I don't know that it was extraordinary, either, after all."

However, there was no time to think more about the matter, for the fiddles and harp began in real earnest. Away went Mr. Pickwick—hands across—down the middle to the very end of the room, and half way up the chimney, back again to the door—poussette everywhere—loud stamp on the ground—ready for the next couple—off again—all the figure over once more—another stamp to beat out the time—next couple, and the next, and the next again—never was such going! At last, after they had reached the bottom of the dance and full fourteen couple after the old lady had retired in an exhausted state, and the clergyman's wife had been substituted in her stead, did that gentleman, when there was no demand whatever on his exertions, keep perpetually dancing in his place, to keep time to the music, smiling on his partner all the while with a blandness of demeanor that baffles all description.

Do you remember the dinner in "The Cricket on the Hearth."

Tackleton had brought his leg of mutton, and, wonderful to relate, a tart besides—but we don't mind a little dissipation when our brides are in the case; we don't get married every day—and in addition to these dainties there were the veal and ham pie and "things," as Mrs. Peerybingle called them, which were chiefly nuts and oranges and cakes and such small beer. When the repast was set forth on the board, flanked by Caleb's contribution, which was a great wooden bowl of smoking potatoes (he was prohibited by solemn compact from producing any other viands) Tackleton led his intended mother-in-law to the post of honor. For the better gracing of this place at the high festival, the majestic old soul adorned herself with a cap calculated to inspire the thoughtless with sentiments of awe. She also wore gloves. But let us be genteel or die.

Caleb sat next his daughter. Dot and her old schoolfellow were side by side, the good Carrier took care of the bottom of the table. Miss Slowboy was isolated, for the time being, from every article of furniture but the chair she sat on, that she might have nothing else to knock the baby's head against.

Toby Veck's Christmas.

Who can forget poor Toby Veck and his tripe? Poor Toby could not be at home and needs must eat his dinner of tripe that Meg had brought him on a doorstep along the street. I say needs must eat it, for that was his intention if he had not been cheated out of part of his feast by the disagreeable Allerman. No New York Alderman would be as mean as that, to cheat a poor bell-ringer out of his dinner by gobbling it all himself.

Toby took the shortest possible sniff at the edge of the basket, and cried out in a rapture:

"Why, it's hot!"

"It's burning hot!" cried Meg. "Ha, ha, ha! It's scalding hot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Toby, with a sort of kick. It's scalding hot!"

"But what is it, father?" said Meg. "Come. You haven't guessed what it is. I can't think of taking it out, till you guess what it is. Don't be in such a hurry! Wait a minute! A little bit more of the cover. Now guess!"

Meg was in a perfect fright lest he should guess right too soon; shrinking away, as she held the basket toward him; curling up her pretty shoulders; stopping her ear with her hand, as if by so doing she could keep the right word out of Toby's lips, and laughing softly the whole time.

Meanwhile Toby, putting a hand on each knee, bent down his nose to the basket and took a long inspiration at the lid, the grin upon his withered face expanding in the process, as if he were inhaling laughing gas.

"Ah, it's very nice!" said Toby. "It ain't—I suppose it ain't polonies?"

"No, no, no!" cried Meg, delighted. "Nothing like polonies!"

"No," said Toby, after another sniff. "It's mellower than polonies. It's very nice. It improves every moment. It's too decided for trotters. Ain't it?"

Meg was in an ecstacy. He could not have gone wider of the mark than trotters—except polonies.

"Liver?" said Toby communing with himself. "No. There's a mildness about it that don't answer to liver. Pettitoes? No. It ain't fain't enough for pettitoes. It wants the stringiness of cock's heads. And I know it ain't sausages. I'll tell you what it is. It's chitterlings."

"No, it ain't!" cried Meg, in a burst of delight. "No, it ain't!"

"Why, what am I a-thinking of?" said Toby, suddenly recovering a position as nearly the perpendicular as it was possible for him to assume. "I shall forget my own name next. It's tripe!"

Tripe it was; and Meg, in high joy, protested he should say in half a minute more it was the best tripe ever stewed.

"And so," said Meg, busying herself exultingly with the basket, "I'll lay the cloth at once, father, for I have brought the tripe in a basin, and tied the basin up in a pocket hankerchief; and if I like to be proud for once, and spread that for a cloth, and call it a cloth, there's no law to prevent me, is there, father?"

"Not that I know of, my dear," said Toby. "But they're always a-bringing up some new law or other."

"And according to what I was reading you in the paper the other day, father, what the judge said, you know, we poor people are supposed to know them all. Ha, ha! What a mistake! My goodness me, how clever they think us."

"Yes, my dear," cried Trotty, "and they'd be very fond of any one of us that did know 'em all. He'd grow fat upon the work he'd get, that man, and be popular with the gentle folks in his neighborhood. Very much so!"

"He'd eat his dinner with an appetite, whoever he was, if it smelt like this," said Meg cheerfully. "Make haste, for there's a hot potato besides and half a pint of fresh drawn beer in a bottle. Where will you dine, father? On the post or on the steps? Dear, dear, how grand we are! Two places to choose from."

"The steps to-day, my pet," said Trotty. "Steps in dry weather, post in wet. There's a greater convenience in the steps at all times because of the sitting down, but they're rheumatic in the damp."

"Then here," said Meg, clapping her hands, after a moment's bustle, "here it is all ready! And beautiful it looks! Come, father, come!"

Since the discovery of the contents of the basket, Trotty had been standing looking at her, and had been speaking, too, in an abstracted manner, which showed that though she was the object of his thoughts and eyes, to the exclusion even of tripe, he neither saw nor thought about her as she was at that moment, but had before him some imaginary rough sketch or drama of her future life. Roused now by her cheerful summons, he shook off a melancholy shake of the head which was just coming upon him and trotted to her side. As he was stooping to sit down the chimes rang.

"Amen!" said Trotty, pulling off his hat and looking up toward them.

"Amen to the bells, father?" cried Meg.

"They broke in like a grace, my dear," said Trotty, taking his seat.

"They'd say a good one, I am sure, if they could. Many's the kind thing they say to me."

"The bells do, father," laughed Meg, as she set the basin and a knife and fork before him. "Well!"

"Seem to my pet," said Trotty, falling to with great vigor. "And where's the difference? If I hear 'em what does it matter whether they speak it or not? Why, bless you, my dear," said Toby, pointing at the tower with his fork and becoming more animated under the influence of dinner, "how often have I heard them bells say, 'Toby Veck, Toby Veck, keep a good heart, Toby! Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, heart, Toby!' A million times? More."

"Well, I never," cried Meg.

She had, though over and over again. For it was Toby's constant topic.

"When things is very bad," said Trotty; "very bad indeed, I mean; almost at the worst; then its 'Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby! Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby!' That way."

"And it comes—at last, father," said Meg, with a touch of sadness in her pleasant voice.

"Always," answered the unconscious Toby. "Never fails."

While this discourse was holding Trotty made no pause in his attack upon the savory meat before him, but cut and eat, and cut and drank, and cut and chewed, and dodged about from tripe to hot potato, and from hot potato back again to tripe, with an unctuous and unflagging relish. But happening now to look all around the street—in case anybody should be beckoning from any door or window for a porter—his eyes, in coming back again, encountered Meg sitting opposite to him, with her arms folded, and only busy in watching his progress with a smile of happiness.

"Why, Lord forgive me!" said Trotty, dropping his knife and fork. "My dove! Meg, why didn't you tell me what a beast I was?"

"Father!"

"Sitting here," said Trotty, in penitent explanation "cramming and stuffing and grogging myself, and you before me there, never so much as breaking your precious fast, nor wanting to, when"——

"But I have broken it, father," interposed his daughter, laughing, "all to bits. I have had my dinner."

It took some arguing on the part of Meg to convince her father that she had dined, but she succeeded. Then Alderman Cute came out of his house, and seeing Toby eating began his investigation. Filer was with him. Cute took the tripe on the fork while his friend delivered a homily on the subject.

"This is a description of animal food, Alderman," said Filer, making little punches in it with a pencil case, commonly known to the laboring population of the country by the name of tripe.

The alderman laughed and winked, for he was a merry fellow, Alderman Cute. Oh, and a sly fellow, too. A knowing fellow. Up to everything. Not to be imposed upon. Deep in the people's hearts. He knew them, Cute did. I believe you.

"But who eats tripe?" said Mr. Filer, looking round. "Tripe is, without exception, the least economical and the most wasteful article of consumption that the markets of this country can by possibility produce. The loss upon a pound of tripe has been found to be, in the boiling, seven-eighths of a fifth more than the loss upon a pound of any other animal substance whatever. Tripe is more expensive, properly understood, than the hothouse pineapple. Taking into account the number of animals slaughtered yearly within the bills of mortality alone, and forming a low estimate of the quantity of tripe which the carcasses of those animals, reasonably well butchered, would yield, I find that the waste on that amount of tripe, if boiled, would victual a garrison of 500 men for five months of 31 days each and a February over. The waste, the waste!"

Trotty stood aghast, and his legs shook under him. He seemed to have starved a garrison of men with his own hand.

"Who eats tripe?" said Mr. Filer, warmly. "Who eats tripe?"

Trotty made a miserable bow.

"You do, do you?" said Mr. Filer. "Then I'll tell you something. You snatch your tripe, my friend, out of the mouths of widows and orphans."

"I hope not, sir," said Trotty, faintly. "I'd sooner die of want!"

"Divide the amount of tripe before mentioned, Alderman," said Mr. Filer, "by the estimated number of existing widows and orphans and the result will be one pennyweight of tripe to each. Not a grain is left for that man. Consequently he's a robber."

Trotty was so shocked that it gave him no concern to see the Alderman finish the tripe himself. It was a relief to get rid of it, anyhow.

Poor Trotty!

Tiny Tim, the Best of All.

I am saving the best for the last—the Christmas dinner at Bob Cratchits, with Tiny Tim and all the rest of the little Cratchits. What a picture it is! I smell the savory goose, I see the steam rising from the plum pudding and yes, ah, yes, I hear the voice of Tiny Tim with its blessing for all.

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit. Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the sancepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bod's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be led out and peeled.

* * * * * * *

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon to which a black swan was a matter of course—and, in truth, it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchet made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates: Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly along the carving knife prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all around the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness were the themes of universal admiration.

Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family, indeed as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish) they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet everyone had had enough and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress' next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bright with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tested and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one, and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noiselessly. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

A TELEPHONE IN THE STOMACH.

Peculiar Phenomena of Human Nature.

In an age when that subtile force electricity is presenting wonders to the world almost daily, and the Wizzard of Menlo Park has become the hero of the hour, there seems to be nothing that we may not expect in this direction. But it was not left to an Edison to establish a telephone in the stomach of human beings. The Great Maker of man in the economy of human nature provided such an instrument centuries ago. It is a fact that within the stomach of every man and woman there is a little instrument that telephones to the nerve centres in the brain as quickly as any food reaches that part. When for any reason this communication is stopped the food is undigested and physical trouble ensues. With word promptly sent from stomach to nerve centres, these supply the necessary juice that aid digestion, and nature successfully does her part, good health is enjoyed and man is able to perform with energy and pleasure his every day duties. It will happen at times that these nerve centres will become deranged and lose their force; then it is that a remedy must be supplied, just as the skill of the electrician is necessary when something goes wrong with the office telephone. South American Nervine is the electrician, so far as the human body is concerned. It is a medicine unique and exceptional in this particular that it works directly upon the nerve centres, and when those are out of order it quickly places them in proper repair and completeness. Nearly all diseases, especially indigestion, dyspepsia, nervousness, general debility, sick headache and disordered liver arise through trouble at the nerve centres. You can just as rapidly count on South American Nervine effecting a proper cure in all such cases as you can depend upon the electrician of the Bell Telephone Co. removing any derangement that has taken place in your telephone. Sold by S. N. Weare.

—A New York committee of leading citizens recently forwarded an invitation to Hon. Mr. Gladstone, to visit the United States, and speak on the Armenia atrocities. Mr. Gladstone has replied to the invitation by letter. In it he expresses regret that old age and increasing infirmities precludes him from visiting the United States.

—Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla neutralizes this acid and cures rheumatism.

—A movement is on foot in Boston to erect the largest railway depot in the world. It will be situated on land bordering on Kneeland, Cove, Furnace, Utica, South, Albany and Causeway streets, and Cove Place. It will measure 850x800 feet, covering an area of over 14 acres, and will cost upwards of $3,000,000.

—MINARD'S FAMILY PILLS are purely vegetable.