ESTABLISHED 1878.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 10. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1882. NO 4.

Job Work!

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description of first-class work. We make a speciality of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues, Bill-heads, Circulars Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention.

We endeavour by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction fo our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00; twelve months $10.00.

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Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration

DIPHTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Dont delay a moment. Procure it by return mail. Price only 50 cts. I. S. JOHNSON & CO.,

Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

Books, - - Stationery.

Buckley & Allen,

OFFER during the Autumn Season, at low prices a large stock of STAPLE STATIONERY, and School supplies. Fancy Stationery, and Stationers' Sundries. Novelties in Ink Stands and Paper Knives. Special inducements to purchasers of Photograph, Autograph and Scrap Albums. An immense variety of Bibles, Church Services and Prayer Books. All the Seaside, Franklin Square and Standard Libraries. Complete supply of the Poets, large assortment of Miscellaneous and Standard Books. Call and inspect for yourselves, Don t forget the address

BUCKLEY & ALLEN.
124 Granville St., Halifax.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made. A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most active properties of all other Bitters, make as the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.

No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels, urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is not a vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "SYLVIAN HOPS" and no person or family should be without them. FRIEND

D. I. C., is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

HATHEWAY LINE.

Direct Between

BOSTON & NOVA SCOTIA

NO TRANSFERS.

Via the staunch sea-going HUNTER, and the all steel Steamship SECRET, in connection with the W. & A. Railway from Halifax, and the W. C. Railway from Yarmouth, and Stage connection with Liverpool.

Until further notice Steamer Hunter will leave Annapolis on Monday afternoon after arrival of Express train from Halifax for Boston direct. Returning, will leave Foster's Wharf, Boston, on Thursday afternoon.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis on Wednesday after arrival of Express train from Halifax, for Boston direct—landing her passengers in Boston in 24 and 28 hours from Nova Scotia. Returning, leaves Boston on Monday morning.

Close connections made with all Railways and Steamers for West and North West. First class accommodation.

Low Fares and Cheap Freights.

Free of Boston Wharfage.

For further particulars apply to Station Agents on the W. & A. R. and W. C. Railways, or to John Walsh, Digby.

Hatheway & Co.,
22 Central Wharf, Boston.

F. W. HATHEWAY, Agent, Annapolis.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED

First-Class Route

BETWEEN

Nova Scotia and the United States

Via the Splendid

STEAMER "EMPRESS,"

Between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

And thence to PORTLAND and BOSTON via the splendid Steamers of the Insernational Steamship Company.

Superior Accommodation with Fares as Low as by any other Route.

Special Reduced Rates, of Fare.

	1st Class Limited to Continuous Passage.	1st Class Unlimited to Portland.	1st Class Unlimited to Boston.
Windsor to Boston			
Portland,	$6.50	$8.00	$8.50
Kentville to Boston or Portland,	6.00	7.25	7.70
Annapolis to Boston or Portland,	5.00	5.70	6.20

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

STEAMER "EMPRESS"

Leaves Annapolis on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons

After arrival of Windsor & Annapolis Railway Express Trains from Halifax, Windsor, &c., and will leave Digby after arrival of Express Train, Western Counties' Railway, from Yarmouth, Weymouth, &c., for St. John, where passengers bound West or South can take one of the splendid Steamers of the International Steamship Co., which leave Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday and Thursday morning at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston.

Returning, steamers of International Steamship Company leave Boston every Monday and Thursday Morning, at 8 o'clock, for St. John, connecting there with steamer "Empress" leaving St. John for Digby and Annapolis every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at 8 a. m.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents of that Company; C. E. BARRY, 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, of also from J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendant, and the several Station Agents of the Western Counties Railway, and of

R. B. HUMPHREY, GENERAL AGENT.
45 Dock St., St. John.

E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

(0:0)

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the insurments will convince the public that both Interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

Reduced Prices!

THE Subscriber will dispose of his present Stock of goods at greatly reduced prices for

SIXTY DAYS!

He has a lot of Shelf Goods which he will sell at and below COST.

Customers Who bring Cash will get BARGAINS.

H. CROSSKILL.

Middleton, Jan. 11th, '82.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood, in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps.

I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public in Annapolis County, that he is now at his office in

BRIDGETOWN,

for a few weeks. Persons requiring artificial teeth will find it to their interest to give him a call.

DR. S. F. WHITMAN.

Jan 2nd., 1882.

FURNITURE FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale:—

TWO SUITES OF DRAWING-ROOM AND BEDROOM FURNITURE.

Drawing Room suite in Brown Repp and Walnut; Bedroom suite Black Walnut, Marble Topped. Also, sundry other pieces.

For further information apply to

MRS. J. R. RITCHIE.

Lawrencetown, Jan. 18th, '81. n40tf

Rubber Bucket CHAIN PUMPS.

THOUSANDS have been sold and the demand is still increasing. Now is the time to send your orders before the weather gets cold. Parties can be supplied with pumps complete, or in parts to suit by addressing

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO.

LAWRENCETOWN, A C,

NOTICE is hereby given that all parties having any legal demands against the estate of the late JOHN F. BENT, farmer, deceased, of Granville, in the County of Annapolis, are requested to render their accounts duly attested to within six months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate will make immediate payment to

EUGENE P. TROOP,
JACOB V. BENT,
Executors.

Granville, Jan. 11th, 1882.—3m

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN order to meet the demands of our numerous customers, we beg to announce that, we have added to our extensive

Slipper and Larrigan Factory

the necessary Machinery for the Manufacture of

Men's, Women's, Misses', & Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

in all the leading styles.

By continuing, as in the past, to use first quality of material, we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage in our new branch of business, as well as a continuance of public favor in our old business.

Vincent & McFate,

240 Union Street, St. John, N. B

MONCTON

Refined Sugars.

ALL orders for the above received on or before the

LAST DAY OF MAY,

will be filled and delivered the

FIRST WEEK IN JUNE,

—BY—

W. B. TROOP.

Granville, May 23rd, 1881.

PATENTS

We continue to act as solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had

Thirty-Five Years' Experience.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendidly illustrated weekly paper, $3.20 a year, shows the progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Publishers SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents sent free.

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now travelling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose one teaspoonful to one pint food.

Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

FOR $1.00

I will send to any one, by mail postage paid

30 Packets of Seeds!

all different. Among them will be one packet each of WHITE RUSSIAN OATS, FOTLER'S BRUNSWICK CABBAGE, (for which dealers charge 50c. per oz.) CRYSTAL WHITE WAX BEANS, &c.

As good seeds are grown anywhere, and which would cost, selected from any of the fine catalogues now published, over two dollars. Try them.

JOHN H. HICKS.

Bridgetown, N. S. March 7th, 1881. 47tf

John Z. Bent

WILL be found at his OLD STAND opposite the Railway Station, where everything in the way of

Pictures and Framing

will be done at short notice.

—ALSO:—

UNDERTAKING

in all its branches. Caskets and coffins constantly on hand or made to order. Coffin Mountings for sale. A first class HEARSE in attendance. Charges moderate.

FOR SALE.

That desirable property lately occupied by the

Late Angus M. Gidney, Esq.,

situated at Carleton's Corner, near Bridgetown. The property consists of a Dwelling House in thorough repair and one acre of land in high cultivation; on which are a number of

Choice Apple, Pear, Plum, Peach and Quince Trees,

together with all kinds of fine shrubbery. The situation of the house commands a fine view. Possession given 1st April. For further particulars apply to J. G. H. PARKER, Esq., Barrister, or on the premises to

PAUL MORRILL.

Bridgetown, Feb. 15th, '82 tfn44

Edmund Bent

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Sales attended to promptly in any part of the County. Consignments solicited. Prompt returns made.

Bridgetown, N. S., May, 1880. n5tf

APPLES!

To Whom shall I Ship?

John S. Townsend & CO.,

110 Cannon St., London, E. C.,

GREEN & WHINERAY,

Liverpool and Glasgow.

Why? Because they are prompt, reliable, and understand the trade, and keep me well posted with the state of their market.

For market reports and full particulars apply to their agent.

F. H. MITCHELL.
Annapolis.

TELEGRAPH LINES.

SELKIRK TO EDMONTON.

NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Noon on WEDNESDAY the 17th day of May next, in a lump sum, for the purchase of the Government Telegraph Line (embracing the Poles, Wires, Insulators and Instruments) between Selkirk and Edmonton.

The conditions to be that a line of telegraph communication is to be kept up between Winnipeg, Humboldt, Battleford and Edmonton, and that Government messages be transmitted free of charge.

The parties tendering must name, in addition to the lump sum they are prepared to give for the telegraph line, the maximum rate of charge for the transmission of messages to the public.

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 13th April, 1882. n3tf

REASONABLE CHARGES AND PROMPT EXECUTIONS ON ALL ORDERS FOR JOB WORK AT THIS OFFICE.

BILLHEADS EXECUTED IN THE BEST STYLES AT THIS OFFICE. GIVE US A TRIAL.

— The children of the blackest Africans are born white. In a month they become pale yellow; in a year brown; at four years, dirty black, and at thirty glossy black. The blood of blacks and whites is of the same color. The coloring matter of blacks is supposed to be due to bilious secretions in the mucous membranes underneath the cuticle.—*Sir R. Phillips.*

WINTER BLASTS ARE SPECIALLY FRUITFUL of coughs and colds. Children who romp out of doors during the cold season are very subject to them, and no household where there are children should be unprovided with an effectual safeguard against lung disease. Such a one is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, a preparation in which the former ingredient possesses the utmost purity, and where its well-known pulmonic properties are increased by the admixture of the lime and soda salts. Of these the basis is phosphorus, an essential constituent of the brain, the muscles and the blood, and long recognized by physicians as a strengthening and fortifying agent of surpassing efficacy. The waste of bodily tissue consequent upon lung, chest, and throat complaints is promptly checked by this time-honored remedy, and the irritation of the breathing organs arrested and overcome by it. The article has been pronounced by physicians the best preparation of its class, and this professional verdict has found an echo in the grateful acknowledgements of many who, despairing of aid from any source, have nevertheless sought and found relief from it. Persons whose chest and lungs are weak should use it as a preventive. Asthma, coughs, colds, spitting of blood, bronchitis and laryngitis are promptly remedied by it, and it also possesses properties as a blood purifier very manifest in various types of scrofula. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Canada.

Poetry.

Opportunity.

This I saw once, or dreamed it in a dream;
A child had strayed from out the palace gate
Far up a meadow slope, led on and on
By butterflies, or floating thistle down,
Till now he played close on a precipice,
And stretched to reach the rolling globes of down,
And they sailed out across the dizzy gorge.
A laggard saw him from the distant road,
And thought, "No use for me to go—too late;
Had I but seen him e'er he reached the verge,
Or if it had been yesterday—just there
I stood and flew my goshawk: 'tis too late."
He twirled his scarf, sighed, hummed, a foolish tune,
And turned, pitying himself without a chance
For great emprise, and idled on his way.
A whole hour passed; the daughter of the king
Suddenly saw the boy, still at his play
(For every blue-eyed flower had smiled its best,
And beckoned, nodding to him, to hold him back),
And flew and saved him, clasped upon her heart.

And this I saw, or dreamed it in a dream;
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward hemmed by foes,
A craven hung along the battle edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
Blunt thing!" he snapt and flung it from his hand
And cowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
And ran and snatched it and with battle-shout,
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Select Literature.

A Child's Heroism.

BY HATTIE GRAHAM.

"Alice, do you see that deformed body in that child's carriage, which is being pushed along by a lady?'

'Indeed I do, aunty.' I have been watching them for some time already. Do you know them?'

'Yes, Alice, and in those two lies one of those heart histories as replete with heroism and self sacrifice as was ever blazoned on the record of fame. I knew Mary Anson well. She was a nice, good girl, and had only one fault, an inordinate love of the beautiful. I call it a fault, for such our virtues even may become when carried to excess. For that reason we never became very intimate, as, in my girlish over-sensitiveness, I took all her rhapsodies on beauty as so many comments on my homeliness. However, I will do her the justice to say that now I believe she never thought of the wound she inflicted on others by her manner of speech, for with her the peculiar bias of her mind amounted almost to monomonia.

She was exceedingly beautiful, and admired herself as she might have done any other lovely object, without any tinge of selfishness or petty vanity. Her worst enemy, I think, would have been forgiven, or at least worshipped from afar, if only possessed of that mystic charm called external beauty. She recoiled with absolute horror from ugliness in every shape, and I have seen her turn pale and sick with disgust at sight of any maimed or deformed object. She often declared she would hate herself were she ever to lose her good looks. I pitied the girl possessed of such an idiosyncrasy, and tried to divert the current of her thoughts into a different channel, but to no purpose. I frequently laughed at her, and told her she was destined to have a veritable ogre for a husband, but she declared that that was impossible, inasmuch as such a one never would approach her sufficiently near to make his declaration, much less to receive a favorable answer.

In the natural course of events we did not meet for years. One day, however, on the street, I was startled by hearing some one call my name, and turning, recognized Mary. There was very little, if any, change visible in her outward appearance, as she still retained the bloom of complexion that had always been one of the most attractive features of her beauty. After exchanging some common-place remarks, I inquired if she had found the ogre yet.

'No, indeed; although I am married, your predictions have proved very far from prophetic, Penelope. But, judge for yourself. Here is his son, the counterpart of his father.'

As she spoke, she pointed to a young boy who till then had stood some distance apart from us, and I was certainly obliged to admit that I had never seen a finer specimen of boyish beauty than now stood before me. He was about twelve years of age. The face was oval, rather pale, with large dark eyes, a well-cut and firmly-shaped mouth that precluded all idea of effeminacy, and a mass of black hair curled round the well-shaped head. His robust frame and well-rounded limbs reminded me of a young Apollo.

'Dame Fortune,' said I, laughingly, to Mary, 'has been very kind. I suppose she, for once, took pity on one of nature's freaks and humored it to the end. But this young gentleman cannot be your son?'

'No—my stepson. I have a little girl six months old. But come and see us. I would like you to know Mr. Thorpe. We live on Blank street.'

Availing myself of the invitation, a short time afterward I called on Mary, and was fortunate enough to find Mr. Thorpe at home. He certainly was a very handsome man, a striking resemblance really existing between father and son.

'It was Alfred's beauty,' said Mary during the course of the conversation, 'that first attracted me toward the child. I was in the habit of walking out every evening, and frequently met him. Of course I could no more have let the little fellow pass me without stopping him to give me a kiss, than I could have neglected giving him in exchange some of the sweetmeats of which I was myself very fond. Our acquaintance had already dated back several years when one day I heard that some of my charitable friends declared that I was making love to the child for the sake of the father. I need not assure you, who know my failing, that till then I had neither known nor cared who the child was, so long as he carried his credentials to my favor on his face.

'The very evening on which I had heard the charitable comments of my neighbors, I left the house for my walk, at sword's point with the world and execrating alike tale-tellers and tale-bearers, when, almost in front of me, I saw my little friend and a gentleman whom I immediately recognized as the one on whose heart I was said to have such sinsister designs, although seeing him now for the first time. Alfred ran to me immediately, crying, 'Oh, papa, this is the pretty lady I told you about! Isn't she nice?'

'I hope you will pardon my little boy's enthusiasm, Miss Mary,' said the gentleman, smiling and raising his hat as he spoke, and my own familiarity in addressing you by the only name he seems to have retained.'

'Certainly,' I said to his apparent desire, and disengaging myself from the child, I hastened away, convinced that the accidental meeting had been noticed by argus eyes, and would most probably be highly embellished and commented upon before I should again hear of it. In a few days Mr. Thorpe was regularly introduced by a mutual friend, and in a year afterward we were married, I am free to confess that I looked no further than that he possessed a handsome face; but Dame Fortune, as you call it, has likewise given me a good, kind husband, and my duties as a step-mother are not very onerous. The boy is a little willful at times and hard to manage, but he is loving and affectionate, and I believe possesses a noble heart.'

I saw her frequently after this, and found that what she said was true, and I grew to look upon her as one of fortune's pampered children. How far I was right, let the circumstances I am about to relate answer.

Some six months after my first meeting, I received an urgent message to come to her at once, as she was in great distress. Following the messenger, I arrived at a strange house and found everything in confusion. I was met by Mary, who, bathed in tears, led me to the bedside of a child who, swathed in bandages, lay moaning piteously.

'What has happened, Mary? Who is this?'

'Do you not know him, Penelope? Oh, Alfred, my poor, poor boy,' and as she spoke sobs interrupted each word.

'What is it, mother?' said the little sufferer. 'Never mind me, I'll soon be well, and you'll not love me the less because I will be a cripple, will you?' and one little arm, that alone seemed uninjured, crept around Mary's neck, as she bent over him.

'Do not doubt me! do not doubt me! my child, my little hero. Oh! Penelope, God has laid a heavy hand on me to teach me that there is good and loveliness in all his works, and love triumphant over every deformity.'

Little by little, I learned the whole story. Mary and her husband had gone out to spend the evening at a friend's house, leaving the two children safely ensconced in bed. By some unaccountable accident, no one will never know how, the house took fire, and it seems Alfred woke to find the room filled with smoke. With the natural instinct common to us all, he effected his escape without thinking of the other inmates of the house. On reaching the open air, he found all the household servants assembled, looking at the burning house. One glance convinced the boy that his little sister was not with them. Snatching a shawl from the shoulders of a bystander, and uttering one cry of horror, the brave boy, before any one understood his motive, had sprung into the burning building. Every man present felt a thrill of horror, and at the same time of admiration for the heroic self-sacrifice of this boy; but all felt that it would be worse than madness to follow him or attempt a rescue. Each second seemed an age to that hopeless, yet eager, expectant crowd; and when at last a little form was seen issuing from the flames, a shout of joy went up, as with one voice, but was soon hushed, as all too plainly saw that the flames still clung about the devoted child, who, with a moan of exhaustion, sunk to the ground.

There were not wanting willing hands to extinguish the flames, and to lift the now insensible form and carry it with its burden to a safe distance. The almost suffocated babe was then released from its wrappings, and proved uninjured by the fiery ordeal that had well nigh cost both their lives. Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe arrived soon after, a messenger having been dispatched for them as soon as the frightened servants could tell where they might be found.

When consciousness returned, the first words uttered by Alfred were: 'Mother, is little Daisy safe?' The baby was brought to him, and when he felt her little face as smooth and fair as ever, he said simply: 'How glad I am that it is me, and not her sweet, baby face that is burned. It would have hurt you so much, mother; you love what is pretty a great deal, don't you?'

Poor Mary cried bitterly, as she repeated the noble, unselfish words, and said: 'What a comment on my folly, Penelope; as if his dear, scarred face was not as near my heart as my babe's smooth cheek. But I will live to prove to him that he is far dearer and lovelier to me in his deformity and helplessness, than when he won my foolish love by his beautiful face; for the doctors say he will be terribly disfigured and a cripple for life.'

We nursed him for a month before we had the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that he would finally recover; and I certainly believe that his recovery was mainly due to the untiring attention of his step-mother. Day and night, with a devotion without parallel, she ministered to him, bending over him with words of encouragement and love, and she who once would have shrunk with disgust from any contact with suffering humanity, now dressed the horrible wounds with such gentleness as could only be equalled by the gratitude of the poor little sufferer. Sometimes, while still a feather's weight could turn the scale against his chance for life, Mary's eyes would fill as she looked at him. I have heard him say, 'Never mind me, mother, it's better it should be me, for you know Daisy is a little girl, and she is your own, own child; but if I die, I'll go to my mamma in heaven.'

But Providence deemed it best otherwise. For months Alfred never left his bed, and when at last he was able to be lifted about, the little emaciated form was of no greater weight than Mary could bear in her arms. She procured that little carriage, and wheeled him about. It is five years since Alfred met with that accident, and every fine day finds her at her post. Friends have suggested that she could entrust him to the care of a servant, but her indignant answer is always the same: 'Did he wait for others to save my child?'

At home her time is devoted entirely to him and his amusements. His eyes have been very weak since his illness, and if fatigues him to read, so hours are set apart for reading his favorite authors. His mind has remained unimpaired, although his body is dwarfed, and the constant duty of her life is to be able to share his labor so as to make instruction agreeable. No greater wound can be inflicted upon her than any mention of his deformity, and by no word or deed of his would it be inferred that he is not her child. Linked by the strongest ties of suffering and dependence on the one part, and eternal gratitude and a love born in the death throes of one of those alkahsorbing passions that sometimes blight and sear the heart, on the other, they stand as living monuments of what heroism and self-abnegation poor, much-abused human nature is capable.

Strength and Use of Paper.

One of the most remarkable things about paper is its strength. Take, for illustration, a bank note of the Bank of England. These notes are made by a peculiar process, which is known only to the English mints. The process is such as to make the linen fibre into the paper without destroying any of its strength. You can take a five pound note of the Bank of England and twist in your fingers into a kind of rope, and you can then suspend 329 pounds upon one end of it and not injure it in the slightest. Here is another article—a small kitchen or house truck on wheels, used for wheeling loads around the house. The sides and bottom of this are very thin, but made of finely compressed paper, and it is capable of bearing a weight of five tons. Bath tubs and pots are made in the same manner by compressing the paper made out of linen fibres and annealed—that is, painted over with a composition which becomes part of the paper and is fire-proof. The tubs will last forever, and never leak, or you can put them in the fire and they will not burn up. It is almost impossible to break them, as you can beat them with a hammer and not injure them in the least. A bust of President Garfield has been made of paper, and pressed over a mould and made very solid. In making such articles as these it requires but very little pressure. Plates are made of paper, compressed and annealed, and are also very durable; you can wash them and not injure them in the slightest or drop them on the floor and stand on them. Paper plates are cheaper and much handsomer than China ones, and will come into use. Knives and forks are made in the same manner as the others, by compressing the paper. The fork can be used for any practical purpose, and is as good a steel one, and the knife will last forever, and can always be kept sharp.

Another great use to which paper can be applied is to substitute it for any kind of wood. It is a growing complaint in this country that black walnut is getting very scarce, and furniture manufacturers are talking of substituting cherry and other woods for it. Picture frames made of paper and colored like walnut are so perfect that no one could detect them without cutting them. The paper makes a much harder and better piece of furniture than wood itself. A bedstead made of paper looks beautiful, and is everlasting. It is made in the same manner as the car wheels, only they are made out of long strips of paper instead of paper rings. Another very valuable article which can be made out of paper is a cooking or heating stove. These paper stoves are annealed, and it is impossible to burn them out, and they are much cheaper than iron. You can make a house out of paper, and one that will last forever, furnish it finely with paper furniture, make all the dishes, stoves, knives and forks, and all other articles in the house out of paper. A building like any of the great city printing offices, could be erected out of paper, only it would be much more durable. Another thing which can be made out of paper is a complete steam engine, which would do all the duties of a metal one and last longer. The fact of the matter is that there is not an article that cannot be made, and splendidly made, out of paper. The time it takes to transform a linen fibre into a fine car wheel or other article is twenty-nine hours. It will take some little time longer to make paper shoes and clothes.

Value of Field Sports.

From Forest and Stream.]

The will of the late Inslee A. Hopper, of Newark, N. J., who, for many years was President of the Singer Manufacturing Company, gives all his property to his wife, excepting his fishing tackle, guns and other sporting implements. These he bequeathed to his sons, expressing a desire that they will cultivate a love for field sports. Of the intrinsic value of the outfit we are not told; but the advice we know to be worth thousands of dollars to young men. There are lots of grayhaired veterans to-day who would not exchange pleasures found in field sports for a very valuable money consideration.

And those old 'grayhaired veterans' are the healthiest men in the world. Some people have very curious ideas about field sports They think if a man owns a gun and a dog he is of no account. If he goes fishing once in a while he is 'neglecting his business,' and 'will never amount to anything.' We can remember when it was considered by some of the old fogies almost a crime to own a dog. We believe in hunting and fishing, and a breath of the glorious fresh country air. We believe that the Lord never made men to spend their whole lives cooped up in close, musty stores, and dingy little offices, so absorbed in the business of money making that they absolutely shrivel up. Their sons come on; they keep them in school till their poor heads are literally stuffed with knowledge, then put them at some confining work, and then wonder why they are not healthy. If the youth asks for a gun, and says that he would like to go out sometimes and shoot a little, his father holds up his hands in horror, and tells him that he will never make a business man, and, referring him to some old yellow, dried up business man, who knows no God but money, and whose soul is so small that it would rattle around in a gnat's ear like a pea in a filled balloon, says: 'Look at Mr. Skinflint, *he* never hunted a day in his life.' If you have a boy give him a gun as soon as he is old enough to know how to load it properly, and a dog too if he wants it, and if he don't die and leave a vast estate for his children to wrangle over, he will have the satisfaction of having had some real pleasure. We know of some men who are actually afraid to let it be known that they hunt, 'for fear that the business men will think less of them.' Let the business men think what they please. If a man supports his family and pays his honest debts, whose business is it? If he wants to hunt let him hunt, and the same in regard to fishing. We love both and we don't care who knows it, and if we go shooting every day for the next seventeen years, its nobody's business but our own. There are a lot of wooden headed young squirts running around this town every night, who couldn't hit the court-house with a shot-gun unless somebody aimed it and put it in a vice for them, and yet they play dominoes and cards and even throw dice in an airy and graceful manner. Get one, when he is loquacious, i. e., loaded with beer, and ask him if he ever hunts or fishes, and he will tell you, 'Oh, no, pa says a man who hunts is no account.' If some of the 'pa's' around town would instil a little more love of honest manly sport, and of exercise in the good country air into the minds of their boys, they wouldn't wake up so often at midnight, and go down and find the night-key still set, and 'wonder where Johnny is.'

Habits of Application.

There is scarcely anything of greater importance to a young man than that he should acquire early the habit of regular application to some pursuit. Many persons who are not of an indolent nature live on, from day to day, from month to month, from year to year without accomplishing anything worth while. They wonder that others are successful, and they are not; that others progress and they remain stationary. The difficulty with them is that although they are not particularly averse to labor, they have never learnt how to work to advantage. They have never formed the habit of regular, systematic application. Desultory and merely impulsive efforts are attended by very insufficient and unsatisfactory results. The first requisite is to know what you want to accomplish. Have some purpose—some plan. Then see to it that the sun does not set on a day in which something has not been done to carry forward that plan—to promote that purpose.

Have, as far as possible, regular hours of work, and let no light interruption interfere with them. If you take a day's recreation, be sure that on the morrow you promptly resume your work, and give to it the benefit of refreshed strength and renewed vigor. At the end of every week, regularly review your work. Consider just how much you have accomplished. If you are satisfied with what you have done, it will bring to you a feeling of repose and content. If you find you should have done more, then make sure that the coming week shall show an improvement on the past. Finally, let nothing—no matter what—daunt or discourage you. Glory in a resolute and invincible will. If all the young men now coming on the stage would scrupulously observe these simple instructions, what an increase of success and of happiness there would be!

— Mr. Arthur Stradling publishes the following note on the offensive and defensive habits of animals: a serpant's first instinctive impulse of self-preservation, like that of every other animal, lies in escape. If surprised suddenly, or brought to bay at close quarters, it may be too terror-stricken to attempt flight; then it bites, following a curious general rule which seems to obtain throughout nearly the whole animal world, from a passionate child downward, no matter what the natural methods of offense may be. Young Felidæ will keep their talons sheathed until they have exerted all possible force with their soft milk teeth, and a lizzard will seize the hand which restrains it with its insignificant little jaws when its tail or claws might inflict far more injury. The Boidæ never use their constrictive powers in self-defense (unless they are gripped,) and it seems probable that if a venomous snake's fangs lay in its tail it would use its teeth when attacked before bringing them into play. Indeed, it must be remembered that very few animals are provided with exclusively defensive weapons, and that the python's enormous strength in constriction, the viper's poison apparatus, and the electric discharge of the gymnotus are given them primarily for the purpose of securing their food.

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