Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 5 BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST, 1 1877. NO. 15

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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

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.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $4.50; each continuation, $1.00; one month, $7.00; two months, $11.00; three months, 14.00; six months, $20.00; twelve months, $35.00.

A COLUMN.—First insertion, $8.00; each continuation, $2.00; one month, $12.00 two months, $18.00; three months, $25.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $70.00.

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

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against havin anything to do with a NOTE OF HAND made by the subscribers in December, 1876, in eight months, in favor of ROBERT GORDON, as said Note was obtained by misrepresentation, and we received no value and shall resist payment.

JOSEPH NIXON,
ANDREW NIXON.

Margaretville, July 4th, 1877 9i t21

NOTICE All persons having any legal demands against the estate of *JOSEPH EDWIN MORSE*, Carpenter, of Bridgetown, deceased, must render their accounts, duly attested to, within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

MARIA G. MORSE, admx.,
ISAAC P. MORSE, admr.

Bridgetown, April 25th, '77. 6m

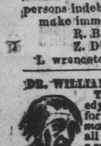
Notice. Notice.

ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the estate of JACOB DURLING Senr., late of Wilmot, Farmer, deceased, must render their accounts, duly attested to, within twelve months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested make immediate payment to

R. B. DURLING, } Administrators.
Z. DURLING. }

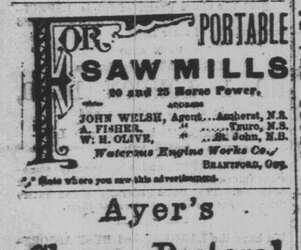
Lawrencetown, Jan. 24th, '77 6m n43 t17

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.



The Great English Remedy is an unfailing cure for *Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency*, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as *Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age*, and after taking many other diseases that lead to *Insanity* or *Consumption* and a *Premature Grave*. ☞ Price, $1 per package, or six packages, for $5, by mail free of postage. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. Address WM. GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

For sale by all Druggists. W. W. Chesley, Bridgetown, and Dr. L. R. Morse, Lawrencetown, Agents.



FOR PORTABLE SAW MILLS
20 and 25 Horse Power,
Also, AGENTS
JOHN WELSH, Agent....Amherst, N.S.
A. FISHER, " .....Truro, N.S.
W. H. OLIVE, " ...St. John, N.B.
Waterous Engine Works Co.,
BRANTFORD, ONT.

☞ State where you saw this advertisement.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

The reputation it has attained, in consequence of the marvellous cures it has produced during the past half century, is a sufficient assurance to the public that it will continue to realize the happiest results that can be desired. In almost every section of country there are persons, publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs, by its use. All who have tried it, acknowledge its superiority; and where its virtues are known, no one hesitates as to what medicine to employ to relieve the distress and suffering peculiar to pulmonary affections. CHERRY PECTORAL always affords instant relief, and performs rapid cures of the milder varieties of bronchial disorder, as well as the more formidable diseases of the lungs.

As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of Childhood, it is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued and restored to health.

This medicine gains friends at every trial, as the cures it is constantly producing are too remarkable to be forgotten. No family should be without it, and those who have once used it never will.

Eminent Physicians throughout the country prescribe it, and Clergymen often recommend it from their knowledge of its effects.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Avery, Brown & Co., Halifax
Wholesale Agents.

Sold by DR. DENNISON and W. W. CHESLEY, *Bridgetown N. S.*

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING

Monday, 7th of May, 1877.

HALIFAX TO ST. JOHN.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Express daily, 1st Class only.	Passengers and Freight, Mon, Wed, and Frid, only.	Pass. and Freight daily.
			A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
	Halifax—	Leave	8 00	9 15	3.30
8	Bedford	"	8 24	10 00	4 05
13	Windsor Jnctn.	"	8 35	10 35	4 30
26	Mount Uniacke	"	9 08	11 23	5 10
				P. M.	
36	Ellerhouse	"	9 35	12 02	5 43
39	Newport	"	9 43	12 15	5 55
45	Windsor	"	10 02	1 00	6 30
52	Hantsport	"	10 21	1 28	6 55
63	Wolfville	"	10 50	2 17	7 33
70	Kentville	"	11 25	3 25	
82	Berwick	"	11 56	4 26	
			P. M.		
87	Aylesford	"	12 09	4 45	
98	Wilmot	"	12 40	5 26	
101	Middleton	"	12 49	5 37	
107	Lawrencetown	"	1 05	5 59	
110	Paradise	"	1 14	6 10	
115	Bridgetown	"	1 28	6 28	
123	Roundhill	"	1 48	6 58	
129	Annapolis—Arrive		2 05	7 20	
190	St. John by Steamer		8 00	.....	

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Passengers and Freight daily.	Pass. and Freight, Tues, Thurs, & Frid, only.	Express Daily, 1st Class only.
			A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
	St. John by Steamer		.....	.....	8.00
					P. M.
0	Annapolis	Leave	.....	6 15	2 20
6	Round Hill	"	.....	6 40	2 36
14	Bridgetown	"	.....	7 05	2 55
19	Paradise	"	.....	7 26	3 07
22	Lawrencetown	"	.....	7 39	3 15
28	Middleton	"	.....	8 05	3 32
31	Wilmot	"	.....	8 17	3 0
42	Aylesford	"	.....	9 08	4 10
47	Berwick	"	.....	9 28	4 23
59	Kentville	"	6 30	11 15	5 45
66	Wolfville	"	6 57	11 41	5 26
				P. M.	
77	Hantsport	"	7 39	12 29	5 55
84	Windsor	"	8 20	1 15	6 17
90	Newport	"	8 42	1 40	6 33
93	Ellershouse	"	8 56	1 54	6 41
103	Mount Uniacke	"	9 50	2 36	7 07
116	Windsor Jnctn	"	10 40	3 45	7 45
121	Bedford	"	11 00	4 05	8 00
129	Halifax—Arrive		11 30	4 45	8 20

Express trains run daily, and when signalled, or when there are Passengers to set down, they will stop at all Stations.

Steamer "Empress" leaves St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 8 a. m., for Annapolis, and returns every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, on arrival of 8. a. m. Express train from Halifax.

Intercolonial Railway Trains leave Windsor Junction daily at 9 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 5. 12 p. m., and 7.15 p. m., for Truro, Pictou, Moncton, Quebec, Montreal, and all places West.

International Steamers leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8. a. m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.15 a. m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

Through Tickets at reduced fares by above routes to all parts of the United States and Canada, may be obtained at the Company's Office, 136 Kaffia Street, Halifax, at North Street Depot, and the principal Stations on the Railway.

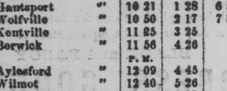
P. INNES, Manager.

Kentville, May 3rd, '77

Three Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "EMPRESS,"



For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.

Until further notice, Steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, returning every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains for and from Halifax and way stations.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class...$5.00
do do do 2nd class... 3.50
do. do. Annapolis..... 2.00
do. do. Digby..... 1.50
Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for *one week* (1st class.)..... 7.50

Return tickets to Clergyman and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
11 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., April 2nd '77.

STEAMER EMPRESS

AND THE

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

FREIGHTS for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendance at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7, a. m., and 6, p. m., daily, to receive Freight.

No freight received morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
ap18 Agents, 29 Dock Street.

GLASS! GLASS!

1000 Boxes GLASS, in all sizes, at cheap rates.

White Lead, Oils, Brushes,

Paper Hangings of all kinds,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL,

The trade supplied on reasonable terms at *22 Germain St.....St. John, N. B.*

BLAKSLEE & WHITENECK.
sept30 y

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX,

ANNAPOLIS AGENCY.

INTEREST allowed on Deposits. Drafts on New York, Boston, Montreal, St. John, and Halifax, at City rates.

STERLING EXCHANGE BOUGHT and SOLD.

COLLECTIONS MADE ON ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.

ALEX. SHEARER, Agent.

Jan. 10 n38 tf

MacFarlane & Adams

Forwarding & Commission MERCHANTS.

Agents for

Canada Paper Co.

HALIFAX, N. S.

Oct. 16th, '76. 6mn27

TWO CASES FINE FELT HATS Just Opening.

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, March 21st, 1877.

CARD.

Jno. B. Mills, Barrister, &c., &c.,

Bona Vista House,

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

ROYAL HOTEL.

(Formerly STUBBS')

146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

Opposite Custom House,

St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND.....PROPRIETOR.
sept '73 y

WILLIAM HILLMAN,

Silver and Brass Plater,

ELECTOR PLATER

in gold and silver.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF

CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS

No. 60 Charlotte St.....St. John, N. B

sept30 y

GILBERT'S LANE

DYE WORKS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

IT is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dying to make them look as good as new. *Carpets, Feathers, Curtains, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemens' Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c, &c,* dyed on reasonable terms. BLACK GOODS a specialty.

AGENTS.—Annapolis, W. J. SHANNON, Merchant; Digby, Miss WRIGHT, Millinery and Dry Goods.

may '76 A. L. LAW.

Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends that he is now in

BRIDGETOWN,

to fill engagements previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please not delay.

Jan. 10th '77. n36

☞ The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is **12,154**, being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the *City*. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is **10,200**, exceeding by **2,000** copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents **2,000** families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its Circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the *Star* has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly .....

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

CATARRH

CANNOT be cured by Snuffs, Washes, or Local Applications. Thousands of cases, some of forty years standing, have been entirely cured by CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY. For sale by all druggists. Send stamp for Treatise on Catarrh to

T. J. B. HARDING, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Five Years' Sickness Cured by Four Bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy. Pain in Shoulders, Back and Lungs, and Droppings in Throat Disappear.

ST. ANNAND, P. Q., Sept. 12, 1874.

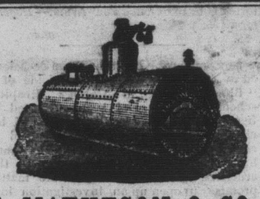
MR. T. J. B. HARDING.

DEAR SIR,—Being desirous that others may know something of the merits of your CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY, I wish to inform you what it has done for me. I am 35 years old; had been out of health for about five years. I had employed three or four different doctors, and tried various medicines, without receiving any permanent benefit, and continued rather to grow worse, until last fall, when I had become so bad as to be unable to do an hour's work at a time. Had severe soreness and pain under the shoulder blades and through the shoulders, with very lame back, and a feeling in my right lung as though there was a weight bearing it down, with continual dropping in the throat and down upon the lungs. Such was my condition when I commenced to take your Catarrh Remedy, one bottle of which eased my pains and gave me an improved appetite, and after taking four bottles I was restored to health, so as to be able to endure hard and continued labor, such as chopping and clearing land, at which I have been engaged the past season. My recovery I attribute solely with God's blessing, to the use of your Catarrh Remedy. Yours truly,

HENRY SNIDER

Price $1 per bottle.

ASK FOR LITTLEFIELD'S CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY AND TAKE NO OTHER.



J. MATHESON & CO.,

ENGINEERS

—AND—

BOILER MAKERS,

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Manufacturers of PORTABLE & STATIONARY

Engines and Boilers.

☞ Every description of FITTINGS for above kept in Stock, viz:—

Steam Pumps, Steam Pipe,
Steam and Water Guages,
Brass Cocks and Valves,
Oil and Tallow Cups.

dec5'76 n34 tf

FLANNELS

—AND—

BLANKETS!

WHITE LANCASHIRE FLANNELS;
WHITE MEDIUM do;
WHITE IMITATION WELSH;
WHITE do do fine;
WHITE ANTI-RHEUMATIC;
WHITE SAXONY UNION all wool;
WHITE SERGES, all wool;
WHITE PLAIDINGS;
SCARLET LANCASHIRE;
SCARLET MEDIUM do;
YELLOW LANCASHIRE;
GREEN do;
INDIGO BLUE, HEAVY, PLAIN;
INDIGO BLUE, TWILLED;
SCARLET SAXONY;
COLORED do;
CANADIAN ALL WOOL GREY;
AMERIC'N WHITE, GREY, SCARLET

BLANKETS!

WHITE, BROWN AND GREY,

FOR SALE BY

W. G. LAWTON,

Cor. King and Canterbury Streets, St. John, N. B.

October 1876.

MORSE & PARKER,

Barristers-at-Law,

Solicitors, Conveyancers,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. 1y

S. R. FOSTER & SON'S

STANDARD

Nail, Shoe Nail & Tack Works

ST. JOHN, N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1849.

(Formerly W. H. ADAMS' CITY NAIL WORKS.)

Orders solicited, prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. ap10

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

Having removed to the Store under the MONITOR OFFICE, and fitted the same up in Good Style, and put in a New Lot of

Watches Clocks, and Jewelry,

at Lower Prices than they could be obtained for some years past. We invite our old, and any new customers who may want such articles, to call and inspect our Stock and Prices, which we are determined to sell far below CITY PRICES, and invite all to call and see them. They consist of

WATCHES, CLOCKS,
TIMEPIECES,
Rings, Brooches, Earrings,
SLEEVE BUTTONS,
STUDS,
GOLD & PLATED CHAINS,
SPOONS, FORKS,
Spectacles, Purses, Charms, &c.

N. B.—OUR WATCH DEPARTMENT we make a speciality, and parties will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. REPAIRING done at short notice and warranted to give satisfaction.

J. E. SANCTON.

Bridgetown, Nov. 1st, '76. y

Poetry.

LORD, BE WITH ME ALL DAY LONG.

BY THE REV. J. CLARK.

Jesus, Saviour—Friend for ever,
Thou best guide and keep Thine own;
And Thy holiest servants never
Dare to take one step alone.
How can I, then, doubting, fearing,
Hope to reach the Better Land,
Unless Thou, with presence cheering,
Gently lead me by the hand?
See my helpless, sad condition—
Sin is powerful, foes are strong;
Hear with favor this petition,
Lord, be with me all day long.

Many times my sins have grieved Thee,
Much Thy pardoning grace I need;
And I've only half believed Thee.
Though thou art the Truth indeed.
Make my views of duty clearer,
Take my unbelief away;
Henceforth may I feel Thee nearer,
Dearer to my soul each day.
May I, through Thy gracious leadings,
Choose the right and shun the wrong;
O, regard Thy servant's pleadings,
Lord, be with me all day long.

Lord, Thy heart is kind and tender,
To the soul that longs for Thee:
And, in all Thy Kingly splendor,
Thou hast deigned to smile on me.
Joy increases, prospects brighten,
My glad heart is satisfied;
And the heaviest burdens lighten
When Thou'rt walking at my side.
Now I cannot seek my pleasure
In the world's vain thoughtless throng;
Thou art all my joy and treasure,
Lord, be with me all day long.

In affliction, pain, disaster,
May I hourly feel Thee nigh;
In the presence of the Master
I can suffer, I can die.
And the hardest toil is pleasant,
And the sorest pain is light,
Whilst I feel Thee, Saviour, present,
Strengthening me with inward might.
Give me love that will not doubt Thee,
Make my life one sweet, glad song;
Earth is dark and sad without thee,
Lord, be with me all day long.

Bridgetown, N. S,

Select Literature.

The Miser's Lesson.

Jonas Pray was born stingy; he hid his sweetmeats from his little brothers when he was a child, and smoked his cigars alone when he was a young man.

By the time he was forty, Jonas Pray was a very rich man, though he lived as plainly as ever, and somehow about that age the first tender feelings he had ever known crept into his heart. He fell in love with a buxom, good-tempered young woman named Sara Woolwich, and offered himself to her.

He was not an ill-looking man, and when he chose, could make himself agreeable.

Sara liked him and accepted him.

Jonas meant to be liberal to her at first, but after a brief honeymoon his old habits resumed their way, and, at last, the second winter of their married life coming on, Sara found that all her remarks about her shabby summer hat had no effect whatever, and that she might wait a long while without having such a thing as a comfortable cloak suggested to her.

She had been a poor girl, and had no trousseau to speak of, and she found it necessary to put her pride in her pocket and ask for what she needed.

It is hard enough for a wife to do that, but to be refused was something she had not calculated on.

She knew her husband had a bank account, that there was no reason she should not dress well. But when she had said, playfully—'Jonas, shall I buy myself some winter things to-day? I need a shawl dreadfully,' he had answered—'I thought you were too sensible a women to run after the fashions, Sara. I'm sure you have very decent things that you might wear a long while yet.'

'That shows how much men know,' Sara answered, determined to be pleasant and not show that she was hurt. 'You would not like your wife to look shabby?'

'Well, no,' said Jonas; 'no, but really, Sara, money is so scarce just now. Don't you think you might make what you have do a little longer?'

'How much longer?' she asked, quietly.

'Oh, I don't know,' said Jonas. 'I had an aunt who left me something when she died, who wore the same shawl and bonnet sixteen years, and boasted of it, too.'

His wife looked at him and said nothing.

'Economy is a great thing, Sara,' said Jonas, uneasily. 'It would be dreadful to die in the workhouse, you know; and you don't care for other people's admiration do you, Sara, when you know your Jonas likes you as well in your well-saved clothes? We won't call them 'shabby,' Sara, only well-saved.'

'Call them what you please,' Jonas,' said Sara. 'They merit both epithets.'

Her temper was rising fast, but she had sense enough to crush it down.

As she looked at him a little while, grief came instead of anger.

There was so much that was good about Jonas. It was terrible to see his canker creeping over it all; to see the pinched lines about his mouth, the anxious look in his eyes.

Poor Sara remembered the stories she had read of misers; how they starved themselves while they counted their gold.

Would Jonas grow to be as bad as these?

How could she tell?

She arose softly and went out of the room, and brought back her bonnet and shawl, and put them on the table before him.

'Jonas, dear,' she said, 'I don't want you to think me unreasonable. Look at these; see how shabby they are. They were nice when we were married, but they were cheap—cheap things fade so. I have made everything I had do for two years. I did not like to ask. I have not spent one penny of your money for clothes. You know you gave me two pairs of gloves in our honeymoon; I have them still.'

'What a good, careful girl,' said Jonas, caressing her dark hair, as she came and sat beside him.

'Yes, I have been careful. It is my nature to be careful,' said Sara. 'Few men's wives would have done so much. Now, look at these things, my dear.'

He looked at them long and lingeringly.

He knew his wife was reasonable, and that the things were, and long had been, unfit for her to wear.

But his money tugged at his heart-strings.

'Suppose you wear them one winter more, Sara,' he said. 'Just one.'

'The shawl is very thin,' she said. 'I shall catch cold again, as I did last winter.'

'Poor girl,' he said, softly, and crossed towards the desk where his cheque-book lay.

But the grip of the fiend that rules a miser's soul nipped him sorely as he did so.

The momentary impulse vanished.

Besides, a thought occurred to him.

'They wear sacques a good deal, Sara, don't they?' he said.

'Oh, they are very fashionable!' replied his wife.

'Then couldn't you make one of that old billiard-cloth that is in the trunk-room?' he said. 'My poor mother bought it, at auction. She meant to use it as a coverlet; but it's a very pretty green, don't you think, Sara, and such nice material!'

There is a limit to woman's patience.

This suggestion measured Sara's.

She started to her feet, and gathering up her bonnet and shawl, walked out of the room.

After a while his wife looked into the room with her old bonnet on, and her old shawl about her shoulder, and said—

'Jonas, I am going to spend the day with my sister-in-law.'

'I hope you'll enjoy yourself, my dear,' said Jonas.

He saw her eyes were heavy with weeping, and looked away, ashamed of himself.

Then he betook himself to his office, where he ground out his money, and, during the day, compromised with himself.

He would do no extravagant thing, but when he went home he would give his wife what was necessary.

And, after all, as he said to himself, it would have been better to have done it.

He had grieved her, and she was the only thing he loved on earth.

He went home earlier than usual that evening to make what amends his soul would consent to, and as he walked briskly along, being light upon his feet yet—for whoever heard of a miser growing fat?—he thought that he never again would bring tears to those good kind eyes.

Never, never again.

And then—what was that crowd?

People were coming his way, looking backwards as they came.

Men, boys, women, little children, all the riff-raff that accident, or a quarrel, or an arrest will collect in the streets; and now he was in the midst of the throng and close to four policemen, who, with set faces, marched in time, bearing between them a stretcher, on which lay a human form, covered with a shawl.

Jonas looked.

Oh, Heaven! he knew the pattern of that shawl. Only a few hours before its dingy palm leaves of yellow brown, its faded fringe, its shabby brown centre, had been spread out before him.

It was his wife's shawl.

'Stop, stop, stop!' he cried. 'Let me see her—let me see her!'

'Do you know her?' asked the policeman.

'Let me see her face,' said Jonas, growing so faint that a kindly man had to support him by the arm.

'You'd not know her face; a stone fell on her; it's crushed,' said the policeman. 'But shawls are alike. Keep up your courage. I don't think this any relation of yours; she is too shabby. Look at her shoes. See here, this is her bonnet. You don't know that?'

He held up a bonnet.

It was crushed.

But Jonas knew it.

The streaked purple ribbon, and a flower amongst the other flowers that had lost half its petals.

He had fingered it as it lay on the table beside him.

'Yes, I know it,' he cried. 'It's Sara. It's my wife.'

Then he pulled away the shawl from the face, and fainted outright. But as his senses left him, he heard some one say—

'His wife.'

And another answered—

'Like enough. They call him a miser. I know him. His name is Jonas Pray.'

They carried the poor woman home to Jonas Pray's old house, helping him to follow as he came to himself.

She was laid upon her bed, and there was a coroner's inquest, and women prepared her for burial, talking amonst themselves of the shame it was she, a rich man's wife, should be so clad.

Before the time came he had a cab called and went out in it.

He was driven to a large establishment, where he asked to see the manager, and was shown to his room.

The manager found him there, a pale, miserable object, trembling and faint, as one in a deep illness

'I want to buy a shawl,' he said.

'A shopman will attend to you, sir,' said the manager.

'No,' said Jonas; 'I am too ill, too broken to talk to the shopman. I can trust you. I want the costliest shawl you have.'

'A madman,' thought the manager. 'Our costliest is five hundred pounds,' said he, repressing a smile.

'Have it wrapped up for me?' said Jonas.

'Certainly, mad,' said the gentleman to himself.

But Jonas had drawn a cheque out from his breast pocket, and with trembling hand was filling up the blanks.

The manager examined them carefully.

'Mr. Jonas Pray,' he said more respectfully.

Then it flashed upon him that he had read that morning of a fatal accident to this man's wife.

It was a strange proceeding altogether.

Secretly he called others to look at his customer.

One knew him—financially it was all right.

'And the rest is none of our business,' said the manager, as he saw the bundle of splendor carried downstairs after Jonas Pray. 'They spoke of him as a miser in the paper. That's a pretty purchase for a miser.'

Meanwhile, Jonas drove home.

No sweet face smiled a greeting.

Within, it was silent.

Carrying the shawl under his arm, he went upstairs to the darkened room, where, under straight folds of white drapery, seemed to lay the sorrow of the house.

A watcher sat there,

He sent her away.

Then, alone in the room, he knelt down upon the floor.

'Sara,' he said. 'Sara, can you hear me? I loved you, Sara; but I was such a miser—such a miser. I have bought you a shawl at last. Oh, Sara, Sara; I've paid as much as I could for it, dear. You shall be wrapped in it in your coffin. I'll put it about you myself, Sara, Sara.'

He spread out the costly folds.

He lifted it in his hands.

A moment more he would have folded it about the dead form, but at that instant a voice cried—

'Oh, Jonas, Jonas, dear. Oh, my poor Jonas. My poor, poor Jonas.'

And turning, he saw his wife, either in spirit or the flesh, standing behind him.

His knees trembled under him. He cried out to Heaven to help him. But the figure came closer.

It was no ghost, but a living woman.

She took him in her arms.

'Oh, how ill you look,' she said. 'Did you really love me so? And it is all my fault. I went to my sister-in-law's, and there in a pet—oh, I was so angry, Jonas—I gave away my dress, my shawl, and my bonnet to a beggar woman—and vowed to sit in one of sister's dressing-gowns until you gave me decent clothes to come home in. And the poor women was killed two hours afterwards, and I never knew that she was taken for me until this morning. Oh, such a creature, my dear, the papers described her. And for a little while I was glad you had had a fright, but I am sorry now I was.'

For an answer he picked up the costly shawl and wrapped it about her, and took her, folded in it like a mummy, to his heart again.

'The miser is dead,' he said. 'But Jonas Pray will show his wife how he can cherish her.'

He did; and, if ever afterwards Sara detected symptoms of a relapse, all she had to do was to to wrap herself in her wonderful shawl.

The sight of it inevitably recalled the moment when he learnt how little after all is the value of money, and realized in agony of soul that his greed had brought down upon him the contempt of his fellow men, and for a time wrecked his happiness and almost his reason.

He may indeed love his money yet; but he knows that he loves Sara more.

☞ Two horses were recently killed by lightning near Dansville, Livingston County, N. Y., and a very curious story is told by the owner, Mr. Smith, concerning their death. He was on a grain-drill in a field, and a hired man was almost twelve rods from him dragging. Suddenly Smith heard the noise of thunder, and became unconscious. The hired man also heard the noise, but neither of them saw any flash of lightning. The man went to Smith, and in about twenty minutes he was restored to consciousness. Then attention was given to the horses. One of them was standing erect, and one foot lifted a little way from the earth, and the other was kneeling with his nose in the earth, and both were stone dead, and retained their positions until they were pushed over. Mr. Smith finds his health seriously affected by the shock he received, and it is doubtful if he ever entirely recovers from it. The supposition is that in this case the electricity went from the earth to the sky, instead of from the sky to the earth.

LANGUAGE OF BOOKS.

Nothing more beautifully furnishes a house than books.

The plainest row of books is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately-carved sideboard.

Give us a home furnished with books rather than furniture—both, if you can, but books at any rate.

To spend several days at a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting on luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, as if you were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind.

Books are the windows through which the soul looks out.

A house without them is a house without windows.

No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them.

It is a wrong to his family.

Children learn to read through being in the presence of books.

The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it; and the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitements of passion and vice.

A LEGEND OF TASHKENT.

There was once a queen, Shirin Hatun, of great beauty, who lived on the farther side of the Syr Darya.

She had two lovers, one a Tadjik, and the other an Uzbek named Ferhat.

Both were persistent, and, as she was at a loss which to choose, and old women counselled her to give them some difficult work, and to marry the one who succeeded.

She therefore commanded them to dig a canal through the Famished Steppe.

Ferhat, a strong, stalwart fellow, with a simple and straightforward nature, took his spade and dug away all day, trying to turn the channel of the river, and thus formed the cataracts at Bigavat.

The Tadjik, crafty and full of expedients, plaited a wicker of reeds and laid it on the ground across the steppe.

Early in the morning the sun's rays, reflected from the shining reeds, made them appear like a stream of water, Shirin Hatun thereupon called for the Tajik and married him.

When the Uzbek learned of the deception that had been practiced upon him, he was in despair, and threw his spade high up in the air, so that, as it came down, it cut off his head with a single stroke.