FARMERS

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Kings and Annapolis,

are respectfully requested to send their

Berries, Fruit, Butter, Eggs,

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FULTON, FOSTER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Halifax, N. S.

Who guarantee Best Prices and Prompt Returns.

New Goods,

—AT—

R. D. BEALS'

—Comprising—

DRY GOODS,

MILLINERY,

Ready Made Clothing,

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS and SHOES,

Crockery ware.

SHELF HARDWARE.

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TIN WARE, ETC.

EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT ON ALL LINES.

Eggs for Goods or Cash.

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Nictaux Falls, May 9th, '87.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

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IN CLOTHING?

IF SO,

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Suitings and Trouserings,

WHICH I WILL SELL FOR CASH AT PRICES THAT WILL ASTONISH YOU.

H. J. BANKS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Murdoch's Block, ... Up Stairs.

Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given that L. S. Bowlby, J. Haddon Balcom, and Ernest L. Balcom, of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, doing business under the name, style and firm of BOWLBY BALCOM & CO., Lumber Manufacturers, has, by deed of assignment, dated the 31st day of August, 1888, assigned to us all their property in trust for the general benefit of their creditors, subject to certain preferential claims. Creditors desiring to execute the same must do so within forty days from the date thereof, said deed lies at our office where the same may be inspected and executed by creditors.

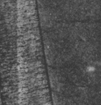
Dated at Lawrencetown, this 31st day of August, 1888.

L. R. MORSE,
ALEX. OSWALD,
Assignees.

NOTICE.—The above mills of Bowlby, Balcom & Co., will be run as usual until further notice.

L. R. MORSE,
ALEX. OSWALD,
22tf Assignees.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.



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I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine

JOHN Z. BENT.

Bridgetown, Dec. 1885.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent. United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882.—

John Ervin,

Barrister and Attorney at Law,

OFFICE, COX'S BUILDING,

63mpd BRIDGETOWN

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 16. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1889. NO. 45.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars.

All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2116, Boston, Mass.

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LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

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HEADSTONES, Etc.

Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.

Drysdale & Hoyt Bros.,

OPPOSITE RINK, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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EXECUTOR'S SALE!

To be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION, on the premises in Clarence, in the County of Annapolis, on

Tuesday, February 19th,

next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon,

BY virtue of a license to sell, granted on the fifty day of January, A. D., 1889, by the Judge of Probate for the County of Annapolis, all the right, title and interest of the late James E. Munroe, of Granville, in the County aforesaid, deceased, in and to the farm on which he lived at the time of his death, bounded and described as follows:—

On the north by land of James Hall on the top of the North Mountain, so called, on the east by lands of Brenton Griffin, on the south by lands of Arthur Brown, and on the west by lands of Charles and John Saunders, containing by estimation one hundred and fifty acres, more or less, together with all and singular the house, barns, buildings, easements, privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging, or in any wise appertaining.

TERMS.—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of deed.

DORA C. MUNROE, Executrix,
HOWARD I. MUNROE, Executor.

Clarence, January 14th, A. D., 1889. 41tm

For Sale,

AT LAWRENCETOWN.

THE property whereon stood the dwelling house occupied by Mrs. J. K. Ritchie, before its destruction by fire. Also the Building now occupied by owner, and Barn. The property can be bought in lots or altogether. Also an almost new

Newcombe Piano, Carriage, Sleigh, and Stoves of different kinds.

Apply to MRS. J. K. RITCHIE.

NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of DANIEL MESSENGER, late of Wilmot, in the County of Annapolis, Farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

ELIZA MESSENGER,
HENRY MESSENGER, } Administrators.

J. H. G. PARKER, Proctor of Estate. 3m

NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of J. Stewart Leonard, late of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

ANNIE E. LEONARD, Executrix.

Paradise, January 12th, 1889. 3m

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Winter Service.

Boston and Nova Scotia

—: VIA :—

The Yarmouth Route

FOR BOSTON.

Direct Route and Shortest Sea Voyage.

The Favorite Sea-going Steamship

"DOMINION,"

S. F. STANWOOD, Master.

Leaves Yarmouth for Boston every SATURDAY, p. m., on the arrival of W. C. Railway train.

Leaves Lewis' Wharf, Boston, for Yarmouth every TUESDAY, at 10 a. m., making close connection with the W. C. and W. A. Railways and Davison's Coach Line Thursday morning.

For through tickets and general information apply to any of the agencies of this Company, or to the W. & A. and W. C. Railways, Capt. Geo. E. Corbitt, S. S. Evangeline, Annapolis, or to

L. E. BAKER,
President and Managing Director.
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FLOUR,
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STOVES, PLOWS,
HORSE CLOTHING,

Harnesses made to Order.

REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

N. H. PHINNEY.

Nov. 19th, 1888.

H. H. BANKS,

PRODUCE COMMISSION AGENT,

Parker Market Building,

Halifax, N. S.

—ALL KINDS OF—

Farm Produce Sold on Commission.

$50 PER MONTH

AND all expenses paid. We want men, women, girls and boys in every Town, Village and Hamlet in Canada, to take hold of a light, agreeable and perfectly honorable employment. It will cost you nothing to give it a trial. Send for circular.

Address, W. H. ROBERTSON,
6it48 Peterborough, Ont.

To Loan!

MONEY on Real Estate Security.

J. G. H. PARKER,
Solicitor.

Bridgetown, Oct. 27th, '87. tf

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

The All-Kind Mother.

Lo, whatever is at hand
Is full meet for the demand;
Nature oftimes giveth best
When she seemeth charliest.
She hath shapen shower and sun
To the need of every one—
Summer bland and winter drear,
Dimpled pool and frozen mere.
All thou lackest she hath still,
Near thy finding and thy fill,
Yield her fullest faith, and she
Will endow thee royalty.

Loveless weed and lily fair
She attendeth here and there—
Kindly to the weed as to
The form lily teared with dew.
Each to her hath use as dear
As the other: an thou clear
Thy cloyed senses thou may'st see
Haply all the mystery.
Thou shalt see the lily get
Its divinest blossom; yet
Shall the weed's tip bloom no less
With the song-bird's gleefulness.

Thou art poor, or thou art rich—
Never lightest matter which;
All the glad gold of the noon,
All the silver of the moon,
She doth lavish on thee, while
Thou withholdest any smile
Of thy gratitude to her.
Baser used than usurer,
Shame be on thee an thou seek
Not her pardon, with hot cheek,
And bowed head, and brimming eyes,
At her merciful "Arise!"

—*James Whitcomb Riley, in the Century.*

Select Literature.

A Narrow Escape.

BY JAMES MORRIS, JR.

The trial was ended. The verdict of the jury had been 'guilty of murder in the first degree,' and the gray-haired judge, in trembling tones, had solemnly pronounced the sentence 'to be hanged by the neck until dead.'

The evidence had been purely circumstantial. A few months before the date of our story, the cashier of the First National Bank in the small city of Newarkville, had been murdered and the bank robbed, and the crime had evidently been committed by some one familiar with the interior of the building.

Suspicion at once rested upon one of the clerks, a man about forty years of age, by the name of Preston. He was the last man who had seen Holcomb, the cashier, alive, and, upon search being made, a portion of the missing banks notes was found in a false compartment at the bottom of his desk, which was discovered by the book keeper, who seemed to take delight in unearthing all the evidence possible. Noted legal counsel had been engaged on both sides, and the trial was one of great interest; but owing to the complete chain of circumstantial evidence, which had been wound around the prisoner, the verdict was a foregone conclusion. And this was the end—'to hang by the neck until dead.'

At the close of the trial, the only son of the condemned, a sturdy, well-grown young man of eighteen, led his almost fainting mother from the court room. Strenuous efforts were made to have the sentence commuted to imprisonment for life, but to no avail.

Three months sped swiftly by, and the time for the execution was drawing near, when the town was again startled by an event unprecedented in the history of the place—the mysterious abduction of the only daughter of the murdered cashier, a lovely young girl of about seventeen years of age.

Ronald Preston, the son of the prisoner, who firmly believed in his father's innocence, had been searching in vain for some clew to the real perpetrators of the crime, and now, here was another incentive to diligence—the task of finding the abductors, and rescuing his betrothed—for Ronald Preston and sweet Minnie Holcomb had been all in all to each other for the past few years, and only waited until they were a little older before joining their fortunes for life.

Ronald had no doubt but that the murder and the abduction were committed by the same person or persons, and worked himself into a perfect fever in his vain efforts to find a clew. But here he was on the afternoon before the execution, just as far from success as ever.

Weary and heartsick, he started out for a long tramp, hoping by physical exertion to cool his fevered brain.

Mechanically, and by no will of his own, his steps led him toward the cliff, which rose in some places almost perpendicularly out of the sea.

Once only did he stop, and then it was to read this notice, which was posted in a conspicuous spot:

'$1000 REWARD!'

'The above reward will be paid for any information leading to the capture of a gang of counterfeiters, who are believed to have their hiding place in this vicinity.'

Suddenly his attention was attracted by a faint, far away cry, seeming to come from the earth beneath him. He sprang to his feet and listened with breathless attention for a repetition of the sound. Once again came the cry, fainter than before; but this time the ear of love could not be deceived; and Ronald recognized the voice of the one who was dearer to him than life itself.

The thought that he was near her, and that she needed his protection, sent the youth's blood up to the boiling point. But where did the sound come from? Where should he search? These were the questions that rushed through his mind, when suddenly, like an inspiration, came the remembrance of an old cave, which he had often visited in younger days, and which had two entrances, one at the top of the cliff, and the other about half way down the side.

With hope cheering his heart, and bringing a new light to his eyes, he began a hasty but thorough search, and was rewarded by finding the mouth of the cave, which was stopped up with stones and rubbish. He was about to give up the search in that direction when his eye caught some marks on the rock at the edge, which looked as if made by the nails in a boot heel.

Satisfied now that he was on the right track, he was stooping over to force his way into the cave, when he was suddenly seized from behind, and a voice which sounded strangely familiar to him, hissed in his ear:

'You shall pay dearly for your curiosity, curse you!'

As his captor began to drag him backwards, Ronald, who had been quiet thus far, from sheer surprise, suddenly bent his head and seized one of the villain's fingers in his teeth, and bit it to the bone.

With a howl of pain he loosened his grasp on his captive.

This was the opportunity Ronald was looking for, and with a dexterous movement, he broke away and faced his antagonist; but the recognition almost knocked him over, for in that face, with the livid scar on the left cheek, he beheld no other than Joseph Thornton, the book keeper, who had been one of the principal witnesses against his father, and like a flash came the thought that this was the man who had murdered Mr. Holcomb and abducted Minnie.

But he did not have much time for thought, for Thornton was on him again like a tiger, knowing full well that if Ronald should escape, it was all up with him.

Ronald was no mean antagonist, for what he lacked in weight and muscle he made up in agility. It was a desperate struggle, and, as they swayed back and forth, their short breathing showed that both were becoming exhausted.

During their efforts to gain the mastery, they had unconsciously worked toward the edge of the cliff, and now were on the very verge of it, a fact which Thornton suddenly noticed with a cry of exultation; and, with one supreme effort, he forced Ronald to his knees. For one dizzy moment he held him suspended on the very edge, and then with a desperate shove pushed him over.

Ronald's heart had gone up in prayer during that awful moment when he realized his danger, but as he felt himself falling, one despairing shriek left his lips, and then he became unconscious.

Fortunately for him the descent was more gradual than in other places, and partially covered with underbrush so that, after falling about thirty or forty feet, he lodged in a thick clump of bushes, a fact that was not noticed by his late antagonist above, who had rushed from the spot as soon as Ronald had disappeared from sight.

Just how long he lay there Ronald did not know, but he was aroused at last, by a sharp dash of rain in his face, and, raising himself to a sitting posture, as well as his bruised and aching limbs would permit, he gazed around him with bewildering stare.

At first, he could hardly comprehend where he was, but as he glanced at the height above him, it all rushed over his mind with stunning force—the cry, his search, the encounter, his fall. And now, he must set his wits to work to find some way out of his predicament. As he lay there, pondering this subject, the faint sound of voices in conversation came to his ear, and soon two men passed along a narrow path, which Ronald had not noticed before, so close to his place of refuge that he could almost have stretched forth his hand and touched them.

'You say, Thornton, that it must have been along here somewhere, that you pushed the boy over? Might he not have lodged in some of those bushes up there?' and the speaker stopped as if he had some intention of making a search.

Ronald's heart leaped into his throat, for, if they found him now, they would make short work of him; but his fears were relieved by the words of Thornton:

'No danger of that, Jim; he is food for the fishes down there by this time. I gave him too hard a push for him to land anywhere but at the bottom. But to change the subject; how has the girl behaved since I was here last? Has she got over her tantrums yet?'

'No,' replied Jim, 'she is as stubborn as the devil. Can't do anything with her.'

'Never mind; I'll tame her when she is my wife, and that she shall be this very night. I suppose she is love-sick now after that young Preston. But, by the way, Jim, you are going to the execution to-day?'

'Execution to-day!' The words fell like a thunderbolt on Ronald's ear. If this was the day of the execution, then he must have lain there in a stupor all night. But it surely must be a mistake, and he eagerly awaited the answer of the other, expecting that he would correct Thornton's mistake. But he did not. Instead, he simply said:

'No; I guess not. I don't believe it would do very healthy for me there if I should be recognized. You got the father and son out of the way very nearly at the same time, to say nothing of Holcomb, the cashier. Hey, Thornton?'

'Oh, shut up, Jim, and let that rest,' said Thornton, as he glanced nervously around him, as if fearful that even the rocks had ears.

Ronald's blood was boiling. To hear these villains coolly talking about the execution of an innocent man—his own father—and to think that he himself must lie there perfectly helpless, was exasperating in the highest degree.

It seemed as if the two men never intended to move on, but at last Thornton rose to his feet, and looking at his watch, he said:

'Well, in one hour and a half, the only man beside yourself, who knows my secret will be dead, and then I shall breathe freely once more. But come on; I want to take a look at my caged beauty this morning.'

Waiting till they had disappeared around a turn in the path, Ronald turned his attention to the task of getting out of his awkward position. There seemed to be only one way to accomplish this, and that was to climb up the way he had come down. But could he do it? Ah! but he must. The thought of his father's danger, and his affianced wife in the hands of the villain Thornton nerved him to the task before him.

Slowly, very slowly he moves upward, and at last, after what seemed to him an age, but which in reality is only about a half an hour, he finds himself at the top of the declivity. But, look! The last bush he takes hold of is slowly giving way under his weight, and it seems as if he must surely fall back again. But, with a desperate effort, he seizes a stout bush that grows on top of the bank, and draws himself once more upon level footing, where he lies panting and exhausted, and almost unable to rise.

But he must not give way like this. His father's life depends upon his exertions for the next half hour. One half hour—and four miles to travel. Pulling his aching muscles together, and setting his teeth hard, he started off on a sharp run.

The hour for the execution has come. The doomed prisoner is led forth, breathing once more, and for the last time, God's pure, fresh air, and feasting his eyes upon the beauties of nature.

Onward with a steady step, he walked to the foot of the scaffold, into the presence of the assembled multitude—for the execution was to be made public.

Without a tremor, and with a calmness born of peace with God, and a consciousness of his own innocence, he allows his gaze to rest for a moment upon the instrument of death, then on the expectant crowd.

Not a sound is heard as he mounts the steps of the scaffold, the sheriff and his deputy on either side of him.

Upon reaching the scaffold he was given permission to say a word of farewell, and stepping forward he said:

'Friends and neighbors: It is hard for an innocent man to die this ignominious death, for life is sweet to all, and we cling to it to the end. But God knows best. Farewell.'

He then turned and told the sheriff that he was ready, and the final preparations were made.

His arms were pinioned behind his back; his ankles were strapped together; the black cap and deadly noose were carefully adjusted, and the sheriff stands ready to spring the fatal trap. One minute more and all will be over.

But listen! What means that shout? Every eye turns in the direction from whence it comes.

See! a figure comes rushing down the hill, dusty, wild-eyed, and evidently completely exhausted; but stopping for nothing, he rushes through the crowd, which opens to let him pass, up to the very foot of the scaffold, and with the cry 'He is saved! he is innocent! I have found the guilty one,' exhausted nature gives way, and our hero sinks down in a dead faint.

Kind hands lifted him up and carried him into the nearest house, while the sheriff released his prisoner and led him back to his cell to await the outcome of this interruption.

It was over an hour before Ronald was sufficiently recovered to tell his story, to which all listened with undisguised amazement.

A posse of twenty stout, well-armed men was soon formed, but, as they wished to take Ronald along as a guide, they were forced to wait until he had sufficiently recovered for that purpose.

Consequently, it was dark when they reached the cliffs, and some of the men doubted that they would be able to find the right place. But Ronald had marked it well, even in his excitement, and was able to guide the men directly to the spot.

A long, stout rope was then produced, and, tying it around his waist, Ronald was carefully lowered into the black depths. It was necessary for him to go first, so as to locate the path before the others came down.

After some search he found the clump of bushes that probably saved his life, and then gave two quick jerks on the rope, as a signal for the rest to descend.

Five of the men were left at the top as a guard, and the rest were quickly lowered to Ronald's side.

After listening for some moments to make sure that their movements had not been noticed by any one, they silently and cautiously moved up the rocky path, which was so steep in some places as to render the ascent very difficult.

After proceeding in this way for some time, they came to the mouth of a large cavern. Entering cautiously into the thick blackness, they moved slowly onward for a short distance, when suddenly a thrilling sight burst upon their gaze.

The cave here made a sudden bend at almost right angles with the outer entrance, and beyond this point widened out into a magnificent chamber, the whole scene being lighted by the glare of a dozen torches.

Around the sides of the room lounged half a dozen rough-looking, roughly-clad men. But it was a group of three in the centre of the apartment that riveted the gaze of those standing in the outer darkness.

A tall, well-dressed man, whom all instantly recognized as Thornton, the book keeper, was supporting a beautiful girl, who appeared to be nearly fainting with fear. In front of, and facing them, stood an aged, gray-haired man, who held an open book, from which he had just been reading or was about to read.

Our friends were still standing where they had so suddenly stopped, when the old man, who was evidently a minister, uttered this sentence:

'If any one has aught to say why this man and woman should not be joined in the bonds of wedlock, let them now speak, or forever hold their peace.'

These words broke the spell.

With a bound like an enraged lion, Ronald sprang forward, and, with one blow from the butt of his revolver, felled Thornton like a log to the floor, at the same time catching the fainting form of his darling Minnie in his arms. It was some time before she regained consciousness; but Ronald's kisses and endearing names prevailed at last, and she opened her sweet, blue eyes, and smiled into his face.

The members of the gang were overpowered and secured without any bloodshed. A thorough search was then made, resulting in the finding in another apartment a complete set of engraver's tools, dies, etc., and also a large number of five dollar bills, so many of which had recently been put into circulation, and which were so perfect that they could hardly be detected from the genuine. This explained to Ronald the notice he had read the day previous; and he will add right here that he received the $1000 reward offered for information leading to the capture of this gang.

The entire party then followed the windings of the cave, which gradually ascended, and soon emerged into the open air on top of the cliff, and the prisoners were then conveyed to the jail.

The next day Thornton made a full confession. He acknowledged having murdered Mr. Holcomb, robbed the bank, and then placed the bank note in Preston's desk, in order to arouse suspicion against him. His spite against Preston arose from having been caught by him in some crooked work a short time before.

On this confession, the judge who had sentenced Preston gave an order for his release.

Thornton was sentenced to be hanged, but died of consumption a week before the time set for his execution.

The rest of the counterfeiters were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment at hard labor.

A year later there was a grand wedding, the bride and groom being our friends, Minnie and Ronald, and in later years their children were never tired of hearing the story of mother's and Grandpa Preston's narrow escape.

The Exiles' Begging Song.

George Kennan in the December *Century* writes of life on the great Siberian road, and describes the following incident: 'I shall never forget the emotions roused in me by this song when I heard it for the first time. We were sitting, one cold, raw, autumnal day, in a dirty post station on the great Siberian road, waiting for horses. Suddenly my attention was attracted by a peculiar, low-pitched, quavering sound which came to us from a distance, and which, although made apparently by human voices, did not resemble anything that I had ever before heard. It was not singing, nor wailing for the dead, but a strange blending of all three. It suggested vaguely the confused and commingled sobs, moans and entreaties of human beings who were being subjected to torture, but whose sufferings were not acute enough to seek expression in shrieks or high-pitched cries. As the sound came nearer we went out into the street in front of the station house and saw approaching a chained party of about a hundred bare-headed convicts, who, surrounded by a cordon of soldiers, were marching slowly through the settlement, sing the 'exiles' begging song.' No attempt was made by the singers to pitch their voices in harmony, or to pronounce the words in unison; there were no pauses or rests at the ends of the lines; and I could not make out any distinctly marked rhythm. The singers seemed to be constantly breaking in upon one another with slightly modulated variations of the same slow, melancholy air, and the effect produced was that of a rude fugue, or of a funeral chant, so arranged as to be sung like a round or catch by a hundred male voices, each independent of the others in time and melody, but all following a certain scheme of vocalization, and taking up by turns the same dreary, wailing theme. The words were as follows:

Have pity on us, O our fathers!
Don't forget the unwilling travelers,
Don't forget the long imprisoned.
Feed us, O our fathers—help us!
Feed and help the poor and needy!
Have compassion, O our fathers!
Have compassion, O our mothers!
For the sake of Christ, have mercy
On the prisoners—the shut-up ones
Behind walls of stone and gratings,
Behind oaken doors and padlocks,
Behind bars and locks of iron,
We are held in close confinement.
We have parted from our fathers,
From our mothers;
We from all our kin have parted,
We are prisoners;
Pity us, O our fathers!

'If you can imagine these words, half sung, half chanted, slowly, in broken time and on a low key, by a hundred voices, to an accompaniment made by the jingling and clashing of chains, you will have a faint idea of the 'Miloserdnaya,' or exiles' begging song. Rude, artless, and inharmonious as the appeal for pity was, I had never in my life heard anything so mournful and depressing. It seemed to be the half-articulate expression of all the grief, the misery, and the despair that had been felt by generations of human beings in the etapes, the forwarding prisons, and the mines.

'As the party marched slowly along the muddy street between the lines of gray log houses, children and peasant women appeared at the doors with their hands full of bread, meat, eggs, or other articles of food, which they put into the caps or bags of the three or four shaven-headed convicts who acted as alms-collectors. The jingling of chains and the wailing voices of the exiles grew fainter and fainter as the party passed up the street, and when the sounds finally died away in the distance and we turned to reenter the post station, I felt a strange sense of dejection, as if the day had suddenly grown colder, darker, and more dreary, and the cares and sorrows of life more burdensome and oppressive.'

LIBEL ON PROSPEROUS FARMERS.—*Plainview*, Special Telegram, Jan. 17.—An article appeared in the Minneapolis *Evening Journal* of the 16th inst., which says many of the Wabasha county farmers are in destitute circumstances: that they will not be able to put in the coming crop, as they have no seed or money to purchase same. This is a base fabrication in every particular. Wabasha county is noted for its well-to-do farmers.

A Boon and a Blessing.

A boon and a blessing to mankind is Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the great pain destroyer and healing remedy for external and internal use. Yellow Oil cures all aches and pains, rheumatism, lame back, sore throat, croup, deafness, cramps, contracted cords and lameness. Procure it of your druggist.

"Try Ayer's Pills"

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout. Stephen Lansing, of Yonkers, N. Y., says: "Recommended as a cure for chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Gout. If every victim of this disease would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land. These words would be—'Try Ayer's Pills.'"

"By the use of Ayer's Pills alone, I cared myself permanently of rheumatism which had troubled me several months. These Pills are at once harmless and effectual, and, I believe, would prove a specific in all cases of incipient

Rheumatism.

No medicine could have served me in better stead."—C. C. Rock, Corner, Avoyelles Parish, La.

C. F. Hopkins, Nevada City, writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for sixteen years, and I think they are the best Pills in the world. We keep a box of them in the house all the time. They have cured me of sick headache and neuralgia. Since taking Ayer's Pills, I have been free from these complaints."

"I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

—The following brief summary of the most rational and simple antidotes to the commoner forms of poison in daily use by artists and artisans has been compiled for the American Analyst by Dr. Francis Wyatt, and it will be seen that he has suggested the most appropriate to be applied in any emergency pending the arrival, or in the total absence of a skilled medical practitioner. It is probable, adds the analyst, that even the latter may be grateful to us for suggestions which might otherwise escape him in the hurry of the moment, and, in any case, they cannot fail to be useful, at some time or other, to a large number of people in all the relations and conditions of life. The antidotes are printed opposite the poisons, so as to be quickly indicated in emergency and the whole article here given may be cut out and pasted in a convenient place reading reference:—

POISONS.	ANTIDOTES.
1st.—Acid—Carbolic, sulphuric, nitric, muriatic, nitro-muriatic, creosote, iodine, phosphorus.	White of eggs well beaten up with water. A teaspoonful of mustard flour in a cup of hot water. Very thick lime water (in the case of sulphuric, nitric, muriatic or nitro-muriatic acids.)
2nd.—Chronic acid, chromates, all preparations or compounds of chromium, antimony, copper, mercury or zinc.	Abundance of white of egg in water. A teaspoonful of mustard flour in water. Copious draughts of an infusion of salt herbs.
3rd.—Ammonia, soda, potash, alkaline silicates and sulphates.	Strong vinegar and water. Large doses of oil. Large doses of milk.
4th.—Prussic acid and its salts, all cyanides and sulpho-cyanides, oil of bitter almonds and nitro benzine	Continuous and heavy douches of ice cold water over the head and spinal column. Mustard plasters on the stomach and soles of the feet. Prevent sleep.
5th.—Ether petroleum, benzine, fruit essence, concentrated or absolute alcohol,	Plenty of mustard flour in large quantity of hot water. Cold water douches. Fresh air. Prevent sleep absolutely.
6th.—Compounds of baryta and lead.	A teaspoonful of mustard flour in warm water. Strong solution of Epsom salts and Glauber salts in cold water.
7th.—Compounds of arsenic.	A teaspoonful of mustard flour in warm water. A teaspoonful of dialyzed iron mixed with the same quantity of calcined magnesia, every five minutes for one hour. Then plenty of oil, or milk, or some mucilaginous tea—say linseed.
8th.—Oxalic acid and its salts.	Very thick paste of lime and water by large spoonfuls at the time. After several of these, large draughts of lime water. Finally four ounces castor oil.
9th.—Nitrate of silver.	Large doses of ordinary kitchen salt dissolved in water, after which one teaspoonful of mustard flour in warm water.
10th.—Nitrous fumes or vapors, arising in vitriol or acetic acid chemical works.	Frequent and small doses of strong acetic acid—the stronger the better.

ALAS! TOO TRUE.—A friend was spending the day with me the other day, and while she was here our pastor called. After he left the friend said: 'Did you ever notice with what respect Mr. Conrad speaks of his wife and how courteously he treats her at all times?' I nodded assent, and my friend went on: 'I suppose my husband is as good a man as ever lived, but his mother did not train him to be courteous to ladies. His sisters were his slaves, and there he is spoiled as a husband. I wish I could train several hundred boys to be husbands for the next generation. Do you suppose they'd consider it their prerogative to drive the girls out of the easiest chair, take the sunniest corner of the room, the best place by the light, throw books, papers or slippers down for some one to put away, and grow up with the idea that a wife must be the valet, and the rest of the household stand respectfully by to obey orders?' You smile, but this is anything but a subject to laugh over.

'I really believe husbands never think how their unkind ways hurt. They don't realize the difference to us—for instance in their manner when they come to dinner. All day the wife has been alone with the children and servants, and is more hungry for a kind word from her husband than an epicurean feast. He comes in just as the dinner bell rings. 'For a wonder dinner is once ready on time,' the husband says. Couldn't he have saved the heart stab by saying a 'That's a pleasant sound to a hungry fellow,' and what hinders him from adding, what would be milk and honey to a weary soul all the rest of the day—nay, all the rest of her life—'You are a good wife, Cornelia.' And if dinner is not quite ready why need he say, 'Of course not; never is.' In working mottoes for the home why hasn't some one taken Wesley's remarks: 'I'd as soon swear as fret,' instead of hanging up 'I Need Thee Every Hour.'

'When I think I have a hard time I just think of the women who have no servants, but who themselves care for the children, wash, iron, cook, mend, churn, milk, carry wood and water, all for less than an Irish servant girl's wages. Of course men appreciate their wives, of course they do, but they keep their polite manners and courteous ways for other men's wives. One day James thanked me for saving him room beside me at a concert, and then sort of apologized for being polite by saying he thought it was my sister Mary.—*Atlanta Constitution.*