BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

SIRS,—I sell more Opeleka Cough Mixture than all other kinds put together. I a sure you that it gives perfect satisfaction in every case.

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 19. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1891. NO. 6.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
Barrister and Solicitor.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia
Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

Professional Cards.

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

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

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - N. S.
Office over A. W. Phinney's Store.

FREDERICK PRIMROSE, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Dentistry a Specialty.

L. G. deBLOIS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, . . . N. S

G. E. BARNABY, M.D.
(GRADUATE OF HARVARD, 1872.)
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.
House Residence for the present: MRS. AARON CHUTE'S.
Special attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.
Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 3m

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROCKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College, having fitted up rooms in his new residence at MIDDLETON, may be found there from the 1st till the 9th of each month. Those requiring the services of an expert Dental Surgeon can rely on thorough work and satisfaction in each and every instance. ALL THE LATEST DENTAL APPLIANCES.
Middleton, June 28th, 1890. 12 1y

THE **GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL**
(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.,
STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable. Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge.
G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29

Burdock Blood Bitters — CURES DYSPEPSIA. CURES DYSPEPSIA. CURES DYSPEPSIA.
PROMOTES DIGESTION.
Mr. Neil McNeil, of Leith, Ont., writes:
DEAR SIRS,—For years and years I suffered from dyspepsia in its worst forms, and after trying all means in my power to no purpose I was persuaded by friends to try B.B.B., which I did, and after using 5 bottles I was completely cured.

Burdock Blood Bitters — Cures CONSTIPATION. Cures CONSTIPATION. Cures CONSTIPATION.
ACTS ON THE BOWELS.
Rapid Recovery.
DEAR SIRS,—I have tried your B.B.B. with great success for constipation and pain in my head. The second dose made me ever so much better. My bowels now move freely and the pain in my head has left me, and to everybody with the same disease I recommend B. B. B.
MISS F. WILLIAMS,
445 Bloor St., Toronto.

Burdock Blood Bitters — Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS.
REGULATES THE LIVER.
Direct Proof.
SIRS,—I was troubled for five years with Liver Complaint. I used a great deal of medicine which did me no good, and I was getting worse all the time until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. After taking four bottles I am now well. I can also recommend it for the cure of Dyspepsia.
MARY A. E. DEACON,
Hawkstone, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters — Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE.
REGULATES THE KIDNEYS.
A Prompt Cure.
DEAR SIRS,—I was very bad with headache and pain in my back; my hands and feet swelled so I could do no work. My sister-in-law advised me to try B. B. B. With one bottle I felt so much better that I got one more. I am now well, and can work as well as ever.
ANNIE BURGESS,
Tilsonburg, Ont.

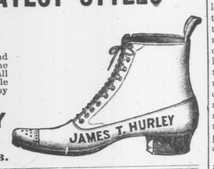
Burdock Blood Bitters — Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD.
PURIFIES THE BLOOD.
Bad Blood may arise from wrong action of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. B. B. B. by regulating and toning these organs, removes the cause and makes new rich blood, removing all blood diseases from a pimple to a scrofulous sore.

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

BRIDGETOWN GROCERY.

JUST RECEIVED:
TEAS AND COFFEES, UNEQUALLED FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOR.
SPICES, Warranted Pure.
CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
BISCUITS, Fresh from the Manufactory,
SYRUPS of all kinds,
SUGARS, MOLASSES, PORK, BEANS, TOBACCOS, PICKLES.
FRUIT: ORANGES, LEMONS, and BANANAS.
AT LOWEST CASH PRICE.
GEO. H. DIXON.

BUY MY MAKE OF
Boots & Shoes
And you will never be annoyed by customers grumbling on account of ripping and poor material. Every Dealer who reads this will find it to his advantage to see my
LATEST STYLES



which are considered superior to any in design and workmanship, and made of the best material the market produces. If our Traveller should not call upon you when you require goods, send for sample lots. PRICES ARE REASONABLE. All orders by mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.
JAMES T. HURLEY
BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,
23 and 25 Chipman Hill, St. John, N. B.

W. H. BANNISTER,
Optician,
—GRADUATE—
New York Optical College,
136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

A Beautiful Line of
SILVERWARE!
JUST RECEIVED.
J. E. SANCTON.

NOW IN STOCK!
At Wholesale or Retail,
the following choice brands of FLOUR:
50 bbls. "PEARL,"
25 bbls. "ACADIA,"
75 bbls. "WHITE DOVE,"
50 bbls. "FIVE ROSES,"
75 bbls. "ANCHOR,"
25 bbls. "MYRTLE,"
25 bbls. "FUSCHIA,"
30 bbls. "CLOVER,"
25 bbls. "A. B. C."
CORNMEAL:
200 bbls. KILN-DRIED CORNMEAL.
OATMEAL:
20 bbls SUPERIOR OATMEAL, Tilson's Standard Brand.
A few bags MIDDLINGS left in Stock.
Grocery and Provision Supplies constantly on hand.
Stock the best. Prices low as the lowest.
P. NICHOLSON.
Bridgetown, Oct. 21st, 1890. 29 1y

Frank E. Vidito,
DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALTED BEEF, LAMB, PORK, BACON AND VEGETABLES.
THE subscriber has lately established business in the premises known as the PAYSON PROPERTY, first door east of the Post Office, where he intends to conduct the Meat and Provision Business in the best style, and so as to meet the requirements of the trade in all particulars. By strict attention and by dressing the best of stock, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage.
My team will run to Round Hill and Granville weekly.
Bridgetown, June 10th, 1890. 10 1y

TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!
As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda
is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures
CONSUMPTION,
SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. *AS PALATABLE AS MILK.*
Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper; at all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

N.Y.
NEW YORK STEAMSHIP CO.
THE PIONEER LINE
will resume operations at an early date, which will be announced through the press.
Our wharf has been improved and enlarged, a large and commodious warehouse with modern improvements erected, making the most complete accommodations for freight and passenger business on the water front.
FINE STEAMSHIPS WILL THEN LEAVE
St. JOHN FOR NEW YORK
Via Eastport, Me.
Every FRIDAY at 3 p.m.
(Standard Time.)
Return Steamers will leave NEW YORK, from
Pier 40, East River, Foot of Pike Street, every Tuesday, at 5 p.m.
Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces.
CHEAP FARES AND LOW RATES.
For further information address
N. L. NEWCOMB,
General Manager, 63 Broadway, New York.
OR AGENT, N. Y. S.S. Co.'s wharf, Rear of Custom House, St. John, N. B.

PALFREY'S CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.
THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29 1y

MONEY TO LOAN.
Nova Scotia Permanent Building Society and Savings Fund of Halifax.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the *monthly balances* at six per cent. per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefor, and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Agent at Annapolis.
Annapolis, Feb. 11th, 1891. 6m

Song little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free.
E. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine

1888. Letter A. No. 994.
IN THE SUPREME COURT,
BETWEEN
JOHN E. BOWLBY, Plaintiff,
AND
LENNIE STARR BOWLBY, Defendant.

TO BE SOLD AT
Public Auction
By the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis or his Deputy at the Court House in Bridgetown, on
Thursday, May 14th, 1891,
At Two O'Clock in the Afternoon,
All the estate, right, title, interest, claim, property and demand which the said Defendant had at the time of the recording of the judgment herein, or at any time since or now has, of, in, to, or out of the following lots of
LAND
and premises, that is to say:
FIRST. All that certain piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being on the south side of the Annapolis river, near Lawrencetown aforesaid, at the corner of the Lane, so called, and the North Williamston road bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the north-west corner of lands owned by Jas. Alonzo Banks, on the Lane, so called; thence northerly along said Lane to the North Williamston road; thence easterly along said road to lands owned by Ichabod Newcomb; thence southerly along said Newcomb's land to lands owned by Alfred Saunders; thence westerly along said lands about twenty rods or to a certain ditch; thence northerly along said ditch about seven and one-half rods to the north-east corner of lands owned by P. H. Saunders, Esq.; thence westerly along said Saunders' land until it reaches the east side of lands owned by Jas. Alonzo Banks aforesaid; thence northerly along said Banks' land about five rods to the north-east corner thereof; thence westerly along said lands to the place of beginning, containing about three and one-half acres, more or less.
ALSO: An undivided one-sixth interest in all and singular the following lots of land, bounded:
FIRST. All that lot of land purchased from Albert Turner and wife, known as the Lunn's Mill property, lying on the south side of the Annapolis river at Lawrencetown, and bounded as follows: Beginning two rods east of the mill-race; thence northerly to the river aforesaid, not including the highway or old road; thence westerly along the river to the west corner of the old bridge; thence southerly to the grist mill race forty-three feet from the south-west corner of said mill to a bar post; thence easterly to the place of beginning.
SECOND. That lot or parcel of land purchased from Ephraim Bockman and wife, beginning on the grist mill race at a point in range of twenty feet west from the carding machine building thereon, and running southerly past the said building and twenty feet therefrom and parallel therewith until it reaches a point twenty feet south of the south side of the said building; thence easterly parallel with the south side of said building and twenty feet therefrom to a point in range of the east side of said building and twenty feet from the old mill pond; thence southerly and easterly around the said mill pond and twenty feet therefrom to the east side of the main race; thence northerly on the east side of said race way to the south line of land herein named from Albert Turner; thence west along said Turner lot to the place of beginning. Also the privilege reserved in deed to Israel Daniels, from the said Ephraim Bockman, of the main race way and right to repair the same in its present channel by doing as little damage as possible.
THIRD. That lot of land purchased from Beriah B. Daniels and wife, bounded as follows: Beginning at the north-west corner of the land known as the Scribner property in the Lawrencetown Lane, so called, on the line between said Daniels and Dr. S. C. Primrose's land; thence westerly along said Dr. S. C. Primrose's land nineteen rods to a certain stake; thence southerly at right angles five rods; thence easterly at right angles nineteen rods to the south-west corner of the before named Scribner property; thence northerly five rods to the place of beginning, together with all interest of Israel Bowlby in any further privileges conveyed to I. Bowlby & Co. by the said Beriah B. Daniels, Ephraim Bockman or Albert Turner. The said lands and premises being levied on under an execution issued on a judgment in the above cause duly registered for more than one year.
Terms—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale; balance on delivery or tender of Deed.
J. AVARD MORSE,
High Sheriff of Annapolis.
O. T. DANIELS, Solicitor of Plaintiff, and of Assignee of Judgment.
Dated this 25th day of March, 1891.

BRIDGETOWN
MARBLE WORKS
THOMAS DEARNESS
Importer of Marble
and manufacturer of
Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.
Also Monuments in Red Granite, Gray Granite, and Freestone.
Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.
N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice. T. D.
Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

House For Sale!
THE subscriber offers for sale her property on Court Street, next to the Court House, consisting of house, barn, and small garden or building lot. Buildings in good repair, and furnished with town water service and sewerage.
Apply on the premises. C. PIPER.
Bridgetown, March 4th.

BRADLEY'S
X. L. Phosphate,
which has steadily held its place at the head of all artificial fertilizers for THIRTY years, will be sold as usual throughout the province. Agents wanted where none are now acting.

BONE!
We have secured a large stock of the best make of **Pure Bone**, perfectly free from moisture, which we offer on favorable terms.
G. C. MILLER,
Managing Agent,
Bradley Fertilizer Co.
Middleton, March 25th, 1891. 51 10t

Poetry.

A Woman's Conclusion.

I said if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth;
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live in any part of the earth;

Put perfect sunshine into my sky;
Banish the shadows of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my suffering stricken out;

If I could have known in the years now gone
The best that woman comes to know;
Could have had whatever will make her blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so;

Have found the highest and truest bliss
That the bridal wreath and ring inclose,
And gained the one out of all the world
That my heart as well as my reason chose;

And if this had been, and I stood to-night,
By my children lying asleep in their beds,
And could count in my prayers for a rosary,
The shining row of their golden heads.

Yea, I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me, at my bidding, still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And let my future come as it will.

I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even, more straight or wide,
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
This way or that way, to either side.

My past is mine and I take it all;
Its weakness—its folly if you please;
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been helps, not hindrances.

If I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand,
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less—you will understand;

It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin withheld from crime.

Who knows its strength, by trial will know
What strength must be set against a sin;
And how temptation is overcome
He learns who has felt its power within.

And who knows how a life at the last may show?
Why, look at the moon from where we stand,
Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it shines,
A luminous sphere, complete and grand.

So let my past stand just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow old,
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best—or it had not been, I hold.

—*Phebe Cary.*

Select Literature.

Penhallow.

(Concluded.)

The whistle of the eleven o'clock train pierced the still summer night. Harry and I could see that somebody had stepped out at the station; which, as it came within the radius of light from the portico, proved unmistakably to be that of Mr. Penhallow. We heard his footsteps upon the stairs and then the door of his room close. Supper was to be served at twelve o'clock, when the maks were to be removed.

There was a sudden stir in the ballroom, a cessation of the buzz of conversation, and a sigh of relief that was distinctly audible, coming, as it did, from all present, for the glances towards the door were at last rewarded. Mrs. Penhallow was hastening to meet her husband.

He was arrayed in knee-breeches and black silk stockings, with low shoes clasped by diamond buckles. With his ruffled shirt, the long lace ruffles that fell over his hands, the fair, curly wig with its cue tied up with a black ribbon, even his mustache gone that he might better play his part, he looked to perfection the gallant gentleman of the early century, and handsome enough to have won any woman's heart. Husband and wife met by the window outside of which we stood.

She held out both her hands.

"I knew you would not fail me, Mac," she said softly.

"Not if human means could have prevented, darling. I was sorry that I could not get here before."

"The time has been long, love. And I was sorrowful, thinking of our parting. It was all my fault, Mac. I could not rest till I had begged for your forgiveness. I could not sleep, even in the grave, unless I knew that you had forgiven me."

"My darling, if all mortal sin were summed up against you, it would be outweighed by my love. I have wished more than once that I had answered you more gently, and had said good-by that last morning less abruptly. It was hard, love, to be left all alone in this great house."

"It was indeed empty without you."

"Not a moment has passed that I did not long to be at your side again."

"Kiss me, Mac."

"What—here? Before all these people?"

Accustomed as he was to her lofty disregard of comment, he was somewhat taken aback by her sudden demand.

"There is only one person in the room to me, but one to you."

He solved the dilemma by sinking on one knee and raising her hand to his lips. He retained the clasp as he arose.

"Your disguise is easily penetrated," he said gaily. "Your ring would tell tales, if nothing else did. I thought you were not to mask. There are those who need it more."

"But if I were one of those who wore a mask with cause, would you—love me less, Mac?"

"I cannot fancy you other than as you are."

But she pressed the question.

"You would care for me the same even though my beauty had become a thing of the past?"

"If I were absent a hundred years it could make no difference in my love, except to increase it a hundred-fold."

The answer seemed to satisfy her.

"Let us stay here," she said softly. "I have not felt my hand in yours for so long."

Presently she saw me, in the dark, without.

"You are here, Martina?" she said. "You did well to have my gown in readiness; I could have worn nothing else."

Her voice, muffled though it was, sounded sharper than its wont, except as I had heard it in occasional moments of pain or irritation, and the tones brought with them the inexplicable weight of misery with which they seemed always freighted. I had fancied my uneasiness would be over with Mr. Penhallow's return.

The last waltz had come to an end. The company were dispersed about the room, waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Penhallow to lead them to the supper-room. On a sudden thought I ran around to the portico to see the company march down the staircase.

The air was resonant with the hum of voices and the softened strains of the band. The leading couple were crossing the hall below, when there suddenly appeared on the threshold of the supper-room a familiar face and form.

Was it a hideous dream? Were all in that throng petrified, in a nightmare, too, as they gazed at the figure that was confronting the stately couple who were leading the pageant?

It was Mrs. Penhallow.

There she stood, with one arm slightly upraised, and upon the third finger of its hand there glittered the granite ring. Her white gown clung to her like grave cerements. Her face was pale and sunken and her eyes were dimmed and heavy, wide open though they were in their fierce, fixed gaze at that strange woman by her husband's side.

The silence was broken by a shriek, and then a long, piercing, blood-curdling wail:

"Elizabeth!"

The figure that had borne its share in the evening's festivity had dropped the clutch on its companion's arm and darted through the open door into the darkness without. The heavy robes, the fluttering lace, brushed against me. The veil was torn aside.

And I saw what it had concealed.

Through the night, as the flying figure passed me, came the words:

"The witches are after me! The witches are after me!"

XI.

I entered the poor-house and staggered towards my mother's room. There was a light inside. At the sound of my voice my father came to the door.

"Where is she?" I gasped.

"What does it mean?" he questioned.

"Where is she?" I repeated.

"Old Sally Waters roused us jes now by her shrieks at the door. How did she get hold of that dress."

"Where is she?—where is she?" I panted. "Don't ask me anything now. Let me go to her;" and I freed myself from his grasp to hurry to the room at the end of the corridor.

There she lay on her bed of straw, the rich gown outspread in its length of train on the unpainted floor. Her staring eyeballs gleamed in ghastly unconsciousness through their half-closed lids.

My mother was trying to place a bedspread over her, but as though she disdained the ugly calico overlid, it was automatically pushed aside again and again. I sank on the chair by my bedside and buried my face in my hands. Mother and father stood by the door, whispering their conjectures. Once and again one of them would come to the bedside and scan the dying woman's face, but there seemed to be no change in her condition. Life was so plainly at its lowest ebb that it was not worth while to call the doctor.

On the floor near by was the leather string, knotted about a bit of gray flannel that the old woman had worn around her neck. I picked it up mechanically. In the rag a small circle was almost worn through, and in a cluster were two or three tiny holes. A few silky golden hairs clung to the rag.

The little blue chest at the head of the bed was open. Could the rags it contained, with their loathesome contents, have been a tally by which reckoning had been kept of the departing years? Had the sight of the wedding-gown been the shock that had served to unite old associations, and, sending all the life yet left in the withered frame spinning and reeling to the head, enabling the once iron will to make its last mortal effort?

The minutes crept slowly on till that time when death comes oftenest. The dying woman's eyes were suddenly opened. They met mine. She raised her right hand and placed it upon her left as it lay upon her breast, thus covering the granite ring.

"I understand," I whispered.

A minute later the breathing ceased.

"Let her lie as she is," I said, when mother would have disrobed her, "till I have told Mrs. Penhallow."

Some boys were going past the poor house, bound on an early fishing expedition. Their mocking chant floated in to us:

"Rise, Sally, rise,
Wipe off your eyes!"

XII.

At the Place everything was in confusion. The halls were piled high with baggage, and ladies and children were standing about in traveling array. In the kitchen there was an excited group.

"Did you know—have you heard?" was the general exclamation as I entered. "Everybody is going, and Mrs. Wason is at her wit's end."

"Have the Penhallows gone?"

"They are going on the noon train. Most of the ladies fainted or had hysterics. One woman declared that she saw the figure whom we all thought was Mrs. Penhallow running over the hills to the graveyard, and,"—the girl lowered her voice and glanced nervously over her shoulder,—"as true as you live, Mr. Wason found the veil this morning, as he was driving the cows to pasture, half way up the hill."

"Mrs. Wason says it was somebody playing a trick on us."

"It was Mrs. Penhallow or her double who was in the ball-room last night," cried another, argumentatively.

Without waiting to hear the end of the discussion, or rather its progress, for the end was never reached, I hastened to Mrs. Penhallow's room.

She was in bed, and her husband was seated near by, with an expression upon his face that would have been sternness in a less gentle nature. Here too, I had evidently interrupted a discussion the nature of which was the same as that going on down-stairs.

"Did you see it?" questioned Mrs. Penhallow, with a shudder.

I told them the inner meaning of the story which dated back eighty years. When I had ended, I was not crying alone.

"Let her be buried in her wedding gown," said Mrs. Penhallow; "she will rest better so."

"You did not send for the dress, then?" I asked.

"No. Soon after you left me I took some morphine. I had lately outgrown the influence of even largely increased quantities, and, indifferent to the risk of an overdose, I meant to take enough to insure escape from pain. Don't blame me too much, Mac. I have promised never to touch the horrible drug again. There was nobody to awake me through the day, for every one was resting in preparation for the evening. Even Mr. Penhallow's movements in the next room failed to arouse me.

"When I at last recovered consciousnes my gown was damp with the dew from the open window. I was so dizzy and confused and so deathly sick that I did not realize what was going on below. My only thought was that supper was ready and that I must hurry to meet Mr. Penhallow.

Time seemed to have turned backward and I was the daughter whom the mother was driving to her death. The horror of the river to which she had at last succeeded in forcing me was upon me, my name rang in my ears, the phantasmagoria swam before my eyes, and that was all I knew till I awoke and found myself here."

By noon that day Penhallow Place was deserted, nor was there ever again any one bold enough to try the experiment of utilizing it as a hotel.

It was in the following spring that I wrote to Mrs. Penhallow about my marriage, and how Harry had said that it was on that morning in my old home when he had first thought how pleasant it always would be to sit at the table where I poured the tea.

In her reply she said that she was now in perfect health. Inclosed, a wedding present from her husband and herself, was the deed of the little rocky farm.—*Edith Robinson, in the Century.*

The Need Of Good Country Roads.

College professors, civil engineers, and magazine writers are directing public attention to the subject of country highways, and the Vanderbilt University, Tennessee, has gone so far as to provide for the free instruction in road engineering of one person from each country in that State. The Baltimore *Sun*, which is agitating the question in Maryland, points out that the power required to draw a wagon weighing, with its load, one ton on a level macadamized road of broken stone is sixty-five pounds, which is increased to two hundred pounds on a common dirt road. Prof. Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, estimates that poor roads cost the farmer, on an average, $15 per horse, and Prof. Jenks, of Knox College, Illinois, argues that with good permanent roads freight could often be hauled ten miles on wagons cheaper than it could be taken one mile in a dirt road to a railroad station, unloaded put on the cars, and carried to its destination. Of the social influences of good roads, he says that a large part of the mental inspiration of the farmers depends on their ability to attend church lectures, concerts, and social gatherings at a distance; and really good roads by enabling them to go so much more easily would doubtless raise the whole intellectual tone of the farming community, besides keeping within the healthful influence of the farm many who are now forced into the towns."

Your Watch is a Compass.

Now that the woods are full of hunters and the woodsmen will be at work in earnest, cases of being lost in the forest will be heard of quite frequently, if former years are to be taken as examples. All who go into the woods may not always take a compass, although they are very convenient articles, but about everybody does, or should, carry a watch. The hunter who does so also has a compass. The matter is explained in this way: Point the hour hand to the sun and the south is exactly half way between the hour and the figure XII on the watch. For instance suppose it is 4 o'clock. Point the hand indicating 4 to the sun and II on the watch is exactly south. Suppose it is 8 o'clock. Point the hand indicating 8 to the sun and the figure X on the watch is due south. If all hunters and woodsmen who carry watches will remember the facts above quoted they will have no difficulty in finding their way if they get lost, as frequently happens, especially to those who are unfamiliar with the forest.

If You Want to be Loved.

Don't find fault.

Don't contradict people even if you are sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't cover or under-dress.

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

Don't get in the habit of vulgarizing life by making light of the sentiment of it.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

—An old man of ninety, who left Barcelona, Spain, in his youth, to seek his fortune in America, lately returned with a retinue of over 200 persons. He had been married three times, and took back to Barcelona with him 16 daughters of whom six were widows and nine married; 23 sons some of whom were widowers and others married; 34 granddaughters, some of whom were married, and 47 grandsons; and among the rest, three great-great-grandsons.

—For bracing up the nerves, purifying the blood and curing sick headache and dyspepsia there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

—Minard's Liniment is the Best.

Funeral Reform.

A movement in favor of funeral reform is gaining considerable strength in England. The present funeral customs are being attacked both from the sanitary and economical side; they are defended upon the ground of sentiment, in part sound and in part false. No one can find fault with the sentiment which calls for tender and respectful treatment of the dead; but the desire for ostentation with some and the tyranny of custom with others have led to some foolish and costly observances. To haggle over the expense of a funeral seems like a slight to the dead, and so many sensible people submit to an expense which makes a serious inroad upon their revenues and is an injustice to the living. Few individuals have courage to withstand the oppression of custom and, in the case of burials of their own relatives, to take a course which will cause the tongue of the gossip-mongers to wag. The best way of overcoming the evils is by concerting action such as that which in England is taken by several associations for the promotion of funeral reforms. One of the reforms which they advocate is the use of inexpensive shrouds and coffins in place of the costly things in which the remains are now enclosed. A sound and healthy sentiment should see no distinction between a coffin of pine and one of elm or walnut. In the forest the pine tree is as beautiful and graceful as any of its neighbours, and the uses to which it is put are no less honorable. A casket of pine is not only cheaper than one of hardwood, but is recommended on the sanitary ground that it is more perishable and hastens the process by which the remains become incorporated with the earth and the solemn words, "earth to earth" are realized. There is something barbarous in the idea of fashioning costly trappings for no other purpose than burying them in the earth; while the shrouds and dresses in which the body is attired are sometimes postively grotesque. What sentiment is gratified by enclosing the stiffened limbs in a full dress suit, with its associations of the ball, the banquet, theatre, the gayest and most thoughtless hours of life? Surely a plain shroud would be infinitely more solemn and dignified. In these and other matters sound sentiment as well as economy and sanitary considerations are on the side of the advocates of uniform.—*Ex.*

THE SNOW-FLOWER.—One remarkable account is admitted into Les Mondes of a so-called snow-flower, said to have been discovered by Count Authoskoff in 1863, in the northwest portion of Siberia, where the earth is continually covered with a coating of frost. This wonderful object shoots forth from the frozen soil the first day of the year, and reaches a height of three feet, blooms on in this way, remains open twenty-four hours and then returns to its original elements. It shines for a single day, then the stem, leaves and flower are converted into snow. The leaves are three in number, and about three inches in diameter, covered with a microscopic ice, developed on that side of the stem which is turned to the north. This flower when open is star shaped, its petals of the same length with the leaves, and about half an inch wide. On the third day the extremities of the anther, which are five in number, show minute glistening peaks like diamonds, about the size of a pin's head, which are the seeds of this astonishing flower. Count Authoskoff collected some of these seeds and hastened with them to St. Petersburg. They were placed in a pot of snow where they remained for one entire year, but on the 1st of January, 1864, the snow-flower burst through its icy envelope, and displayed its beauties before the eyes of the Imperial Court.

Great Britain's Drink Bill.

The London *Lancet* says: "It is appalling to find that the drink bill of 1890 amounts to £139,495,470, an increase of $7,282,194 over the sum of the previous year, all common sense and medical science notwithstanding. It is said to be equal to one-twelfth of the estimated income of all persons, to one-fifth of the national debt, and to eight times more than the income of all the Christian churches. It is not our business to moralize on this expenditure. To us it means so much cirrhosis, Bright's disease, gout, rheumatism, insanity, etc., disabling employment, taking the pleasure out of the life of families and bread out of the mouths of children. The drink bill for last year is larger than for any year but that of 1878, when it was more than 142 millions of pounds.

—There are usually at least two ways of looking at a thing, and it is well now and then to change one's point of view. Little Hans had just begun his school life, and his mother was ambitious to have him keep a high standing in his class. "Why, Hans," she said, regretfully, at the end of his second week, "last week you gave me so much pleasure by getting to be at the head of your class, and now you are only No. 4. I see." "Yes'm, I know," admitted the little fellow, with great gravity; "but then," he added, "some other boy's mamma has the pleasure this week, so I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind so very much." "You're quite right, Hans," said his mother, giving him an appreciative smile, "I don't mind it at all—now."

KEEP BUSY.—The secret of success in life is to keep busy, to be persevering, patient, and untiring in the pursuit or calling you are following. The busy ones may now and then make mistakes, but it is better to risk these than to be idle and inactive. Keep doing, whether it be at work or recreation. Motion is life, and the busiest are the happiest. Cheerful, active labor is a blessing. An old philosopher says: "The firefly only shines when on the wing; so it is with the mind; when once we rest, we darken."

—If your child is cross, do not punish him, but divert his mind from the subject that annoys him. If he continues to be cross, suspect his stomach, and assure yourself that this is in perfect order; a troubled digestion is the root of bad temper.

A Minute A Day.

A minute a day devoted to taking a dose of Burdock Blood Bitters will cure any case of constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, or bad blood, and may save weeks of sickness and dollars of loss. There is nothing better than B. B. B.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
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