ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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

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

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 10. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1882. NO. 29.

Job Work!

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

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

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

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

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

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

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

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $8.00; two months, $12.00; three months, 15.00; six months, $22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

A COLUMN—First insertion, $10.00; each continuation, $3.00; one month, $14.00 two months, $20.00; three months, $28.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $80.00.

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

DIPHTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Dont delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO.,

Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

Books, - - Stationery.

Buckley & Allen,

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

BUCKLEY & ALLEN.
124 Granville St., Halifax.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

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

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

DENTISTRY.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

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

BRIDGETOWN,

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

DR. S. F. WHITMAN.

Jan 2nd., 1882.

HATHEWAY LINE.

Direct Between
BOSTON & NOVA SCOTIA
NO TRANSFERS.

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

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

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis on Wednesday after arrival of Express train from Halifax, for Boston direct—landing her passengers in Boston in 26 and 28 hours from Nova Scotia. Returning, leaves Boston on Monday morning.

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

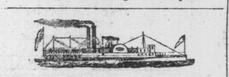
Low Fares and Cheap Freights.

Free of Boston Wharfage.

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

Hatheway & Co.,
32 Central Wharf, Boston.

F. W. HATHEWAY, Agent, Annapolis.



THE OLD ESTABLISHED
First-Class Route
BETWEEN
Nova Scotia and the United States
Via the Splendid
STEAMER "EMPRESS,"
Between St. John and Annapolis.

And thence to PORTLAND and BOSTON via the splendid Steamers of the

International Steamship Company.

Tourist or Accommodation with Fares as Low as by any other Route.

Special Reduced Rates of Fare.

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

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

STEAMER "EMPRESS"

Leaves Annapolis on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY afternoons

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

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

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

E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS AND DEICRIPTION EXECUTED AT THE OFFICE OF THIS PAPER.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

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

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

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

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,
Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

NOVA SCOTIA STEAMSHIP CO.
(LIMITED.)

Shortest and most Direct Route between Nova Scotia and the United States:

1882-YARMOUTH LINE-1882.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT
Yarmouth and Boston.
(Commencing Saturday, June 3rd, 1882.)

THE splendid sea-going, Side-wheel Steamer "New Brunswick," will leave Yarmouth for Boston every SATURDAY, p. m., after arrival of the Express train from Halifax, Kentville, Annapolis, Digby and Weymouth.

Returning, will leave Battery Wharf, Boston, for Yarmouth, every TUESDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, connecting at Yarmouth with the Western Counties Railway for Halifax and all intermediate stations, and steamer "Dominion" for St. John, Eastport and Grand Manan.

Yarmouth & Portland.

Steamer "New Brunswick" will leave Yarmouth for Portland every WEDNESDAY, p. m., after arrival of Express train from Halifax, Kentville, Annapolis, Digby and Weymouth, connecting at Portland with Eastern and Boston and Maine Railways for Boston, and Grand Trunk Railway for Montreal, Toronto, and all points on the Grand Trunk Railway.

Returning, will leave Portland for Yarmouth every FRIDAY p. m., after arrival of Eastern and Boston and Maine trains from Boston, (Express train leaves Boston at 8.30 a. m.,) and Grand Trunk Express train for Montreal, connecting at Yarmouth Saturday morning with Express train for Halifax and intermediate stations.

YARMOUTH, WESTPORT, ST. JOHN, EASTPORT & GRAND MANAN.

Steamer "Dominion" will leave Yarmouth for St. John, calling at Westport every WEDNESDAY, after arrival of steamer "New Brunswick" from Boston; and St. John for Grand Manan, calling at Eastport, every THURSDAY morning at 6 o'clock. Returning, will leave Grand Manan every FRIDAY morning at 6 o'clock for St. John, calling at Eastport; and will leave St. John for Yarmouth, calling at Westport, every SATURDAY morning at 6 o'clock, connecting at Yarmouth with steamer "New Brunswick," for Boston.

Steamer "Dominion" connects at Eastport with steamer to and from Calais, St. Stephen and St. Andrews.

☞ Rates of Passage as Cheap as by any other route.

CONNECTIONS—Boston, Portland and St. John, with all Railway and Steamship Lines; Yarmouth, with Fishwick's Steamer for Shelburne, Lockport, Liverpool, Lunenburg, and with Patten's Coaches for Argyle, Pubnico, Barrington, etc.

E. F. CLEMENTS,
General Manager.

Sep. 5th, '82—tf

New Store,

New Goods.

MIDDLETON STATION.

THE subscriber having just completed the enlargement of his premises respectfully invites the inspection of his new and varied stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes,

Especial attention is invited to one of the LARGEST STOCKS of Boots and Shoes to be found outside of the Cities, and at prices that defy competition. Ladies' and Misses' Fine KID BOOTS and SLIPPERS a specialty.

Ladies' and Mens' Overshoes and Rubbers.

Also, Crockery, Tinware, and everything found in a well stocked country store.

Always on hand, Flour, Meal, Lime, Salt, etc., at prices as Low as the Lowest.

It is not my intention to advertise impossible prices, but a comparison of prices is cordially invited. Close cash buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a call.

WANTED—100 doz. Good Home-knit Socks, at 25c. per pair; good double and twisted Yarn, at 60c. per lb; Cloth, butter, eggs, at the highest market rate — also, Lumber, Shingles, cordwood, etc.

J. H. CHUTE.

Jany. 16th, 1882. n40tf

ANNAPOLIS, SS.

SUPREME COURT,

In Equity, 1882.

On the petition and application of John Morgan, of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, Esquire, praying Foreclosure and sale under Chap. 95, Revised Statutes, 4th Series.

TO BE SOLD AT

Public Auction,

by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his Deputy, at Lawrencetown, in the said County, on

WEDNESDAY,

22d DAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT, AT TEN o'clock in the forenoon,

Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein, on the fifth day of July, A. D. 1882, unless before the sale the amount due the said petitioner on the mortgage herein, together with interest and costs be paid to him or to his Attorney,

ALL the interest and equity of redemption of the late Nathan E. Montgomery and Melissa Montgomery, widow of the said late Nathan E. Montgomery, in and to the following lot, piece or parcel of

LAND,

and Premises, situate in the Township of Wilmot, and bounded as follows: Beginning at the East by lands of the said John Morgan; on the North by same; on the West by lands occupied by John W. James and Church Lot; and on the South by Church Lot and Railroad ground, containing one acre and a quarter, more or less, together with all and singular the appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Terms: Ten per cent deposit at time of sale; remainder on delivery of the Deed.

Dated at Annapolis Royal, in the county of Annapolis, the 14th day of October, A.D. 1882.

AUGUSTUS ROBINSON,
High Sheriff.

E. RUGGLES, Atty. of Petitioner. 27 3i

BANKS & MERLIN,

Produce Commission Agents,

COLONIAL MARKET, ARGYLE ST., HALIFAX.

WE the undersigned have leased the above named Market where we carry on a Commission Business in the Produce Line. Ample room for Storage of Goods. Consignments carefully handled; Returns promptly remitted. Consigners will be kept well posted in Market Prices.

H. HAVELOCK BANKS.
WM. H. MERLIN.

n8 6m]

Middleton Hotel,

MIDDLETON, ANNAPOLIS CO., N. S.

C. C. DODGE, Proprietor.

THE Subscriber wishes respectfully to say to the general public that the old well known Middleton Hotel still stands on the old site, and its proprietor is still on the acting side, "hale and hearty."

He thanks the public (travelling and local) for past patronage, and with confidence solicits a continuance of their favors.

No exertion shall be spared (in the future as in the past) by the Proprietor, to make his house a pleasant and agreeable home for all who may take up their abode at his house, permanently or temporally.

A COMFORTABLE CONVEYANCE will attend all trains to convey passengers to and fro.

Good Stabling,

and a respectful, attentive hostler always at

☞ Charges Very Moderate.

C. C. DODGE.

Middleton, March 27th, 1882. 1y

THE "PERFECT"

SPRING BED!

The only reliable bed in the market.

A new supply of the above just received and for sale by

THOS. KELLY, Sole agent.

Bridgetown, June 28th, 1882.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of Harris Harding Morse, late of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to within six months from date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

MARGARET E. MORSE,
J. L. MORSE,
L. S. MORSE,
Executors.

Dated May 31st, 1882. 6m

Flour and Meal.

THE Subscriber has a large consignment of FLOUR, CORN MEAL and OAT MEAL which he offers for sale at

LOW RATES,
EITHER
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE, SUCH AS WOOD, BUTTER, EGGS, RYE-STRW, BEANS, POTATOES, ETC.

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, January 5th, 1882.

Edmund Bent

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

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

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

300,000

TULIPS,

ILIES,

HYACINTHS,

CROEUS, &c.

☞ Catalogue to all applicants. ☜

25 Tulips, assorted, $1.
8 Hyacinths, " $1.
4 Lilies, $1.
100 Croeus, mixed, $1.
20 Bulbs, assorted, $1.

By mail or express, prepaid, to any address in Canada.

Address

JAMES H. ANDREWS

WILLOW PARK NURSERIES,
Halifax, N. S.

STRAYED

on the premises of the subscriber, about the 1st September, three yearling cattle. The owner of the same will oblige by calling and looking after them, and paying expenses.

W. R. TROOP.

Granville, Oct. 17th, '82. 27tf

W. B. Almon Ritchie

BARRISTER, &C.,

Annapolis, - - N. S.

n13 3m

ARE YOU GOING TO

PAINT?

We call your attention to the

Averill Paint

—FOR—

House Painting.

Remember it is a pure Linseed Oil and Lead Paint, combined with ingredients to render it glossy and hard.

See testimonial of a practical painter of 16 years' experience:—

I have used the Averill Paint and am fully satisfied that it is far superior to lead and oil mixed in the old way. It gives a heavy body and high gloss, and I am confident that it will prove far more durable. One gallon of it will cover as much surface on an exposed building as one and a half gallons of lead and oil. I consider it as cheap if not cheaper than the best lead. I cheerfully recommend it to the public as a first class article.

W. WHINARD,
Painter.

S. N. JACKSON,
Clarence, Agent.

N. B.—The subscriber keeps constantly on hand a general stock of GOODS, low for cash or prompt barter. may28

Photograph Gallery

THE subscriber, who has been for some time established in this town, has lately procured a first class set of Photograph, View and Copying Lenses, and is now prepared to execute all orders for work in his line in first class style and at short notice.

VIEWS of dwellings, stores, streets, etc., a specialty, and orders from any part of the country attended to.

Enlarging.

Portraits copied, enlarged, framed and finished, either in oil or colors. The portrait to be copied must be either a good tintype or photograph.

Photographs and tintypes will receive best attention.

Pictures taken in any weather.

☞ Charges reasonable.

Please call and inspect samples of his work at his rooms,

OVER "MONITOR" OFFICE.

J. N. RICE.

Bridgetown, August 7th, 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all diseases of the Kidneys and

—LIVER—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria.—If you are suffering from Malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve & quickly cure. In this season to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it. (21)

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

WANTED.

AN Experienced FIRST CLASS FEMALE TEACHER, to take charge of the Primary Department, School Section No. 28, Paradise, for one year, one who has a Normal School diploma preferred. Best of reference required.

Apply immediately, stating salary, to

EDGAR BENT,
Sec. Trustees.

Oct. 10th, 1882.—n26tf

Real Estate for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale the premises known as the

STEELE PROPERTY,

situated in Centreville, containing two acres good land, on which are apple, pear, plum and cherry trees, a good dwelling house, barn and outbuildings. A well of pure soft water is also on the premises.

Terms—Half purchase money down, remainder may remain on mortgage.

For particulars apply to

MATILDA MILLNER.

Centreville, Oct 3rd, 1882. tf 25

THE

"BLUE"

STORE.

I take great pleasure in announcing to my numerous customers and the public at large, that my Fall Stock is now complete, comprising

ENGLISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS, ENGLISH WORSTED SUITINGS, and WEST OF ENGLAND BROADCLOTHS.

Persons wishing clothing made up at short notice can be accommodated at my establishment, as I can complete a suit in twenty-four hours after receipt of order. I am pleased to show my goods at all times and to all persons. Call and see them.

JOHN H. FISHER.

A PROLIFIC SOURCE OF DISEASE.—A trifling indiscretion in diet may lay the foundation of confirmed dyspepsia, and there is no fact in medical science more positively ascertained or more authoritatively asserted than that dyspepsia is the parent of a host of bodily ills, not the least of which is contamination of the blood and the maladies of which that is the direct consequence. Their original cause is, however, thoroughly eradicated from the system by NORTHROP & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, a medicine which only requires regularity and persistence in its use to cure dyspepsia and the many ills that arise from it. No deleterious mineral ingredient is contained in it, and though its action is thorough in cases of costiveness, it never produces griping pains in the abdominal region, or weakens the bowels like a powerful purgative. It invigorates the system through the medium of the increased digestive and assimilative activity which it promotes, and is also a most efficient remedy for kidney complaints, scrofulous and all disease of the blood, female weakness, &c., &c. Price, $1.00. Sample Bottle, 10 cents. Ask for NORTHROP & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a *fac-simile* of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.

Poetry.

Via Solitaria.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

From the Independent.]

Alone I walk the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own;
Oh! friends, I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

No more for me you lake rejoices,
Though moved by loving airs of June,
Oh! birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray;
In vain the evening's starry marches
And audlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers;
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes;
They gaze on other fields than ours—
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is—death.

Yet well I know the voice of duty,
And, therefore, life and death must crave
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveller stands—
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands;

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder fields are children playing,
And there—Oh, vision of delight!—
I see the child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breakest,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call Thee blessed when thou makest
The parted—one.

September 18th, 1863.

Now that our best and sweetest poet has left us, rending by his departure the veil of that sanctuary—his inmost life and feeling—it may not be unlawful to publish, what would have been sacrilege before, the above touching poem, not written for the public eye, but simply to give utterance to his heart-crushing sorrow after the death of his wife in 1861. It was sent to me by a friend in Boston some years ago, after my own great affliction, and has, therefore, a double sacredness to all who have passed through a similar sorrow. It will be read by many with tearful eyes, when they remember how long and patiently, with what brave and uncomplaining heart, he has waited at the 'station,' till now at last, 'the parted' are made 'one.'

H. M. GOODWIN.

Olivet College, Mich.

Select Literature.

What Became of Her.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

There was a great commotion in Foxville when old Parson Fox died.

It was not only because he was the pioneer of the place, having come there when the woods were one primeval mass of green, and himself having erected the old stone parsonage around which the thriving village had grown up with almost incredible rapidity.

It was not that he had preached the gospel to them for four-and-forty years; it was not that his footsteps had been instant on every threshold where sickness came or sorrow brooded.

All this had been received as a matter of course, and forgotten as soon as the necessities were past.

But it was because Foxville curiosity was on the *qui vive* about Joanna, his grandchild, the sole remaining blossom on the gnarled old family tree who was left quite unprovided for.

'I declare to goodness,' said Mrs. Emmons, 'I don't know what is to become of that girl!'

'She hain't no faculty,' said Sabina Sexton, the village dressmaker; 'and never had.'

'Books possessed no charm to her!' sighed Miss Dodge, who taught the Foxville district school. 'She always cried over her parsing rhetoric, and I never could make her understand cube root!'

'There's no denyin' that the old minister was as near a saint as we often see in this world,' said Mrs. Luke Lockedge, piously. 'But he hadn't ought to let Joanna run loose in the woods and fields the way he did. Why, I don't s'pose she ever made a shirt or fried a batch of fritters in her life!'

'Is it true,' said Miss Dodge, peering inquisitively up under her spectacle glasses, 'that she is engaged to your Simon, Mrs. Lockedge?'

Mrs. Lockedge closed her mouth, shook her head and knitted away until her needles shone like forked lightning.

'Simon's like all other young men, Miss Dodge,' said she—'took by a pretty face and a pair o' bright eyes. And they set on the same bench at school. And as long as we s'posed Parson Fox had left property why there wasn't no objection. But there wasn't nothing—not even a life insurance. So I've talked to Simon and made him hear reason. There can't nobody live on air!'

'But that's rather hard on Joanna, ain't it?' said Mrs. Emmons, with a little sympathetic wheeze.

'Reason is reason!' Mrs. Lockedge answered. 'My Simon will have property and the girl he marries must have suthin' to match it.'

So that Joanna Fox, sitting listlessly in her black dress by the window, where the scent of the June honeysuckles floated sweetly in, and trying to realize that she was alone in the world, had divers and sundry visitors that day.

The first was Simon Lockedge looking as if his errand were somehow connected with grand larceny.

Joanna started up, her wan face brightening. She was only sixteen—a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl with a solemn, red mouth and a round, white throat, banded with black velvet.

'Oh, Simon,' she cried, 'I knew you would come when you heard——'

Simon Lockedge wriggled uneasily into a seat, instead of advancing to clasp her outstretched hand.

'Yes,' said he. 'Of course it's very sad, Joanna, and I'm awfully sorry for you. But——'

Joanna stood still, her face hardening into a cold, white mask, her hands falling to her side.

'Yes,' said she. 'You were saying——'

'It's mother!' guiltily confessed Simon. 'A fellow can't go against his own mother, you know. She says it's nonsense our engagement, and we shouldn't have anything to live on! And so,' with a final twist, 'we'd better consider it all over. That's the sense of the matter—now ain't it, Joanna?'

She did not answer.

'I'm awfully sorry,' stuttered Simon. 'I always set a deal of store by you, Joanna.'

'Did you?' she said, bitterly. 'One would scarcely have thought it.'

'And you knew, Joanna,' he added, awkwardly, mindful of his mother's drill, 'when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window!'

Joanna smiled scornfully.

'It seems,' said she, 'that love does not always wait for that.'

And she turned and walked like a young queen into the adjoining apartment; while Simon, slinking out of the door like a detected burglar, muttered to himself:

'It's the hardest job o' work that ever I did in my life. Splitting stumps is nothing to it. But mother says it must be done—and mother rules the roost in our house!'

Next came Mrs. Emmons.

'Joanna,' said she. 'I'm deeply grieved at this 'ere affliction that's befell you!'

'Thank you, Mrs. Emmons?' said the girl, mechanically.

'I've come to ask about your plans,' added the plump widow. 'Because if you have no other intentions, I'll be glad to have you help me with the housework. I'm goin' to have a house full o' summer boarders, and there'll be a deal more work than me and Elviry can manage. Of course you won't expect no pay, but a good home is what you need most, and——'

'Stop a minute!' said Joanna. 'Am I to understand that you expect me to assume the position and duties of a servant, without a servant's wages?'

'You'll be a member of the family,' said Mrs. Emmons; 'and you'll set at the same table with me and Elviry, and——'

'I am much obliged to you,' said Joanna, 'but I must decline your kind offer.'

And Mrs. Emmons departed in righteous wrath, audibly declaring her conviction that pride was certain soocer or later to have a fall.

'I have plenty of friends,' said Joanna courageously, 'or rather dear grandpapa had. I am sure to be provided for.'

But Squire Barton looked harder than any flint when the orphan came to him.

'Something to do, Miss Fox?' said he. 'Well, that's the very problem of the age—woman's work, you know; and I ain't smart enough to solve it. Copying? No, our firm don't need that sort of work. Do I know any one that does? N-no, I can't say I do; but if I should hear of an opening I'll be sure to let you know. Ahem! I'm a little busy this morning, Miss Fox; sorry I can't devote more time to you. John, the door. Good morning, my dear Miss Fox! I assure you, you have mine and Mrs. Barton's prayers in this sad visitation of an inscrutable Providence.'

Old Miss Gringe, who had fifty thousand dollars at interest, and who had always declared that she loved dear Joanna Fox like a daughter, sent down word that she wasn't very well and couldn't see company.

Dr. Wentworth, in visiting whose invalid daughter poor old Parson Fox had contracted the illness which carried him to his grave, was sorry for Miss Joanna, of course, but he didn't know of any way in which he could be useful. He understood there was a kid-glove factory to be opened on Walling River soon.

'No doubt Miss Fox could get a place there; or there could be no objection to her going out to domestic service. There was a great deal of false sentiment on this subject and he thought——'

But Joanna without waiting for the result of his cogitations excused herself.

She would detain him no longer, she said; and she went away with flaming cheeks, and resolutely repressed tears.

When she got home she found one of the trustees of the church awaiting her.

He didn't wish to hurry her, but the new clergyman didn't want to live in such a ruinous old place; and it was their calculation, as the parsonage was mortgaged much beyond its real value, to sell it out, and buy a new frame house near the depot, with all the modern conveniences, for the use of the Rev. Silas Speakwell.

'Am I to be turned out of my home?' said Joanna, indignantly.

Deacon Blydenburg hemmed and hawed. He didn't want to hurt no one's feelings; but as to her home, it was well known that to all intents and purposes the old place had long ago passed out of Parson Fox's ownership; and they were willing to accord her any reasonable length of time to pack up and take leave of her friends—say a week.

So Joanna, who could think of no remaining friend but her old governess, who had long ago gone to New York to fight the great world for herself, went down to the city, and appealed to Miss Woodin in her extremity; and Miss Woodin cried over her and kissed her and caressed her, like an old maiden aunt.

'What am I to do?' said poor, pale Joanna. 'I can't starve!'

'There's no necessity for any one starving in this great busy world,' said Miss Woodin, cheerfully. 'All one wants is—faculty.'

Joanna shrank a little from the hard, stereotyped word which she had so often heard from the lips of Mrs. Emmons, Miss Sabina Sexton, and that sisterhood.

'But how do you live?' said she.

'Do you see that thing there in the corner?' said Miss Woodin.

'Yes,' answered Joanna. 'It is a sewing machine?'

'It's a type-writer,' announced Miss Woodin, 'and I earn my living on it.'

'But what do you write?' said Joanna.

'Anything I can get,' said Miss Woddin.

And thus, in the heart of the great wilderness of New York, Joanna Fox commenced her pilgrimage of toil.

First on the type-writer, then promoted to a compiler's desk in the 'Fashion Department' of a prominent weekly journal; then by means of a striking original sketch, slipped into the letter-box of the *Ladies' Weekly* with fear and trembling, to a place on the contributors' list; then gradually rising to the rank of a spirited young novelist, until our village damsel had her pretty 'flat' furnished like a miniature palace, with Miss Woodin and her type-writer snugly installed in one corner.

'Because I owe everything to her,' said the young authoress, gratefully.

And one day, glancing over the exchanges in the sanctum of the *Ladies' Weekly*, to whose columns she still contributed, she came across a copy of the *Foxville Gazette*.

'Hester,' she said, hurrying home to Miss Woodin, 'the parsonage is to be sold at auction to-morrow, and I mean to go up and buy it; for I am sure—quite sure that I could write better there than anywhere else in the world.'

Miss Woddin agreed with Joanna. Miss Woodin believed most firmly in whatever Joanna believed. In her loving eyes the successful young writer was always right.

So Joanna Fox and Miss Woodin, dressed in black and closely veiled, went up to Foxville to attend the auction sale.

Everybody was there. They didn't have an auction sale at Foxville every day in the week.

Squire Barton was there with a vague idea of purchasing the old place for a public garden.

'It would be attractive,' said the squire. 'Those open air concert gardens are making no end of money in the cities. I don't see why the Germans need pocket all the money that there is going.'

Mrs. Emmons came because everybody else did. Miss Dodge, who had saved a little money, thought if the place went cheap she would pay down a part and give a mortgage for the remainder.

'And my sister could keep boarders,' she considered, 'and I could always have a home there.'

But Simon Lockedge was most determined of all to have the parsonage for his own.

'I could fix it up,' he said to himself, 'and live there real comfortable. It's a dreadful pretty location, and I'm bound to have it—especially since mother's investments have turned out bad we've got to sell the old farm. Nothing hasn't gone right with us since I broke off with the old parson's granddaughter. It wasn't quite the square thing to do, but there seemed no other way. But, let mother say what she will, it brought back luck to us.'

And the rustic crowd surged in and out, and the auctioneer mounted to the platform on an old kitchen table, and the bidding began at five hundred dollars, and 'bung fire' for some time.'

'Six!' said cautious Simon Lockedge, at last.

'Seven!' piped Miss Dodge, faintly.

'Eght!' said Simon, resolutely.

'A thousand!' uttered the voice of a quiet, veiled lady in the corner.

Everyone stared in that direction.

'Tain't worth that,' said the squire *sotto voce*; 'all run down—fences gone to nothing.'

But Simon Lockedge wanted it very much.

'E—le—ven hundred!' said he, slowly and unwillingly.

'Fifteen hundred!' spoke the soft voice decidedly.

'Fifteen hundred!' bawled the auctioneer. 'I'm offered fifteen hundred dollars for this very desirable property. Fifteen hundred—fifteen—teen—teen—teen. Fifteen hundred, once—fifteen hundred, twice—fifteen hundred, three times and gone! What name, ma'am, if you please?'

And the lady, throwing aside her veil, answered calmly:

'Joanna Fox.'

The old parsonage was rebuilt, and studded with little bay windows and medievial porches. Laurels and rhododendrons were set out in the grounds, the little brook was bridged over with rustic cedar-wood, and Joanna Fox and Miss Woodin came there to live in modest comfort.

But Mrs Lockedge and her son Simon moved out of Foxville when the mortgage on their old place was foreclosed, and the places that had known them once knew them no more.

And Mrs. Emmons said:

'She's done real well, Joanna has. I always knew there was something in her.'

And Mrs. Wentworth and the Misses Barton tried desperately to become intimate with the young authoress, but without avail.

For there is nothing in all the wide world so successful as success, and it is a fetish which has many worshipers.

What it Cost.

The following dialogue is reported to have taken place between a gamekeeper and a patient looking through the iron gate of a lunatic asylum:—Patient: 'That's a fine horse; what's it worth?' Keeper: 'A hundred pounds.' Patient: 'And what did that gun cost?' Keeper: 'Five pounds.' Patient: 'And those dogs?' Keeper: 'Ten pounds, I believe.' Patient: 'What have you got in that gamebag?' Keeper: 'A woodcock.' Patient: 'Well, now, you had better hurry on, for if our governor catches a man who has spent a hundred and fifteen pounds to get a woodcock worth half a crown he'll have him under lock and key in no time, I tell you.'

Rheumatism.

Common rheumatism is a disease which affects the joints, hinges of the body, in such a way that the slightest motion of the ailing parts gives pain. A creaking hinge is dry and turns hard. A single drop of oil to moisten it makes a wonderful change, and it instantly moves on itself with the utmost facility. All kinds of rheumatism are inflammation of the surface of the joints. Inflammation is heat; this heat dries their surface; hence the very slightest effort at motion gives piercing pain. In a healthy condition of the parts, nature is constantly throwing out a lubricating oil which keeps the joints in a perfectly smooth and easy working condition. Rheumatism is almost always caused by—indeed, it may be nearer the truth to say, that it is always the result of—a cold dampness. A dry cold, or warm dampness, does not induce rheumatism.

A garment, wetted by perspiration or rain or water in any other form, about a joint, and allowed to dry while the person is in a state of rest, is the most common way of causing rheumatism. A partial wetting of a garment is more apt to induce an attack than if the entire clothing were wetted, because, in the latter case, it would be certainly and speedily exchanged for dry garments. There are two very certain methods of preventing rheumatism. The moment a garment is wetted in whole or in part, change it, or keep in motion sufficient to maintain a very slight perspiration until the clothing is perfectly dried.

The failure to wear a woollen flannel next the skin is the most frequent cause of rheumatism; for a common muslin, or linen, or silk shirt of a person in a perspiration becomes damp and cold the instant a puff of air strikes it, even in mid-summer. This is not the case where woollen flannel is worn next the skin. The easiest, most certain, and least hurtful way of curing this troublesome affection wound around with several folds of woollen flannel; live entirely on the lightest kind of food, such as coarse breads, ripe fruits, berries, boiled turnips, stewed apples, and the like. If such things were eaten to the extent of keeping the system freely open, and exercise were taken, so that a slight moisture should be on the surface of the skin all the time; or if in bed the same thing were accomplished by hot teas and plentiful bed clothing, a grateful relief and an ultimate cure will very certainly result in a reasonably short time. Without this soft and moist and warm condition of the skin, and an open state of the system, the disease will continue to torture for weeks and months and years. Inflammatory rheumatism may for all practical purposes, be regarded as an aggravated form of the common kind, extended to all the joints of the body, instead of implicating only one or two. For all kinds, time, flannel, and with a light and cooling diet, are the great remedies.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Queen Victoria's Round of Duties.

If the day is fine the Queen drives to Frogmore in an open carriage, and there breakfasts in the house, unless the weather is very hot, when Her Majesty takes the meal in a tent on the lawn, and reads her private letters and newspapers. The Queen never takes up a newspaper that has not been previously perused by a lady in waiting, who marks all the passages which she thinks would interest Her Majesty, who is supposed to look at nothing that is not marked. Afterward the Queen goes to another room or to another tent and proceeds to the business of the day; there is seldom less than twenty, and often more than thirty boxes to be gone through, and a groom is kept constantly riding between the Queen and Frogmore and Sir Henry Ponsonby at the castle. After about three hours of incessant work Her Majesty drives back to the Castle with the boxes in the carriage, and they are then carried up stairs on a tray, and sorted and despatched to Sir Henry Ponsonby. Then Her Majesty lunches with Princess Beatrice and any other members of her family who are at the Castle; and, unless there is any ceremony of state appointment for the day they afterward take a walk in the sunk garden or on the slopes, and later go out for a drive. On their return they retire for a little necessary rest before preparing for dinner, which brings the day's visitors. The only part of the Queen's daily routine which never varies is the morning work, which comes as regularly as that of any clerk in the city, and everything is done by Her Majesty with conscientious thoroughness. The Queen looks into everything herself and the public have little idea of the prodigious number and variety of the subjects which come before her for decision. It is an axiom among all who have served the Queen that if they only get their case looked into by Her Majesty, strict justice is assured. At Windsor her life is more laborious than elsewhere, from the incessant visitors and ceremonies, and the impossibility of getting away from the pomp