ANOTHER
LARGE IMPORTATION
—OF—
TWEEDS
—AND—
English WORSTEDS,
Just received at the
BLUE STORE.
Call early and secure the best patterns for your SPRING SUITS.
JOHN H. FISHER,
March 15th, '86. Proprietor.

THE SUBSCRIBER,
having secured the services of practical
Harness and Shoe Makers,
would call the attention of the public and especially intending purchasers, to his large and complete stock of
HARNESSES,
—IN—
Silver, (on G. S.), Nickle, Brass, and X. C. Mountings.
which he offers at the lowest prices in the trade.
—ALSO: MY STOCK OF—
SLEIGH BELLS, CHIMES, STRAPS & SETS, HORSE RUGS, LAP ROBES, ETC.
are offered at especially low figures.
Always in Stock,
Harness Mountings,
Leathers of all kinds,
Coarse Boots,
Knee Boots,
English Fitted Balmorals,
Congress Boot Uppers,
Shoe Findings, Etc., Etc.
Hides Wanted,
and the Highest Prices given in Cash, at
GEORGE MURDOCH'S.

BRIDGETOWN
FOUNDRY COMPANY
(LIMITED.)
THE above Foundry Co., having just opened its new premises, on the site formerly occupied by Craig's Foundry, lately destroyed by fire, is now prepared
TO MANUFACTURE
STOVES, PLOWS,
HAY CUTTERS,
MILL and Other Castings.
All work attended to promptly. Charges reasonable.
W. A. CRAIG,
MANAGER.
Bridgetown, March 10th, '85 y
1885. 1885.
ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES.
THE
BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works,
ARE prepared to compete with any similar concern in the Province, both in workmanship or price.
MONUMENTS,
HEADSTONES,
TABLETS,
—IN—
Marble, Freestone & Granite,
of all descriptions manufactured to order at short notice.
ALSO:
Furniture Tops!
Call and inspect work.
OLDHAM WHITMAN.
Bridgetown, Jan. 12th. 85'
JUST RECEIVED.
Two Carloads
FLOUR AND MEAL,
which will be sold LOW FOR CASH.
Also.—A well assorted stock of
Groceries!
MOLASSES AND SUGAR,
SPICES, SALT, TOBACCOS,
BROOMS, SOAP,
RAISINS, CURRANTS,
CANNED GOODS,
BISCUITS, SYRUPS, ETC
P. NICHOLSON.
Bridgetown, July, 1885
J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y
SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS ETC.,
ADVERTISERS
can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing
Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce St., New York.
Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 14. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1886. NO. 10.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
The Best Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.
Excels all other Remedies for External Use.
CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Soreness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough.
CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Bowel Complaints.
I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.
FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.
PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.
Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other."—J. Dennisch, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.
MAKE HENS LAY
It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure
CHICKEN CHOLERA,
Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Furnished in large cans, price $1.00, by mail, $1.20. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Good Workmanship. Reasonable Prices.
ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,
BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.
A. E. SULIS.

B. LAURANCE'S
Spectacles & Eye-Glasses,
—ARE THE ONLY—
Genuine English Articles in the Canadian Market!
REAL PEBBLES are kept in stock. Tests are given to purchasers to prove Genuineness. They are recommended by and testimonials have been received from the President, Vice-President, Ex-President, and Ex-Vice-President of the Medical Association of Canada; the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Quebec; the Dean of the Medical Faculty of Lavel University; the President and Ex-Presidents of the Medical Council of Nova Scotia, &c., &c.
These recommendations ought to be sufficient to prove their qualities, but if further proof is needed call on
J. E. SANCTON. Watchmaker & Jeweler, Agent. - - BRIDGETOWN

LAWRENCETOWN
PUMP COMPANY,
(ESTABLISHED 1880.)
N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.
THE CELEBRATED
Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,
—ALSO:—
FORCE PUMP,
with Hose attached if required.
We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.
Guns,
AMMUNITION,
HEAVY
WOOL SHIRTS,
Shirts & Drawers,
A SMALL LOT OF
GENTS' GENUINE
Plymouth Buck Gloves.
Apple Barrels.
B. STARRATT.
AUCTION SALES!
The subscriber will attend
AUCTION SALES,
throughout Wilmot Township, as Auctioneer.
TERMS.—$2.00 per day.
E. L. MURPHY,
Licensed Auctioneer.
South Farmington, Jan. 19th, '86 41tf.
The Standard Bred Stallion,
VOLUNTEER PRINCE,
—ALSO:—
Flying Frenchman,
will stand in
ANNAPOLIS COUNTY
or services, for season of 1886. See handbills.
JOHM HALL.
Bridgetown, April 6th, 1886. 52tf
CURE FOR THE DEAF.
Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing
and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers distinctly heard. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonial, free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N.Y. Mention this paper.
CORN IN EGYPT!
Roop & Shaw
Beg to notify the public generally that they always keep on hand an assortment of
CARRIAGES
of the latest styles, made from
First Class Stock,
which will be sold on easy terms and reasonable price.
Middleton, April 20th, 1885. n2tf.

Cash Sotre.
—SELLING AT BOTTOM PRICES—
Flour,
Corn Meal,
Oatmeal,
Graham,
Groceries,
Spices,
Biscuits, Soap,
—ALSO:—
STOVES,
in Cook, Parlor, Etc. The celebrated "CHARTER OAK," "CROWN," "WATERLOO," "NIAGARA," complete or in parts. Also:
FARMING UTENSILS,
in PLOWS, Steel and Iron, Canadian patterns, EAGLE, Doe and Side Hill, CULTIVATORS, HARROWS & HAY CUTTERS.
N. H. PHINNEY.
N.B.—Balance of SILVERWARE at wholesale prices.
Lawrencetown, Feb. 22th, 1885. n38t.
$400,000
New Business in Three Months!
The Mutual Relief Society
—OF—
NOVA SCOTIA!
THE members of the Society are hereby informed, that notwithstanding the the keen competition offered by the large number of Life Insurance Companies which are so ably represented by their respective agents, our increase for the first three months of 1886, was $400,000.
This will compare very favorably with the amount of business done within Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, by any Life Insurance Company.
Members, with few exceptions, respond promptly when assessments are made.
The Society pays all its bonds in full on proof of claim.
Individuals desiring Insurance are invited to make a comparison between the merits of this Society and those of other companies, before giving an application.
For particulars please write to, or see our agents.
Yarmouth, April 3rd, 1886.
THOMAS B. CROSBY, Manager.
W. H. FAIRN, Gen. Agent, Lawrencetown, N. S.
H. H. BANKS,
Produce Commission Agent,
—PROPRIETOR OF—
COLONIAL MARKET,
HALIFAX, N. S.
—Receives all kinds of—
COUNTRY PRODUCE,
on Consignment. Sales made to the best possible advantage. Prompt returns. Charges moderate.
Halifax, N. S., March 15th, '86. 49 1y.

Letter "A," No. 122.

In the Supreme Court, 1886.

Between EDWIN RYERSON, Plaintiff.
—AND—
DAVID MCLELLAND, Defendant.
TO BE SOLD AT

Public Auction,

by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis or his deputy at the Court House Annapolis in said County on

Monday, June 28th, 1886,

at 12 o'clock, noon

Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein on the 20th day of May, A. D., 1886, unless before the day of sale the amount due the plaintiff herein, with interest and costs be paid to the plaintiff or his solicitors, to the sheriff or into court.

ALL the estate, right, title and equity of redemption of the above named defendant, David McLelland and of all persons claiming by, through, or under him, of, in and to, and the following described lots and parcels of

LAND,

situate in Greywood in the County of Annapolis, beginning at the east side of Grand Lake, at the south west angle of lands belonging to James Harris, thence north fifty-five degrees east along the Harris line, crossing Stony Lake, and continuing on same course to the north-west angle of lands belonging to Benjamin Rice, thence south three degrees forty-five minutes east along said Benjamin Rice's land to the south-west angle of said Rice's land, thence north seventy-two degrees east, along lands belonging to said Benjamin Rice, James Robinson, Thomas Rice and others, to the eastern line of Clements Township, thence south three degrees and forty-five minutes east along said township line, to lands deeded to Alexander Harnish, thence south eighty-six degrees west along said Harnish's land to the outlet of Crotchet Lake, thence crossing the said outlet and running southerly along the west shore of Crotchet Lake to the north line of lands belonging to Avard Orde, thence south seventy-two degrees and forty-five minutes west along said Orde's land to land belonging to Israel McAvoy, thence north seventeen degrees fifteen minutes west along McAvoy's line to a stake and pile of stones, thence south seventy-two degrees fifteen minutes west, along to the north line of McAvoy's line to the New Liverpool Road till it come to the Old Liverpool Road, at the foot of what is known as Dennis' Hill, thence crossing to the west side of the old road and running southerly along said road to the north line of land belonging to John Dunn, thence south seventy-two degrees west along said Dunn's land to Grand Lake, thence northerly along the shore of Grand Lake to the place of beginning.

Also, all those certain lots or tracts of land situate, lying and being in the Perott Settlement, in the county aforesaid, known and described on the plan of said Settlement as lots Nos. 22, 23, and 24 on the east side of the said Settlement Road, containing two hundred and ninety acres, more or less, saving and excepting the following described portion of said first herein before described piece or parcel of land, bounded as follows, viz:—

Beginning at a fir tree on the eastern side of the Liverpool Road, about four rods north of Lamb's brook, thence south eighty degrees east to Lamb's lake, thence southerly by the shore of the lake, to a stake and pile of stones on the west side of the lake, thence north fifty degrees thirty minutes west to the Liverpool road, thence along said road to the place of beginning. Also, saving and excepting ten acres of said lots, Nos. 22, 23 and 24, being that portion thereof heretofore sold to Benjamin M. Goldsmith, together with all the appurtenances thereto appertaining.

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

J. AVARD MORSE,
High Sheriff.

RITCHIE & RITCHIE, Plaintiff's Solicitors.

Dated this 25th day of May, A. D., 1886 51.

Poetry.

(Original.)

Right Wrongs no One,
But if Might is Right
Treaties are Meaningless.

John Bull's growing old with wide-spread horns,
Treat him well, he's a gentle fellow,
But try to rob him of his right,
You'll hear him roar and bellow.

Though mild and gentle as a lamb,
No bluster will him awe,
If Yankee smacks come poaching 'round
They get in the lion's paw.

Noble senator, don't talk so loud,
Poor Canada's all a-fright,
The only favor we ask or crave,
Is that you'll respect our right.

You'll think that rather much to grant,
It will keep you rather snug;
Treaties with you must be just like
The handle on a jug.

Four months' extension you're allowed,
Without thanks or compensation,
And when we come to assert our claims,
We have angered half the nation.

But that's the game you have always played,
And still you play it well;
If you get an inch by hook or crook,
You'll try to take an ell.

A treaty you may try to form,
To suit the Yankee's notion,
You'd have to give up bays and creeks,
As well as all the ocean.

And there to spread his seines and trawls,
Won't satisfy his greed,
Canadian's nets he'd rob and pick,
Because the bait he'd need.

The President won't back your bills,
He is not one of Ham,
But the refuse of Canada will,
They'll back you to a man.

And they are the lads that catch your fish,
Their help you'll never lack,
The most of them run from the provinces,
And never dare come back.

Will a nation, like America,
Be ruled by such a band,
Who run for debt or to save their necks,
From their own native land.

If you should send your ships down east,
Pray don't send that commander,
Who, with rusty cannon of nine inch bore
Silenced the forts at Alexandria.

Dear Senator, compose yourself,
Perhaps you might if you tried,
You may find yourself in a hungry mood
Before the fish gets fried.

You say you'll send your fleet down east,
And there you'll take your station,
If one more Yankee smack they take,
You will whip all creation.

Brave Senator, it would be wise,
To let such folly pass,
But some of your friends better tap you with an awl,
Or you'll burst and they'll loose the gas.

If that game you should undertake,
Keep open your weather eye,
Lest while your bluffing Canada,
Victoria's boats come by.

And four of Victoria's little boats
Would think it a piece of fun,
To drive your fleet pell mell from our coast,
Like the battle of Bull Run,

With haste to enter the handiest port,
That you had staid there, will be your wish,
For you'll find it a hotter job than you thought
To fry(e) poor Canada's fish.

Brother Jonathan, you shall have a fry(e),
Warm friendship for you we feel.
But you'll find before the game's played out,
That it is cheaper to buy than steal.

By T. BROOKS, *an old Fisherman.*

Select Literature.

Capturing a Still.

The other night, Major Griddlewood, who long ago won his spurs as an efficient revenue officer, related the following story:—

At one time we had a great deal of trouble with illicit distillers in Arkansaw. There was one neighborhood especially where it seemed impossible to discover the outlaws. This community was away up on White River. Officer after officer had been sent up, and quite a number of them are there yet, although the department did not receive notification that they intended to leave the service. One day the news came in that one of our best men had just been killed at Dripping Springs, by which name the dangerous neighborhood was known. I was sent for by the marshall, who said:

'Major you have had considerable success in hunting for distillers. Now we want you to find those fellows and bring them to justice. As you know, none of our men has been able to find them and—'

'They've been found a trifle too often,' I suggested.

'That's a fact,' the marshall agreed, 'but not by the right man. Now I want you to take as many soldiers as you want, go to the place and break up the business.'

I reflected for a moment and replied: 'I think our mistake has been in taking too many men to find a wild cat distillery Their approach is soon heralded and disaster is certain to follow. I will go alone and discover the nest. Then I can return and capture the entire outfit.'

'Rather hazardous,' the marshall said, thoughtfully scratching his head.

'Not so dangerous as the course hitherto adopted.'

'All right, use your own judgment.

The next day I started on my perilous expedition. I went on horseback, and my progress was very slow. When at last I reached the place, I found a beautiful, rich country, with great hills and little valleys luxuriant carpeted with grass. I could see no signs of lawlessness, but on the other hand I was kindly treated. I stopped at the house of a well-to-do fellow, with some education and a bright-eyed daughter, who seemed to be devoted to her father. I saw at once that Anderson was an honest man, and when I learned that he had been in the Federal army I felt secure under his roof. Still I did not care to tell him my real business, but in answer to a question, stated that I was looking for land in a leisurly sort of way, having just been discharged from the regular army and especially desiring a rest from that dangerous activity which all army officers incurred.

'Well, sir, you are welcome at my house, and I hope you will find your stay pleasant My daughter, who can row a boat to perfection, will cheerfully contribute to your enjoyment.'

'I understand,' looking at him, 'that several government officers have been killed by illicit distillers in this neighborhood.'

'Yes,' he replied, 'shamefully murdered. Well, I won't say murdered, for the distillers no doubt considered it self-defence. Up in the hills, here somewhere, there is a large distillery, but it will be a long time, I think, before the government wreaks it up. It is almost impossible to conduct a party of men through the hills, and it is almost certain death, for the distillers can see almost every turn. My advice would be to watch for the whiskey that's sent away, capture the men handling it and compel them to show the exact location of the distillery.'

Several days passed and still I made no progress, I was not regarded in the light of suspicion which I thought would characterise my appearance among the people, and I was convinced that the farmers around were not in sympathy with the distillers. Finally I told Anderson my business.

'Well,' he said, 'if I can do anything for you I'll do it cheerfully and let me advise you not to go to the hills. Watch the river, as that is the only way they can possibly ship the stuff. I am going up the river to day after some walnut lumber and if you will accompany me we may make a discovery. As you have no doubt noticed I make a great many coffins. Not for government officials,' he added with a smile, 'but am supplying cheap coffins for the New Orleans market. During an epidemic, it is almost impossible to get coffins to the city fast enough, and at such times I employ quite a number of men. Come and I'll show you my place of business.'

The shop stood near the river bank. Several workmen were employed in dressing walnut lumber. Coffins were stacked up all around, and a flat boat was being loaded with the deathly furniture. I did not go up the river with Anderson, but took a boat ride with his daughter. She was not devoid of charms, and she chatted gally as she rowed.

'I want pa to leave this place,' she said, 'Mother pined away and died from sheer loneliness, and if I were not so light hearted, I think I would go that way to.'

'Do you ever see any of the illicit distillers?' I asked.

'I expect I see them, but I don't know them of course. They are terrible when they get mad, but as long as they are not disturbed you wouldn't know they were in the neighborhood. When we moved here they regarded pa with lingering suspicion, but finally finding that he was in no way connected with the government, they dismissed their apprehensions and have ever since treated him with the utmost courtesy. Pa is making money out of the coffin business, but it is such a grim trade that I cannot half enjoy any financial benefit from it. Say, you're hunting for the wild cats, ain't you?'

'Hush, don't talk so loud.'

'Nobody can hear us, but you are, ain't you?'

'Suppose I were, do you think I would tell any-one?'

'I heard you tell father, but it's all right. I won't say anything about it. I haven't any friends among the wild cats, and for my part I wouldn't care if they were all in prison.'

I remained several days longer, and then decided to return to the city, report unfavorably, adopt other measures, and again take up the enterprise. Anderson advised me to sell the horse and go down with a flat boat load of coffins. I did not like the idea but reflecting that it would be safer, I disposed of my horse, and was soon ready for the voyage.

I bade my friends an affectionate farewell, and stood on a coffin big enough for the Cardiff giant, and waved my hat at Sophia Anderson as the boat rounded the bend. We had started early, and by the time the shadows began to lengthen, we were a long way from Dripping Spring. It seemed to me that the men on the boat watched me curiously, for every time I walked around it appeared that one of them followed me. My suspicions increased as evening came on and when I saw men engaged in whispering conversation, I was convinced that violence was meditated. Happening to notice a coffin on which several others were piled, I saw something dripping from it. Just then I looked up and saw a gun levelled at me. In another instant a bullet whizzed close to my head, so close that I fell backward into the water. I did not lose my presence of mind and remained under water as long as possible. When I arose to the surface, several other shots were fired, and sinking again I remained under water until I reached the shore, which fortunately was not far away, when I arose under a thick clump of willows. Through the gathering darkness I could hear the splashing of an oar which I knew was manipulated to keep the boat from floating down.

'I reckin he's all right,' said one of the men.

'I know he is,' a gruff voice replied, 'for I drawed a bead on his head, an, a man what can hit a haffer dollar sixty yards ain't no slouch of a shooter, lemme tell yer. But he's got a bullet through his brain, ef he's got any brain.'

'I'd rather bet on the bullet than the brain,' the first speaker rejoined.

'We've got to be certain about these things,' said a man who seemed to be an authority. 'You know what Anderson's orders are. Get a boat thar Jack, an' Tom paddle out thar awhile. Go out thar to them willows.

The boat was lowered and the splashing of the oars came nearer and nearer. My heart beat violently. Great God, the moon came out and shone full on my face. I eased myself down until only the tip of my nose was above the surface. 'Thank heaven,' I breathed, as a cloud obscured the moon just as the boat brushed the willows. They struck under with their oars, actually struck me once, and just as I was about to seize the boat and take my chances of turning it over and escaping, one of them said:—

'He's all right, I tell you. Think I can't hit a man's head? Shove her off,' and I breathed a prayer as the dip of the oars grew fainter.

I remained in this uncomfortable position about a half hour longer then drew myself out and was soon travelling through the woods. After a terrible journey of hunger and fatigue I reached Little Rock and made my report.

Several days afterwards I was again en route for Dripping Spring, this time with a strong posse of men. Touching White river near the place where I had fallen overboard, we dismounted to rest. We had not been there very long when we saw the coffin boat returning. I secreted myself and ordered my men to compel the boat to land and bring the men to our resting place, instructing them as to a form of interrogation.

When hailed they readily complied and approached the bank. They did not seem to like so much attention, for they did not move up the bank with any degree of alacrity.

'Do you know,' said one of my men, 'What became of a United States officer named Griddlewood; who came up here some time ago.

'No, sir,' said the captain of the coffin boat, 'but I heard he had bought a piece o'land over the mountains an' has opened a farm.'

'Did you ever meet him?'

'Believe I did meet him once at Mr. Anderson's house. 'Peered to me like he was sorter in love with the Anderson gal.'

'Don't suppose that I could find him do you?'

'Mout find him if you wuster go over the hills.'

'That's unnecessary,' I remarked stepping from behind a tree and confronting the villains. They threw up their hands and prayed that their lives might be spared. We did not intend to give them the least chance of escape and securely pinioning their hands, we took them down to the boat, where, after gaining all possible information, I left them under strong guard. We were not long in gaining the neighborhood of Anderson's residence. It was a late hour at night, and we surrounded the house without alarming anyone. I instructed one of my officers to call Anderson, and again I secreted myself.

'Halloa!'

'All right,' came from within the house and pretty soon Anderson appeared.

'Mr. Anderson, I believe,' said the officer.

'Yes, sir, won't you come in?'

'No, hardly got the time. I've come to this neighborhood in search of Major Griddlewood. Are you acquainted with him?'

'Oh, yes, should say I am for he and my daughter are to be married soon. I'll show her to you. Here, Soph,' and the girl came out. 'Here is a gentleman looking after your intended husband.'

'Good evening, sir. Looking for the major, eh? How I wish I could see him.'

'Here I am,' I said, emerging from my hiding place and confronting my 'intended' and her father. Anderson actually fell to the ground and his daughter uttered a shriek that make the woods ring. They were soon made prisoners and taken to the boat. Next day the distillery was easily found and destroyed. The coffins were found to be lined with tin, and although ominous looking casks, were not bad as vessels of shipment.

The prisoners were tried and punished to the full extent of the law and ever since then, the Dripping Spring neighborhood has been one of the most orderly and law-abiding communities in the State.

—Another story about Charlie Ransom, the recently deceased New York gambler: 'About twelve years ago a young fellow came down from Litchfield, Conn., with $10,000 in his pocket. It was his entire fortune, and with it he was going to buy a dairy farm out in Orange Co., and then get married to a girl he left behind him in Litchfield. The first night he was in the city he happened to stumble into Charlie's house. The next morning he came out with just enough to buy his ticket back to Litchfield. He bought it, went back, saw his girl, told her the story, and then bade her good-bye. He was going he said, to California, and would never return until he had got together again the $10,000. The girl was one of those women who will do anything for the man they love. She told him to wait there in Litchfield for two days before starting for California. Then she put on her cloak and came on alone to New York and went straight to Ransom. In a few quiet words she told him the story. Charlie shook her hand, said he wouldn't part her from her lover for the world, asked how much had been lost, took $10,000 out of his safe and gave it to her, together with a valuable diamond pin to fasten the baby's bonnet-strings together. She blushed and went back home. They got married, bought a farm, and haven't been in the city since; but the happy husband always sent a brace of big turkeys to Charlie every Christmas and Thanksgiving.'

—The future horse is a half or three-quarter French or English draft. Half-blood is enough of the English sire, or the Clyde, while it is better to have a quarter more of the French. These crosses are now the most salable of any horses, as they are useful and for many purposes not excelled. The smaller ones make most excellent roadsters, especially the French grades, and grand farm horses. The larger ones are sought to haul trucks and so are the grade Clydes and Shires. For heavy dray work the last are in great demand and give the best satisfaction. The thorough-breds are too costly for any general use, but a few wealthy persons have them, like the Babbits who paid $5,000 each for a matched string or tandam team of five Percherons, dapple gray. The first point of failure with these big draft horses is in the feet. To insure good feet the greatest care should be had in selecting the sire and the dam. Out west the best of mares are used for breeding and it is wisdom so to do. There is too much breeding in the East from broken down mares, with constitutional defects. There is nothing which will pay better than to raise draft horses at the prices they are sure to bring. They are easy to break, being naturally gentle, and need only to be driven on a walk. The risks are much less with them than with the high-strung trotters.—*P. D. Curtis.*

Courtship of a Chicago Conductor.

'Yes,' said a conductor on the Illinois Central, 'I'm married, boys, and am mighty glad of it. But the strongest part of the story is how I came to meet my wife. It was about a year ago. One day we stopped at one of the stations down the line, where the track is double, when there was a freight train approaching on the track west of the station. The freight train slowed up so that passengers would have time to cross, and then put on steam and came along after I had given the signal to my engineer to start. But I stood on the ground looking out for passengers who might jump off and get hurt as I always do under similar circumstances. On this occasion it was well that I did, because a young woman came running out of the coaches of my train and excitedly made a jump to get off. She landed right in my arms and if I hadn't been there she'd have fallen before the freight engine and been crushed to death. Well, boys, I just held on to her until those two trains had passed, and they weren't very short trains either. She was so excited I didn't dare to put her down and I felt quite comfortable the way I was, anyhow. Well, in that minute and half I lost my heart and we were married a week before Christmas. She says she always did like a man who had sense enough to hold fast to a good thing when he had a good chance.

EVOLVING A STORY.—'Ah!' said Smith, a commercial traveler, to a group of friends, 'I was witness to a sight just before leaving Chicago.' And then he told how he had seen a poor German immigrant with his wife and family of eight yellow-haired children, how he had become interested in them, and had learned that they had left their native land to seek a home in the Northwest. He was touched with the tenderness of the father and saw him purchasing apples for the children. All the family except the father had taken their seats on the train, and he was just making change on the platform for his small purchase when the train began to move out of the station. He made a rush for it, slipped, and then, before the eyes of the poor family and other horror-struck passengers, his head was taken off by the cars.

Smith's friends were much affected and it was decided to take up a purse for the poor widow and fatherless children, and this was speedily done and a neat sum presented to Smith to be forwarded. He, with tears in his eyes, said:

'My friends, I thank you, but I can conceal it no longer. That train took off the rest of the man, and he still lives.'

Smith will not travel this week. He is laid up for repairs.

— If there is anything proved by our mortuary experience, it is that those who abstain from the habitual or excessive use of alcoholics have a far greater chance of long life than those who indulge in these beverages. This rule applies to the use of malt liquors as well as spirituous liquors. The fact is that drinkers of malt liquors take more spirits than the ordinary drinkers of alcoholics, to get the equivalent in effect. *Walter R. Gillitt, Medical Director of the Mutual Life Ins. Co. N. Y.*

—Out of a caravan eighty two persons who crossed the great desert from Algiers to Timbuctoo, the present summer, all but fifteen used wine and other liquors, as a preventative against African diseases. Soon after reaching Timbuctoo, these all died save one; while of the fifteen who abstained, all survived.—*Quoted by Edward C. Deleuan, in 1860.*

CINCINNATI, Ohio, May 22.—A thrilling railway accident occurred at 11 o'clock, this morning at Pendleton station, on the Panhandle Railway. An express train was speeding through the town, when, to the horror of the engineer and persons along the line, a little eighteen months' old child crept upon the track. No one could reach it in time to save it. In desperation the engineer, named Sheridan, reversed the engine, but the train could not be stopped in time to save the baby's life. There was only one chance left. The engineer went to the pilot of the engine and jumping before the engine reached the child, snatched it from the wheels and jumped from the track just as the engine passed over the spot, going some distance before stopping. Placing the child at a safe distance from the track, Sheridan quickly mounted his engine and came to the city. He said nothing of his adventure. The passengers on the train told the story.

—Samples of a new textile product are being introduced in the New York and Boston markets, the manufacture of which bids fair to develop into quite an industry. American inquisitiveness and ingenuity united have produced thread made from the blossoms of the common milkweed, which has the consistency and tenacity of imported flax or linen thread, and is produced at a much less cost. The fibre is long, easily carded, and may be readily adapted to spinning upon an ordinary flax-spinner. It has the smooth line and lustre of silk, rendering it valuable for sewing-machine use. The weed is common throughout this country, but grows profusely at the south. The material costs nothing for cultivation, and the gathering is as cheaply done as that of cotton.—*Industrial Journal.*

Washington, June 1.—The seizure of the Spanish fishing schooner Cholitilo, by the United States government authorities, off the coast of Florida, for fishing within the three-mile limit, has been officially reported. Secretary Fairchild this morning ordered the confiscation of the schooner and her cargo and the immediate sale of the fish at the state department. Nothing now is known in regard to the fisheries troubles, and nothing will be know until after the cabinet meeting.

Schr. Ivica.
Capt. Longmire.
This well known packet schooner will commence running on her regular trips between
Bridgetown & St. John
about March 20th. All freight carefully handled.
LIME
will be kept constantly on hand and for sale. Apply on board or at residence of subscriber.
JOHN LONGMIRE,
Bridgetown, March 9th '86. 48tf.