Bath Brothers' Livery Stable.

Passengers conveyed to all parts of the country at reasonable rates.
Teams in waiting at all trains.

Single or Double Teams for Wedding Parties Furnished at Short Notice and Fitted up in Best Style.

Livery Stable opposite Rink.

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BRIDGETOWN.

BRIDGETOWN
MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS
Importer of Marble
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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.

Extension OF TIME
Is often asked for by persons becoming unable to pay when the debt is due. The debt of nature has to be paid sooner or later, but we would all prefer an
Extension of Time.

Puttner's Emulsion
OF COD LIVER OIL
WITH
Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda
may give this to all who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, General Debility, and all wasting Diseases.
Delicate Children who otherwise would pay the debt very speedily, may have a long
EXTENSION OF TIME.
Try Puttner's Emulsion
BROWN BROS. & Co.,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGISTS,
Halifax, N. S.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT: OF WILD STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA Cholera Morbus
COLIC and **CRAMPS**
DIARRHŒA DYSENTERY
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

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FLOUR,
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FEEDING FLOUR,
CORMEAL,
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STOVES, PLOWS,
HORSE CLOTHING,
Harnesses made to Order.
REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.
N. H. PHINNEY.
Nov. 19th, 1888.

They are light in touch.
Unrivalled in tone,
Handsome in appearance,
Unrivalled in durability,
AND NOT EXCELLED BY ANY PIANO MANUFACTURED in the DOMINION.
MILLER BROS.,
SOLE AGENTS,
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WANTED.
A smart, steady, and reliable young man in Miller Bros.' Office, Moncton, N. B., whose pay will be advanced as he learns the business. For further particulars apply to
MILLER BROS.,
19 tf Middleton, N. S.

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

CARD.
W. M. FORSYTH
STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2
Office in
LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.
Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m.
April 2nd, 84. 51tf

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1890. NO. 27.

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

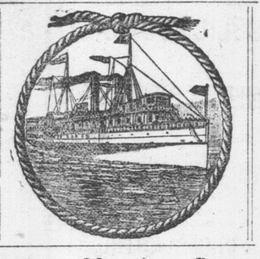
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

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

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
Established 1810.
—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—
Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Strains.
AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.
It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps and Chills.
ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.
All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $2.00. Express and duty prepaid to any part of United States or Canada. Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

International S.S. Co.
OPENING OF THE DIRECT LINE.
FOR BOSTON, DIRECT.



Commencing Monday, Sept. 29th,
the International Steamship Company's steamer for BOSTON, DIRECT, will leave Annapolis every Thursday, p.m., after arrival of W. & A. Express from Halifax. Returning, leave Boston, direct, every Monday morning.
Excursion Tickets, $5. Good for Two Weeks from Date of Issue.
ST. JOHN LINE—CHANGE OF TIME.
Commencing MONDAY, May 5th, one of the Palace Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN for BOSTON via EASTPORT and PORTLAND every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 7.25 Eastern Standard Time.
August 16th and September 13th, inclusive, the "State of Maine" will leave St. John Saturdays at 6.25 p.m., for Boston, direct.
For further information apply to
F. Crosskill, Agent, W. & A. R., Bridgetown.
R. A. Carder, Agent, Annapolis.
OR ANY AGENT OF THE W. & A. RAILWAY.

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.

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NEW YORK
STEAMSHIP CO.'Y.
THE REGULAR LINE.
The Iron Steamship
VALENCIA,
1600 tons, (CAPT. F. C. MILLES), will leave
St. John for New York,
via Eastport, Me., Rockland, Me., and Cottage City, Mass., every
FRIDAY AT 3 P.M.,
(Eastern Standard Time.) Returning, steamer will leave
Pier 40, E. R., foot of Pike St., New York, every Tuesday at 5 p.m.,
for Cottage City, Mass., Rockland, Me., Eastport, Me., and St. John, N. B.
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.
Cheapest Fares and Lowest Rates.
Shippers and importers save time and money by ordering goods to be forwarded by the New York Steamship Company.
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READ AND DIGEST!
OUR own Country Produce Agents. Consignments solicited. Prompt returns and satisfaction guaranteed as far as mental men can do so.
Apples and Cheese
constantly on hand.
Send for price list; free on application. See our weekly report.
WATSON EATON & SON,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Corner Duke and Water Sts.
Halifax, Sept. 5th, 1890. June 11, 6m

NOTICE.
Pictures and Framing in variety,
Christmas Cards,
And Fancy Goods.
I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine.
JOHN Z. BENT.
Bridgetown, Dec. 1885.

WHERE MOTHER IS WRONG.—A mother of a family has no right to cease to be a companion to her husband simply at the dictates of her children. Of course the children will have the measles, and there will be times when the mother heart must stand by, night and day. But you are to blame, madam, if you let this go too far. When my wife is invited by me to go to a concert and she says: "Oh dear! I'm too tired. Take Kittie!" it makes me mad. It hurts. Time was when she did not refuse my invitation. Didn't she, only last week, coolly propose that I "take Kittie" on my trip west and "show her Niagara Falls, she's never seen them," when I had proposed to take her dear, tired self away and give her a rest of two weeks from all the children. Kittie, indeed! I'll take the child to Niagara at the proper time; if I don't why Niagara will keep till her husband takes her there on a wedding trip. I say wife was to blame in all this. But how can I tell her so? She would only burst into tears, complain of her hard lot and break me all up.—*New York Weekly.*

LAUGHTER.—You may always trust the man whose laughter has a genuine ring about it. Laughter, merriment, cheerfulness, and everything that conduces to cheerfulness, are absolutely essential to enable us to live our best. Life is so serious, you may say, that the man who is in earnest will have no time for laughter. I tell you, it is just because life is so serious that we need all the laughter we can get to help us through with it. You may think too much of the seriousness of life. You may brood over the tragic side of human experience till you are in a mad-house. An what would be the good of that? A man's first business, say the Puritans, is to battle with his temptations; and with these temptations, therefore, his thoughts should be wholly engrossed. I tell you he will best battle with his temptations by drawing his thoughts away from them. And here laughter and merriment, no less than healthy occupation, have their part to play. Cheerful amusements have saved many a soul from death.—*Prof. Momeric.*

—An after-dinner speech, says Daniel Dougherty, should always be brief. It ought never to exceed ten minutes in length. It should begin with some light pleasantry and end with sentiment. The instant that you have uttered all the thoughts you had in mind, sit down. Don't hesitate and fish around for more ideas or reproduce the old ones. If you do you will spoil your ease of manner, and manner means a great deal in an after-dinner speech. If you say nothing pleasantly, everybody at table will consider that you have said it well. People at a table do not look for profound thought or solemn propositions. And above and beyond all things, they object to being wearied.

What is a Day's Labor?
One day's work for a healthy liver is to secrete three and a half pounds of bile. If the bile secretion be deficient, constipation ensues; if profuse, biliousness and jaundice arise. Burdock Blood Bitters is the most perfect liver regulator known in medicine for preventing and curing all liver troubles.

Poetry.

An Open Secret.

What is it that gives to the plainest face
The charm of the sweetest beauty?
Not the thought of the duty of happiness,
But the happiness of duty.

This is Life's lesson, children dear,
They are blest who learn it early,
For it brightens the darkest day with cheer,
Though Fortune's face be surly.

There's a certain narrow, quiet path
Of daily thinking and living,
Of little deeds of sacrifice,
Of loving and forgiving.

Of patience and obedience,
Of gentle speech and action,
Of choosing the right and leaving the wrong
With a sunny satisfaction;

And if we never leave this path
For the thing the world calls pleasure,
There will come to meet us a heavenly joy
Beyond all power to measure.

For on this narrow, quiet way,
God's angels move for ever,
Waiting to crown with peace divine
Our every high endeavor.

Yes, this is what sheds on the lowliest life
The glow of the sweetest beauty,
Not the thought of the duty of happiness,
But the happiness of duty!
—*Celia Thaxter, in Youth's Companion.*

The Last of the Light Brigade.

There were thirty million English who
talked of England's might,
There were twenty broken troopers who
lacked a bed for the night;
They had neither food nor money, they had
neither service nor trade;
They were only shiftless soldiers, the last
of the Light Brigade.

They felt that life was fleeting; they knew
not art was long,
That though they were dying of famine,
they lived in deathless song,
They asked for a little money, to keep the
wolf from the door:
And the thirty million English sent twenty
pounds and four.

They laid their heads together that were
scarred and lined and gray:
Keen were the Russian sabres, but want
was keener than they:
And an old troop sergeant muttered, "Let's
go to the man who writes,"
"The things on Balaclava the kiddies at
school recites."

They went without band or colors a regiment ten-file strong
To look for the Master Singer who had
crowned them all in his song:
And waiting his servant's order, by the
garden gate they stayed,
A desolate little cluster, the last of the
Light Brigade.

They strove to stand to attention, to
straighten the toil-bowed back,
They drilled on an empty stomach, the
loose-knit files fell slack;
With stooping of weary shoulders, in garments tattered and frayed,
They shambled into his presence, the last of
the Light Brigade.

The old troop sergeant was spokesman, and,
"Begin' your pardon," he said.
"You wrote o' the Light Brigade, sir.
Here's all that isn't dead.
An' it's all come true what you wrote, sir,
regardin' the mouth of hell;
For we're all of us nigh to the workhouse,
an' we thought we'd call an' tell.

"No, thank you, we don't want food, sir;
but couldn't you take and write
A sort of 'to be continued' and see next
page o' the fight?
We think that some one has blundered, an'
couldn't you tell 'em how?
You wrote we were heroes once, sir. Please
write we are starving now."

The poor little army departed, limping and
lean and forlorn,
And the heart of the Master Singer grew
hot with "the scorn of scorn;"
And he wrote for them wondrous verses
that swept the land like a flame,
Till the fatted souls of the English were
scourged with the thing called shame.

They sent a check to the felon that sprang
from an Irish bog,
They healed the spavined cab horse, they
housed the homeless dog;
And they sent (you may call me a liar),
when rebel and beast were paid,
A check for—enough to live on, to the last
of the Light Brigade.

O thirty million English that babble of
England's might,
Behold, there are twenty heroes who lack
their food to-night;
Our children's children are lisping to "honor
the charge they made,"
And we leave to the streets and the workhouse the charge of the Light Brigade.
—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Select Literature.

"By Fire."

A True Story.

CHAPTER I.

The golden rays of the setting sun are casting their brightness over the beautiful sheet of water known as Annapolis basin, leaving a mass of crimson clouds in the west. A great deal of history is connected with these waters in the pioneer days of Nova Scotia. How much of carnage and bloodshed have been enacted on their now peaceful bosom! The ancient capital, Annapolis Royal, named in honor of the good Queen Anne, looks every inch a bustling seaport town. The old fort stands untenanted, a reminder of rebellious scenes in the early settlement of this fair "land of the Mayflower." Not yet has the shriek of the iron horse been heard in the picturesque Annapolis Valley, rousing the inhabitants to greater energy and enterprise; but in this year, 1846, it was whispered about that these things were to be that have since taken place.

On the south or Granville side of the blue basin the trees bend down to the water's edge, and on a fair situation stands a handsome cottage house, gleaming white through the foliage. Surrounding it is a well kept lawn, and an air of comfort pervades the whole.

Just now, a child of about ten summers, (the brightness of the western sky shining on her golden curls,) stands motionless among the flowers that line the front walk, gazing silently and half-sadly out upon the basin, and wondering (as some white-sailed ships drop anchor for the night) when her absent parents, and dear little sister Tiny will return. Not very long now, surely, and then—oh how full of happiness the days will be. But if the child's eyes could look beyond the glittering sunset and the treacherous waters, they would see a noble vessel wrapped in flame, and among the white faces in a little boat, far distant, they would recognize father, mother, and sister.

CHAPTER II.

A delightful August morning. The *Annie Laurie*, a trading schooner of largest size, had finished loading, and lay in the harbor of New Orleans, awaiting the hour of sailing. The scene was grand. The deep blue sky contrasted finely with the deeper blue of the Missippi river, covered that moment with various kinds of craft, from the little row-boat to the vast iron-clad. The air was clear and fine, even in that smoky city of the South. The *Annie Laurie*, laden with cotton for the markets of New York, was preparing to start on her long voyage. The crew were hoisting her sails, and on the deck stood Captain McArthur. By him stood his wife, a short, well-made young woman with a quiet air of reserve. Clasped by the hand she led a little girl about four years of age, her child you could tell at a glance, by the same quiet reserved expression, and wonderfully bright grey eyes. The little one's eyes travelled now from the bright scene before them up to her mother's face and rested there.

"Shall we start soon, mamma?" she asked.

"Very soon, I believe. See! They're hoisting the anchor now. We're off!" (as the vessel began to glide slowly out of the harbor.) "How glad are you, Tiny?"

"Oh! lots, mamma," cried Tiny, dancing up and down on the deck; "and how long before I shall see Grace?"

"In about two weeks," replied Mrs. McArthur, smiling at the child's eagerness. "Are we going to have a prosperous voyage, do you think?" she asked, turning to her husband.

"If this weather holds out," was the prompt reply, "and there are no signs of a storm yet."

Mrs. McArthur did not answer, but gazed with absent eyes upon the mighty "parent of waters," its placid surface disturbed by scarcely a ripple, and reflecting the blue and silver of the flecked sky above.

And the good ship glided down the widening river, homeward bound.

* * * * * * *

A week passed away, and the *Annie Laurie*, far, far out at sea, was rushing along through the Atlantic Ocean, towards New York, under a cloud of canvas.

The sun had just risen, when the captain's wife, Mrs. McArthur, came on deck. She had not been there long when her husband joined her. "If this weather holds out," he said, "we shall reach New York in little less than a week, leave our cargo there, and then for home."

A smile lit up his wife's face, and murmuring some exclamation of pleasure, she left him and went into the cabin without speaking again. An hour later, Captain McArthur saw with dread the unmistakable signs of an approaching storm. The sun was veiled with a hazy vapor, and masses of heavy black clouds were rushing along from the windward. The captain ordered the sails to be furled. The active sailors darted up the rigging to obey the command, and while all hands were aloft the gale came shrieking, roaring and howling on the ship.

With her lee rail scooping up the white waters, her shrouds whistling and bending to the gale, her masts swaying and creaking, her timbers groaning and humming, away she went, driving through the mad waters, veiled in a cloud of spray from bow and stern.

Amidships, holding on to a pin on the main-life rail, stood Captain McArthur, watching the men who were furling the jib. Suddenly the ship made a mad plunge. A great torrent of water came sweeping like a huge moving wall over the weather-rail. Before the captain could avoid it by running aft, it struck his form, washing him overboard like a shot. There was a slender half-rotten rope hanging from the deck attached to the rail. Captain McArthur seized this as he went, twisting it round his waist. The wild mass of water swept over and past him. There he was, hanging by the end of the rope, about ten yards from the ship's side. His wife, who had come on deck just as her husband was swept over the rail, now ran amidships, with pale cheeks and wild eyes, calling on the crew to save their commander. It would be worse than useless to lower boats in such a gale. The sailors ran to the rail, however, and commenced hauling on the rope to which the captain was still clinging. As they pulled an ominous snapping sound was heard. The strands of the rotten rope were giving way.

"He must go!" cried a gruff old sailor despairingly. "No earthly power can save him now. The rope will part long before we can get him alongside." Nearer—nearer, to the ship was the captain drawn. When he was within five yards of it the rope held him only by one of its strands. This, going round and round, must part in a few seconds.

With clasped hands and eyes gleaming large and bright, Mrs. McArthur watched her husband, her lips compressed as if by the power of her will alone she would prevent the rope giving way. The strain upon that one strand was tremendous. It cracked and snapped but it still held. The first mate stood reaching far out over the rail to be ready to seize the captain the moment he would be drawn within reach. The men at the rope pulled him cautiously nearer to the side of the vessel. A little nearer and he could be reached.

The mate made a grasp at the captain's hair, missed it, and seized him by the collar of his rough pea-jacket.

"Thank God! he is saved," cried the man hoarsely, as a dozen sailors rushed to his assistance, and Captain McArthur stood safe on the deck once more. A marvellous escape from a watery grave.

CHAPTER III.

The gale had subsided and the angry waters were resuming their wonted calm, the heavy clouds parting and showing the smiling blue beneath. The storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun. In half an hour there was no trace of a cloud in the blue canopy above. The rays of the sun poured down with a fierce heat on the deck of the *Annie Laurie*. The crew rejoiced at the change, all but a few of the oldest seamen, who shook their heads ominously and declared that the sudden change boded no good. These were ridiculed by the sailors who lounged about on the deck enjoying the fierce heat, that, as the day wore on grew unbearable. Great heavy masses of clouds were, for the second time that day, seen advancing. In a short time the sky was completely covered with a canopy of darkness. It seemed as though the predictions of the old seamen were about to be verified. The air was stifling.

Suddenly a strange calm seemed to fall over the ship. Even the sea hushed its restless moaning and crept up the sides of the becalmed vessel in silence. Then the air grew dark as night, and a lurid sheet of light broke from the dark clouds, followed by a terrible crash of thunder, as the dreadful tempest closed round the doomed *Annie Laurie*.

The din of sea and sky was frightful. The waves rose mountains high, their terrible locks mingling with the very lightning of the sky, every pale brilliant flash of which lit up the scared faces of the crew, the inky sea, and the storm-tossed vessel with unearthly distinctness. Then one broad glare, accompanied by a peal of thunder that seemed to rend the heavens, and a ball of livid fire ran down the ship's foremast, splintering it like a reed, and setting fire to the deck. When the men had recovered from the stupor into which the fearful shock had plunged them, it was too late. The flames, spreading faster than they had deemed possible, were creeping up the main-mast, licking up the boards of the deck, stealing above and below.

Captain McArthur, who had been amongst his men, made a frantic rush for the cabin. He was met at the door by his wife, their little girl in her arms. Without words, for none were needed, he took her hand, and together they passed up the cabin stairs and gained the deck. Through the forehatch, a huge volume of flame and smoke was pouring. The glare of the flames shone for many miles across the dark raging sea. "The cargo! It's afire! The cotton's caught!" cried a sailor rushing up to the captain, pale with fright. A glance around told the captain that it would be useless to attempt to subdue the flames. No human effort could arrest their progress, and so dreadful was the noise of sea and sky that the minute gun, after being discharged three times, was abandoned. "For," said the captain, "in any case assistance could not reach us in such an awful tempest."

At this there was a fearful cry raised for the boats, and useless as it was, they endeavored to launch them. As they touched the water one after another was dashed into a hundred fragments, and while they were trying to launch the last, the main-mast fell over the side with a terrible crash. An immense column of flame and sparks shot up toward the dark, lowering sky.

The captain's wife stood by the weather-rail holding her frightened child clasped close in her arms. The flames darted toward her, licking her very garments with their scorching tongues; but she seemed unconscious of peril. Her eyes were fixed on the tossing sea, lit up by the glare of the flames whose dull roar she heard as they raged in the narrow walls below.

Captain McArthur hastened to her side and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Must we die?" she asked, turning her eyes to meet his gaze quite calmly.

"I hope not," he answered, turning his face away that she might not see the anxiety written on it; "The sea has abated a little. The boat may live on it. Come!"

He took the child from her arms, and strode toward the one remaining boat, in which the crew, frightened out of their wits, were fighting for places. The struggle ceased for a moment, however, at the captain's authoritative command, and Mrs. McArthur and her little girl were allowed to take their seats quietly. Then the sailors, and last of all the captain, threw themselves into places, and a huge wave swept them away from the side of the doomed ship, and just in time, for an instant later the vessel was completely wrapped in flame.

The thunder tempest was followed by such a downpouring of rain, as can hardly be imagined. How eagerly the shpwrecked voyagers watched for the dawn need not here be told. The torrents of rain beat down the sea, the wind gradually abated, and towards morning the stars shone through broken masses of cloud. Lighter and lighter grew the sky in the east, and at last the great gold rim of the sun began to climb over the horizon.

The captain stood erect, and shading his eyes with his hands, peered long and anxiously across the still heaving waste of waters. "Sail ho!" rang out in his stentorian tones, and the light of hope sprang to pallid faces, and glad eyes gazed across the sea at the approaching vessel, which proved to be a French brigantine bound for New York.

In half an hour the shipwrecked mariners were standing safe on her deck, and meeting with all possible attention from the officers, who were deeply sympathetic for the misfortune they had encountered, and—

Well! To tell a long story in a few words, the next week saw them safely landed in New York, and, a little later, blue waters and smiling sky, witnessed a joyous re-union on the shores of Annapolis Basin.

MAUDE SAUNDERS.
Lawrencetown, Annapolis Co., N. S.

—"A blessed thing it is for any man or woman to have a friend, one human soul, whom we can trust utterly; who knows the best and worst of us, and who loves us in spite of all our faults; who will speak the honest truth to us while the world flatters us to our face and laughs at us behind our backs; who will give us counsel and reproof in the day of prosperity and self-conceit, but who again will comfort and encourage us in the day of difficulty and sorrow, when the world leaves us alone to fight our own battle as we can. If we have had the good fortune to win such a friend, let us do anything rather than lose him. We must give and forgive, live and let live. If our friends have faults, we must bear with them. We must hope all things, believe all things, endure all things, rather than lose the most precious of all earthly possessions, a trusty friend, once won, need never be lost, if we will only be trusty and true ourselves."

Mining News.
Mining experts note that cholera never attacks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhœa, etc. It is a sure cure.

A Story of Joseph Jefferson.

Joseph Jefferson relates in *The Century* the following concerning a London experience of his: "My approaching appearance was the important dramatic event of my life. I had been five years from America and was on my way home, and I felt satisfied that if this new version of 'Rip Van Winkle' succeeded in London my way was quite clear when I returned to the United States.

"On Sunday evening being alone in my lodgings, I got out for my own admiration my new wig and beard, the pride of my heart, and which I was to use in the last act. I could not resist trying them on for the twentieth time, I think; so I got in front of the glass and adjusted them to my perfect satisfaction. I soon became enthused and began acting and posing in front of the mirror. In about twenty minutes there came a knock at the door.

"Who's there?" said I.

"It's me, if you please," said the gentle and agitated voice of the chamber-maid. "May I come in?"

"Certainly not," I replied; for I had no desire to be seen in my present make up.

"Is there anything wrong in the room, sir?" said she.

"Nothing at all. Go away," I replied.

"Well, sir," she continued, "there's a policeman at the door, and he says as 'ow there's a crazy old man in your room, a-flingin' of his 'ands about and agoin' on hawful, and there's a crowd of people across the street a-blockin' up the way."

I turned toward the window, and to my horror I found that I had forgotten to put down the curtain, and, as it seemed to me, the entire population of London was taking in my first night. I had been unconsciously acting with the lights full up, to an astonished audience who had not paid for their admission. As I tore off my wig and beard a shout went up. Quickly pulling down the curtain, I threw myself in a chair, overcome with mortification at the occurrence. In a few minutes the comical side of the picture presented itself, and I must have laughed for an hour. I had been suffering from an attack of nervous dyspepsia, consequent upon the excitement of the past week, and I firmly believe that this continuous fit of laughter cured me."

Things Every Boy Should Know.

A word for you boys—a most practical, sensible word—we quote from an exchange. Perhaps you are bewailing the hard lot that keeps you from school this fall. Cheer up! According to this writer's standard you have plenty of chances to be one of the world's giants, after all, or, better, one of God's giants.

"I believe," says a writer, "in schools where boys can learn trades. Peter the Great left his throne and went to learn how to build a ship, and he learned from stem to stern, from hull to mast; and that was the beginning of his greatness.

"I knew a young man who was poor and smart. A friend sent him to a good school, where he stayed two years and came back a mining engineer and a bridge builder. Last year he planned and built a cotton factory, and is getting a large salary.

"How many college boys can tell what kind of timber will bear the heaviest burden, or why you take white oak for one part of a waggon and ash for another, and what timber will last longest under water and what out of water?

"How many know sandstone from limestone, or iron from mangenese? How many know how to cut a rafter or brace without a pattern? How many know which turns the faster—the top of the wheel or the bottom—as the waggon moves along the ground? How many know how steel is made or how a snake can climb a tree? How many know that a horse gets us before and a cow behind, and the cow eats grass from her and the horse to him? How many know that a surveyor's mark on a tree never gets any higher from the ground, or what tree bears fruit without bloom?

"There is a power of comfort in knowledge, but a boy is not going to get it unless he wants it badly. And that is the trouble with most college boys. They do not want it; they are too busy, and have got time. There is more hope of a dull boy who wants knowledge than of a genius, who generally knows it all without study. These close observers are the world's benefactors."

A WORD FOR THE FATHERS.—We are glad to see numerous protests in the press against the way in which the father has been ignored. The many virtues and good qualities of the mother have been celebrated both in poetry and in prose, in connection with the lives of all of our great men. This is as it should be. Perish the wretch who would blot out a line of this praise. But in remembering the mother, why forget the father, better known as the old man? It is true the old man is not always a person of ideal physical beauty. You don't feel like writing sonnets about him; and even a rondeau would be out of place in celebrating his homely virtues. But he toiled to feed and clothe the future great man, perhaps sat up at night with him in his sickness. And in a multitude of ways he denied himself the pleasures and comforts of life in order to give the young man a chance. Poor, patient, brave, uncomplaining, awkward old man, how little our literature has to say about him. How generally he is ignored while living, and forgotten when dead!

—The other day an old woman entered one of the Albany savings banks, and when her turn in the line came, extracted a number of gold and silver coins from her reticule, and said she wanted to deposit them. She was about to sign her name in the book, when she remarked, "I want you to keep this money so that I may get the identical pieces whenever I care to. I have the date of each coin here," and she displayed a paper on which was a list of the dates. The clerk at first thought she was joking, but was soon convinced that she was in dead earnest. He politely told her that it would be impossible to do as she requested. "Well, all right," responded the woman, "if I can't get the same coins back again I won't deposit 'em." Then she went out.

—The Australian oarsmen who are to visit America in November, will, it is said, engage in pair and double scull races against American oarsmen.

How Dimes are Made and Counted.

The United States Mint in San Francisco is said to be the largest institution of the kind in the world. Just at the present time there is a lively demand for silver dimes, and two of the money presses have been for some time running exclusively on this coin. The demand is so great that these machines are not even stopped on Sunday. The process of dime making is an interesting one. The silver bullion is first melted and run into two pound bars. These in turn are run through immense rollers and flattened out to the thickness of the coin. These silver strips are then passed through a machine which cuts them into a proper size for the presses, the strips first having been treated with a kind of tallow to prevent them being scratched in their passage through the cutters. The silver pieces are then put into the feeder of the printing presses and are fed to the die by automatic machinery at the rate of one hundred per minute, forty-eight thousand dimes being turned out in a regular working day of eight hours. As the smooth pieces are pressed between the ponderous printing dies they receive the lettered and figured impression in a manner similar to that of a paper pressed upon a form of type; at the same time the piece is expanded in a slight degree, and the small corrugations are cut into its rim. The machine drops the completed coin into a receiver, and it is ready for the counter's hands. The instrument used by the counter is not a complicated machine by any means, as one might suppose. It is a simple copper-colored tray, having raised ridges running across its surface at a distance apart the exact width of a dime. From the receiver the money is dumped on this board or tray, and as it is shaken rapidly by the counter the pieces settle down into the spaces between the ridges. All these spaces being filled, the surplus coin is brushed back into the receiver, and the counter has exactly 1,250 silver dimes, or $125, on his tray, which number is required to fill the spaces. The tray is then emptied into boxes, and the money is ready for shipment. The dime does not pass through the weigher's hands as does the coin of a larger denomination. One and one-half grains is allowed for variation, or "tolerance," in all silver coins from a dollar down, and the deviation from the standard in ten-cent pieces is so trifling that the trouble and expense of weighing coins of this denomination is dispensed with.

"Make Hens Lay."

Such is the caption of an advertisement that appears not only in the local, but many leading agricultural papers and which suggests the propriety of a few thoughts upon the subject. It may be laid down as a rule that that most farmers indulge in raising poultry not for the pleasure it gives, but for the profit that is realized from the same which must come from young chicks or eggs, and since the chicks must come from the eggs, the real profit may be traced to egg production, so the advice given in these words is of vital consequence to the ambitious farmer. "The advertisement referred to recommends Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay and so do we," says Mr. Hunter, poultry editor of the *N. E. Farmer*. "A hen to lay prolifically must be in perfect health, must be in *condition*, and here is based the true theory of the value of Sheridan's Condition Powder—it promotes the general good health of the fowl, gently quickening digestion and stimulating all the various organs of the body as well as the ovaries to perform their functions." At this season of the year the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder is very valuable for moulting hens and young pullets. By its use now they will get to laying earlier when the price for eggs is very high. Any person buying and using Sheridan's Condition Powder now, will get their hens in good laying condition before cold weather, and stand a good chance to win one of the large gold premiums to be offered later by I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. (the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder), who will send for 50 cents, two packs of Powder; for $1.00 five packs; for $1.20 a large 2½ lb. can, postpaid; six cans for $5, express prepaid. Six cans will pay a good dividend. I. S. Johnson & Co., will also send to any one asking for it a copy of the best poultry magazine published, free. The paper one year and a large can of Powder for $1.50.

FAILED TO KEEP HIS APPOINTMENT.—In one of the frontier settlements of the wild West a German cobbler was elected police justice. His reputation as an honest toiler was well established, but his legal knowledge and sense of humor were so far of unknown quantities.

One of his first cases was that of a tough citizen who was duly arraigned for a breach of the peace. The justice heard the evidence in the case and pronounced sentence of three months in jail. This so enraged the defendant that he ended a vigorous abuse of the court by promising to call on him promptly that day three months and prepare him for a first-class funeral. The judge heard this abuse silently, and then, without any emotion, cogitated as follows:

"Vell you kills me to-day three months ago, vill you? Let me see. This is August first. Three months vill be November first. Thanksgiving vill be twenty-fifth. I vill miss my Thanksgiving dinner. Christmas is next: I vill miss Christmas too. Six months from August first vill be Shanuary. I makes it six months, and den you kills me, vill it? You shust go right away to jail six months, and then I see you any more I shoust shoot you so full of lead it vill take von steam derrick to lift you down to your grave. You hear me?"

The six months were up long ago, and the justice still sits upon his cobbler's bench when not dispensing justice from his official seat. The tough citizen is presumably herding cattle.—*New York Press.*

THE GREATEST GIFT.—Considering the value of the faculty of memory it is one that is sorely neglected, wilfully abused and persistently underestimated by the human family. From youth to age it is taxed beyond its powers of endurance, and every succeeding year of Nineteenth century life adds to its burdens and abuses. Yet it is the one faculty which renders all the rest available through life. The all round good memory is a possession that contributes to success in life more than any gift which a human being carries in heart or brain. It is the matrix that retains the impress of all the facts acquired through study and observation. If this matrix is weak, flabby and feeble, these impressions must fade away as writing on the sea shore sands, leaving the hardest student, the shrewdest observer, a mental pauper.—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*