Salesmen Wanted!

FONTHILL NURSERIES.

465 Acres. [illegible] 465 Acres.

Head Office, [illegible] Branch, Montreal.

Hardy [illegible] Agents to sell our [illegible] STOCK

Steady employment, salaries. MEN and [illegible] and profitable. Agents are [illegible] month, and expenses. Address

[illegible] PLLINGTON, Montreal, Canada.

[illegible] Aug. 8th, '88 1y.

SCHOONER

Temple Bar,

Capt. Longmire.

The well known packet schooner will ply regularly between St. John and Bridgetown during the season.

First trip will be made, if possible, on the 30th or 31st of this month. Freight reasonable. Apply on board to

CAPT. J. LONGMIRE.

LIME! Always in Stock. When [illegible] is not in port apply to Capt. Peter Nelson.

Bridgetown, March 25th, 1888. tf

MASCOT

Spring Stop Shade Roller,

Selling at Twenty Cents per Window.

Big Value! Don't fail to see them.

IF YOU WANT

Bargains, Come!

For during the next THIRTY DAYS I will sell the balance of Winter Goods, including

Sacque Cloths, Astrachans,

FUR TRIMMINGS, CAPS AND MUFFS

Also, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear, BOOTS and SHOES (a good assortment).

Fancy Glassware

At 20 per cent discount for Cash.

Also—One GREY GOAT ROBE, positively at cost.

Highest market prices paid for Eggs, Butter Dried Apples, and Beans, in exchange for goods.

C. H. Shaffner.

South Farmington, Feb. 10th, 1888.

New Goods,

—AT—

R. D. BEALS!

—Comprising—

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, Ready Made Clothing, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, Crockery ware, SHELF HARDWARE, Best Groceries.

TIN WARE, ETC.

EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT ON ALL LINES.

Eggs for Goods or Cash.

Butter and all Other Produce in Exchange Nictaux Falls, May 9th, '87.

BREMNER BROS.,

Produce Commission Merchants,

259 and 261 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S.

APPLES, PEARS, PLUMS, —and all kinds of Produce—

HANDLED ON COMMISSION.

QUICK SALES AND PROMPT RETURNS GUARANTEED.

LARGE DRY AND FROST PROOF STORAGE.

Fulton, Foster & Co.,

Auctioneers, Country Produce,

—: AND :—

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

61 Upper Water Street, Foot Bell's Lane, Halifax, N. S.

ARE prepared to receive Consignments of all kinds of Country Produce, which they Guarantee to sell to best advantage, and make prompt returns.

When required cash advanced on consignments.

HAMLAN FULTON.

W. F. FOSTER. W. W. FOSTER.

51 1y pd

BREADMAKER'S YEAST.

BREAD MAKERS 5 CENT YEAST

BREAD made of this Yeast took 31 First Prizes at Ontario Fall Shows in 1887.

Over 10,000 ladies have written to say that it surpasses any yeast ever used by them.

It makes the lightest, whitest, sweetest bread, rolls, buns and buckwheat pancakes.

Bakers in nearly every town in Canada are using it.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Farmers Buying Fertilizers

SEE that you buy only those brands known to be reliable. Try no experiments, but use the well known brands,

"Ceres" Superphosphate

: AND :

BONE!

manufactured at the

CHEMICAL FERTILIZER WORKS, HALIFAX, N. S.,

JACK & BELL, Proprietors.

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MANHOOD

How Lost, How Restored!

$100 REWARD

We have recently published a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, a sealed envelope, only 4 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author in this admirable Essay clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,

41 Ann St., New York.

Box, Office Post 450.

RUBBER STAMP with your name in Fancy Type, 25 Visiting Cards, and INDIAN INK to mark Linen, only 25 cts. (stamps.) Book of 200 styles free with each order. Agents Wanted. Big Pay. THALMAN MF'G CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 16. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1888. NO. 11.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases.

We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars.

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

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

Acadia Organ and Manufacturing Co.

(LIMITED.)

Beg to announce to the public, that they intend to add, and have now on the road, one of the latest improved MOULDING MACHINES; also, Tenoning and Mortising and other Machinery, which they will add to their already well-fitted up establishment, and will, during the coming season, be pleased to supply their patrons with the latest style, in Kiln Stock, of

MOULDINGS, DOORS, SASHES, STAIR RAIL.

Newell Posts (either fancy built or turned), **Balusters, Etc.**

PLANING DONE BY THE THOUSAND.

Will keep in stock MATCHED SHEATHING. FLOORING, matched and kiln-dried, supplied at short notice.

The Company intends giving special attention to the above line of goods, and shall use every effort to please customers; and, by strict attention to the wants of the public, hope to merit the patronage of those that may be in want of Building Material.

They will still continue the manufacture of the celebrated ACADIA ORGAN, the reputation of which is too well known throughout our Valley to need any further comment. This Department will still remain under the management of Mr. Sulis.

PIANOS, of the leading makes, will be supplied, at prices to suit, and OLD ORGANS taken in exchange.

DINING TABLES will be kept in stock, made of the best material, and at prices to suit the times. Also, the celebrated and improved SCHOOL-DESK which is giving universal satisfaction, and is recommended by Superintendents, Inspectors, and Teachers, to be the best in the market. If you are repairing or building your School-house, call and see the Improved Desk before using any other.

Orders promptly filled from carefully selected stock.

All orders addressed to the ACADIA ORGAN and MANUFACTURING COMPANY will receive prompt and careful attention.

Corner Queen and Water Streets, Bridgetown, N. S.

A. E. SULIS. E. P. RAYMOND.

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.

1888. Letter "B," No. 204.

In the COUNTY COURT,

Between STEWART L. MACK, Pltff., AND WILLIAM R. LUXTON, Defdt.

UPON hearing counsel and upon reading the affidavits of J. G. H. Parker and J. Avard Morse, High Sheriff, dated the 12th day of January, A.D., 1888, I do order that unless the above named defendant, William R. Luxton, do appear and plead to the writ of summons in this cause within thirty days after the publication of this order in the WEEKLY MONITOR, newspaper, published in Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, the above named plaintiff may proceed therein to judgment, and that publication of this order for thirty days from the date hereof in said WEEKLY MONITOR, newspaper, shall be good and sufficient service of the said writ and that a copy of the order and of the said summons be also mailed, post paid, to the said William R. Luxton, addressed to his last known place of residence at Carlton's Corner, in the County aforesaid.

Dated this 24th day of January, A.D., 1888.

[Sgd.] A. W. SAVARY.

On motion of J. G. H. Parker, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Address, Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis. 4it12

ALL Persons having legal demands against the estate of W. PRYOR STRONACH, late of Margaretville, in the County of Annapolis, yeoman, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

J. G. H. PARKER, Sole Administrator.

Bridgetown, May 4th, 1888. 6m

Notice of Assignment.

TAKE notice that William H. Burns, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, Blacksmith, has, by deed of Assignment bearing date the 5th day of June, 1888, assigned to me all his property in trust for the benefit of his creditors. By the provision of said deed, certain creditors are preferred, and all creditors desiring to execute said deed must do so within sixty days from the date thereof. The deed has been filed and registered at the Registry office for the County of Annapolis, and a duplicate thereof lies at the office of J. G. H. Parker, Esq., Bridgetown, where the same may be inspected and executed by creditors.

Dated at Bridgetown, the 5th day of June, A. D., 1888.

6m EDWARD J. MORSE, Assignee.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great medical work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4, Bulfinch St.

GEORGE WHITMAN,

REAL ESTATE & COMMISSION AGENT, ANNAPOLIS, N. S.

REFERENCE BY PERMISSION.—Dr. D. McN. Parker, M. L. C., Halifax, N. S., T. D. Ruggles, Barrister, Annapolis, N. S.

Every attention given to the purchase and sale of Farms. Descriptions forwarded by Mail on receipt of Postage Stamps. n8ly.

A YEAR'S EXPERIENCE!

AFTER nearly a year's use of SIMSON'S LINIMENT I have found it to be what I supposed at first it was, an excellent Liniment to have about a stable. I have used it in cases of Cuts, Galls, Bruises and Sprains on my horses, and in every case found it to give relief at once; cleansing the cuts and galls so that they healed rapidly, and reducing the soreness in cases of bruises and sprains in a short time. Nothing has presented itself to me that so effectively relieves and prevents the Horse Distemper. I have also found it of very great service, both in my own family and in the family of my men, in cases for which it is intended to be used.

R. T. WARDEN, Livery Stable, 31 King Square, St. John, N. B.

Brown Brothers & Co., Chemists, - Halifax, N. S.

—SOLE AGENCY—

HALIFAX PIANO & ORGAN CO 157 & 159 HOLLIS ST. HALIFAX, N.S.

TO LADIES & DYERS.

THE best known for all such purposes as Coloring Yarn, Mat-Rags, Wool, Stockings, Carpets, Carpet Rags, Shawls, Hoods, and in fact everything you can think of, are the

Excelsior Package Dyes.

They are the best dyes on the market, and give universal satisfaction, all who use them prefer them to any other dyes because they are cheaper and produce better results. Price 8 cents per package. Sold by J. W. BECKWITH, Bridgetown, and by dealers and druggists throughout the Province, and wholesale by the firm.

C. HARRISON & CO, Cambridge, Kings Co., N. S.

John Ervin,

Barrister and Attorney at Law,

OFFICE, COX'S BUILDING,

03mpd BRIDGETOWN

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

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

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

BRIDGETOWN

HARNESS STORE!

A BIG STOCK

LIGHT HARNESSES, EXPRESS HARNESSES, TEAM HARNESSES, TEAM and HARNESS COLLARS.

A large assortment of

Trunks and Bags,

Direct from Manufacturers.

For Sale Low for Cash.

J. W. ROSS.

March 27th, 1888. 2m

THE M. K. ELLIOTT

ELECTRIC BATTERY IN A BOTTLE,

is not a Snuff, Liquid or Salve,

But a perfect Electric Battery, which forms a

Speedy Cure

—FOR—

Catarrh, Headache, Neuralgia, Asthma, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, etc.

A perfect Electric Battery in a Bottle. A cure guaranteed. Send for circulars.

Price, $1.00 per Bottle.

AGENTS WANTED. Apply to H. FRASER, Bridgetown, N. S.

Several marvelous cures already made in this town. Write for particulars. tf

THE HOUSE SWARMED WITH TURTLES.—A couple of mornings ago the family of Wm. Patterson, of Fetterman, had a peculiar experience. Some days ago one of the boys discovered a whole tub full of turtle eggs, which he brought home and placed under the stove. Early this morning one of the children, who sleeps in a trundle-bed, was awakened by something slimy crawling over his face. Yelling to its parents that the 'durned bed-bugs' were bothering it, the child got out of bed only to step on another of the slimy objects. By this time the whole family was aroused and a light being struck the lower part of the house was found to be literally alive with little turtles ranging in size from a nickel to a silver quarter. They had been hatched out in the night and were waddling and scrambling in all directions. A general harvest was inaugurated, the result of which was the capture of 132 lively little turtles.—*Washington Star.*

An Extraordinary Offer TO ALL WANTING EMPLOYMENT.

We want live, energetic agents in every county in the United States and Canada to to sell a patent article of great merit ON ITS MERITS. An article having a large sale paying over 100 per cent. profit, having no competition, and on which the agent is protected in the exclusive sale by a deed given for each and every county he may secure from us. With all there advantages to our agents, and the fact that it is an article that can be sold to every housewarmer, it might not be necessary to make "AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER" to secure good agents at once, but we have concluded to make it to show, not only our confidence in the merits of our invention, but in the salability by any agent that will handle it with energy. Our agents now at work are making from $150 to $300 a month clear, and this fact makes it safe for us to make our offer to all who are out of employment. Any agent that will give our business a thirty days trial and fail to clear at least $100 in this time, ABOVE ALL EXPENSES, can return all goods unsold to us and we will refund the money paid for them. No such employers of agents ever dared to make such offers, nor would we if we did not know that we have agents now making more than double this amount. Our large descriptive circulars explain our offer fully, and these we wish to send to everyone out of employment who will send us three one cent stamps for postage. Send at once and secure the agency in time for the boom and go to work on the terms named in our extraordinary offer.

Address, at once, NATIONAL NOVELTY CO. 514 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

FEEDING HORSES IN NORWAY.—A traveler in Norway says that the horses in that country have a very sensible way of taking their food, which perhaps might be beneficially followed here. They have a bucket of water put down beside their allowance of hay. It is interesting to see with what relish they take a sip of the one and a mouthful of the other alternately, sometimes only moistening their mouths, as a rational being would do while eating a dinner of such dry food. A broken-winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway, and the question is if the mode of feeding has not something to do with the preservation of the respiratory organs.—*Scientific American.*

A New Home Treatment for the Cure of Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made by the patient at home.

READ THE FOLLOWING;

Ritcey's Cove, Nova Scotia, June 22, 1885.

GENTLEMEN—I am happy to say that the treatment which you sent me last February has effectually cured me of Catarrh. Mine was a case of long standing, and up to the present time I have been waiting for developing remains of Catarrh, but none are manifest. You may use my name as a proof that your remedy cures Catarrh. I feel grateful for the removal of such a trouble.

Yours etc., (REV.) G. O. HUESTIS.

TWO YEARS LATER.

Mill Village, Queen's Co., N.S. Dec. 23, 1887.

GENTLEMEN—Allow me to say that after three years' trial I find no unpleasant odor in the nose or, fetid breath, which used to effect others in my company. No symptoms of Catarrh remained after the second application of your remedy.

Wishing you success in doing good, I remain,

Yours sincerely (REV.) G. O. HUESTIS.

We send a pamphlet describing the new treatment on receipt of postage stamp.

A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King St. W. Toronto, Can.

—Old man (calling down the stairs to daughter): 'Clara!' daughter: 'Yes, papa.' Old man: 'Ask that young man in the parlor which he prefers for breakfast—milk rolls or Vienna bread.

—A Pittsburg chemist has discovered a preparation which will petrify human remains inside of a week.

Poetry.

A Lost Opportunity.

"She comes!" I hear the murmur of
The leaves that rush to meet her
The joyous carol of a thrush
That splits his throat to greet her.

Through Autumn's shimmering mist she comes,
That veil for Summer's dresses,
With Winter's diamonds at her throat,
And Spring flowers in her tresses.

The baby stars laugh out in glee,
The jasmine buds sex brightly,
The moonbeams dance about her feet,
The night-breeze fans her lightly.

Ah! well I know those cloudy skirts,
And laces that enfold her!—
That graceful poise of dainty head,
Those curves of cheek and shoulder!

With rapturous joy I think that I
Shall soon have held and kissed her—
. . . . . .
A spring—a clasp—a little shriek—
Confound it! 't was my sister!

—*G. Courtenay Walker in the Century.*

Select Literature.

"Cornelia Cook."

BY SUSAN TRALL PERRY.

Jane Hosmer would not have been going home at eight o'clock that evening if it had not been the busy season at Madame's. Jane never took the "short cut" when she had been working over hours and was very tired. She said it rested her to go around by the grey-stone church, with the ivy growing on it. It was a sight she loved to look at, especially on a winter's night, when there was so little that was summary to be seen. It was a moonlit night, and on such nights Jane spoke of it all as being 'such a weird scene.'

As the young girl turned the corner of the avenue, she saw that the church was brilliantly lighted and a crowd had gathered about the door.

'It must be a wedding,' she exclaimed, half aloud. 'I'm so glad I came.'

A wedding has a fascination for everybody, and Jane pushed her way through and took her place as near the church door as possible, that she might be able to look into the bride's face as she passed in. She had not seen a bride in a long time, and when she heard the rumbling of the carriage wheels, her heart beat with wild excitement; and as the bridal party began to walk up the carpeted pavement, her eye had an eager look of expectancy in it, quite unusual for the undemonstrative Jane Hosmer.

There was a delay in pinning up some lace trimming that had caught on the carriage step when the bride stepped out, and Jane, who had followed the party into the vestibule, stood near enough to look into the sweetest, happiest face she had ever seen. It was the father's arm that the bride leaned on. What a loving look was on his face, as he stooped down and kissed the cheek of his child, while the ladies in waiting were adjusting the misplaced drapery. Jane heard him say, 'dear little girl!' as she lifted his head. And she also saw a tear in the corner of the grey-haired father's eye, and wondered how the daughter could love any other man enough to leave such a father. She was sure she could not have done it.

There was beautiful music pretty children strewing flowers down the aisle, an elegantly-dressed bridal party grouped around the altar, and then all was still. And Jane heard the promises, the bride's faint 'yes' and the groom's promise made in such loud, manly tones. It was very solemn. Jane did not know why she cried when everyone else seemed so happy and light-hearted. She did hope the husband would be kind to the pretty girl, and that he would keep all his promises to her. Men were so treacherous! Why didn't she stay with her father? she was sure of his love. But when the bride came up the aisle, leaning on her husband's arm, looking so satisfied and full of happiness, Jane thought that after all, there could be nothing in the world so grand as to be all in all to one man's loving heart, and to have him always near to 'love and to cherish.'

As the bride stepped across the threshhold, a rose fell from the large bunch she carried in her hand, and Jane picked it up. It must be a 'Cornelia Cook,' she thought, for those are the kind that Madame talks about when she speaks of the roses brides carry in their hands.

If Jane had never felt forlorn and lonely before in her life, she felt desolate enough when she turned away from the church, with the stray bit of the wedding in her thin, cold hand. 'For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health.' These words she repeated to herself, as she slowly walked along. Oh, if she could only be a bride, and have such a big wedding and a crowd of people waiting around the door to see her go in!

When Jane reached the one room she rented in a decent neighborhood, over Mrs. Ritchie's 'notion store,' she struck a match and it went out; so did the second one and the third one.

'I won't try to light up to-night,' she said. 'I shan't need the fire, for Madame always gives us a good lunch when we work over hours.'

So she rolled up the curtain, and the round full moon shone into her little cheerless room and made it light as day. Jane put the 'Cornelia Cook' in a glass of water, and placed it on a chair by her bed. The fragrance of the rose filled the place, and the young girl thought that one could hardly stay in a small room with a whole bunch of such roses.

It was nearly morning before the tired girl composed herself and fell asleep. She had nothing so entirely out of the usual routine of her life to fill her thoughts. She wanted some one to talk to of her 'joys and sorrows.' But there was no one, and so she talked to the bridal rose as it stood by her side.

'It was not very lucky for you, 'Cornelia Cook,' when you tumbled out of that pretty bride's hand. I guess you were never in such a forlorn place before. Your companions, no doubt, are having fine times, at the reception, and are being much admired. But don't feel badly, 'Cornelia Cook.' You have been sent on a mission to a poor, lonely child, who has no father to kiss her and call her his 'little girl,' and no husband to take her 'for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health.' You will be lonely in the morning, because I will have to go away, and I shall be gone until dark. But you must keep up and brace yourself with the thought that you are waiting for me. It is a great thing to feel that you are living for somebody, if it's only a common sort of a person like me.'

Jane slept so late the next morning that she did not have time to get her own breakfast. She could stop at Crane's cheap restaurant and get a cup of coffee and a roll on her way to work. She dressed herself hastily and kissed her new friend good-by. She smiled as she patted the pretty rose, and said:

'It is so nice to have somebody to kiss this morning, 'Cornelia Cook.' I hope you won't miss me, dear; and yet it is a pleasant thing to know somebody is at home missing you and watching for you to come back.'

Jane Hosmer was not an expert at work. Madame had made up her mind the night before that she was not a profitable hand. She did not seem to have a faculty for slighting her work where it did not show. 'Business is business,' Madame said, and so that night she paid Jane what was due her, and told her it was hard times, work would soon slack up, and she would have to cut down her force—all of which Jane knew was false.

'I'm so glad you are here to give me a welcome to-night of all nights, 'Cornelia Cook.' I was your forlorn little girl last night, but now I'm the very forlornest little girl that ever was. I've been discharged, 'Cornelia Cook.' You see, I'm not as swift as some, but I calculate to put in an honest stitch every time. There's lots of failing to pieces in work now-a-days, but I like to give folks what they pay for. It's only another break-up, though, and one more time putting all my worldly goods and effects in that little trunk under the bed. It will have to be nailed up before it's moved again, too. The men that take the trunks about haven't any heart in them. My sakes, how they thumped and knocked it around when I moved away from Stirling's. But I couldn't stay there on account of my character. I want to keep a character, if I can't have anything else. I've had my temptations, 'Cornelia Cook,' as well as the other girls, but do you know, I believe the reason I've been keeping from doing wrong is because God has let my angel mother watch over me all my life. She went to heaven just when I came into the world. It's an awful thing, though, for a child to come into the world just as a mother goes out of it; and father, he went not long afterwards. I knocked about Aunt Martha's, and then at Uncle Philip's, and after that at Cousin Sabeny's; but I was high-strung, and thought I could make my own way in the world, and when things didn't go to suit me, I packed up very independent-like and came to the city. I didn't know what 'making your way in the world' was then, 'Cornelia Cook,' or I would have knuckled down; for it wasn't such a hard life I had, after all. I made a great mistake, and there's a reaping and sowing of mistakes as well as of sins. We will have to drink our tea considerable weaker, and only keep a *sort of a ray*-fire until I get work again. I heard the men on the street talking about a coal strike and a coal famine on my way home. Wouldn't it be dreadful for a world full of people to freeze to death, 'Cornelia Cook!'

'You must excuse me, sir, for sending for you. Maybe I took great liberties. But there's a poor girl sick in the house, and I felt that it wasn't right to let the poor thing go out of the world without seeing a minister, and I a Christian woman.'

It was Mrs. Ritchie who was talking to the clergyman, who stood in the middle of the comfortable room back of the 'notion store.'

'I am very glad you sent for me, my good woman, and I will do whatever I can for her.'

'You see, sir, she's different from many of the girls who came here to try to rent the room. She's a silent, quiet kind of a creature. I never liked to ask her no questions about herself, or her folks; but I think she can't have no friends, as nobody comes to see her. She's a very decent girl, is Jane. She never has no followers around. I'm very particular who I take in, but she had an honest face and I saw what she was at once.'

Mrs. Ritchie was talking all the while she was showing the minister the way to Jane.

'It's a preacher, Jane,' she said, as she smilingly led the clergyman to the bedside. 'I thought he could do you more good than I could, and he'll say a few religious words to you.'

It was very comfortable in Jane's room. Mrs. Ritchie had made a good fire and tidied up the place. She sat down by the window while the minister talked with Jane, and read her a chapter and prayed with her. When he said good-bye he told Jane that some of the church ladies would come that afternoon to see her.

'It will be so nice to have the good Christian ladies to look after you; now you are sick, Jane,' Mrs. Ritchie said when she came back from showing the minister the way out. 'Shall I throw this rose out?' she asked, as she moved about making some changes in the room. 'It's all faded now.'

'Oh, no, no, please, dear Mrs. Ritchie,' Jane exclaimed; 'it's a bridal rose. I stopped at the church to see a wedding; the bride dropped it, and I picked it up. Put it here under my pillow, please.'

What a queer notion I thought Mrs. Ritchie; and it seemed queerer still when Jane added:

'Of course, I expect to get up again and go to work; but if I don't, would you mind putting the rose in the coffin with me?'

'Indeed, and I will put it in, Jane. But I hope you'll be about in a few days. Keep up good courage.'

'It doesn't matter, Mrs. Ritchie, only if I get up I'll go to church, not the grand churches, on account of my clothes, but to the missions. It's the best way.'

After Jane Hosmer had turned over to try to get some sleep as Mrs. Ritchie suggested, that woman standing near the bed heard the young girl say:

'The Lord is merciful, 'Cornelia Cook.' I misjudged him. Since the preacher talked with me I am learning to trust him, and I really believe that he is going to be more to me than father, or mother, or husband could ever be.'

'Cornelia Cook!' said Mrs. Ritchie to herself; 'she must be a friend of Jane's, and perhaps she'll let me write to her. I'll put the name down, anyway, so I won't dishremember it if worse comes to worse.'

'Pleased to see you, ladies,' Mrs. Ritchie was saying a few minutes later, as she opened Jane's door and admitted two of the church ladies. 'She's been resting awhile,' the good woman continued, 'The minister did her a great deal of good.'

'I was sick and ye visited me.' What words of comfort are those to the poor who are laid on beds of suffering! What they were to Jane, only the Lord could ever know. To hear a sweet, assuring human voice to say to her, 'Don't worry any, dear child; everything will be done for your comfort; just lie still and try to get well.' And to be able to lie still, and be warm and have plenty to eat, although Jane did not have hungry spells now as she used to; no rent to pay, because Mrs. Ritchie told her the ladies would see to that, and plenty of fire and the coal strike over! What a heaven upon earth!

A week later, although everything was being done for Jane, the physician said it was a doubtful case. Overwork, too little food, and not sufficient clothing, with a delicate constitution, were unfavorable to a recovery. Then came the inquiry for friends, and Mrs. Ritchie said she had been tempted to write a personal herself for the newspaper and inquire for 'Cornelia Cook.' She was certain she must be a friend, or acquaintance, who could give information regarding Jane. But one of the ladies thought it better for her to talk with Jane alone, and so she asked her if she had a friend by the name of 'Cornelia Cook. And Jane, smiling, told in a simple, feeble way the story of the rose.

'It was my daughter's wedding, I am sure,' the lady replied, with the tears running down her cheeks. 'She dropped one of her roses, and remembered seeing a young girl pick it up.'

'Is it the ladies from the grey stone church, with the ivy growing over it, that are taking care of me?' asked Jane.

'Yes, dear, and we esteem it a great privilege.'

'Oh, I am so happy, so happy. She was such a pretty bride!'

'Would you like to see her, Jane?'

'Oh, yes, if she would be willing to come here.'

'She will come, Jane, for she loves to make others happy.'

'It was you,' Jane said, a few hours later, when the happy bride of a few weeks was bending over her bed. Then slowly taking the faded rose from under her pillow, she said: 'That was the rose you lost. I hope you will forgive me for picking it up, but it's been lots of company for me.'

There were only a few last days. The pretty bride went about the room on tiptoe, thanking God she had been privileged to minister to one of the humblest of his children. And she asked herself many times, 'Who hath made us to differ?'

When the messengers came to take poor Jane home to the Father's house, they came so silently that the watchers by the bedside did not hear the faintest rustle of wings, or tones of music. They went to the bed to minister once more, but when they spoke her name she had gone where the Lord wipes all tears from the eyes, and where no one ever says, 'I am sick.'

'I was a stranger and ye took me in.' Many a heart must have heard these approving words, when the casket containing the mortal remains of Jane Hosmer was carried down the aisle of the grey church. The young bride had covered the pretty white robe with Cornelia Cook roses, and Mrs. Ritchie, true to her promise, had put the faded one just inside of the ruching that came down the front of the robe.

'Dear papa, when you get the stone for Jane Hosmer,' said the pretty bride after the funeral, 'will you put this inscription upon it: 'She rests from her labors and her works do follow her!' for she had more influence over my life to make it what it should be, than any other person living. Having known Jane Hosmer, I shall ever try to fulfil my Saviour's injunction to care for the hungry, the naked, the sick, and the imprisoned ones, also for the stranger, and thereby brighten the lives of many weary ones of earth.'—*Interior.*

Profit in Sheep.

A New York farmer writes to the *Tribune*: A ewe can be purchased in the fall for $3 and kept till the next fall for $2, and then sold to the butcher for $5; meantime her lamb is sold for $3 and her fleece for $2. Thus an investment of $5 yields an income of $10. Of the dozen or more flocks in my neighborhood — Tompkins county, New York—there is not one that is doing better than this. No charge is made for the care of the animal in this estimate, for it is generally admitted the manure pays, and I am aware that it does very much more. A farmer in this vicinity is noted for always raising excellent crops—better than his neighbors' on the same quality of land. Calling upon and asking him the reason, he simply pointed to the sheep grazing in an adjacent field. Farms hereabouts are much broken into ridges and knolls, and on them it is seldom a fair crop is made, but his crops are equally good on those elevated ones, owing altogether to his systematic sheep-pasturing. Sheep, to rest, seek a high point in the field, and when it becomes well littered with manure, being a clean animal, they move to another high spot, and so continue till the field is well manured just where it is most needed. And then their resting-place can be changed from eminence to eminence at will, simply by setting them on the spot it is desired they should occupy. This farmer sheeps a field two, three or more years until he knows it is well manured. It then has a stiff sod and raises excellent crops of grain five or six years. Sheep manure is lasting. It is a fact that sheep pasturing brings in white clover, and butchers who understand it will pay more for an animal fattened upon white clover than upon any other of the grasses, because there is less shrinkage in the meat from the gross weight. Asking him about what per cent profit he made in sheep-keeping, he replied: 'I cannot tell but this much, I know if my sheep sheared no wool at all I would keep them; or if they produced wool and no lambs I would keep them; and I am not sure but I would keep them for the good they do the land if they produced nothing else but lambs enough to maintain their number and furnish me one for the table occasionally.' Truly, his sheep have 'golden feet.' It enhances easy keeping and consequent profit to teach the flock docility. If they are already wild there is not much hope of their ever fully recovering from it. In this case I would raise a lamb by hand a 'cossit,' not, however, detaining it so long from the flock that it would not assimilate with them. I would turn it in at about two weeks of age and go there to feed it.

A DEATH WORSE THAN HANGING.—Thomas Turner, of Kansas City, the supposed murderer of Mrs. Katherine Conway and her daughter, three years ago, has suffered a death more terrible than the gallows. While he was in prison awaiting trial his two horses contracted glanders. After his release from custody, because the evidence was not sufficient to convict him, Turner set to work to cure his horses. He tried various treatments, and was finally told by a veterinary surgeon to blow salt into the nostrils of the animals. Turner put the salt in his mouth, and holding the heads of his horses blew into their nostrils. The pus from the nose of one of the horses dropped on his hand, where the skin had been bruised, and some of it was drawn in by his breath to the mucous surface of his mouth. He neglected to wash his hands immediately, and was unaware that he had become inoculated with the poison.

In a few hours the deadly pus began to show its effect. His head became swollen and inflamed and he was prostrated with a languid feeling of semi-consciousness resembling an attack of malarial fever. Physicians examined Turner and pronounced his malady a severe attack of malaria. Depressed respiration and chills followed, and his fever continued to rise. The disease advanced rapidly until intermuscular abscesses were formed all over the body and limbs. A slimy discharge exuded from the nostrils, and the man's face and head were swollen to three times the natural size. The face and body were sprinkled with black spots that gave out a light fluid discharge which was highly infectious. The attending physician wore a sponge over his nose while in the patient's room and incased his hands in rubber gloves. The room was constantly fumigated, and every rag or bit of clothing within reach of the germs of the disease was burned. The patient rapidly grew worse and every muscle and fibre of his system became thoroughly permeated with the dreadful poison. He suffered untold agonies, but died without making any statement in regard to the double murder which there is little doubt he committed.

THE FINEST COUNTRY HOUSE IN AMERICA.—Almost every American has heard of J. C. Flood, the California millionaire, but very few are aware of the fact that Mr. Flood is the owner of the most magnificent country house and grounds in North America. This estate is at Menlo Park, near San Francisco, and during Mr. Flood's illness is closed to tourists. The Gossiper was a privileged visitor, and can therefore picture the scenes denied to others this season. The estate covers 1,000 acres, and is under the charge of a landscape gardener and 120 assistants. The drives are several miles in length, and are made of white gravel kept spotlessly clean. The foliage, shrubbery and flowers are beyond description. Everything is a 'symphony in white and gold.' The porter's lodge is a beautiful cottage near the only entrance to the grounds and the great gates are white and gold. The grounds are lighted by hundreds of gas lamps with round glass shades, the gas being made on the place. Statuary of the most chaste and elegant design and of exquisite workmanship gives a finish to the velvet-like lawns, and closely trimmed hedges. But the house is the main attraction. It is built in a style of architecture that might be termed French, although not decidedly of that school. It is dazzling white, the roofs are of black slate in patterns, and the decorations are all in gold. Even the inside blinds and the furnishings are white and gold and this effect has been preserved in the furniture of the servants' quarters, the superb stable and all the buildings on the premises. The house stands on an eminence and overlooks one of the most beautiful lawns that art could produce. Fountains plash on every side; a terrace of ivy and flowers hems in the eastern view, while a bank of violets and a wall of roses temper the force of the ocean breezes and perfume them. The perfect creation of an artistic mind, with all the necessary funds to maintain it in its perfection, Flood's palace stands unrivalled in America, a typical home of a self-made millionaire.—*San Francisco Letter.*

Do Not Forget It.

It is a fact that Nerviline cannot be surpassed by any combination for the relief of pain. The reason is a good one. Nerviline contains the best, most powerful, and the latest discovered remedies. It is a magic pain cure. Rheumatism, stiff neck, cramps, neuralgia, colic, in fact all pain, internal, external, and local, are subdued in a few minutes. Go at once to any drug store and get a trial bottle. It will only cost you 10 cents, and you can at a small cost test the great pain cure, Polson's Nerviline. Large bottles only 25 cents.

—'Stop that whistling! Don't you know it is Sunday and the minister is listening to you?' said a young officer to a sailor on board an English vessel on which a Presbyterian minister was a passenger, 'Nonsense!' said the minister, 'let him whistle; it keeps evil thoughts out of his mind.' I always admired that saying and the man that said it, though I do not know his name. That man knew something of human nature and of the workings of the human heart; and he had a just and generous idea of the Creator. Like Lu