Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 14. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1886. NO. 7.

FERTILIZERS!

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

JACK & BELL offer their Celebrated
"CERES" Superphosphate at $5.00 per Bbl, on time.
"CERES" Superphosphate at $4.75 per Bbl. Cash.

—ALSO:—

"Popular" Phosphate at $4.00 per Bbl., on time.
"Popular" " $3.75 " Cash.

Above Fertilizers put up in barrels of 250 lbs. net, and above prices are at wharf or depot at Halifax.

No reduction in quality of "Ceres."

We also offer our Celebrated Bone at usual rates. Send for circular.

JACK & BELL,
Halifax, N. S.

Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.
February 8th, '86. n44 6m.

FOR SALE!

THE HOUSE & LOT situated at Carlton's Corner, Bridgetown, formerly owned by the late Angus Gidney, Esq. It contains a good Dwelling House, New Barn, Carriage and Wood House, UNDER ONE ROOF. A good Well. There are about Twenty Apple, Plum, and other Fruit Trees, lately owned by Chas. B. Munro, deceased.

Apply to
WATSON C. MUNRO,
Executor to late Capt.

N. B.—Five minutes walk from Bridgetown Station.

TERMS.—Easy.
January 20th, 1885. 42 3m.

MANHOOD
HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

We have recently published a new editon 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, in a sealed envelope, only 6 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.
Post Office Box 450.

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

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Best Known Family Remedy Ever Known.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Toothache, Ear Ache, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough.

Relieves all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Colic, Cramps, Spasms, Vomiting, Nausea, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Chronic Diseases, Fever and Ague.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

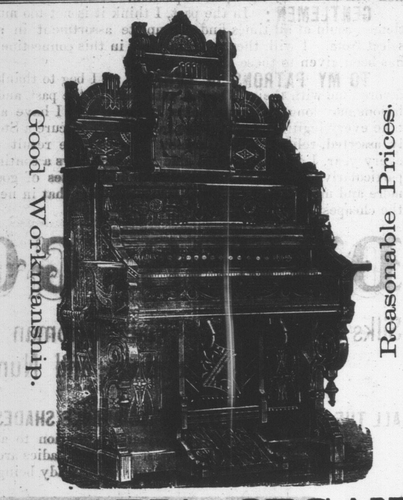
Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., Witt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 50 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. It cools consequential 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.



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 Laval 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 & Jeweller, 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.

F. L. MURPHY,
Licensed Auctioneer.
South Farmington, Jan. 19th, '86 4tf.

The Standard Bred Stallion,
VOLUNTEER PRINCE.
—ALSO:—
Flying Frenchman,
will stand in
ANNAPOLIS COUNTY
for services, for season of 1886. See handbills.

JOHN 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 prices.

Middleton, April 20th, 1885. n2tf.

Cash Store.

—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,

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.

SAMUEL LEGG,
Watch and Clock Maker.
—IN—
Murdoch's Block.
Also Agent for the
HARTFORD LIFE
—AND—
ANNUITY INSURANCE CO.
Of Hartford, Conn.

Bridgetown, July 1, '85.

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.

Pure Milk!

THE subscriber would inform the public of BRIDGETOWN and vicinity that on and after the 1st of MARCH, 1886, he will be prepared to deliver

MILK

to all requiring a regular supply, at 5 cents per quart, imperial measure.

A can of milk will be left at Mrs. Reynold's store, Bridgetown, where occasional supplies can be obtained.

FRANK E. VIDITO.

P. S.—Until further notice, milk will be delivered to regular customers between 5 and 6, p. m.

Bridgetown, Feb. 23rd, '86. 493m.

In the Supreme Court, 1886.

To be sold at

Public Auction,

on the premises, on

Saturday, 5th of June,

1886, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon,

Pursuant to an Order made by the Hon. Mr. Justice McDonald, on Tuesday, the 20th day April, 1886.

ALL the Estate and Interest of BERNARD Spurr, at the time of the death of Robert Spurr, late of Round Hill, in the County of Annapolis, Farmer, of, in, to and out of all that portion of the

Homestead Farm

of the said Robert Spurr, deceased, devised by said deceased to the said Bernard Spurr, situate, lying and being in the Village of Round Hill, aforesaid, on the North side of the Main Post Road, bounded as follows:—

Commencing on the Main Post Road in front of the western front door, so as to include the hall of the dwelling house in the Western end, thence running parallel with the Eastern line of said homestead, Northerly to the Annapolis River, thence along said River Westerly until it comes to where a line of the middle ditch in the Salt Marsh strikes the River, thence along said ditch, Southerly to the Creek, thence along said Creek, Easterly to the end of the picket fence, thence Northerly to a rock marked with three straight marks, diagonally, thence in a direct line to the end of the stone wall near the North-east corner of the Bark house, thence along the said stone wall, Southerly to the Main Post Road aforesaid, thence Easterly along said Road to place of beginning.

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

For further particulars apply to J. M. Owen, Esq., Solicitor or to the Subscribers,

ROBERT JAMES SPURR.
CHARLES EDWARD SPURR.

Executors of the last will of Robert Spurr, deceased.

Annapolis, May1, 1886. 519

Poetry.

The Bridge of Prayer.

In troubled nights of sorrow and repining,
When joy and hope seem sunk in deep despair,
We still may see, above the shadows shining,
The gleaming archway of the bridge of prayer.

From that far height our souls may lean and listen
To sounds of music from the farther shore,
And through the vapors sometimes dear eyes glisten
Of loved ones who have hastened on before.

And angels come from the celestial city
And meet us half way on the bridge of prayer;
God sends them forth, full of divinest pity,
To strengthen us for burdens we must bear.

O, yes, whose feet walk in some shadowed byway,
Far from the scenes of pleasure and delight,
Still free for you hangs this celestial highway,
Where heavenly glories dawn upon the sight.

And common paths glow with a grace supernal
And happiness walks hand in hand with care,
And faith becomes a knowledge fixed, eternal,
For those who often seek the bridge of prayer.

Sleep.

The mist crawls over the river,
Hiding the shore on either side,
And under the veiling mist forever,
Neither here we nor feel we the tide.

But our skiff has the will of the river,
Though nothing is seen to be passed;
Though the mist may hide it forever,
forever,
The current is drawing us fast.

The matins sweet from the far-off town,
Fill the air with their beautiful dream;
The vespers were hushing the twilight down,
When we lost our oars on the stream.

J. J. PLATT.

Select Literature.

A Narrow Escape.

I had been settled in Rochester some ten years as a merchant when, as I sat one morning quietly reading the paper in my office the following advertisement met my eye:—

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD will be paid to any person who can give precise information as to how the late James Smithson met his death on board the William Curtis, on the night of the 23rd of August, 1854. Address JACOB SHARPER, ESQ., No. 246 Fulton Street, New York.

You will wonder why this made me turn pale and sick, but it did, and for this reason; I knew the late James Smithson. I was his fellow-passenger on board the William Curtis, and I was one of the persons who last saw him alive. We were coming from England. I to make my fortune, he to return to his native land; and I had felt for him an instinctive repugnance that I took little pains to conceal. He was a big, burly, bullying fellow, who had made a fortune and was now spending it and boasting of it as such people will do. He disliked me as cordially as I detested him, and being the only cabin passengers, we necessarily rubbed against one another to an extent almost unbearable. I remember one day after dinner we were sitting in sulky silence over our grog, when a sudden lurch of the vessel sent the scalding fluid out of my glass all over his clothes.

'Curse you,' he exclaimed, 'you awkward fool—what are you doing? Can't you hit out like a man, if you want to vent your spleen, and not throw boiling water over me like a dangerous idiot?'

I had already begun to explain, but was silent for a little while after this attack, and then merely said: 'There was no intention to insult or vent spleen; the occurrence was merely accidental.'

'Hang accidents! I've found accidents happen very conveniently sometimes; and you shall pay for this as soon as ever we're out of this accursed tub. If you are a man—which I doubt—you shall give me a meeting for this, I promise you; I'll try whether you can handle a pistol as well as you can throw glasses, you cowardly Britisher.'

'If you use such language to me I'll——'

'Throw another, won't you? you plucky bantam.'

I was maddened beyond all endurance, and I rushed at him and struck him full in the face as he stood up. He fell, and as he rose drew out a revolver and shot at me. I stooped, and the ball shattered the swing compass in the skylight; he raised the revolver again but the steward and captain having by this time arrived, the pistol was taken from him.

I explained the circumstances, and the captain at once said that unless we would give our word not to renew the dispute in any way, he would put us both under lock and key. After some little demur we agreed to this.

I went to my stateroom and turned in and determined that I would not again speak to the brute. In the morning I met the captain at breakfast, and he cautioned me in a friendly way against Smithson.

I went on deck and came down again at dinner time. We were all seated—that is the chief officer, the captain and myself—when we missed Smithson.

'Call Mr. Smithson, steward. We mustn't spoil our dinner with his sulks.'

The steward opened the door and came back.

'He's not there, sir.'

'Not there? Where the devil is he then? Has anybody seen him this morning?'

Inquiry was made and no one knew anything about him. The men had seen him go forward about eight bells, but no one had set eyes on him since.

'Where the devil can he be?' said the captain. 'He must be in the ship, unless you took my hint the wrong way and put him out of the way, youngster.'

'I can assure you I never left the room until breakfast time this morning, captain.'

In further search we failed to find any trace of the missing man, except one. A large brass belaying pin was discovered jammed between the iron that supported the starboard forechains and the vessel's side. It must have been thrown overboard, and by one of those mysterious chances that sometimes occur, lodged itself there. It could not have been put there, for the man who saw it could not reach it without the assistance of two others. Where did it come from? It was soon found to be one of the spare pins round the foremost rail. I could not deny it. The steward remembered that Mr. Simpson drank a good deal after I left the cabin the night before, and the man at the wheel thought he seemed a little unsteady, but he lost sight of him as he went forward.

The entries were made in the log, and life went on in its old course, except that I was regarded with a suspicion and mistrust that made me envy the victim of suicide that slept in the sea beneath me.

The voyage ended, the whole story was laid before the authorities at New York, and after a merely formal examination I was told that there was no evidence against me, and I left the place vowing never willingly to set foot in it again.

It is no wonder, then, that knowing all this, I should be startled to see this advertisement. It had for me the horrible fascination of the snake. I knew that out of it would spring misery and trouble unending, and yet I could not take my eyes off it. The ten years' interval shrank up into a dream time, and the feeling was as if I had but that moment heard the steward's voice: 'He is not there, sir.' It upset me for the day. I could do nothing.

I had not long to wait the fulfilment of my prophetic feelings. About a fortnight after the date of the advertisement, I was waited on by an extremely polite person, who said: 'I have called to settle this account of Messrs. Wilson Bros. Will you give me a receipt?

I sat at the desk, wrote out the receipt, and signed it; he looked over my shoulder all the time. When I turned the line under my name, and put the dot at the end, he touched me on the shoulder and said: 'I arrest you for the murder of James Smithson.'

'I am——'

'You know I shall have to repeat all you say, so don't say anything. How's business in these parts. It's rather dull in New York.'

The blow had fallen. I was hit. All the little wealth I had collected was to go to defend my life. During the journey to New York the detective became quite friendly and told me how the matter came to be revived. It appeared that unknown to his immediative relative, Mr. Smithson had insured his life for a very large amount in favor of his brother before going to Europe; the policy he had put in a box of papers left with his bankers. The paper on his death bad been looked over by the solicitor's clerk, and, no one knowing anything of the policy, it had escaped the careless observation by being hidden in the parchment of a lease. Some few months before my arrest it became necessary to refer to the papers; the policy was found and a claim made by the brothers on the office. The reply was that there was no evidence of James Smithson's death not being the result of his own act; he might have thrown himself overboard, and in that case the policy would be invalid.

'The row with you,' said the officer, 'as described in the papers at that time, was remembered; and the advertisement inserted. You see it was not of much consequence to anyone whether he was murdered, or jumped overboard till it became a question of some $50,000 on a disputed policy. The brother is of course quite willing to spend half this securing evidence of his murder and you can get a good deal of evidence for $25,000, so you will have a rather hard time of it. It's worth, you see, about $25,000 to him to see you hanged, and he will do it if he can.'

I was horror-struck. The man talked not of any question of innocence or guilt, but of questions of bought evidence and money. It is an awful position to be in, that some one would gain some thousands of dollars by your being hanged.

I need not describe the preliminary examinations and commitment. I was two months awaiting my trial, and all the evidence I could get in my favor amounted to nothing. On the other side there was the evidence of the quarrel; and last, there was the evidence of two of the crew, who, on oath, had testified that they saw myself and the murdered man on the forecastle together, that I struck him with a belaying pin and then threw him overboard.

What could I hope for against such witnesses? The steward and the captain were both dead, and these two shameless fiends had concocted this story under the inducements of a large reward. It was clear I was to be the victim of a miserable speculation to gain money.

The day of the trial came at last, I was taken into the courtroom between two turn-keys. The counsel for the prosecution, in stating his case, dwelt long on the animus shown in the quarrel at dinner, and concluded by calling his witnesses.

The cabin boy and the chief mate told the story of the quarrel; the man at the wheel told of the last time he had seen the deceased alone; and then came the two witnesses.

The first one was put in the box and duly examined. I remembered the face and that was all.

He stated that he was on the look-out that night, and that just after eight bells, he heard two men come on the forecastle They were disputing and he knew by their voices they were the deceased and the prisoner. The prisoner suddenly drew out of his pocket a belaying pin and struck the deceased over the head with it, and as he was falling, pushed him, so that he fell overboard. The witness made no alarm it took him so by surprise; and the other witness, Patrick Murphy then came up and told him to hold his row and they should get a pull on the young fellow yet by keeping quiet. He paused to tell the captain, but Murphy said if he did he'd lose his time and perhaps get locked up as a witness and get nothing for his trouble.

My counsel then asked him how he know I was the person.

Because of the voice, and because at the time the moon was shining full on my face, so that he could not make any mistake.

The other witness was then called—a pale, red-haired, sallow-faced wretch, with very small pinkish eyes, white eyelashes, a large, wide, straight mouth, and one of those unpleasant noses which look as if some violent blow with a sharp instrument has cut it in two, horizontally, just above the tip.

His evidence was substantially the same as that of the former witness.

'Are you, remembering that you are on oath, prepared to state the prisoner was the man who struck the blow? How do you know it?'

'I saw him, I tell you in the bright moonlight—it was full moon, as light as day.'

'You can go now.'

The counsel for the prosecution restated their case, and it seemed very strong indeed. As he sat down I felt almost guilty; I was almost convinced that in some horrible moment of frenzy I had done this deed without knowing it.

My counsel did what he could; but I could see, long before the judge rose to charge the jury, that I was a doomed man.

Temperately and dispassionately the judge summoned up the case and retired; the jury withdrawing immediately afterward.

I sat there looking at the scene in a sort of stupefaction, when suddenly I felt that I was an object of extreme interest to a very beautiful young girl in the gallery. She was looking at me and yet not at me, but rather looking through me to something beyond. My eyes met here, which were full of tears, and broke the spell; she looked another way. Presently as I looked I saw her start, turn pale and fall back in her seat. It was only a moment. She suddenly tore—literally tore—off her gloves and taking her pencil and tablets, and what looked like a prayer book from her pocket, leaned upon the rail in front and seemed to be making some calculations, putting down figure after figure. I watched her in silence for a quarter of an hour and then saw her as she put away the pencil and book, look down on me. A smile of triumph lighted her face as she breathed out to me with her lips the word 'Hope.' She struggled through the crowded gallery came into the court, and speaking to an usher, was brought to the counsel's seat. She spoke to my counsel and showed him her tablets and books.

He seemed thunderstruck and said loudly enough for me to hear him as I leaned over the dock rail: 'My God! how could I have forgotten it?' My dear girl, sit still.

A messenger was at once sent for the judge, who presently came into court.

'Your Honor,' said my counsel, 'I have taken this most unusual course because I have this moment only received from the witness, whom I shall put in the box, a communication which is of the greatest moment to my unhappy client, the prisoner at the bar, and I have to beg that your honor will be pleased to summon the jury from their room to hear the statement of this witness.

'A most unusual request,' said the judge.'

'We will consult with the judges in the other courts, and let you know,' and he left the room. What a weary time it was. Messengers hurried to and fro; the officer who had arrested me, and had since proved my friend, was everywhere. First he came in with a thick quarto volume, over which my counsel and his junior and the girl looked, and, pointing out a certain page, seemed quite satisfied and happy; then he pushed up near the witness-box, an individual who looked like a well to-do tradesmen. The ushers cried 'Pray, silence in the court,' as the judge reentered.

'I have consulted with the judges, who think that under the circumstances you may recall the jury.'

The jury came in, looking, in their surprise, like men wakened out of a sleep.

'Gentlemen of the jury,' said the judge, 'the counsel for the defence wishes you to hear a witness who has suddenly presented herself, who has, in his opinion, most important evidence to offer in this matter. You will carefully guard against giving it any undue weight, coming as it does in the form of a surprise.'

'Call Patrick Murphy,' said my counsel. Murphy came in. 'Now, you remember you swore you saw the prisoner inflict the wound on the deceased.'

'I did. I saw him as clearly as I see you now. It was a bright, full moon, as light as day. I saw his face plainly.'

'That will do. Call Phelim O'Curra.' He came. 'You said just now you saw the prisoner inflict the blow on the deceased?'

'I did, sir; I saw him as well as I see him now.'

'What kind of a night was it?'

'Full, bright moonlight, as light almost as it is now.'

'You can go. Call Leonora Warrington.'

The girl in the counsel's seat rose and went into the box.

'Your name is Leonora Warrington?'

'Yes.'

'What are you?'

'Teacher at the Brooklyn Female College.'

'Do you know the prisoner or deceased?'

'No.'

'Now will you state to the jury what you know about this matter?'

'The evidence against the prisoner turned upon his identity, which was established by his having been seen. It occurred to me that it would be worth while to try if it were possible that he could be seen. The table in my prayer book shows that the paschal full moon, by which Easter is determined, fell in 1854, on the 12th of April. The period between full moon and full moon is twenty-nine days, twelve hours and forty-four minutes. If then the full moon fell on April 12th, it would fall respectively on the 11th of May, the 10th of June, the 9th of July and the 8th of August. On the 2nd of August it would be new moon; it would be therefore impossible to see him as they describe, for there was at that time no moon visible.'

There was a dead silence while she spoke and for about a second afterwards and then the courthouse rang with shouts. People got up and shook hands with one another; my counsel pressed up to me and shook my hand and slapped me on the back, and for minutes it seemed a perfect babel—men and women crying and shouting.

'Silence in the court!' exclaimed the monotonous voice of the ushers.

'And besides the book and the calculations which I hold in my hand, what other evidence have you of the truth of this statement, which we are of course unable to deal with?'

'I have your honor,' said my counsel, 'the nautical almanac for the year 1854, and you will see at once that there was no moon on that night—the 26th of August.'

'You may retire, Miss. Warrington,' said the judge, 'and carry with you the thanks of the court and jury for your assistance.'

She left the court with but one glance of sympathy at me. I knew and felt that I was safe. She had no sooner left the box than the well-to-do tradesman occupied it.

'I want to give evidence in this case.'

'Swear him, usher,' said the judge, impatiently.

'Now,' said my council,' state what you know, my good man.'

'I am a jeweller and watchmaker. I believe the seal to Phelim O'Curra's watch chain is a seal I made for Mr. Smithson before he went to Europe.'

'Will you swear to it?'

'Yes, if I may handle it for a second?' O'Curra was brought in, and the moment the jeweller touched the seal the former sunk as if struck.

'What are you doing?' he asked in a voice husky with passion and fear.

'That is the seal, your Honor, and this the watch,' said the jeweller as he pulled a gold repeater out of O'Curra's pocket.

I was acquitted without the jury leaving their seats, and in a few days I had the satisfaction of hearing that the other man had confessed that the two together had committed the murder for Smithson's watch and his money. The man's wearing the very watch and seal in court was one of those instances, so abundant in the annals of criminal life, of men forgetting nothing but the very thing necessary to secure their safety.

I lay for days with a brain fever, carefully and faithfully nursed by my officer friend, and when I awoke to reason I thought I was madder than ever and in the land of angels, for I saw one seated at my bedside. How the officer persuaded her I don't know; but there she was and as I grew better she nursed me like a sister, and being both alone in the world, what wonder that we drifted nearer and nearer to each other, until at last there could be none nearer or dearer.—*From Short Stories by Major Steward Harrison.*

'DO YOU MEAN ME?'—An unprecedented affair (writes a correspondent) happened at a little country church on a recent Sunday evening. A young man, accompanied by a female, attended service there, as they had frequently done before. It appears that the young man, either for convenience (the pew being crowded) or from force of habit, placed his arm on the top of the seat behind his companion. Judge his surprise, and that of the congregation also, when the minister, having offered up his prayer, exclaimed, 'Take your arm from that woman's waist, will you?' Of course, at this there was a general look to discover the guilty one, the young man himself being unable to realize his position. Giving another look at the minister, he was met with the words, 'You, I mean; don't you hear?' As there could be no mistake this time, the young man answered, 'Do you mean me?' The minister said, 'Yes, take your arm from that woman's waist!—I beg your pardon, sir,' replied the young man, 'my arm is not around her waist.' 'Don't answer me in church,' said the Rev. gentleman, 'Very well,' replied the young man, 'I will leave your church;' and picking up his hat, he did so.'

—The Panama Canal, now under construction by Lesseps is 46½ miles long. Depth of navigable water 28 feet. Up to the first of January of this year the excavations amounted to 14,678,856 cubic meters, leaving at least, 105,821,144 cubic meters to be removed. This shows that five times as much remains to be done as has been done. The work is prosecuted under enormous difficulties, such as equatorial heat, a most unhealthy climate, a barren country, unsettled Government, liability to earthquake. A Dutch Company has engaged to make a cutting through the Andes for $32,000,000; but at the present rate of progress it will take fifteen years to complete their contract. A river, the Chagres, has to to be "bridled" and kept under control during the rainy season, and the cost of this operation is unknown. It is next to impossible to secure enough labor to do the work. Machinery is used as much as possible. The money available is nearly exhausted, and Lesseps is to try a big lottery for the balance. It remains to be seen if the French Government will authorize a lottery.

—Artificial sponge made of cotton, rendered absorbent and treated with antiseptics, has been invented in England. A piece of the size of a walnut has absorbed water until it reached the size of a cocoanut. It is so cheap that it need be used but once.

—First small boy—'Say Jonnie, where are you in Sunday school?' Second small boy—'Oh, we're in the middle of original sin.' First small boy—'That ain't much; we're past redemption.'—*Lampoon.*

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. 46tf.