ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

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

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 9. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1881. NO. 24.

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Weekly Monitor

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—BY—

W. B. TROOP.

Granville, May 23rd, 1881.

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171 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

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EDWARD H. PHINNEY.

Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

BRIDGETOWN Drug Store!

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where you may find Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Fancy and Toilet articles, Sponges, Brushes, and perfumery. Stationery, &c., Choice Tobacco, Cigars and Confectionery.

Physician's Prescriptions carefully compounded, and orders answered with care and dispatch. Terms Cash.

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Rubber Bucket

PUMPS

THE subscribers wish to announce to the public that they have ordered a large stock, and are prepared to fill orders with promptness.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Parties can be supplied with pumps complete, or in parts to suit by addressing

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LAWRENCETOWN, A. C,

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Between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

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SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, June 6th and until further notice, the splendid, fast, and staunch sea-going Steamer EMPRESS, will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, St. John on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at EIGHT O'CLOCK, Returning will leave Annapolis for Digby and St. John, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY afternoons after arrival of Express Train from Halifax.

Fare—Annapolis to Digby.....73c.
" St. John.....$2.00
Fare Digby to St. John.....$1.50

The splendid Steamer of the Intercolonial Steamship Co. leave St. John on Monday Wednesday and Friday Mornings, at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston, thus forming connection with "Empress" each way every trip.

Express Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John at 8.15 a. m. and 9 p. m. every day, excepting Saturday night and Sunday morning.

Through Tickets from Annapolis, Digby and all Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis and Western Counties Railways, to Boston and Portland, issued at special reduced rates.

Baggage Checked Through. Low Rates Freight.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents or that Company; also from S. BRIGNELL, Esq., General Superintendant, and the several Station Agents of the Western Counties Railway, and of

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

E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

☞ By request Return Tickets, at One Fare, will be issued from Annapolis and Digby, respectively, to St. John, on Saturdays, good to return on Monday following. These tickets to be confined exclusively to these days, and not to be transferable.

St. John, N. B., June 1st, 1881.

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(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

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All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

— The celebrated swims of Lord Byron and Leander have been eclipsed by Lord Chandeboye, eldest son of Lord Dufferin, who swam across the Bosphorus in a little over an hour. The swim is considerably longer than Byron's swim from Sestas to Abydes.

— An eminent medical writer, Dr. Felix L. Oswald, says that, with rare exceptions, it is better to direct our efforts against the cause of disease rather than the symptoms. In his opinion, in about ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is not only the safer but also the shorter way to avoid drugs, reform our habits, and, for the rest, let nature have her course; for, properly speaking, disease itself is a reconstructive process, an expulsive effort, whose interruption compels nature to do double work; to resume her operations against the ailment after expelling a worse enemy—the drugs. If a drugged patient recovers, the true explanation is that his constitution was strong enough to overcome both the disease and the druggist.

— Profanity is the rankest impoliteness, and, as heard frequently on the street, is as offensive to sensitive persons as a load of garbage. The persons who use it give the inevitable impression that they are not busy, industrious persons, whose good fortune may be predicted with some degree of certainty, but idle, thriftless makeshifts, dependent, perhaps, on hardworking fathers and mothers, and bound to no good end.

— The Saranac (Michigan) Local declares that Keene, Ionia county, can boast of one young lady that is no milk and water article. She is the daughter of A. Bowen. Her father offered her $10 if she would climb to the top of the steeple of the Keene church and stand on the top of the same and 'rah for Bob Ingersoll. She accomplished the feat and received the $10.

— A scientist says that the sound of a bell can be heard two miles lengthwise in valley. We believe him. We heard the belle of a picnic nearly four miles in a valley once. She lifted up the cover of the ice-cream freezer and found a poor little toad in there looking very cold and disgusted.

Select Literature.

The Coiners of Kansas.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

Several years ago, and soon after the remonetization of silver, counterfeiting received a wonderful impetus, and the west and south especially were flooded with bogus coin.

The large floating population and the wilderness of the border country rendered the task of unearthing the coiners a hard one, but after several seasons of persistent and stealthy work, the United States detective service became satisfied of the location of at least one gang of the 'Sharps;' and Jack Densmore, an experienced agent was instructed to visit the state (Kansas), ingratiate himself with the counterfeiters, and learn of their haunts and habits

The duty was a dangerous one, but the man selected to perform it had faced danger, and even death, too often among eastern criminal to hesitate a moment; and so it happened that upon a certain hazy September evening, Densmore, disguised as a Dutch peddler, dropped from the westward bound train on the Kansas Pacific road, at the little station of Black Wolf in Kansas. For a moment he gazed after the retreating cars, then turned, and in broken English inquired of the station agent the route to Wildwood Tavern.

'I vas what you call shtrange mit dis part de koundry,' said the peddler, smiling: 'but a friend ov mine up de river, he say go to Vildwood Tavern, and you sold lots of goods in dot koundry.'

'Wall, Ducby, I don't reckon you'll do much trade, but I ken tell you the road.' So saying, the rough westerner gave the necessary directions, and in the gloaming Densmore disappeared.

'I'll try every house between here and Wildwood Tavern,' muttered he, when ont of hearing, 'but I'll find Price's. That's the name—Price. And when that's found, look out!'

At nine o'clock Carl—for so he called himself—sought shelter in a settler's cabin by the roadside, and paid for a supper, lodging and breakfast with gaudy lace. At noon he paused again to eat and trade, and again many times during the afternoon. Before night he had heard the name of Price; and before night, too, several pieces of counterfeit coin had been passed upon him. He was nearing his game.

It was a little after sundown, and with weary tread Densmore was climbing up a long hill, where the straggling road was fringed with bushes and woods, when a step startled him and a moment later a slender boy was at his side.

'How you vas, little feller?' said the detective. 'Dose vas a nice night.'

'Yes, sir,' said the youth, gazing at him sharply. 'Where are you going?'

'Me goin'? O, I vas goin' to sell de tings in mine pack. I vas goin' to get rich,' and the peddler chuckled.

'No, I mean to-night. Where are you going to stay?' said the boy. 'This road stops up in the woods here.'

Densmore paused.

'De road stops! Py Shimminy! Den de road got himself lost at de las' turn. I t'ought dis road went fro' dese woods to de place calls de tavern, hey?'

'O, you mean Wildwood Tavern? That's over that way,' and the boy pointed into the darkness. 'It's five miles from here.'

'Py schimminy!' sighed poor Carl; 'five miles! I neffer get dere to-night. I sleep mit dese woods,' and he began to unstrap his pack.

The boy eyed him again sharply. Then he said: 'No, you need not sleep in the woods. I live at the end of this road. Come with me. You can stay at our house I guess.

'Ah, dat vas nice; and I get some supper, too, don't it?'

'I reckon,' replied the boy.

Re-shouldering his pack, the two continued to follow the road, the youth leading, until half a mile further on a cabin appeared in the shadows.

'Here's my house,' said the guide. 'Go to the door, and I'll run and tell father,' and he disappeared toward the barn.

Densmore looked sharply about him. This was Price's. A long, low cabin, strongly built, with small, barred windows, a barn back of it, dreary woods upon all sides. A regular den. The detective shuddered.

'A bad hole; yet he's the chief. If I can catch him with the dies it will destroy the gang.'

Then with a resolution to succeed or perish he slowly moved towards the door.

As he raised his hand to knock it was suddenly opened. A heavily-built, heavily-bearded woodsman stood before him—a man with skill and cunning in his face, and a desperate, threatning courage in his eyes, a devil to dare, a giant to do—Jack Price.

'What d'ye want?'

'You vas de little poy's pa?' Dot vas goot. I want some tings to eat and some tings to sleep. De lettle poy said so.' And with simple naturalness, Carl pushed aside the mighty door-man, entered the cabin, threw his pack upon the floor, and with a sigh of relief, dropped upon a low bench near the fire. 'Ah, dot vas goot'

For an instant anger flamed in Price's face, but before he could speak, a back door opened, and a woman, young, lithe and charming, entered, and with a glance at the man before her, said, 'Ah, this is the peddler Will spoke to me of. He lost his way, dear,' she continued, going to Price and laying her hand on his arm; 'and Will met him on the road, and asked him to stay with us to-night. It's all right.'

The passion died from the man's face; the voice of the woman thrilled Carl. This girl and the boy who had guided him were one. She was the spy of the gang.

'So yer a peddler, eh?' said the host, advancing, 'an' lost yer way? Wall, yer welcome to our fare and fire; but I tell ye a little more ceremony will be better with Dick Price next time. I was nigh shaking ye!' and he smiled grimly.

Carl smiled, too, childlike and bland, and said, 'Yaw.' The host and his companion were amused.

'Where's the boy,' asked Price.

'He went to the barn,' replied the woman, as she busied herself preparing the evening meal. 'He was too tired to eat, and will not be in to-night.'

Carl was sure now that the woman and boy were one.

A plain but plentiful supper was served, after which the peddler and his host drew before the open fire with their pipes. Naturally the conversation turned upon trade, and Dutchy very willingly told of his success, and even showed the silver he had gathered during the day. Price picked a piece of it from his hand,

'This ere's bad,' said he.

'Vat bad?' and Carl leaned forward excited. 'O, you vas foolin'' he continued, examining the coin. 'Dis vill pass.'

'It may pass, but it is counterfeit all the same,' said Price. 'I am sure of it.'

'Vell, neffer mind. It's good enough for me,' said the peddler, with a smile. 'I only vish I had a t'ousand dollars mit it.'

'Wall, I reckon ye could get it, said Price, resuming his pipe. 'I heard a feller say to-day that there was lots of it around.'

'Py schimminy! I vould like to get it,' said his companion. 'It vas good effery vare I go.'

'I know a feller what's got some of the stuff,' said Price, in a low tone; 'but he lives a mile from here. Ye could buy it of him, I reckon.'

'For how much?' said Carl.

'Oh, may be one-half,' returned the other. 'I can't say. It's bad stuff to deal with ye know, and I never touch it.

'One-half! You mean two dollars for one? Py schimminy! I will give two hundred tollars for four, and get myself rich!' cried the peddler.

Price smiled.

'But how kin ye pay for it?'

'Never mind, I know,' said Carl; 'show me de fellow what got it to sell, and I pay him mit it.'

'Wall,' said the host, rising. 'I'll find him for ye in the mornin'. Do you want to turn in?'

'Turn in?'

'Oh, yaw? I was tired myself oud to-night.'

A moment's consultation with the woman and Price called the peddler to follow. Carl picked up his pack and climbed the ladder that led into the loft. There was a shake-down on the floor.

'Thar! It's not the finest bedroom in the world, but ye'll sleep,' said Price, laughing. 'Good-night.'

'Good-night,' returned Carl.

The other disappeared. Densmore heaved a sigh.

'It's hard work playing Dutch,' he muttered.

Then he opened his pack, and from it he drew two heavy revolvers, a bowie-knife, three pairs of handcuffs, and the star of the United States secret service.

'I may have work before morning,' he thought, 'and these are good bed-fellows.'

He removed his coat, blew out the candle and laid down, his mind busy with the events of the day, and forming some plan for the morrow.

While thus engaged, the sound of a door stealthily opened attracted his attention, and a moment later he heard men's voices below. Quietly leaving his bed, he crept to a knot-hole in the floor and listened.

'But the pedler?'

It was the woman's voice.

'Never mind him, replied Price. 'Ned,' he continued, apparently addressing the new-comer, 'we've a customer up stairs—a Dutch peddler—and he wants four hundred. I'll bring him to ye in the morning. He'll buy—'

The door opened a second time. Pressing his face close to the floor, Densmore found that he could both see and hear. Three sharp-looking, roughly-dressed men had entered.

'Ha! all here,' said Price, in a low tone. 'That is good. I want half a thousand of the queer to-night, for we kin send to the tavern to-morrow, and the chap up above wants some. Did you bring the dies, Bray?'

The man addressed shook his head.

'I havn't been home, and jest came from Kilkhorn. Send Nettie. My woman will give 'em to her.'

Price turned to the girl.

'Are you afraid to go, Net?'

'Afraid?' she laughed and touched her bosom, just drawing the butt of a pistol into sight—'afraid, Dick? You know better nor that.'

'Wall, then, my gal, if yo go to Bray's an' git the dies, it will help us; for, while the boys are coming, I will stay on watch an' mill the hundred we ran yesterday. Ye'll be back in an hour?'

'Yes, dear.'

And, throwing a heavy cloak about her, and encasing her head in a deep hood, the girl opened the door and disappeared into the night. Price turned to the gang.

'Boys, go below, fire up, and prepare the rest o' the metal. I'll stay here, an' when Net comes in with the dies, we'll coin. I want a full load to-night, for we're almost out. Here, give me a lift.'

As he ceased speaking, he seized a heavy iron bar and thrust it beneath the hearthstone. The others joined hands with him, and with desperate effort the five slowly raised the great stone. Beneat it appeared a door, secured by long iron bolts. These being shut, and the trap raised, a flight of steps was seen. The four strangers descended, carrying a lantern, and Price dropped the door behind them. Then opening a sort of hidden closet, he drew from it a box of rough silver coin and a milling machine, with which he began to work.

Densmore breathed hard.

'Trapped!' he whispered—'trapped! The gang complete! And now for work!'

Noiselessly he arose and approached the ladder. In either pockets were his pistols, and in his hand a pair of bracelets, on his breast his star. At the top of the ladder he paused, struck his foot against the floor, and coughed. There was a quick stir below.

'Mr. Brice! Mr. Brice! Vas you dere?' A half growl from below answered him:

'What ye want?'

'I vas sick, Mr. Brice—I vas so hot as deffer vas. I vant a leetle vater, Mr Brice, if you please, Mr. Brice.'

'What the—' then came an oath. 'Lie still, ye Dutch fool, and I'll bring ye some water. Don't come here.'

'O, no, Mr. Brice! But some vater, Mr. Brice, for God's sake? I vas burned up alife!'

There was a moving about the room, a patter of dipper and pail, and Price approached the ladder. Densmore breathed hard. The steps grew nearer and nearer; they mounted the ladder. He crouched, waiting. An instant more, and the bearded face of Price appeared above the opening in the floor, and his right hand was raised, holding a tin cup of water.

'Here, Dutchy—ye're cussed hard to take care of—here's yer drink.'

Carl's arm was outstretched; but as he touched the dipper, there came a sharp click, and the handcuff closed about the wrist of the coiner, and, at the same time, the cold muzzle of a heavy Colt' revolver pressed against his forehead, and the voice of the detective hissed in his very ear:

'Not a sound, or I'll kill you? Up with your other hand.'

The man was fairly caught, and he knew it. The color fled from his bronzed face, leaving it ashen hue; a cold sweat gathered in beads upon his brow; the prison doors yawned before him; but one glance into the deep eyes of the detective were enough, and with a shudder and a groan he allowed the handcuffs to be clasped about his other wrist.

'And now go down; without noise, too, said Densmore, 'or—'

Price obeyed; and, as he turned upon the floor below, the detective was at his side.

'Sit there,' and he pointed towards the table, 'with your back to the door!'

Again the coiner obeyed, bowing his head upon his hands. Then Densmore crept to the trap, closed it, and shot the heavy bolts.

Without raising his head, Price whispered:

'They'll smother.'

'They must run thair chances,' replied Densmore, coldly.

So saying, he crept near to the cabin door and waited. He must have the woman, the spy, the last and best of all the gang.

The moments passed; the hour was drawing to a close, and the detective listened with baited breath for his coming victim, when suddenly, without a sound, the door opened and Nettie entered. As she did so Densmore stepped forward and would have laid his hand upon her shoulder, but in a single glance the girl comprehended all and with a wild shriek she sprang from him, the dies dropping from her arms as she did so, while Price started from his seat and joined her. And then again the detective found himself facing his enemies, one of them now armed as the woman had drawn a pistol.

But there was no struggle. With nerves tense as steel, and a deadly light in the clear, blue eyes, Carl leveled his heavy weapons, one at each of the figures before him, and in low, cool tones, said:

'Up with your hands! In the name of the National government, I arrest you as counterfeiters. Quick!'

The last word was addressed to the woman, for in her eyes, too, there gleamed a dangerous light; but before the detective could stay her, the pistol was turned, there rang out a sharp report, and from her side there welled out the bright blood, splashing the wooden door, and with a moaning cry she tottered and fell, Price half catching her in his shackled arms as she sank.

Only once she spoke.

'Better this than a prison, Dick. And to die with you, love.'

Then came a fluttering sigh, and she was no more.

An hour later, Densmore stood before the United States Commissioner at Wildwood, and delivered his prisoner. Two hours later, a posse of officers secured the others, who were dragged half dead from their cellar furnace room; and the next day, the detective stood alone by the open grave of poor Nettie, 'the bravest and prettiest criminal he had ever known,' he said, and heard the dull sound of the clods as they fell upon her coffin. Then he turned eastward again, his duty done.

The coiners of Kansas were no more.

Little Kate and I.

We didn't wait for an income to marry on, little Kate and I. We had no rich relations to leave us legacies or to send pearl necklaces, diamond ornaments or thousand-dollar bonds for wedding presents. I was simply a brakeman on the Eastern Michigan Railway, a lost and lonely stretch of rails over desolate marshes, steep mountain grades and solitary sweeps of prairie land; she was the bright-eyed waiteress in one of the restaurants along the line. But when I fell from the platform when the great accident happened—you've heard of the great accident, I suppose, when there was such a shocking loss of life—it was Kate's care, and nothing less, that brought me back into the world I had so nearly quitted for good and all.

'I would have done it for anybody, Mark,' said she, when I tried to thank her.

'Would you?' said I. 'But it isn't everybody that would have done it for me, Kate.'

So I asked her to marry me, and she said yes. And I took a little cottage on the edge of the Swampscott woods, and furnished it as well as I could, with a red carpet, cheese-cloth curtains at the windows, and a red Connecticut clock and a set of walnut chairs that I made myself, with seats of rushes, woven by old Billy the Indian, who carried his baskets and mats around the country, and Mrs. Perkins, the parson's wife, made us a wedding cake, and so we were married. Pretty soon I found out that Kate was pining a little.

'What is it, sweetheart?' said I. 'Remember, that it was a contract between us that we were to have no secrets from one another. Are you not perfectly happy?'

'Oh, yes, yes?' cried Kate, hiding her face on my shoulder. 'But it's my mother, Mark. She's getting old, and if I could only get East and see her just once, before the Lord takes her away.'

It was then that I felt the sting of my poverty most. If I had been a rich man to have handed her out a cheque and said 'Go at once,' I think I could have been happy.

'Never mind, sweetheart,' said I, stroking down her hair. 'We'll manage it after a little. We'll lay up a few dollars from month to month, and you shall go and see her before she dies?'

And with that little Kate was forced to be content. But there was a hungry homesick look upon her face which went to my heart to see.

'If I was rich!' I kept saying to myself. 'Oh, if I were only rich!'

One stormy autumn night we were belated on the road, for the wind was terrible, shaking the century old pines and oaks, as if they were nothing more than tall swamp-grass, and driving through the ravines with a shriek and a howl like a pack of hungry wolves. And the heavy rains had raised the streams so that we were compelled to go carefully and slowly over the bridges, and keep a good lookout ahead for fear of accidents.

I was standing at my post, in front of the second passenger car, stamping my feet on the platform to keep them warm, and hoping little Kate would not be perturbed at my prolonged absence, when the news agent came chuckling out.

'We're to stop at Stumpville Station,' said he.

'Nonsense,' said I, 'I know better. This train never stops short of Wankensha City, least of all when we are running to make up for lost time, as we are to-night.

'Oh, but this is an exceptional occasion,' said Johnny Mills (which was the news agent's name). 'We are going to put an old woman off. She's lost her ticket, she says. More likely she never had one. Goes on as though she'd had her pocket picked.'

'It's almost a pity, isn't it, to put one off to-night?' said I. 'Least of all such a lonely place as Stumpville Station, where there are only two houses and a blacksmith shop.'

'Yes, I know,' said Mills, adjusting the newspaper that he carried under his arm. 'But the Superintendent on the road has just got out a new set of instructions, and he's that particular that Jones wouldn't dare to overlook a case like this. There's been so many confidence games played on the road lately.'

'Which is the one?' said I, turning to look at the end window of the car which was at the rear.

'Don't you see? That party at the back of the two fat women in the red shawls. She's haranguing Jones now.'

'I see,' said I. It was a little old woman in a black silk poke-bonnet, a respectable cloth cloak bordered with ancient fur, and a long veil, who was earnestly talking to and gesticulating with the conductor. But he shook his head and passed on, and she sank back in a helpless little heap behind the green veil, and I could see her take a small handkerchief from a small basket and put it piteously to her eyes.

'It's too bad,' said I. 'Jones might remember that he once had—if he hasn't now—a mother of his own.'

'And lose his place on the road,' said Mills. 'No, no, old fellow, all that sort of thing does very well to talk about, but it don't work in real life.'

So he went into the next car, and the signal to slack up came presently. I turned to Mr. Jones the conductor, who just then stepped out on the platform.

'Is it for that old woman?' said I. He answered, 'Yes.' Said I, 'How far did she want to go?' 'To Swampscott,' said he.

'You needn't stop, Mr. Jones,' said I, 'I'll pay her fare.'

'You!' he echoed.

'Yes,' said I. 'I'll take her to my own house, until she can telegraph to her friends or something. My wife will be good to her, I know, for the sake of her own old mother out West.

'Just as you please,' said Mr. Jones. 'But when you've been on the road as long as I have you'll find that this sort of thing doesn't answer.'

'I hope I shall never be on the road long enough to forget my Chaistian charity,' I answered, a little nettled. And I took out my worn pocket book and handed over the money.

We did not stop at Stumpville after all, but put on more steam and ran as fast as it was safe to drive our engine—and when a little past midnight we reached Swampscott, where we were due at 7.30, Pierre Rene, the Frenchman, came on board to relieve me, and I helped my old lady off the train, flat basket, travelling bag and all.

'Am I to be put off after all?' said she, with a scared look round her.

'Cheer up, ma'am,' said I. 'You are all right. Now, then—look out for the step! Here we are.'

'Where am I?' said the old lady.

'At Swampscott, ma'am,' said I.

'And you are the kind man who paid my fare?' said she. 'But my daughter and her husband will repay you when—'

'All right, ma'am,' said I, 'and now, if you'll just take my arm, we'll be home in a quarter of an hour.'

'But,' said she, 'why can't I go directly to my destination?'

'It's middling late, ma'am,' said I, 'and houses don't stand shoulder to shoulder in Swampscott My nearest neighbor is a mile and a half away. But never fear, ma'am, I've a wife that will be glad to bid you welcome for the sake of her own mother.'

She murmured just a few words of thanks, but she was old and weary, and the path was rough and uneven, in the very teeth of the keen November blast—and walking wasn't an easy task. And presently we came to a little cottage on the edge of the Swampscott woods, where the light glowed warmly through the Turkey curtains.

'Oh, Mark, dearest, how late you are,' cried Kate, making haste to open the door.

'Come in, quick, out of the wind. Supper is all ready, and—but who is that with you?'

In a whisper I told her all.

'Did I do right, Kate?' said I.

'Right? Of course you did,' said she. 'Ask her to come in at once, and I'll put another cup and saucer on the table.'

Tenderly I assisted the chilled and weary old lady across the threshold.

'Here's my wife,' said I. 'And here's a cup of smoking hot coffee and some of Katie's own biscuits and chicken pie. You'll be all right when the cold is out of your joints a bit.'

'You're very, very, very welcome,' said Kate, brightly, as she advanced to untie our visitor's veil and loosen the folds of her cloak. But, all of a sudden, I heard a cry, 'Mother, oh, mother.'

And looking around I saw Kate and the old lady clasped in each other's arms.

'Hold on, Kate!' said I, with the coffee pot still in my hand, as I had been lifting it from the fire. 'This is never—'

'But it is, Mark,' cried out Kate breathlessly. 'It's mother, my own mother! Oh, help me, dearest, quick, she has fainted away.'

But she was all right again, presently, sitting with her feet on one of the warm cushions which Kate had knit on wooden needles, and drinking hot coffee. It was all true. The unfortunate passenger whose pockets had been picked on the train, and to whose rescue I had come, was no other than Katie's own mother, who had determined to risk the perils of a journey to the far West to see her child once again.

And she has been with us ever since, the dearest old mother in law that ever a man had, the comfort of a household and the guardian angel of little Kate and the baby, when I am away on my long trips.

And little Kate declares now that she is 'perfectly happy.' God bless her—may she never be otherwise.

A Quaker in Westminister Abbey.

At Westminister Abbey Isaac Hopper paid the customary fee of two shillings and sixpence for admission. The doorkeeper followed him, saying:

'You must uncover yourself, sir.'

'Uncover myself!' exclaimed the Friend, with an affection of ignorant simplicity. 'What do you mean? Must I take off my coat?'

'Your coat!' responded the man, smiling. 'No, indeed; I mean your hat.'

'And what should I take off my hat for?' he enquired.

'Because you are in church, sir,' answered the door-keeper.

'I see no church here,' rejoined the Quaker; 'perhaps thou meanest the house where the church assembles? I suppose thou art aware that it is the people and not the building that constitutes a church?'

The idea seemed new to the man, but he merely repeated:

'You must take off your hat, sir.'

But the Friend again enquired:

'What for? On account of these images? Thou knowest Scripture commands us not to worship graven images.'

The man persisted in saying that no man could be allowed to pass through the church without uncovering his head.

'Well, friend,' rejoined Isaac, 'I have some conscientious scruples on that subject; so give me back my money and I will go.'

The reverential habits of the doorkeeper were not strong enough to compel him to that sacrifice, and he walked away without saying anything more on the subject.

A GREAT DISCOVERY IN EGYPT.—A discovery has lately been made of thirty mummies of the most celebrated sovereigns of Egypt. These were found in a great excavation near the Tombs of the Kings, and had perhaps been removed there by their respective mummy-worshippers in consequence of danger from some invasion. Some Arabs were bold enough to penetrate the cavern where the discovery was made, and the news came to the ears of Daood Pas