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W. Pine Boards,

TWO YEARS, FULL INCH.

NARROWS — Shippers, nearly clear.....$10.50.
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THIS well known packet schooner will ply regularly between St. John and Bridgetown during the season.

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

CAPT. J. LONGMIRE.

LIME! LIME! Always in Stock. When vessel is not in port apply to Capt. Peter Nicholson.

Bridgetown, March 25th, 1888. tf

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ELECTRIC BATTERY IN A BOTTLE,

is not a Snuff, Liquid or Salve,

But a perfect Electric Battery, which forms a

Speedy Cure

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

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Price, $1.00 per Bottle.

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

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

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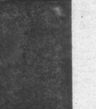

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great medical work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free 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.

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WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

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Runs Easy NO BACKACHE.

BY ONE MAN. Greatly improved. Also TOOL for filing saws whereby those least experienced can not make a mistake. *Sent Free* with machine. To others, for common cross-cut saws, by mail $2.00. Thousands have saved 5 to 8 CORDS daily. We want all who burn wood and all interested in the timber business to write for our Illustrated *Free* Catalogue. We have exactly what you want, the greatest labor-saver and best-selling tool now on earth. First order from your vicinity secures agency. No duty to pay. We manufacture in Canada. FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 208 to 212 So. Canal Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

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I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine

JOHN Z. BENT.

Bridgetown, Dec. 1885.

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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, in 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.

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Post Office Box, 450.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 16. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1888. NO. 36.

PARSONS' PILLS

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Parsons' Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and cause no inconvenience. One box will do more to purify the blood and cure chronic ill health than $5 worth of any other remedy yet discovered. If people could be made to realize the marvelous power of these pills, they would walk 100 miles to get a box if they could not be had without. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Illustrated pamphlet free, postpaid. Send for it; the information is very valuable. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Make New Rich Blood!

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.

INSPECTION

is Invited of our Terms and Prices for all Description of Work in

Monuments, Tablets,

HEADSTONES, Etc.

Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.

Drysdale & Hoyt Bros.,

OPPOSITE RINK, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

ANTIGONISH HEARD FROM.

AFTON, ANTIGONISH Co., October 11th, 1888.

MESSRS. C. GATES, SONS & CO.,—

Dear Sirs,—I feel it my duty to make known to the world the wonderful things that your medicine has done for me. For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia, and, though during that time I employed a physician and tried many kinds of medicines I found nothing that gave me more than temporary relief. I became reduced to almost a skeleton and thought that death must soon intervene and put an end to my suffering—a deathly weakness would often seize me. By the advice of a friend I was induced to try your

LIFE OF MAN BITTERS

—AND—

Invigorating Syrup.

It built me right up, and after taking five bottles I felt sufficient for my work and have remained so ever since, a period of six years. I thank God that your medicine has been the means of restoring my health. It has done more for me than all the rest put together. No tongue can tell its real worth. I would recommend it to all the sick and afflicted.

Yours very truly, JOHN J. TAYLOR.

DO YOU WANT Bargains IN CLOTHING?

IF SO,

Try the Subscriber.

JUST RECEIVED, A FINE STOCK OF ENGLISH AND SCOTCH

Suitings and Trouserings,

WHICH I WILL SELL FOR CASH AT PRICES THAT WILL ASTONISH YOU.

H. J. BANKS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Murdoch's Block, ... Up Stairs.

(Best is Cheapest)

Ask your Grocer for them

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

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

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

CARD.

W. M. FORSYTH

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2

Office in LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.

Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m.

April 2nd, 84. 51tf

JUST RECEIVED

BEG to direct the attention of my friends and customers to a

Large Stock of

OVER-COATS

—AND—

READY-MADE

CLOTHING,

From the Best Makers.

Fur Caps and Gloves, Rubber Coats, Boots, Etc.

BOOTS and SHOES,

All styles, prices and qualities.

A large quantity of

COARSE SALT,

on hand, for sale low.

A first-class stock of

Groceries, Provisions, Meats, Etc.,

always kept in stock.

T. A. FOSTER.

CHEAP

—FOR:—

CASH!

FLOUR, OATMEAL, FEEDING FLOUR, CORMEAL, GROCERIES, STOVES, PLOWS, HORSE CLOTHING,

Harnesses made to Order.

REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

N. H. PHINNEY.

Nov. 19th, 1888.

NOTICE!

—This is to certify that—

MR. JOHN LONERGAN, of Saulnierville, N. S.,

IS the only duly and recognized representative of the

Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of New York,

for the Counties of Western Nova Scotia, and anyone soliciting business therein without his authority will not be recognized by this Association. MR. E. THOMPSON, of Middleton, has received notice of his discontinuance, and any monies paid the said Thompson on applications of insurance to this Association will not be recognized.

J. D. WELLS, General Manager for Canada.

SAULNIERVILLE, Nov. 15th, '88.

In regard to the above, I would deem it a favor for any parties who have paid any money or notes to said Thompson, or given his applications for insurance the past six months, if they would inform me.

JOHN LONERGAN, Saulnierville, N. S.

4it37 General Agent for Nova Scotia.

BRIDGETOWN

HARNESS STORE!

STOCK COMPLETE!

An extensive assortment of

Trunks, Bags, Valises & Satchels.

AN extra assortment Whips, Brushes and Halters, also in Rugs, Surcingles, Horse Trappings, of all kinds.

A good assortment

Goat, Woollen & Rubber Robes.

HARNESSES of all kinds in stock or made to order. Team and Harness Collars always in stock.

J. W. ROSS.

Bridgetown, Oct. 2nd, '88. tf

AGAIN

THE MASCOT SPRING STOP SHADE ROLLER,

SELLING LOWER THAN EVER.

—OUR STOCK OF—

Fall GOODS

is now complete in every department.

INCLUDING a nice variety of DRESS MATERIAL, for 12 cents per yard upwards, in all shades and textures.

In *WOOLLEN GOODS*, Boating and Breakfast Shawls, Children's Sacques, Hoods, and Fascinators.

Ulstering, Astrachan, Fur Trimming, Fur Caps and Muffs, nice Underwear, for both ladies and gentlemen.

Highest Market Prices paid for Butter and Eggs.

C. H. SHAFFNER

South Farmington, Oct. 18th, '88.

Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given that L. S. Bowlby, J. Haddon Balcom, and Ernest L. Balcom, of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, doing business under the name, style and firm of BOWLBY BALCOM & CO., Lumber Manufacturers, has, by deed of a signment, dated the 31st day of August, 1888, assigned to us all their property in trust for the general benefit of their creditors, subject to certain preferential claims. Creditors desiring to execute the same must do so within forty days from the date thereof, said deed lies at our office where the same may be inspected and executed by creditors.

Dated at Lawrencetown, this 31st day of August, 1888.

L. R. MORSE, ALEX. OSWALD, Assignees.

NOTICE.—The above mills of Bowlby, Balcom & Co., will be run as usual until further notice.

L. R. MORSE, ALEX. OSWALD, Assignees.

22tf

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THIS YEAR'S

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

IN BRONZE on EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

J. R. HART,

—AGENT FOR—

W. N. WHITE, Fruit Brokers, London, Eng.

FRUIT SHIPPED BY REGULAR BOATS. CAREFULLY HANDLED. PROMPT RETURNS MADE AT BEST MARKET PRICES.

October 20th, 1888. 3m

SPLENDID!

—One of the—

Finest Stock of CLOTHS,

For Men's Suitings, to be found in the Western Counties, is now shown by

JOHN H. FISHER, Merchant Tailor, Bridgetown, N. S.

Having secured the services of MR. JOHN GOLDIN, a strictly first-class workman in every respect, and with an able staff of assistants, I am prepared to turn out custom tailoring second to none. Call and inspect.

Select Literature.

[*Original*]

She Won.

BY ROBERT GRANT.

Mrs. Thomas Storey had found matrimony both so pleasant and profitable that after three trials, into which death had broken with careless hand, she had been persuaded to undertake its duties once more with Mr. Reuben Walker—Wise Walker the children called him on account of his solemn fashion of walking—as her head and guardian. Whether love or lucre led him to select the widow Storey, no one could say with certainty. The evil minded insisted upon lucre, generally adding the word filthy to better express what they meant, while another class asserted love-led, but grinned in a queer way whenever they said it, as if a slightly tickled fancy sent a swift gleam of fun through the idea.

But lucre or love, it was all the same to the widow and her suitor, Reuben. Hymen ruled them hopelessly enough, for there was a meteoric rush about the wooing and wedding which kept the people in and about the village of Barnegat in a great state of excitement and gossip. There was little time for consideration, except in money matters, between Mrs. Storey and Mr Walker before the wedding, and as soon as the brief honeymoon was over the wife's happiness was clouded by a sharp difficulty in church belief.

Mrs. Walker had always been most strictly "high church," and as each of her departed husbands had either shared in or been won over to her views, she had grown, not rooted, but fairly embedded in the customs of the Episcopal church, when Reuben insisted upon remaining a staunch Baptist to the end of his days, it caused serious trouble between them. His reasons were good ones. His father and grandfather and a host of others in the shape of ancestral ghosts had been Baptist before he was thought of, and king or queen to the contrary, a Baptist he would still be.

Mrs. Walker snapped her eyes.

'Now see here,' he said positively, 'I've thought this over, an' I've come to know that my church is the right church, an' if you want to stan' in my company now, or in mine or my late dear wife's hereafter, you must leave the 'Piscopal an' be baptized.'

Mrs. Walker snuffed disdainfully:

'Your late dear wife. If I had to stand long with her in the next world, likely I'd be cross-eyed and shamble-footed as she was. Dear! in the great percession of churches the Baptist is last, an' she jest managed to ketch that. Wasn't I there and see it?'

'Mrs. Thomas Storey?' roared her husband, 'no I mean the widder Walker?' he added in a queer jumble.

'Soon as you please, sir,' and she made a mocking courtesy before him.

'You can kerchey as much as you like, my lady, but you'll be broke yet if I know anything about managing women.'

Mrs. Walker smiled contemptuously, and so filled the measure of wrath full.

The faith which this man held is easily told. He was a firm believer in plenty of water, plenty of preaching, and only a minimum, if any, of backsliding. He believed also, that a minister should never consider what he had to preach to his people, but trust to a power outside of himself to fill his mind with thought, and believed in giving his minister more Christian consolation than money for his salary. His heart, as he often declared in prayer meeting, was fixed, and so were his will and pocket book. He was set, cold and bigoted, and how Mrs. Thomas Storey that was, who really believed in her church but who had been much petted by her three husbands and whose nature was soft in the main, was going to live comfortably with this man was more than one would like to foretell.

One thing Mrs. Walker especially hated was a group of men gossipping about a church door, and she went to the Baptist church over on the hill one fine Sabbath morning, on purpose to point out to her lord, by slight ridicule, how ill it appeared. What was her mortification when he deliberately joined the group, and left her to find a seat as she could in the strange church. Now the usher had not come thoroughly in vogue there, so she sat down in the nearest pew and thought over some very cross things to say to him when they got home again.

The children came strolling in, attended by the mothers and older sisters. The young men followed after these, and still the men talked outside of crops and weather until the minister came. Even then the reading of the opening hymn was punctuated by voices and an occasional laugh from the careless party at the door, where they stood waiting for the first tones of singing to call them in.

Mrs. Walker fidgetted and grew more and more uneasy as the minutes dragged by, and still she sat there alone in a pew belonging to anybody or nobody as it might happen to be, with people staring hard at her, both for being a bride and out of place as well. She looked relieved when the head soprano took her opening tone from the leader and started off upon 'Coronation,' for she knew they must enter then or not at all that service.

Soon she saw a tall man stalking slowly up the aisle with a broad patch of white-wash on his right shoulder, and taking a seat in a pew well up to the pulpit. It was Mr. Walker.

She first turned scarlet, then pale, then catching her parasol and hymn-book in hand, she sloped up after him with a firm air. His pew was hers also. Had she not changed the name of Storey to Walker, and was this her reward? When the time came then there would come vengeance.

The hymn was ended and minister had raised his hand to address a prayer to his congregation as usual. The hush was very full of menace to an angry soul. The whitewash gleamed whiter now; it was under her eye. The temptation to trust it off grew more and more strong until she rested her hand and gave him a vexatious whacks on the smooched shoulder. Had he been a child, no severer displeasure or more effective blows would have fallen to his lot.

If Mr. Walker had been most devout his feelings would have been rudely shocked, while the little he did possess vanished with the whitewash off his coat. He was still further aggravated by Mrs. Walker picking up a Bible and thumping it down again on the cushion because it bore on the fly leaf the name of his wife whom she characterized as cross eyed and stumbling, a short time before. His rage was up to G-yser pitch. The minister was preaching on his favorite text, but Mr. Walker heard nothing of it. He saw only the little, defiant figure at his side with bobbing dark curls and quick grey eyes devouring both him and the earnest minister. Had not both civil and moral law—especially the civil—been against it he would have beaten her soundly with his horsewhip. That he neither could nor dared angered him yet further.

The service over, they rode home in complete silence. Once or twice she tried to draw him out of his mood but failed. Her wrath against him for neglect was over in a measure, and as she had a point to urge she wished to be forwarding it. All useless, however.

He drove into the barnyard, and without turning to look at his wife, got out of the carriage, took off his new black coat, replaced it by a duster hanging in one of the stalls, unharnessed the horse and led him off for water. He never glanced in her direction as she sat motionless watching the different things done with an air which said, 'I am neglected but not crushed by any means.' Waiting until he got quite away from the yard, she scrambled down and trotted away to the house shaking her head in disdain of her warlike lord. She was small, but full of fire and pluck, and if he would not be reduced then there was no rule of reduction to work by in a woman's list of strategies.

She stood several minutes in the western door, narrowly watching the man who spoke in a sharp tone to his horse and jerked him about with much unnecessary warmth. As she looks, so will we, and describe him so far as we can in contrast with her.

He is tall and stout, while she is short and thin. He is dark, of the swarthy kind, while she is fair and fresh for a woman of forty or more. He is muscular enough for a grenadier, while she develops curved outlines chiefly. His eyes are dark with a sullen fire in them, while hers are grey and clear as ice with a spark there at times which you do not like to see in a woman's expression. One thing in his face is against her and that is a jaw full of strength and determination, but if she is keen enough to see how sordid his nature is she will attack him there and win at each encounter.

The sunlight fell in a great flood over the house and grass flecking the vine which overhung the windows with brilliant lights and tender shadows, but neither man nor wife ever saw them. She in the door and he at the watering trough were blind to nature. The sunshine was just sunshine to plant and ripen and harvest by, or to wash, dye, and sew by, nothing more. The vines were vines just the same in point of color on a gray day as on one filled with glimmer and sunglow. They grew grapes, and that was all to think or care for. Indeed, had you shown them what could be seen, Mrs. Walker would have looked at you, first a little pityingly, then somewhat more contemptuously, and walked away smiling, while her husband's jaw would have fallen apart in amazement over such 'tomfoolery.'

Now Lucas Noble, their hired man, had more love of nature, more of the poetic and artistic instinct about him, in fact, far more soul, hired servant though he was, than Mr. or Mrs. Walker, and all their common place ancestry together. To them 'he was more fool than man in any count you'd take of him,' but the one who made him, whose eyes are keener to see and kinder to judge than man's, knew better. So, too, will the reader, and we ask pardon for introducing a peer into the company of clown, and also leave to bring him in, not because he belongs there, but because through him more light and love came to the two clay-bound souls who called themselves his master and mistress than through any other of God's agencies for awakening His stupid children.

Lucas was now coming up with the cows from the lower pastures—the ones with the deep sweet springs in them, not those near the sea—and singing a quaint melody which we will wager no one ever heard before, save in dreams of weird plaintive harmony. He went along in the midst of his Jerseys and. Aldderneys, gently urging this one or talking in soft monotone to another, until he came to the milking pen, where their proud owner walked amongst them to see their condition and watch how much milk Lucas with skilful motions drew into the white pails.

The song was hushed, but the animals, more sensitive than their owner, felt his kind presence, and often turned to lick his shoulder, while they gave sharp dives at Mr. Walker passing around them.

'Lucas,' said he, sternly, as the milking was nearly finished.

'Sir,' was answered amid runnels of sound in the white froth.

'I want you—so there, you hussy!—I want you—confound that beast,' as one thrust him with her horn, 'to take these critters to the forrid pasters to-night, and you can stop on your way up and take tea with your Aunt Mary.'

Lucas went on hustling the cows out of the yard as if he had not heard.

'Did you understand?—blockhead!' he said under his breath as no reply was returned.

'I did, sir,' and the man spoke with sterner voice than usual.

Lucas, the illegitimate, the poverty-cursed, was well on his way when, Mr. Walker called again from the kitchen door:

'Noble! Noble, I say!' and from his position far down the road Lucas answered by turning and putting his hand to his ear to listen, when he heard "You must git home by half past, sharp.'

'Devil!' said Lucas, who was flashy as a bit of powder, when struck too hard, 'if I could eat my bide I'd be told to get my evening supper that way, as I can't, I can go to Aunt Mary's. Hanged if I will!' and he went on angrily.

'Aunt Mary is old an' poor, and he's rich—d—— him! I'd like to—bless me no I wouldn't either,' and catching himself suddenly in forbidden spite, he shut his teeth in a quick way and went on thoughtfully till he came to Mr. Walker's great turnip yard, when he sprang over the fence, tore up several large leaved beauties and was back again, paring, dividing and eating, with his cows pushing about him, each waiting for a piece from his generous hand. His slight repast over he went on, the sun sending his shadow bobbing and twisting about in strange lines between the distorted shadows of the cows and those of the trees falling across the road.

He went on, poor and despised, but with a spirit so broad and open that it seized every throb of the world about him, and made it articulate with human thought and majestic with the might of self government and purity. It is only upon those who forget their own individuality who, do not spread in a peacock fashion that nature shines full and harmonious. If we make ourselves great, then she, as if abashed, hides her fulgid eyes from us until we grow humble again.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker sat silent and full of spite, over a bountiful meal, each more heartily wishing to eat the other than their bread and butter, and making a telling contrast with their poor servant who munched his raw turnips complacently rather than wrong a poor relative.

Later that night Mrs. Walker who had resolved on close fighting at once, opened her attack with:

'Reuben!'

'Umpt!' was the only reply.

'Reuben. I want you to listen to me,' she said very decidedly.

'Hev to for's I see, seein' I'm neither blind nor deaf,' he returned crustily.

'I wish you would see clear to leave that church and go with me,' she put out finding help in nothing but direct speech.

'I won't,' he shot out spitefully, and then there was a blank silence.

'Well you'll never get in the decent society of Barnegat, that's all,' she said with malice.

'Decent's any in your church with its red crosses an' monkeyin's. If I was a Chinee I'd join you, but as I am not I'll stand upright as the Lord made me, I will.'

'Well, there'll be no peace between us till you do,' was the determined reply.

'Yah!' retorted Mr. Walker, politely.

That ended the discussion, but not the resolution on one side at least, for at 12 o'clock Mrs. Walker stole mouse-like out of bed, slipped on a woollen gown, and glided away into the darkness. Mr. Walker's snore had not once been broken, when an hour later his wife crept into bed again after this suspicious midnight prowling. What it meant will be shown by succeeding events.

Next morning she awoke much later than her husband, who made a point summer and winter of rising promptly at five o'clock in the morning, whether work demanded it or not, and as it often happens to people who change their location many times, she could not tell where she was. A confusing sense of being everywhere or nowhere was upon her, and whether she was mistress of the house at the Valley Road or the Corners, or the Ridge, or the farm, was not clear to her until the voice of Lucas Noble singing an impromptu matin reached her ear, together with the swish and whetting of his scythe. Then she smiled knowingly, got up hastily, dressed, and went foraging about after various things which she dragged up over two flights of stairs into an attic and threw down beside a hamper that looked suspiciously full of bottles and food. She had to sink down upon a lounge then to catch her breath, for the tug had been a good one for such small arms and shoulders.

Presently sounds from below made her prick up her ears like a war horse. Mr. Walker was winding his way through the house and calling for his wife in no gentle tones to get breakfast.

A chuckle of satisfaction ran around the crannies and attic rafters, but soon another sound swallowed it up ignominiously. Mr. Walker had come to the hiding place, caught sight of his wife stationed there, calmly knitting on a black stocking, and looking as if she had been planted for generations in that one spot, and needing nothing more tramped furiously back to the kitchen. In five minutes time there was a spiteful nailing and hammering on the outside of the attic door, and at each blow Mrs. Walker smiled more and more serenely. Nails should never reduce a woman who had had the experience of wedlock three times repeated. Not they!

Four days and nights went on, and the yarn in the prisoner's possession was growing alarmingly less. Time, too, dragged hatefully, but then there was a case of old books in a corner, she could read if the knitting gave out before they found they could not do without her. Her food supply was diminishing too, but what must it be like down below, since she had taken almost everything cooked for her own need during exile?

'Lucas!' called Mr. Walker from the buttery on the morning of the fifth day.

'Yes sir!' answered Noble from the sink where he stood splashing his face and hands, 'What do you want, sir?'

'What do you do after the pans are all full, and the crocks too, with this pesky cream and milk?'

'I think they churn then,' replied Lucas

'But how?' asked Mr. Walker, who although a farmer, had never paid any attention to household ways.

'I don't know, sir,' was the encouraging return.

'Why don't you? You don't know nothing about anything inside or out then,' said Mr. Walker savagely.

It was only the previous morning he had assured his hired man that 'she'—meaning his wife of course—'might stay in her coop till Judgment Day, for all him,' and here he was with the chief product of his place going to ruin, and not a woman dare be bring in on account of certain scandal following, and being called before the church. He thought the matter over, and waiting until Lucas was away, tried to churn the cream himself. A greater failure was never seen in a farm house. He looked about at the rich cream lying wasted on the floor, and the unmanageable mass in the yellow churn, and then swore roundly. The perspiration oozed out on his face in great beads and he made a wild dash, hammer in hand, for the attic door.

Three times he returned to the parley. The story of the wasted cream was nothing, 'Would he leave the Baptist Church? No!' and there it closed again, and again she turned placidly to her book—it was French and upside down by the way—while he went back to the dyspeptic churn.

The sixth day opened, and when Mr. Walker found the whole household economy undermined and going to wreck—there was nothing to eat, save potatoes—he resolved to become a martyr without delay. When both a man's pocket book and stomach demanded unconditional surrender it was plainly his duty to give in, so he mounted again to his wife, and asked clemency. She was tuneful and hungry too, but held out bravely.

'I come only on one line. You know my heart, and that I'm not happy unless you are with me in spiritual as well as temporal things. It's a pint of conscience to o', she replied calmly to his appeal.

'Then I suppose I'll have to,' he said glumly.

'Not suppose,' was retorted 'The Lord don't know suppises in his doin's, neither will He in your'n?'

There was a heavy silence.

Mr. Walker turned to go, thought of his butter and the hunger gnawing at his tenderest organ, and hesitated.

'Yes, since you will have it?' he blurted out, and burst down the narrow stairway.

'I wish to the Dead she'd died with old Storey before I'd been driven to this' he groaned, 'I'm ruined through the butter, good gracious!' and he kicked the unofending churn viciously, just as his wife appeared with a smile in the kitchen

Soon after this a ship with typhus on board touched at Barnegat, and finding no place for their sick the officers had to leave them with nurses in an old shed on the outskirts of the place till death should come and claim them. A panic seized the people of the village and outlying farms, and hand in hand with the fear went the typhus until thirty of them had died, and Barnegat was in sackcloth from end to end. Mr. and Mrs. Walker shut themselves off from all communication with others. They barred their house and hearts against all, whether friend or enemy, and sleuthhound never followed scent more cruelly than did they their resolution to aid none, however desolate.

Lucas had left them and was acting as general nurse to all. He seconded the doctor so ably and saved so many by his coolness and courage that he came to be regarded as invaluable. When he entered a house confidence, and hope so came with him and his cheerful sayings that they called him 'Our Noble' everywhere.

When the scourge had spent itself, and the people were trying to take up work and life again even though the hill had thickened with the graves of their dead, they were startled to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Walker in some mysterious way been seized of the fever and were lying unattended.

Then rose the spirit of evil in violence. With one voice they were condemned and left to shift for themselves. As they had dealt by others so God should deal with them in just retribution, 'Die? Why yes, what better thing for flint hearts such as theirs?" was the universal judgment.

Not so Lucas the Noble. He left the last fever stricken in the village to a faithful nurse and, exhausted though he was, hurried to the farmhouse. Sad enough the sight was as he entered They had dragged themselves to different beds and lay raving in the delirium of the fever. Mr. Walker was constantly moaning about the church, while his wife's mind turned back again to girlhood and her first love, calling first for her mother, then for her husband, until the moan and shriek were almost unbearable, as they crossed and jangled each with each.

The doctor came and went, at last got outside help to save Lucas from breaking up entirely, as he said, 'until the two were pronounced out of danger.' Lucas held doggedly to his post. It was he who raised and rested them in turn in his arms, who spoke compassionate wise words to stir their souls to a newer life, even as he nursed the physical life into their frail bodies. His face was gaunt and gray from care and long watching, but his eyes looked as an angel's might on an errand of redemption.

A day came, however, when Lucas stumbled blindly upstairs and threw himself down on the narrow bed in the old shabby room, turned his face to the eaves and lay very quiet. When the friends came about to nurse him he was only very tired, that was all.' Then the old doctor came, shut all out save one and looked very grave as he finished his scrutiny of the sick man.

'The end, I fear,' he said to the anxious group about the door as he came out, 'a case of total exhaustion.'

'He's died for us, all then,' said a broken voice.

'Ay, has he, and you can thank God for giving him a life so unselfish that he has poured it out on others like water,' and the doctor grew hoarse as he ended

There was a solemn sight one week later, when a crowd of young and old bared their heads and knelt on the grass about the door of the Walker homestead, while the minister prayed and thanked Heaven for the light of such a man's life among them, and after the voice ceased its supplication there was a great hush in which a quavering voice on the outskirts began a well known chant, and soon the peaceful twilight was filled with the low, slow, sad singing from the kneeling people.

Mrs. Walker heard the slow moving chant and fell to weeping. The light which had come to her through him who had just died was growing gray, but in the grayness was suggestion that tortured, by still compelling her to think and suffer.

All night she pondered and when the first light of morning came she arose, steadied her trembling limbs, and crept away to the chambers. She went into each room but failing to find him, turned towards the low room under the eaves with a cry of delirious joy. Opening the door there was a case of old white form and she bent over it and moaned:

'You the most deservin' here!' Sweeping back the heavy hair from the broad forehead she laid her hands upon it in blessing, and softly sobbing passed out and into her best room where her whitest linen and the most beautiful things were kept, and going to a great mahogany table, swept off its trifles and drew it near the eastern windows. There from drawers in which the sheets lay folded with rosemary she took the finest, and laid with gentle hands on the table, along with silk stockings and pillow of down, the last relics of her first happy wedding, and stood silent. It seemed as if he, whom she loved best of all others even now, demanded these for this friend and there was a deep joy in the gift which she had never known in any other.

Later she stood in the kitchen saying reproachfully, 'Why didn't you tell me? How could you let that poor soul die there? The best is not fit for him. Go and move him at once, go!' she said, pathetically, and sank down nervous and shivering before the fire, hearing the chirp and twitter of the morning birds run like a beautiful accompaniment through the muffled sounds above her.

* * * * * * *

No more does Mrs. Walker pin her faith to any creed or church. She still goes to her own, but she sees less of the outward and more of the inward meaning of her religion. She often goes over to the church on the hill but she never thinks whether her husband's shoulders are white or black, for she often stands with him near that same corner to look at a polished shaft of brown granite, which glistens in the sunlight serenely, and has more loving hearts about it than any spot there. On one side of it is simply 'Our Noble' and on the other one of his beautiful thoughts: 'If light comes through pain then there is no pain.'

Patents for Small Things.

Among these may be mentioned "the stylographic pen," and a pen for shading in different colors, producing £40,000 per annum. The rubber tip at the end of lead pencils has yielded £20,000. A large fortune has been reaped by a miner who invented a metal rivet or eyelet at each end of the mouth of coat and trousers pockets, to resist the strain caused by the carriage of pieces of ore and heavy tools. In a recent legal action it transpired, in evidence that the inventor of the metal plates used to protect soles and heels of boots from wear sold upward of 12,000,000 plates in 1876, and in 1887 the number reached 143,000,000, producing realized profits of a quarter of a million of money. As large a sum as was ever obtained for any invention was enjoyed by the inventor of the inverted glass bell to hang over gas to protect ceilings from being blackened, and a scarcely less lucrative patent was that for simply putting emery powder on cloth. Frequently time and circumstances are wanted before an invention is appreciated, but it will be seen that patience is well rewarded, for the inventor of the roller skate made over £200,000, not withstanding the fact that his patent had nearly expired before its value was ascertained. The gimlet-pointed screw has produced more wealth than most silver mines, and the American who first thought of putting copper tips to children's shoes is as well off as if his father had left him £400,000 in United States bonds. Upward of £2,000 a year was made by the inventor of the common needle threader. To the foregoing might be added thousands of trifling but useful articles from which handsome incomes are derived or for which large sums have been paid. Few inventions pay better than popular patented toys. A clergyman realized £400 a week by the invention of a strange little plaything to be seen for a long time in every toy shop window, and even in the streets of London. That favorite American toy, the "return ball"—a wooden ball with an elastic attached—yielded the patentee an income equal to £10,000 a year, and an income of no less than £15,000 per annum to the inventor of the "dancing Jim Crow." The invention of "Pharaoh's serpents," a toy much in vogue some years ago, was the outcome of some chemical experiments, and brought the inventor more than £10,000. The sale of the little wooden figure "John Gilpin" was incredibly large for many years, and a very ingenious toy, known as the "wheel of life," is said to have produced upward of £100,000 profit to its inventor. One of the most successful of modern toys has been the "chameleon top," the sale of which has been enormous. The field of invention is not only vast and varied, but is open to everybody without respect to sex or age, station or means.—*Invention, London.*

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—A French half-franc, the date, 1855 plainly legible, was brought up from Sible Island the other day, and given to Mr. Chas. Neal. It is a relic of some wreck, and has borne its age of 2½ centuries, remarkably well.—*Recorder.*

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