Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 20. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1892. NO. 38.

Professional Cards.

N. H. PHINNEY,
DIRECTOR OF
—Oratorio and Choral Music.—
TEACHER OF
Singing, Voice Culture, and Thorough Bass.
Dealer in Pianos and Organs. Write for wholesale prices. 14 1y

L. G. deBLOIS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office :—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, . . N. S

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

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - - N. S.
Office.—"Dr. Gunter" building.

J. B. KINNEY,
Architect and Civil Engineer.
Designs, Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for all classes of buildings.
Office at residence of Wm. E. Reed, Bridgetown, N. S. 1 1y

G. O GATES,
PLEASANT STREET, TRURO, N. S.
PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Pianos & Organs.
Manufacturers' agent for Leading American and Canadian Instruments. Tuning and repairing a specialty. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

DENTISTRY.
DR. T. A. CROAKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
Will be at his office in Middleton, the last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

NOTICE!
LAW OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
WILL BE AT OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
THURSDAY, 7th and 21st JULY
and every alternate *Thursday* thereafter, in the office occupied by
ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, ESQUIRE.
Office open at 9 a.m.
49 tf J. M. OWEN.
Annapolis, March 7th, 1892. 49 tf

O. T. DANIELS. O. S. MILLER
DANIELS & MILLER,
BARRISTERS,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

EDWIN L. FISHER,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
AUCTIONEER,
AND
REAL ESTATE AGENT.
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
October 19th, 1892. 29 1y

Executor's Notice.

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late JOHN B. BROWN, of Torbrook, County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
STANLEY BROWN,
Executor.
Torbrook, Oct. 3rd, 1892. 27 26i

NOTICE!

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late GEORGE W. HUDSON, of Phinney Cove, in the Township of Granville, County of Annapolis, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to
EMMERETTA A. HUDSON,
Administratrix.
Phinney Cove, April 30th, 1892. 6 1y

Administrators Notice.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN W. ACKER, late of Nictaux Falls, in the county of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment to
WM. J. H. BALCOM,
Administrator.
Nictaux Falls, August 1st, 1892. 18 6m

Administratrix Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late ANSLEY ELLIOTT, late of Port George, County of Annapolis, Merchant, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to
ISABELLA M. ELLIOTT.
ANNIE B. ELLIOTT, Admx.
Port George, Sept. 17th, 1892.—36 13i

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given that JAMES S. McGIVERN, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, and Province of Nova Scotia, Farmer, has this day assigned to me all of his property in trust for the benefit of his creditors, without preference.
The said deed contains a provision for the payment of such creditors as shall sign the said deed within sixty days, and also for the payment of such creditors as shall not sign said deed.
A duplicate of the said deed may be inspected and executed at the office of the undersigned in Bridgetown, aforesaid.
GEORGE H. DIXON.
Assignee.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1892.—26 tf

TEA. TEA.
JUST RECEIVED,
Direct from London, on Consignment,
25 Half-Chests Choice Quality
BLACK TEA.
Parties wishing a good article at a low price, will please apply to
Geo. E. Corbitt.
Annapolis, April 11th, 1892. 2 tf

1892. NEW STOVES. 1892.
I OFFER A LARGE AND SELECT STOCK OF
Ranges, Cook, Parlor and Hall Stoves,
All New in the Market.
Having Bought for Spot Cash, I am offering Stoves Lower than ever before.
R. ALLEN CROWE, - - BRIDGETOWN.
Sept. 28th, 1892.—26

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
HORSE LINIMENT
IS INFALLIBLY THE REMEDY FOR
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Enlargement of the Glands, Affections of the Kidneys,
—AND FOR—
SPLINTS, CURBS, BOG SPAVINS, STRAINS OF THE JOINTS AND TENDONS, BRUISES, ETC., ETC.
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION
· IS · THE · BEST · TAKE · NO · OTHER ·

THE INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO.
Bridgetown, Annapolis Co.
HAVE NOW ON HAND A LARGE QUANTITY OF
Beautiful Hard-Burnt Brick,
which are manufactured by the most approved modern machinery, from a superior clay, thoroughly mixed with sand; have smooth surfaces, square edges, and
ARE GUARANTEED TO STAND THE WEATHER.
Our selected stock brick will look as well in the front of a building as some of the so-called face or repress brick, nor are they liable to chip or split with the frost. So far as tested they have not shown any of the *WHITE SUBSTANCE*, which so disfigures some brick buildings, and we believe them to be entirely free from this ingredient. We aim to keep on hand a large quantity, so that the trade can always rely upon being supplied with good brick.
Having a good wharf on our property and a siding of the W. & A. Railway, we can ship either by vessel or rail.
For the information of builders we publish herewith a certificate from a well-known architect.
YARMOUTH, N. S., February 16th, 1891.
The International Brick and Tile Company:
GENTLEMEN,—I took one of your stock brick promiscuously from a lot shown me and put it to a severe weather test, having boiled it in hot water and put it out to be frozen at once, and often in an open atmosphere, but have not yet seen the least change in the surface. I consider them first-class in all respects. Yours truly,
J. B. KINNEY, *Architect.*
Correspondence solicited.
HECTOR MacLEAN, *Manager.* JOHN ERVIN, *Secretary.*

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
DINNER PILLS
ARE A SURE CURE FOR
INDIGESTION, in all its forms.
For the Removal of DYSPEPSIA, Chronic Diseases of the LIVER, PILES, JAUNDICE IRREGULAR ACTION of the HEART, Etc., Etc., these Pills are
EMPHATICALLY THE REMEDY
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDLETON, N. S.

EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE
A COMBINATION OF
Cod Liver Oil Cream
WITH
HYPOPHOSPHITES
FOR THE CURE OF
CONSUMPTION, PARALYSIS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,
Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration.
ECONOMICAL IN USE.
One teaspoonful of *Phospholeine* being equal in nutritive and blood-making value to ten times its bulk of Cod Liver Oil, it will prove to be the *Cheapest* preparation in use.
Phospholeine is THE ONLY PREPARATION that we know of which has effected actual cures in *bona fide* cases of Consumption, Scrofula and other Wasting Diseases.
It is so PLEASANT that some mothers have to put it out of the reach of their children to prevent them from drinking a whole bottle.
See last and next issues for Certificate.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS AT 50C. PER BOTTLE OF 60 DOSES.

CARRIAGES
CONSISTING OF
Phaetons, Jump Seats,
OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES,
Democrats and Delivery Wagons,
ON THE CELEBRATED
DUPLEX GEAR,
at prices that are WAY DOWN.
REPAIRING and PAINTING. All work Warranted.
W. C. FEINDEL, MIDDLETON.

THE
WEEKLY MONITOR'S
SUBSCRIPTION LIST
is rapidly increasing, and last week reached the goodly number of
1,750 Copies.
SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

WE THANK
all our customers who have used
SWEET'S BONE LINIMENT
for the past year, and while we wish them a
"Merry Christmas"
—AND—
"A Happy New Year"
we would recommend that all who have not used this excellent Liniment would make the year of '93 joyous by it's use for Rheumatism, Headache, etc.
SOLD BY ALL STORES. PREPARED ONLY BY
SWEET LINIMENT CO., Hantsport, N.S.

HAVE YOU
BACK ACHE
DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
WILL CURE YOU
"Backache means the kidneys are in trouble. Dodd's Kidney Pills give prompt relief."
"75 per cent. of disease is first caused by disordered kidneys.
"Might as well try to have a healthy city without sewerage, as good health when the kidneys are clogged, they are the scavengers of the system.
"Delay is dangerous. Neglected kidney troubles result in Bad Blood, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and the most dangerous of all, Brights Disease, Diabetes and Dropsy."
"The above diseases cannot exist where Dodd's Kidney Pills are used."
Sold by all dealers or sent by mail on receipt of price 50 cents, per box or six for $2.00. Dr. L. A. Smith & Co. Toronto. Write for book called Kidney Talks.

NOTICE!
THE PACKET SCHR.
TEMPLE BAR,
will again, during the season of 1892, ply between this port and St. John, N. B.
The subscriber will keep for sale as formerly, LIME and SALT. Also CEDAR SHINGLES in the different grades.
J. H. LONGMIRE, MASTER.
When schooner is not in apply to CAPT. P. NICHOLSON, Bridgetown, N. S.
Bridgetown, March 28th, 1892. 52 tf

Ayer's Pills
the best remedy for Constipation, Jaundice, Headache, Biliousness, and Dyspepsia,
Easy to Take
sure to cure all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels.
Every Dose Effective

VALUABLE
Property for Sale
IN BRIDGETOWN.
The subscriber offers for sale the house and lots, with buildings, situate on the corner of Queen and Water streets.
The dwelling-house, a fine two-storey one, contains eight rooms, is supplied with water, electric lights, etc. Included also, is the building formerly known as the Organ Factory, and now used for the Electric Light Station. This building is also two-storey, with Electric Light Plant in the rear, the front portion containing two fine rooms, now used as barber and meat shops. The building is 50 feet long, 35 feet wide, and has woodshed in rear.
Also, the Electric Light Plant, consisting of a new 55 h. p. boiler, 40 h. p. engine, and one 350 light dynamo, all new and in good running order, and now being used for lighting of the town.
This is one of the most valuable properties in the town, and will be sold either with or without the electric plant.
For terms and further particulars apply
A. E. SULIS.
Bridgetown, Oct. 18th, 1892. 29tf

VALUABLE BUSINESS
FOR SALE!
The undersigned is instructed to offer at Private Sale, a very desirable and first-class
Mercantile Business
IN BRIDGETOWN.
For particulars apply to
O. T. DANIELS,
Barrister, &c.
Bridgetown, Nov. 9th, 1892. 32 tf

FOR SALE.
That beautiful place, "THORN COTTAGE," situate at
Middleton Corner,
formerly owned by Fowler and Chipman, containing 4 acres of good land, and also Orchard, all in good state of cultivation.
Also, good comfortable House and other Outbuildings, all in first-class state of repair. If not sold will be rented Nov. 10th.
Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to
MILLER BROS.,
116 and 118 Granville St.,
Halifax.
24 tf

FOR SALE!
A very fine thoroughbred Holstein bull, three years old, sure stock getter. For further information enquire of W. E. Palfrey or C. B. Whitman, Lawrencetown, or John Conlon, Nictaux.
FOR SERVICE.
On the premises of C. B. Whitman, a thoroughbred Poland-China boar that has proven himself one of the most valuable animals ever imported to this part of the province.
Fees $1.00, at time of service. 35 3i

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.
CURES
DYSPEPSIA. BILIOUSNESS. CONSTIPATION. HEADACHE. SALT RHEUM. SCROFULA. HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH. DIZZINESS. DROPSY. RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES.

HOYT BROTHERS,
DEALERS IN AND MANUFACTURERS OF
MONUMENTS, - TABLETS, HEADSTONES, &C.,
—IN—
American & Italian Marble.
Marble, Granite, and Freestone
MONUMENTS,
IN THE MOST GRACEFUL STYLES.
Our charges are reasonable in every respect, and we guarantee perfect satisfaction to all who may favor us with their patronage.
J. Hoyt. A. Hoyt.
21y

FISH! FISH!
I will purchase delivered at Port George, or at Annapolis, during the season,
Codfish, Haddock Hake and Pollock.
(Kentch Salted, not dried.)
for which I will pay the highest market cash prices. At Port George apply to
ELIAS WOODWORTH.
THOS. S. WHITMAN.
Annapolis, June 7th, 1892. 10 6m

Poetry.

A Christmas Carol.

Listen; the bells in the steeples
In Jubilant gladness ring
To welcome the coming of Christmas
And the birthday of the King
Who was born in the lowly manger of Bethlehem, long ago,
When the song of the herald angels
Was sung to the world below.

Thou hast clad thyself in raiment
Of spotless white, O earth,
Like a bride on her marriage morning,
To celebrate Christ's birth.
O, were our lives as spotless,
Our hands unstained with sin,
And the latch of each heart were lifted
To let the Christ-Child in.

Bring of thy pine and holly,
O earth this Christmas Day,
And wreathe in the green the altar
Whereon our gifts we lay;
Gifts of most grateful homage
Laid down at the feet of the King
Who leans from his throne to listen
To the sound of our worshipping.

Bring the dear Lord's altar
The soul's white flowers to-day.
Let the rose of thy love shed incense
Sweet as the breath of May.
Let the lily of faith eternal
Lift its cups of myrrh to Him
Whose love is the star that leads us
Through ways that are dark or dim.

O, earth, send back to Heaven
The grand and the glorious strain!
That startled the wondering shepherds
On far Judea's plain.
Glory to God in the highest,—
Sing it again and again,—
On earth be peace on earth be peace,
Good will, good will to men.

—*Eben E. Rexford*
In December *Ladies' Home Journal.*

Select Literature.

How Joey Rang The Bell.

Joey Batson's father was sexton of the Congregational Church in the little New England village of Shuteville. It was the only church in the village, and it stood back a little from the main street of the town, on a slight grassy eminence. A flight of ancient steps led up to the two doors of the church, which was painted snowy white with dark green blinds.

Mr. Batson lived just across the street from the church in a little, low wooden house painted red, almost a hundred years old.

Mr. Batson's duties as sexton were light. He had only to open the church and ring the bell for two services on Sunday, and for prayer-meeting on Friday night. It was very seldom indeed, that the church was opened at any other time, for Shuteville was such a dull little place, and, moreover, the members did not think it right to have entertainments of any kind in the church.

Mrs. Batson and Joey swept the church and dusted off the pews neatly every Saturday. So it was nice and clean for Sunday.

Mr. Batson always rang the bell, and Joey always watched him with eager interest. It was a loud, clanging bell, large enough for a church three times the size of this. It could be heard clear over in the village of Ware, more than a mile distant.

Joey Batson was a queer, quiet, old-fashioned little boy about ten years of age. He was quite in harmony with his environment as a Shuteville boy. One of your roystering, rollicking, screeching boys in knee breeches and blouse, with a striped cap and russet shoes, would have been as much out of place in Shuteville, as a certain pig once was in a certain parlor.

The prim old ladies of the village would have been as much shocked by the overflowing spirits of such a boy, as they were pleased by the every day behaviour of little Joey Batson. His gravity of manner, his proper way of always saying "no ma'am," and "yes, ma'am," when spoken to, and the perfectly inoffensive way in which he ordered his young life, pleased all who knew him.

One of the few times Joey ever was in fault was when he rang the church bell. I will tell you how that was and of the punishment that followed swiftly in the wake of this offence.

Joey had often wanted to ring the bell, but his father had always said:

"No, no, Joey; wait until you are older. It is such a large bell you are not strong enough to pull the rope. It most h'ists me off my feet ev'ry time the rope pulls back after I've pulled it down;" which was quite true.

So all Joey could do was to sit on the bench in the vestibule and watch his father pull the rope down until three or four feet of it were slack in his hands, when he would loosen his hold and the rope would go gliding back through a hole in the ceiling, and the great bell would ring out loud and clear, the vibrations of each stroke lasting until another one followed with almost deafening sound in the ears of those who lived near the church.

About three times a year Mr. Batson climbed up into the belfrey with an old oil can in his hand and oiled the bearings of the bell to make it ring easier.

One day in July he climbed into the belfry and gave the bell a thorough oiling. When he came down he said to Joey:

"There, now, that bell will ring slick as a whistle in the morning." This was on Saturday afternoon.

Joey and his mother had been sweeping the church, and Mrs. Batson had gone home, leaving Joey to finish the dusting. After oiling the Bell Mr. Batson said: "Finish dusting soon as you can, Joey, and then see to it that the windows are all down and the door locked before you come home. Your ma and I are going to ride over to your Uncle Reuben's now, and we'll be back about sundown. You stay 'round the house and see to things."

"Yes, sir," replied Joey; and then he went on with his dusting.

A strange minister from the city was to preach on the following day, and Joey's mother had told him to be extra particular in dusting off the pulpit and its furniture. So Joey was very careful that there should not be a speck of dust on the old hair-cloth sofa, or on the two slippery hair-cloth chairs, back of the pulpit desk; the desk was of mahogany, and Joey had rubbed it until it shone like new.

Mr. and Mrs. Batson had not been gone more than half an hour by the time Joey had finished. He went to the door, shook out his dusting cloths, hung up his broom, and was about to lock the church and go home when he noticed that his father had forgotten to hang up the bell rope on the great iron hook in the wall; for on this hook the rope always hung.

There it dangled, an object of subtle temptation to Joey. He dropped his dust-cloth on the floor and took the rope in his hands, steadily yielding to the temptation that had so suddenly beset him. His hands and strong young arms fairly tingled as though the bell rope were charged with electricity. His big blue eyes brightened, his red lips parted in a smile over his shining teeth, and his slender little body quivered from head to foot with excitement as his gaze wandered up and down the length of the bell rope. He knew very well that he ought simply to have thrown the bell rope up on the great iron hook and gone home, but he did not do so.

"Where's the harm in just giving one ring?" he said to himself. "I don't think father would care, and nobody would notice it much. They know we clean the church to-day, and some of 'em know father was going to oil the bell and they'll think he did it. There can't be any harm in my giving the rope just one pull."

These arguments seemed so plausible to Joey, and he was so excited over the opportunity of really making the bell peal forth, that he suddenly began pulling on the rope.

It pulled very hard, but Joey was a strong, wiry boy, with a good deal of muscle in his lithe young arms. His veins and muscles stood out and his whole face grew as red as his cheeks always were, while he pulled the rope down farther and farther; then he suddenly let it slip back, and the next instant Master Joey Batson was wildly dangling to and fro, his legs and bare feet flying in the air about eight feet from the ground, while the bell sent forth one loud and long and ringing peal.

Joey swung across the width of vestibule; then back again, and suddenly he seemed to have been pasted to the wall; for there he hung, apparently unsupported by anything, a contradiction to all the laws of gravitation, while the bell rope swung lightly to and fro without him.

The fact was, Joey had simply forgotten to loosen his grasp on the bell rope and thus allow the rope to slip through his fingers when the bell swung back. He had, instead clung to the rope and had been jerked clear off his feet and almost to the ceiling, and when he had swung across the vestibule and back again, the iron hook on which the rope was kept caught in the back part of the band of his stout blue-jean trousers and held him fast.

There he hung, the smile gone from his eyes, and a comical expression of surprise and perplexity on his face. The hook was about seven feet from the floor, and right under it was a tub of dirty water with which Mrs. Batson had scrubbed the floor of the vestibule; and as he spied this, Joey was not quite sure that he wanted to fall any farther, uncomfortable as he was dangling there in mid-air.

"Who under the sun rung that bell?" asked old Mrs. Ward of a neighbor, as they stood talking at her gate a block from the church.

"I guess it was Mr. Batson," replied Mrs. Leeks; "I see him go over to the church with his oil can not very long ago, and I s'pose he rung the bell while he was oiling it. He does sometimes, you know."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Ward, "but that sounded just as if someone give the rope a jerk, but I s'pose no one did."

Others who had heard the bell, put their heads out of their windows or came to their doors and looked toward the church. They saw that the doors were open, and supposing that Mr. Batson had accidently caused the bell to ring, they soon dismissed all thought of the occurrence from their minds.

No one came to the church, and there Joey Batson hung helpless. He soon became so uncomfortable that he felt he must release himself, even though he fell headfirst into the tub of water which his mother had told him to empty and roll over home. He wished now he had minded her.

And he wished most heartily that he had left the bell rope alone. He looked at it reproachfully as it hung before him now.

He wriggled and twisted around trying to free himself from the hook. It drew the band of his trousers very tight around him, but not tight enough to give him severe pain. Still he felt himself to be in an awkward situation.

At first he had felt like cailing out loudly for help. Then he began to feel that he would a little rather no one came. He was an extremely sensitive boy, and the awkwardness of his situation grew upon him, covering him with confusion.

He thought perhaps his rescuers would be inclined to laugh at his odd appearance. Perhaps they would, for he did look odd hanging there in that way.

He could not endure the thought of being laughed at. He suddenly resolved that he would hang there a month before he would call for help.

It was impossible to free himself, but he found that by bracing his shoulders squarely against the wall and reaching back to the hook with his hands, he could lessen the strain somewhat, particularly after he had settled down so that his bare heels touched the top of the high wainscoting of the vestibule. But he still felt that he looked too ridiculous to care to meet the gaze of any eyes but those of his parents. It would be bad enough for them to see him thus.

When they came home three hours later, Joey was not to be seen.

"Where can he be?" said Mrs. Batson. "The house is full of chickens. It don't look as if he'd been here since we left. Have you seen anything of Joey since we went away, Mrs. Lane?" she asked of a neighbor.

"No," was the reply, "but I've been away myself most all the afternoon."

"I left him in the church," said Mr. Batson, "and—why, the church doors are wide open yet. That's queer, could anything have happened to him?"

He walked hurriedly across the road, Mrs. Batson and Mrs. Lane following.

The pastor of the church, of whom Joey stood in mortal awe, and a stranger were just going up the church steps.

"Ah, Brother Batson," said the pastor, "this is Brother Butler who preaches for us to-morrow. I thought I'd step in with him and show him the church, seeing that the door was open. Got it neat as a pin for to-morrow, I daresay."

"We're afeered something's happened to Joey in the church," whispered Mrs. Lane to three women in front of the church. "We're going in to see."

The three women followed the others into the vestibule; but they had no sooner entered than Mrs. Batson threw up both hands and cried out:

"Why—*Joseph—Batson!*"

"What are you doing there!" demanded his father.

"I'm—I'm—ketched on the bell hook," replied Joey, with downcast eyes.

"I should say so!" cried his mother. "Do get him down, pa!"

Both ministers were coughing strangely; Mrs. Lane was chuckling audibly, and the three other women were looking at each other with twinkling eyes.

"How'd you ever get hung up here?" asked Mr. Batson, as he tugged away trying to release Joey.

"The rope jerked me up here," replied Joey.

"What were you doing—good land!" for Joey suddenly slipped through his father's hands and landed in the tub, splashing water on everybody.

Everybody laughed but Joey. He jumped out of the tub, ran with all speed out of the church, down the steps and across the road to the little red house where he ran to his own little room and wept until his mother came to comfort him—poor, aching humiliated little fellow that he was!

And now you know how he rang the bell.

The Deacon's Horse Race.

When Dr. Alwin settled in Moreland, the village church added a new name to its membership roll, and no more faithful worker in the Sabbath-school and prayer meeting was known in the community from that time on that old Dr. Alwin. The good physician's naturally curling close-cropped hair was already sprinkled with gray, and although he was a widower of many years standing he seemed no nearer a second matrimonial venture now than when the birds were building their nests and the roses were putting forth, as if in suggestive mood, their sweetest blooms the spring following the removal of his beloved spouse to a more beautiful clime.

Dr. Alwin loved children, flowers and music, but next to his religion he loved his beautiful black mare Maude.

When coming in from a long drive through blinding rain and chilling blasts, no degree of cold or weariness or pangs of fasting were potent enough to keep the doctor from making his never-failing trip from his seat in the cart to the animal's head, and caressing her beautiful neck, he went over the hardships of the trip in words addressed in the full confidence that the mare understood and appreciated every syllable which he spoke. Many were the talks between the two on lonely night roads when the doctor was constrained, usually very much against her will, to pull the mare down for a brief resting walk; and the times that she had picked the scarcely traveled return road in almost blank darkness over which they had passed in daylight, but which was lost to view in the shades of night as their steps were retraced, were without number.

Dr. Alwin had abundant cause for the love he gave the black beauty, as, on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion an infant son, which was playing on the grass plot upon which the mare was temporarily feeding, was in the most imminent danger of laceration and death from the dripping fangs on a rabid dog, when, as the animal wih foaming mouth, passed the mare's heels, his burning and insane eyes fastened upon the luckless infant, like the swiftest lightning, a white tipped hoof shot backward and with the force and precision of a rifle cannon, and in the flash of an eye the infuriated animal lay yards away a quivering mass.

Moreland was at this time a noted center of a section of country devoted to the production of the roadster horse and many a worthy scion of old Messenger and of Abdallah, were holding court in the vicinity; yet, in spite of the good blood which permeated horse flesh in Moreland, Dr. Alwin was not long on noticing that on his trips into the country while he met many a team both going and coming, no one ever seemed to come up behind him, and, without ever defining in his own heart the meaning of the thrill of pleasure which it always gave him to do so, he fell into a regular habit of turning out and driving around every team overtaken by him.

If he was sometimes taken to task good-naturedly for throwing dust in the face of an acquaintance, he was always ready with an explanation showing the urgent need of his presence at the end of the route. Had anyone the temerity to hint that the doctor loved a speedy horse because of its racing qualities alone it would have raised a storm of indignation about his head that would have astonished him. But when the local veterinarian, Hank Ankus, who had recently been under the professional care of Dr. Alwin, and who to this day claims that the old doctor nearly killed him with a dose, to use his own terms, of "oil, iron and aloes strong enough to kill a nigger," came out boldly one day and said that his bay messenger could trot around Doc Alwin's no-account black mare in a jiffy, it was difficult to keep the old Adam in the good doctor, properly subdued; but all that could be done was to indignantly deny the assertion which the doctor promptly did. Of course the mere proposition of a horse race between the two would have been scornfully rejected, but it was generally understood that if it ever did happen that Hank Ankus and the doctor should chance to be going the same way at the same time, that the demand for the doctor's presence at the next stopping place would be so very urgent as to make it imperative that he should hasten thither with all speed, and if Ankus should be left behind it would be the affair of no one but himself.

The road leading into Moreland from Beaver Place, a small village a few miles to the north, was broad, unbroken, and level as a house floor for a distance of upwards of two miles, and here it was that the fun-loving townsmen determined should take place, as if by accident, a genuine contest for supremacy between the bay messenger of Hank Ankus and the doctor's black mare.

Whispered rumors of the plans to bring the horses together, reached the doctor's ears, but he maintained a discreet silence, and continued to attend to his numerous patients, to all appearances, entirely oblivious of the agitating elements at work in the village. It was fully decided by the promoters of the plot that Ankus should be stationed at the two-mile fork of the Beaver Place road when next the doctor was to pass there, and that he should as she returned, drive out or even terms with the black mare, and then beat her home if he could.

It was not many days before word was passed that Dr Alwin had driven toward Beaver Place with the black mare hitched to his lightest cart, and soon all was astir in quiet Moreland. Merchants, clerks, lawyers, laborers, farmers, women and children gathered in flocks along the line of travel eager to witness the sport.

Dr. Alwin had only two confidential friends in the village, his nearest neighbor, Amos Walker and his good wife, Matilda. To them he had unbossomed himself in secret, saying:

"You know, of course, Brother Walker, that I scorn as the devil's pastime all horse racing, gambling and such like, but, tell me, does our bible say that I musn't go out on that Beaver Place road to-morrow and on my way home make that ornery Hank Ankus think he could drive a bridle cow backwards and get over more ground in a day than he could in a week with that tired looking brute of a horse of his?"

Amos replied that if it were his funeral he wouldn't let Hank Angus run over him anyhow, and Matilda, with fully as much spirit, but a little more caution said, with a twinkle in her eyes:

"I jes tell you what it is, Brother Alwin, you know that my neuralgia is dreadful bad some days and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if it was awful bad to-morrow, and I want you to hurry back as fast as you can to-morrow afternoon, because I may have them neuralgia pains jes terrible."

Not the taintest suspicion of a smile was apparent upon the feature of the physician as he replied: "Sometimes those neuralgia pains get quite serious if they're let run too long," and abruptly took his departure. The village pastor, the Rev. Brother Harris, was well aware of the incident which had led up to this declaration of war, and his sympathies were with the black mare, but he could not, in justice to his cloth, exhibit any sympathy in the matter either way; but it was noted that he took the road south long before noon the next day, and spent the time making pastoral calls until late the following evening.

It cannot be said that Dr. Alwin was surprised, as he neared the forks on his way home the next afternoon, to see Hank Ankus coming out of the upper branch driving his bay messenger. "Howdy do," said Ankus as he reined his horse along side on a fairly brisk trot. "Should think any doctor that had anything to do worth speaking of would want something to git over the ground with; ye can't expect to git home much afore dark, with that old skate; now, if you had a horse that could step along some you might git home the same day ye left, but as it is, I can't see but ye'll have to go a mile further to-day and put up over night at Jerry Millers and make the other mile t'morrow. I'll tell the folks ye'll be home by sundown."

During this speech the horses were trotting side by side and the doctor had made no reply, but now that Ankus had finished speaking he turned his stern-looking eyes towards his companion and said quietly:

"I am looking for a mate to this mare, not in color, but one that will drive well up alongside her. Do you know where I can find such a mate?"

Ankus was somewhat nettled by the indifferent manner of the doctor, and began to fear that the owner of the black mare would not give him an opportunity to "clip her wings" this trip, and he replied:

"I don't know any fit match for your old ring-boned critter unless it is Uncle Hathaway's old swayback roan, and I am afeerd she is a little too swift for ye. I've heerd him tell he could drive her close to four miles an hour."

By this time Moreland was but little over a mile distant, and already the scattering spectators were being neared by the now rapidly moving horses. As the first group were passed Dr. Alwin looked at his watch and remarked that he could not saunter along that way any longer, as he was needed in the village, and taking the lines in both hands, he spoke to the mare. She responded so suddenly that the bay was momentarily left behind; but Ankus drew and applied his ever ready whip and the race had begun. Dr. Alwin looked up occasionally and bowed to a familiar face, while the mare kept up a swift, steady stroke that had a world of speed in it and seemed full of reserve force. The bay horse, by a series of running and trotting about evenly mixed, had now obtained quite a lead and Ankus was jubilant, but the crowd gave him few cheers; their sympathies were with the little mare, who seemed to be struggling against odds.

"It's too soon to rush, Maudie," said the doctor, addressing the mare in an undertone, "the finish is at the other end of the mile, you know."

On they go, the bay still in the lead, and trotting now. But see the gap is being closed between them, the mare is flying like a bird; she is at his wheel, his head—she leads! A wild shout arose as she swept past the fast thickening crowd, which only served to increase the already terrific pace of the black beauty. Never before had the doctor seen her move like that, and his heart reached out and surrounded her like a mantle of tenderness.

The bay horse is winded and is seen struggling in the thick dust from the black mare's heels.

As the office is reached the doctor steps out of the vehicle and, without even a glance at his pet, hands the lines to the stable man, with the brief instruction; "Put her in and give her good care, I'll be up directly," and in another minute is listening quietly to the symptons which an old lady relies on for the diagnosis of her case.

When a few minutes later he stepped out on the crowded street and heard the voices of dozens of his friends saying: "Well, Doc, you gave him a good race," he replied, with a suspicious twinkle that would assert itself appearing in his eyes: "That was no race. That is about the mare's usual gait when I'm in a hurry. Was in a good deal of a hurry to-day."

Upon spying Amos Walker in the throng he said gravely:

"Brother Walker, how is that neuralgia?"

"Seems to be much improved, Brother Alwin, thankee, sir," said Mr. Walker, as they exchanged significant glances, in which there were traces of subdued merriment.

The doctor never refers to the incident, but it is known to at least one family in Moreland that it is, nevertheless, a carefully treasured memory.

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