Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 21. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1893. NO. 19.

Professional Cards.

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

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

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

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.

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Offers his professional services to the public.
Office and Residence: Queen St., Bridgetown.

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.

WILMOT HOTEL!
J. RANDOLPH BROWN, Proprietor.
This large and commodious hotel, situated near the Wilmot Railway Station, now under new management, has been re-fitted and arranged with a view of providing for the greatest comfort and convenience of guests and summer tourists.
First-class Livery Stable in Connection, where good teams, with or without drivers, may be secured at all times. Travellers conveyed to any part of the country by team.
Terms reasonable. 6 6m

EDWIN L. FISHER,
Real Estate & Insurance Agent.
Exclusive attention paid to the sale and purchase as well as the rental of
Houses, Stores, Farms & Furniture.
INSURANCE AGENT FOR
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, MARINE and PLATE GLASS at lowest possible rates compatible with security.
Money to loan on Real Estate Security.
Correspondence solicited,
29 1y P. O. Box 16, Bridgetown.

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business. 51 tf

SCHOONER
"CRUSADE,"
CAPT. W. Y. GESNER,
WILL PLY BETWEEN
Bridgetown and St. John,
touching at all intermediate ports, during the coming season.
For particulars enquire of Neily & Crowe, Bridgetown, or those on board.
May 10th, 1893. 6 13i

NOTICE!
The Packet Schooner
TEMPLE BAR,
will, as usual, ply between this port and St. John, N. B., during the season of 1893.
The subscriber will keep for sale as formerly Lime and Salt.
J. H. LONGMIRE, *Master.*
When Schooner is not in port apply to Capt. P. Nicholson, Bridgetown.
St. John address: SOUTH WHARF, care of G. S. DeForrest & Sons.
Bridgetown, March 28th, 1893. 52tf

Executors' Notice.

All persons having any claims against the estate of HUGH FRASER, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

ELIZA FRASER, *Executrix,*
ROBT. E. F. RANDOLPH *Executor.*
Bridgetown, N.S., Feb. 28th, 18. 48m

Nova Scotia Wins.

A Tiverton Miracle.

Twenty-five years of intense suffering which baffled the combined skill and treatment of six of the best doctors in this province completely cured by

DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER,
THE KING OF REMEDIES.

From Ross C. C. Handspiker, Esq., of Tiverton, N.S.:—

"I have been afflicted with fearful running sores on my legs for 25 years. Have employed at different times, six of the best doctors I could get. But all of their skill and treatment did me no good, and I was left sometimes unable to walk. Last year my legs became so bad after an attack of la grippe that I never expected to walk again. In this condition I concluded to try Dock Blood Purifier, and before the first bottle was half gone I felt a great change. I continued on to use the medicine, and applied to the sores Norton's Healing Balm. Before I had finished the third bottle my sores were all healed up and my health better than for years, and would highly recommend Dr. Norton's Dock Blood Purifier to all afflicted with sores of any kind.

FARMERS!
We Can Sell Your Apples,
Poultry Eggs, Cheese,
FAT CATTLE, PORK,
or Berries, in season
At Best Possible Advantage.
Respectfully soliciting a continuance of your favors, we remain, yours sincerely,
FOSTER, FOSTER & CO.
HALIFAX, N. S. 1893

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 21. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1893. NO. 19.

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.

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 MIDDLETON, N. S.

SURELY IF WE ACCEPT THE TRUTH
FROM ANYONE
It Must be the Clergy!
The Rev. J. E. Warner, Rector, of Middleton, says:—
"For more than twenty years I have been afflicted with Chronic Constipation. Have been treated by several physicians here and in the States, and have tried many of the cures advertised through the press without receiving any permanent benefit.
In consequence of the complications arising from this disease I have been obliged to undergo a painful surgical operation, and was compelled last year to give up work. About six months ago I consulted Dr. Miller, who gave me a box of his DINNER PILLS, and I can cheerfully testify that their effect in my case has been little less than magical. Since then I have recommended them to some of my friends, who have experienced like good results from their use and returned me their warmest thanks, and I confidently give them a public recommendation, as I have found them, by far, the best medicine I have ever used."
(Signed.) REV. J. E. WARNER,
The Rectory, Middleton.
Use Dr. Miller's Compound Syrup Tar Cough Mixture for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and all diseases of Mucous Membranes throughout the body.
Rev. John L. Sponagle, Methodist Clergyman, Middleton, says:—
"Suffering from Bronchial affection—aggravated by cold—and having heard of the healing properties of your 'Tar Cough Mixture' I was induced to make trial of it, and I am glad to inform you that I received much benefit from its use. In my case it soothed and allayed irritation, and aided expectoration. I keep it constantly at my home."
For Sale by all Druggists and Respectable Dealers.

St. Macey, 10,033.
5 Years Old, 16 Hands, 1100 lbs.
THIS SPLENDIDLY BRED STALLION WILL TRAVEL BETWEEN BRIDGETOWN AND LUNENBURG DURING THE SEASON OF 1893.
St. Macey is the best bred stallion that will stand for public service in Annapolis County this year. It will pay those who intend to breed their mares to wait and see and examine him.
He has already proved himself able to sire large, handsome, good-gaited, fast and sound foals.
His breeding can hardly be better. Twenty of the greatest brood mares are represented close up in his pedigree.
Be sure and not breed to any stallion till you see St. Macey and be convinced that what I say is correct.
No trouble to show him, whether you breed or not. He can stand the most critical examination.
For tabulated pedigree and further information send post card to
HORACE H. FEINDEL,
March, 1893. Elm House, Lawrencetown. 52 tf

BRIDGETOWN
MARBLE WORKS
THOMAS DEARNESS,
Importer of Marble
and manufacturer of
Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.
Also Monuments in Red Granite, Gray Granite, and Freestone.
Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.
N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice.
T. D.
Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

CHEMICAL FERTILIZER WORKS
HALIFAX, N. S.
Established 1878.
'CERES SUPERPHOSPHATE
(The Complete Fertilizer.)
POPULAR PHOSPHATE.
APPLE-TREE PHOSPHATE.
POTATO PHOSPHATE.
STRAWBERRY PHOSPHATE.
Our fertilizers are now being offered to the farmers for the 15th season. As these fertilizers have been used to such a great extent and for so many years the farmer knows that he is buying something that is no longer an experiment, but an established factor in the growth of all crops.
Agents wanted in unoccupied territories.
48 4m JACK & BELL.

TO THE PUBLIC!
LAWRENCETOWN, MARCH 20th, 1893.
Please take notice that the agency held by R. B. Durling, of Lawrencetown, for Jack & Bell's Fertilizers in the past has now been transferred to Dr. L. R. Morse, who will be prepared to supply the farmers in the future with our fertilizers at prices and time that will suit all.
JACK & BELL.

NOTICE!
THE subscriber will continue the business formerly conducted by the late Hugh Fraser in its various branches, including Hard and Soft Coal.
ELIZA FRASER.
Bridgetown, Feb 25th, 1893. 49

MRS. JENNIE GILPATRIC.

Suffered Seven Years with Constipation, Bowels Bloated, Feet and Ankles Swollen, Distress in Her Stomach.

Gentlemen,—For 7 years I suffered everything but death from dyspepsia. I was constipated, my food distressed me, my bowels were bloated, and my feet and ankles were swollen. The distress in my stomach after eating was something terrible. Two doctors gave me up to die. This was my condition when I commenced to take
Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup
and to-day I am well; your Syrup has permanently cured me. Had I the power to herald to all the world the good qualities of your remedy, I would most gladly do it, as it has brought health and happiness to me.
Yours most sincerely,
MRS. JENNIE GILPATRIC
West Hollis, Me.
WEST HOLLIS, ME., Oct. 15, 1892.
Personally I know the parties named in the above, Mrs. Jennie Gilpatric, and made oath in due form that the statement above is substantially true in every particular.
M. G. GILPATRIC,
Justice of the Peace.
Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co. LTD.
St. John, N.B.

CASH SALE!
I BEG TO NOTIFY THE PUBLIC GENERALLY THAT FOR THE
NEXT SIXTY DAYS
I will sell any article in my store
AT COST
AND CHARGE OF IMPORTATION.
This is a *bona fide* sale and will be strictly carried out.
Call and Inspect!
No Trouble to Show Goods!
B. E. CHUTE.
Bridgetown, May 23rd, 1893.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.
UNLOCKS ALL THE CLOGGED SECRETIONS OF THE BOWELS, KIDNEYS AND LIVER, CARRYING OFF GRADUALLY, WITHOUT WEAKENING THE SYSTEM, ALL IMPURITIES AND FOUL HUMORS. AT THE SAME TIME CORRECTING ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, CURING BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHES, DIZZINESS, HEARTBURN, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, SKIN DISEASES, JAUNDICE, SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS, SCROFULA, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, NERVOUSNESS, AND GENERAL DEBILITY. THESE AND ALL SIMILAR COMPLAINTS QUICKLY YIELD TO THE CURATIVE INFLUENCE OF BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

CORSETS!
Another lot of those celebrated D. & A. Corsets just opened.
ALSO LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
UNDERVESTS!
VERY CHEAP!
MILLINERY.
Be sure and inspect my stock this season. Having engaged MISS WARNER, an experienced Milliner of Halifax City,
All work will be done promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.
MRS. L. C. WHEELOCK
Lawrencetown, April 26th, 1893.

VIGOR OF MEN
Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.

THE PROFESSOR'S STUDY

Weakness Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.
ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

For Sale.
That well-known business stand situated in South Kingston Village, formerly owned by the late W. H. Jackson. A splendid opportunity for any person wishing to start a shoemaking and tanning business, or for a general store.
A good dwelling house, shop and out-buildings, with nineteen acres of land and a small orchard.
Apply to S. N. JACKSON, Clarence, or to MRS. W. H. JACKSON, on the premises, or to SAM'L BAKER, Esq., Tremont.
Possession given at any time.
P.S.—A large quantity of leather and the tools in the shop will be sold with the place or separate.
S. N. JACKSON,
13 13i Clarence, Annapolis County.

NERVE BEANS
NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that cure the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor and Failing Manhood; restores the weakness of body or mind caused by over-work, or the errors or excesses of youth. This Remedy absolutely cures the most obstinate cases when all other TREATMENTS have failed even to relieve. Sold by druggists at $1 per package, or six for $5, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing THE JAMES MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Ont. Write for pamphlet. Sold in Bridgetown by deWitt & Primrose, Simson Bros & Co., Wholesale Agents.

Do You Want a Bargain
—IN—
HARNESSES?
THE subscriber, who has fully decided upon closing up his Saddlery business and going entirely out of the manufacture of the same, now offers his many past patrons and the public in general the balance of his entire stock at
Lower Prices than ever before.
It comprises a few sets of Silver, Nickel and Brass-mounted Harnesses, Heavy Draught Harnesses, and odds and ends. An inspection and quotations as to prices will convince all inquirers
GEO. MURDOCH.
P. S.—To those indebted either by Note of Hand or General and Running Accounts, I would say that all outstanding matters of this nature must be satisfactorily arranged at once.
GEO. MURDOCH.
Bridgetown, May 8th, 1893. 6 13i

PASTURE!
I have between thirty and forty acres of land, capable of pasturing three or four cows, near the town, to let for the season or for sale.
GEORGE MURDOCH.
Bridgetown, May 8th, 1893. 6 13i

R. ALLEN CROWE
Has just got in a lot more of those
BARREL CHURNS
that gave such good satisfaction.
Butter Trays, Butter Ladles, Butter Molds, Sheet Zinc, Patent Steel Sinks, Magee's Patent Sink, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe,
RUBBER HOSE,
Plain and Wire bound.
RANGES AND COOKS
AT LOWEST PRICES.
Window Screen Wire Cloth, Kitchen Furnishings,
CREAMERS AND TINWARE.
Plumbing and Job Work
a Specialty.
—AGENT FOR—
THE GOOLD BICYCLE CO.
—o—
R. ALLEN CROWE.

MRS. WOODBURY
Has a very fine assortment of
GIMPS & JETS FOR DRESSES.
Also a fine line of
LACE CURTAINS from 45c. upwards;
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S UNDERVESTS from 10c. upwards.
Lots of Cheap CARPETS, FLOOR PAINTS, DADO BLINDS and CURTAIN POLES.
A first-rate assortment of
Gents' Ready-made Clothing, Millinery, Marbleine and Wall Papers.
ALL LOW FOR CASH OR GOOD TRADE.
WANTED.—Washed Wool, Butter, Eggs, Beans, Dried Apples and Grain.
Kingston, May 20th, 1893.

PALFREY'S
CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.
THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd. 1890. 26 1y

THE
GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL
(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)
BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA,
STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable.
Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge.
E. G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29

P. C. MELONSON,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER
MIDDLETON CORNER.
REPAIRING punctually and thoroughly attended to, and satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.
I have constantly on hand complete lines of Watches Clocks and Jewelry.

Potter's Liniment
IS SOLD AT
W. W. CHESLEY'S.

Poetry.

The Parting Hour.

There's something in the parting hour
Will chill the warmest heart—
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are faded all to part;
But this I've seen—and many a pang
Has pressed it on my mind—
The one who goes is happier
Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be—
Adventurous, dangerous, far,
To the wild deep or black frontier,
To solitude or war—
Still something cheers the heart that dares
In all of humankind,
And they who go are happier
Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to her husband's home
With doubtings and with tears,
But does not hope her rainbow spread
Across her cloudy fears?
Alas! the mother who remains,
What comfort can she find
But this—the gone is happier
Than one she leaves behind?

Have you a friend—a comrade dear—
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of sweet concourse
At length will have an end!
And when you part—as part you will—
Oh, take it not unkind
If he who goes is happier
Than you he leaves behind!

God wills it so, and so it is;
The pilgrims on their way,
Though weak and worn, more cheerful are
Than all the rest who stay,
And when at last poor man, subdued,
Lies down to death, resigned,
May he not still be happier far
Than those he leaves behind?

—*Edward Pollock.*

Select Literature.

Aunt Naomi's "Findlin',"

Aunt Naomi and Uncle Cæsar Smith were going slowly home from the village of Americus. Their cart was made of small saplings rudely fastened together; the two wheels were solid circles from the bole of some mighty gum tree; the traces were chains, and there was only one rein, a stout rope fastened to the horn of the near ox; but given a contented spirit, with plenty of corn-husks on the bottom of the cart, and one could ride in it with tolerable comfort.

"W'en I made dat ve-hic-el," Uncle Cæsar would say of it. "I done membranced Adam, an' wat a mighty heap ob work it mus' 'a' been for him to fix hisself fo' trabblin'. Case his ve-hic-el he had to make right outen his head. My goodness! What a head he mus' a had!"

Aunt Naomi had on her best gown, her best kerchief and her best white sun-bonnet lined with sky-blue.

Uncle Cæsar was also dressed in his best, for he was a member of the official board of the African Church at Americus, where the annual conference of the colored Methodists of Southern Georgia had just been held.

"Deys been pretty wedder fo' compunce, N'omi," he said gravely. "Las' time 'twas to 'Mericus de wedder cut up so, 'peared like as if de Lawd was outen patience wid sumpin'."

"De Lawd knows wat wedder's bes', I reckon," said his wife. "How many drawin's would yoo git fo' yoo yam plantin', if 'twas pretty wedder straight long? Tell me dat?"

Aunt Naomi was somewhat argumentative, and as she was much the youngest of the two, and had some white blood in her veins, she was sometimes overbearing, a trait which her husband secretly admired in her, though he resented it in any one else.

"I s'pec's yoo's right, honey," he said, submissively. "But 'pears like He mought git 'long widout spilin' His own meatin's."

The hill down which they had slowly jolted melted into an extensive cypress swamp, in whose retired nooks, some persons said, monstrous serpents and alligators secreted themselves.

The webs of soft, gray moss floating from branch to branch gave a look of sombre melancholy to the landscape; but here and there in the dryer spots were clumps of azalias hanging full of pink blossoms, and luxuriant thickets of jessamine brilliant with yellow horns hung far up in the dead trees, or festooned the inkberry bushes that crowded the base of the hill.

The road wound along the top of a narrow ridge that traversed the swamp; but there were places in it where the water flowed swiftly and nearly reached the body of the cart.

"Dis year Three-mile Branch makes me tink ob de wan'rin's ob de chillun of Iss'rul," said Uncle Cæsar, who was imaginative and timid. "Moses mus' a' done tuk 'em in mighty skeery places, war der was warmints, jes' as dare is in dis year wil'erness."

"Laws, ole man," said Aunt Naomi, with a superior smile parting her lips, so that one of her white teeth was visible, "Yoo's gittin' so yoo'r 'fraid yoo shadder."

At that moment a child's wailing cry sounded in the bushes near them. With staring eyes the two gazed into the thicket, and again the cry broke the stillness.

Uncle Cæsar raised his whip to lash his oxen into a gallop, when his wife stopped him, and cried in a sonorous though somewhat trembling voice, "Who dat!"

"Me!" said some one timidly, and then they saw on a stump, a few feet away, a small and very black boy, clothed in very scanty and ragged attire.

"Doo's yoo want de debbil to git yoo?" cried Uncle Cæsar, inspired with new terror at seeing the child.

"It's on'y a chile as brack as yoo is," said Aunt Naomi, authoritatively. "'Have yoose'f. Dat's a chile, and somebody done loss him."

"Loss him," sniffed the old man. "Wat fool notion you got in yoo head? Who yoo tink gal'd done loss dey chilluns hyar?"

"I don't ky'ah, an' ef yoo 'spects I'se gwine ter leab him in dis den ob lions, yoo'll git dis'pinted," said his wife resolutely.

"If yoo's 'fraid 'jes strike a trot fru' de Branch an' down de Magnoly road. I stops an' totes dis year lam' ho'am."

Aunt Naomi had her way as usual, and, after some exertion, had the child on her lap. The most careful inquiries failed to get more from him than that he was hungry, and had been left on the stump by a man the day before.

"I 'clare to gracious, I wouldn't b'lieved dey was such low down truck in Geaw'jy," cried Aunt Naomi, holding the little fellow close to her broad bosom.

"Wat yoo gwine ter do wid yoo findlin', N'omi?" said Uncle Cæsar after a little.

"I'se gwine ter done raise him."

"Gwine ter done raise him!" echoed Uncle Cæsar in vexed astonishment.

"Does yoo 'spec I'se toting him ho'am so's ter bat him on the head wid a paddle?"

"N'om—N'om," said the old man, quailing a little. "But I don't see how we-uns is 'sponsible fo' him."

"I reckon ef I was a 'sponsible I' officer in de chu'ch as yoo is," cried Aunt Naomi with kindling indignation, "I'd know dat de big an' strong is 'sponsible fo' de po' an' weak widout bein' tole."

"I's gittin' de age on me," snapped Uncle Cæsar. "I ain't 'sponsible ter brung up oder folkses chilluns no how."

"Yoo is of deys lef' in de wil'erness. Dis year boy will grow. Mighty soon dis year little head'll tote tings fo' yoo; dese year legs'll run fo' yoo, and dese year han's 'll wait on yoo. Yoo'll see de day yoo'll bress de Lawd fo' dis findlin', ef you isn't struck by lightnin' fo' yoo sins, yoo ungrateful ole niggar."

Aunt Naomi rarely condescended to apply this term of reproach to her husband, and when she did, it indicated that she thought him extremely foolish and unworthy of her respect. They rode in silence the rest of the way home, for she suffered some remorse for what she called her severity, and wavered in her mind between batter-cakes and waffles for supper, as the most acceptable atonement; while he, knowing her peculiarities, was sustained in his dissatisfaction at her adoption of the boy by the certainty that he would have an exceptionally good supper.

Uncle Cæsar Washington Smith was a man of consideration among his people. His wife's energy and superior ability had efficiently aided his own small-witted but eager love of money, and he was now the owner of sixty acres of land and a home which was not only comfortable but made some pretentions to elegance.

The house stood on posts about two feet high, was built of logs, and was what is called in the South a double-pen house, that is, it had two rooms divided from each other by a wide, open hall. Broad chimneys, built of crossed sticks plastered with mud, stood like rude buttresses at each end of it, and at the windows, which were not glazed, were wooden shutters.

The piney woods, dark and solemn, and in the stillest summer day echoing the voice of the wind in their plumy tops, shadowed it on the north. On the south was the farm well tilled, but not yet entirely cleared of ghostly dead trees, for the great yellow pine has a strong tap root, which defies the skill of the poor farmer, whose only stump puller is a bit of chain, and a skinny ox or mule.

Near the house was a small garden closely fenced in by a stockade of interlaced splints, where cabbage, peas, lima-beans, and greens were growing. Two massive magnolias and a huge clump of Spanish bayonet were in front of the house, and in their shade was the iron pot which Aunt Naomi used for a wash-boiler, and the bench on which she beat the clothes. The fence was in good order, and the whole place looked thrifty and clean.

"I reckon you doan't min' my fussin' at yo," said Aunt Naomi [illegible] she had fried Uncle Cæsar about [illegible] dozen delicious batter cakes, and the gentleman was dozing comfortably before the blazing fire. In spite of her liking for her own way, Aunt Naomi had a loving heart.

"I reckon mos' ma'ed men done git use-ed to bein' qua'lled at, N'omi," he said, reflectively. "Dey say de saints hez great trials, an' tribberlations in dis worl'."

His wife paused in sweeping up the hearth. Her eyes flashed, and the brush of inkberry twigs looked threatening, so he added, quickly, "We'se done ploughed 'long 'lone dis fur, N'omi, dat I was a'prised at yoor bein' so terrible sot 'bout dat findlin'," he nodded toward the child now asleep on a bed. "He hain't none of my chilluns, but ef yoo's sot to raise him, I'll low yoo kin."

The boy was about three years old, and small for his age; but fed on Aunt Naomi's sweet corn pone, with plenty of clabber and scraps of bacon, he grew fat and sleek, and shot up as quickly as a stalk of corn in the sudden heat of a northern spring. By the time he was six, his adopted father admitted he had a "heap o' sense," and he completed the conquest, when he was seven, by killing a coon unaided, which, well seasoned with red pepper, made a savory stew Uncle Cæsar loved.

"I tink, N'omi, dat boy favors me consid'ble, s'pose yee done name him Cæsar Wassinton," he said when he had dined on the coon.

"Yoo done 'clared he want none of yoo chilluns, Cæsar," said Aunt Naomi, sternly. "An' I do-an't 'lieb in sayin' findlin's aint findlin's, an' dat's his name, Findlin' Smith."

Years slipped by, Findlin' grew straight and strong, but Uncle Cæsar twisted and tortured by rheumatism, was at last unable to leave his bed. Aunt Naomi retained her vigorous health, and with Findlin's help, the little farm prospered till the terrible summer of 1876. The earth was parched. Even the springs that fed the Three-mile Branch were nearly dry, and the plague, raging along the valley of the Mississippi, sent its deadly shadow along the Gulf States to the Atlantic. Col. Jameson, the rich planter who owned the thousand acres of piney woods next Uncle Cæsar's cabin, had died after an illness of a day, and every white person in the region fled to the mountains, or the safer haven of the North.

It was late in October, and anxious watchers were praying for frost. A cool breeze was blowing from the Gulf and booming in Col. Jameson's pines, and the full moon shone white and cold in the darkness of the sky, when the family in Uncle Cæsar's cabin were wakened by a shrill, melancholy wail.

It was very near, so near it seemed to the terror-stricken Uncle Cæsar it must be in the room, and drawing the bed-clothes over his head, with his crippled fingers, he prayed, as well as his chattering teeth would let him, that its summons might not be for him, while Findlin', springing up, ran to the door with his shoe, and, placing it bottom upwards on the threshold, cried:—

"Go 'way, screech owl! Go 'way! Come again another day."

Aunt Naomi sat up in bed. "De Lawd's will be done," she said, trying in vain to stifle a groan. "De time's come when He's done gwine to carry me ho-am."

Findlin' sped out into the night, through the piney woods, and up the hill covered with a dense growth of oaks, to the Jameson plantation, for old Aunt Sally who was noted in sickness. He had heard Uncle Cæsar complain every hour since he could remember, but Aunt Naomi never. He ran like a deer, but it seemed as if his heart would break.

All night Aunt Naomi lay in the grip of the deadly fever; while Uncle Cæsar prayed that he might not catch it, and Findlin' and Aunt Sally did what was in their power to allay her sufferings. As the late day dawned she rallied and sat up. "Bress de Lord, gal. We'se gwine ter pull yoo troo," cried Uncle Cæsar, joyfully.

She made no reply, but beckoned to Findlin', and taking him by the hand said eagerly, "Boy, I wants yoo to promise me sumpin."

Aunt Sally, not deceived by the apparent strength of her patient, rocked herself from side to side by the fire, and broke into a low, rhythmic wailing, "Promise," said Aunt Naomi, solemnly, "Fo' de Lawd, dat yoo'll stick by yoo daddy."

Findlin' promised, "Cæsar—Now de Lawd's gwine—to carry me—ho-am." She had sunk back upon her pillow, and in a moment, as gently as a child falls asleep, was dead.

Uncle Cæsar suffered so much that winter, that, unsustained by the strong spirit of his wife, he fell from grace, and indulged in fits of peevish anger, when he cursed his fate and abused Findlin' roundly. These spells were followed by periods of tearful repentance induced by his fear of the punishment he thought might follow such ungodly proceedings.

A committee came from the African church at Americus, and would have recommended that he should be turned out of the fold, had not Findlin' declared, with tearful eyes, that it was his candid opinion that suffering sometimes made the old man crazy, an assertion which it took Uncle Cæsar a long time to forgive.

For several years a few invalids had drifted into Americus, and every winter the number increased. Findlin', when there was little to do besides tending the cabbages and the early pea patch, sometimes peddled sweet gum which the invalids imagined it was healthful to chew, and bunches of fat lightwood which he sold to the housekeepers.

The crops had been small and poor, and Findlin', anxious to increase his earnings this winter, found a place in a livery stable for two months, where he could work every morning, leaving the afternoon free to devote to Uncle Cæsar and the farm. The first person he drove for was a used-up little man who took a great fancy to him. It was useless for any other driver to go to the hotel for Mr. Stillingfleet after that, he was always sent back with an order for Findlin' Smith.

As the spring advanced, and Findlin' must return to his farm, Mr. Stillingfleet made him an offer.

"I'll pay your fare to Philadelphia, and will give you forty dollars a month. You will drive for me only, and will take care of me. You will also have your board and clothes. Now don't say no."

To a man who does not see twenty dollars in a year, forty dollars a month seems a fortune. Findlin' went home very much agitated. Uncle Cæsar had a nephew who looked with greedy eyes on the little farm, and some day expected to possess it. He would be delighted to come and live on it. But how would he take care of the old man, who seemed to grow crosser and more unbearably abusive every day.

There was a little house away on the border of the Three-mile Branch, where the poor and suffering, among his race, were cared for. A house Aunt Naomi had a great abhorence and fear of, and Findlin' felt certain, down in the bottom of his heart, that thither Uncle Cæsar would be carried if he deserted him.

But there was the forty dollars a month. The farm would never be his, and there was a certain bright-eyed house-maid at the Jameson place, whom he thought of day and night.

Uncle Cæsar suffered intense pain that night, and needed much rubbing with turpentine, the Southern negro's balm, before he fell asleep.

The moonlight streamed through the broad crack between the shutters, making a silvery brightness in the room. The wind soughed in the great pines, far off the chuck-will's widow called her mate, and the mocking birds sang softly in the budding magnolias.

When Findlin' dozed off to sleep, he yet saw the familiar room, and heard these familiar sounds, till a mellow voice, whose alto sweetness he could not mistake, said mournfully, "You was a stranger, and I took you in; you was naked and I clothed you, you were hungry and I fed you."

Then mighty waves of rushing waters seemed to sweep over him, there was a blank and he woke with a cry.

Uncle Cæsar, roused by his voice, was in a strangely gentle mood.

"Findlin'," said he, clasping the strong, warm hand, that had again soothed his pain, in one of his own bent palms. "I does lub yoo, an' de Lawd do', I'se qua'lled at yoo, boy, dis mighty long spell, I hopes yoo won't eider of yoo don' lef' me, till I lays dis wratchin' body down."

Quite ovecome, Findlin' remorsefully told the story of his offer, his thoughts and his dream. "Now jes' wink yoo eyes up, an' sleep d'rec'ly, Daddy," he said in conclusion.

"I'll nebber 'leab yoo, nebber."

"Yes, chile," said the old man, obediently composing himself. "An' ef yoo puts up wid me' an' sticks by me, 'pears like's if He will. He knows 'flamatary rheumtiz, don't yoo 'spec', Honey?"

"I reckon He do, Daddy," said Findlin' reverently. The old man slept still clinging to the strong, warm hand, but Findlin' watched till morning.

A month passed, the cane was ten inches high, the corn was almost up to the top of the fence, and the cotton was opening its rounded leaves, when one night Findlin' woke with a start. He thought he heard Uncle Cæsar cry, "Bress Findlin'."

If he did, they were the last words the old man ever spoke, for in the silence of the night he had peacefully slipped away from the "wratchin' body" that had suffered so long.

The next evening when Pompey Jones, Uncle Cæsar's nephew, had taken possession, and was ordering Findlin' about in the most lordly manner, they were surprised by a visit from young Col. Jameson.

"I've come to bring you Uncle Cæsar's will, Findlin'," he said, while Pompey Jones listened in open-mouthed wonder. "I dropped in to see the old man one morning when you were at work in Americus, and he was anxious to know how he could secure the farm to you. He said you had been a great blessing to both him and his wife, and that he should not rest easy in his grave if any one save you lived in the old place. I made his will the next day. It is all plain, you see, and duly witnessed and signed with Uncle Cæsar's mark. You are sole heir and executor. Now I hope you'll stay right here by these piney woods of mine, and help me to oversee my crops, as well as make your own."

There is a smart veranda now along the front of the double pen-house, where a bright eyed woman sometimes sits with a droll bright-eyed baby named Cæsar Washington Smith. The ghostly dead trees are all gone, and in their places stands a trim, young pear orchard. The little farm has crept a good many rods into the pine woods, and the cotton Findlin' raises has the same long, silky fibre as that he raises on the Jameson place, and which gets the highest price.

There is a new hotel at Americus, and more invalids go there every winter, and Findlin's strawberries and early vegetables find a ready market.

"Findlin's had a mighty heap of luck," said Mrs. Pompey Jones enviously, to Mrs. Findlin' Smith, one Sunday after meeting. "'Pears like's if I nebber seed such, nohow, even wid folks as knows who dey fadders is."

"De bes' luck my man has is hisself," cried Mrs. Findlin', with indignation. "Fo' he's de bes man in Geor-jy."—ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

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