Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 5. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1877. NO. 32

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00.

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, 6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $4.50; each continuation, $1.00; one month, $7.00; two months, $11,00; three months, 14.00; six months, $20.00; twelve months, $35.00.

A COLUMN.—First insertion, $8.00; each continuation, $2.00; one month, $12.00 two months, $18.00; three months, $25.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $70.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

Dissolution of Co-partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between the subscribers—Isaac M. Shaw and William Hart, both of Middleton, carriage builders, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

ISAAC M. SHAW.
WILLIAM HART.

Dated Middleton, September 1st, ,77. [9it29

CONSUMPTION CURED

AN OLD PHYSICIAN, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a Vegetable Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of

Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and all Throat and Lung affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering, he will send FREE OF CHARGE, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and successfully using. Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,

DR. C. STEVENS, Box 86, Brockville, Ont.

PORTABLE SAW MILLS

20 and 25 Horse Power,

ADDRESS

JOHN WELSH, Agent...Amherst, N.S.
A. FISHER, " .....Truro, N.S.
W. H. OLIVE, " ...St. John, N.B.

Waterous Engine Works Co., BRANTFORD, ONT.

, State where you saw this advertisement.

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

The Great English Remedy is an unfailing cure for *Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency,* and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as *Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision,* Premature Old Age, and After Taking, many other diseases that lead to *Insanity* or *Consumption* and a *Premature Grave.* ☞ Price, $1 per package, or six packages for $5, by mail free of postage. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. Address WM. GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

For sale by all Druggists. W. W. Chesley Bridgetown, and Dr. L. R. Morse, Lawrencetown, Agents.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For all the purposes of a Family Physic, and for curing Costiveness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Breath, Headache, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Biliousness, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, for Purifying the Blood,

Are the most effective and congenial purgative ever discovered. They are mild, but effectual in their operation, moving the bowels surely and without pain. Although gentle in their operation, they are still the most thorough and searching cathartic medicine that can be employed: cleansing the stomach and bowels, and even the blood. In small doses of one pill a day, they stimulate the digestive organs and promote vigorous health.

AYER'S PILLS have been known for more than a quarter of a century, and have obtained a world-wide reputation for their virtues. They correct diseased action in the several assimilative organs of the body, and are so composed that obstructions within their range can rarely withstand or evade them. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are, at the same time, the safest and best physic for children. By their aperient action they gripe much less than the common purgatives, and never give pain when the bowels are not inflamed. They reach the vital fountains of the blood, and strengthen the system by freeing it from the elements of weakness.

Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates, containing neither calomel nor any deleterious drug, these Pills may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar-coating preserves them ever fresh, and makes them pleasant to take; while being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Avery, Brown & Co., Halifax
Wholesale Agents.

Sold by DR. DENNISON and W. W. CHESLEY, *Bridgetown N. S.*

Thos. R. Jones & Co.,

ST. JOHN, N. B.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS
—IN—
Staple and Fancy
DRY GOODS
Haberdashery, Small Wares,
Hats and Caps,
&c., &c., &c.
MANUFACTURERS OF
CLOTHING, SHIRTS, &c.

The best assorted stock in the Lower Provinces!!

New Goods arriving Weekly.

FOR SALE ON
LIBERAL TERMS,
to safe parties.

T. R. JONES & CO.

may9 '77

COUNTRY RESIDENCE

FOR SALE! OR TO LET!!

The well-known residence, formerly owned and occupied by the late R. D. Balcom, is now offered for sale or to let. The above mentioned residence, situated one mile east of Paradise Station, and in the vicinity of churches Schools, &c., contains Three Acres of Land in a high state of cultivation, on which are One Hundred Fruit Trees of apple, plum, pear and quince. The dwelling is tastefully built in Gothic style and is finished throughout. Stable, coach-house, and a never failing well of water are on the premises; also, a Tannery and Timber Lot with a residence if required.

TERMS—One half purchase money down, remainder on Mortgage.

For further particulars apply to
SAMUEL E. BALCOM,
B. R. BALCOM,
Executors.
or to J. G. H. PARKER, Esq., Bridgetown.

Paradise, May 12th, 1877 n5 tf

FLOUR! FLOUR!

Lately received from Canada West.

100 BBLS. Flour, "Benefactor," "Major," "Dominion" "Rings." 100 bbls do. to arrive this week by Intercolonial, *Beaver, White Swan,* and *Avalanche.*

BARRELS CORN MEAL

daily expected per *Home* from Boston. Also, Bag Meal and Cracked Corn, from Portland. Always in stock, Oat Meal, Graham Flour, Cracked Wheat, Hulled Barley and Rice. Groceries of every description. Salt, coarse and fine. Pickled and Dry Fish.

Selling at lowest cash prices.

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange.

RANDALL, HIGGINS & CO.,
Opposite Railway Station.

Annapolis, Juxy 25th, 1877.

ROYAL HOTEL.

(*Formerly STUBBS'*)
146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
Opposite Custom House,
St. John, N. B.

—:—

T. F. RAYMOND.....PROPRIETOR.
sept '73 y

WILLIAM HILLMAN,

Silver and Brass Plater,
ELECTOR PLATER
in gold and silver.
ALSO, MANUFACTURER
CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS
No. 60 Charlotte St.....St. John, N. B
sept30 y

MORSE & PARKER,

Barristers-at-Law,
Solicitors, Conveyancers,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. 1y

Three Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "EMPRESS,"

For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.

Until further notice, Steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY for Digby and Annapolis, connecting with Express Trains W. & A. Railways for and from Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, etc., and RETURN ON SAME DAYS.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class...$5.00
do do do 2nd class... 3.50
do. do. Annapolis..... 2.00
do. do. Digby..... 1.50
Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class.)..... 7.50

Return tickets to Clergyman and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
11 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., April 2nd '77.

STEAMER EMPRESS

AND THE

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

FREIGHTS for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendence at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7, a. m., and 6. p. m., daily, to receive Freight.

No freight received morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to
SMALL & HATHEWAY,
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

FLOUR, FLOUR.

THE subscriber has just received from Toronto,

100 BBLS.
CHOICE CANADIAN FLOUR,

which will be sold at the Lowest Cash Price. Warranted to be good or no sale. Also:

50 bbls. American Corn Meal.

A. ELLIOTT.

Port George, Aug. 19th, '77 n17 tf

Agent at Middleton,.....JOHN GULIVAN.

TRY THE
DUFFERIN
FLAT 12'S
AND THE
ACADIA TWIST,
TOBACCO,

And you will not want any better.

R. B. MACKINTOSH & CO.,
Proprietors, Halifax, N. S.

Oct. 17th, '76. n27

GLASS! GLASS!

1000 Boxes GLASS, in all sizes, at cheap rates.

White Lead, Oils, Brushes,
Paper Hangings of all kinds,
WHOLESALE and RETAIL,

The trade supplied on reasonable terms at
22 *Germain St.....St. John, N. B.*

BLAKSLEE & WHITENECK.
sept30 y

S. R. FOSTER & SON'S

STANDARD

Nail, Shoe Nail & Tack Works

ST. JOHN, N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1849.
(Formerly W. H. ADAMS' CITY NAIL WORKS.)

Orders solicited, prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. ap10

GILBERT'S LANE

DYE WORKS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

IT is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dying to make them look as good as new. *Carpets, Feathers, Curtains, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemens' Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c, &c,* dyed on reasonable terms. BLACK GOODS a specialty.

AGENTS.—Annapolis, W. J. SHANNON, Merchant; Digby, MISS WRIGHT, Millinery and Dry Goods.

may 3 '76 A. L. LAW.

Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully informs his friends that he is now in

BRIDGETOWN,

to fill engagements previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please not delay.

Jan. 10th '77. n36

☞ The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is 12,154, being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is 10,200, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its Circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the *Star* has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

BUSINESS CARDS

Neatly and promptly executed at the office of this paper.

CATARRH

CANNOT be cured by Smuffs, Washes, or Local Applications. Thousands of cases, some of forty years standing, have been entirely cured by CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY. For sale by all druggists. Send stamp for Treatise on Catarrh to

T. J. B. HARDING—BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Five Years' Sickness Cured by Four Bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy. Pain in Shoulders, Back and Lungs, and Dropsings in Throat Disappeared.

ST. ANNAND, P. Q., Sept. 13, 1876.

MR. T. J. B. HARDING.

DEAR SIR,—Being desirous that others may know something of the merits of your CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY, I wish to inform you what it has done for me. I am 39 years old; had been out of health for about five years. I had employed three or four different doctors, and tried various medicines, without receiving any permanent benefit, but continued rather to grow worse, until last fall, when I had become so bad as to be unable to do an hour's work at a time. Had severe pressure and pain under the shoulder blades and through the shoulders, with very lame back, and a feeling in my right lung as though there was a weight bearing it down, with occasional dropping in the throat and down upon the lungs. Such was my condition when I commenced to take your Catarrh Remedy, one bottle of which gave me ease and gave me an improved appetite, and after taking four bottles I was restored to health, so as to be able to endure hard work continued labor, such as chopping and clearing land, at which I have been engaged the past season. My recovery I attribute solely, with God's blessing, to the use of your Catarrh Remedy. Yours truly,

Price $1 per bottle. HENRY SNIDER.

ASK FOR LITTLEFIELD'S CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY AND TAKE NO OTHER.

BRIDGETOWN
Marble Works.

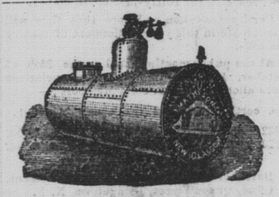
ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

FALCONER & WHITMAN
are now manufacturing
Monuments & Gravestones
Of Italian and American Marble.
ALSO:
Granite and Freestone Monuments.

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad

☞ Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work.

DANIEL FALCONER. OLDHAM WHITMAN



I. MATHESON & CO.,

ENGINEERS
—AND—
BOILER MAKERS,
NEW GLASGOW, N. S.
Manufacturers of PORTABLE & STATIONARY
Engines and Boilers.

☞ Every description of FITTINGS for above kept in Stock, viz:—

Steam Pumps, Steam Pipe,
Steam and Water Guages,
Brass Cocks and Valves,
Oil and Tallow Cups.

dec5'76 n34 tf

Lawyer's Blank Executions.

A FRESH stock just printed and for sale at the "MONITOR OFFICE."

September 1st, 1877.

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

Time Table,
COMMENCING
Wednesday, 21st Nov., 1877.

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Steamb't Express Wed. and Saturday.	Pass. and Freight Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Friday.	Pass. and Freight Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Friday.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
0	Windsor—leave.....	9 15	11 15	5 30
7	Hantsport.....	9 40	11 43	5 57
			P. M.	
15	Grand Pre.....	10 06	12 12	6 24
18	Wolfville	10 18	12 28	6 36
20	Port Williams.....	10 25	12 38	6 44
25	Kentville—arrive.....	10 40	1 00	7 00
	Do—leave.....	10 55	1 20	
34	Waterville	11 20	1 56	
37	Berwick	11 30	2 10	
42	Aylesford	11 46	2 33	
		P. M.		
49	Kingston	12 08	3 00	
53	Wilmot	12 20	3 18	
56	Middleton	12 29	3 35	
62	Lawrencetown	12 47	3 58	
65	Paradise	12 56	4 10	
70	Bridgetown	1 11	4 38	
78	Roundhill	1 32	5 07	
84	Annapolis—arrive	1 50	5 30	
	St. John by Steamer	8 00		

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Pass. and Freight Tues. & Friday.	Pass. and Freight Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Friday.	Steam'b't Express Wed. and Saturday.
		A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
0	St. John—leave.....	.....	.....	8 00
				P. M.
0	Annapolis—leave	.....	7 30	2 20
6	Round Hill.....	.....	7 53	2 36
14	Bridgetown	.....	8 17	2 57
19	Paradise	.....	8 35	3 12
22	Lawrencetown	.....	8 48	3 21
28	Middleton	.....	9 12	3 39
31	Wilmot	.....	9 24	3 48
35	Kingston	.....	9 40	3 50
42	Aylesford	.....	10 05	4 11
47	Berwick	.....	10 28	4 25
50	Waterville	.....	10 40	4 34
59	Kentville—arrive	.....	11 20	5 00
	Do—leave.....	7 15	11 50	5 10
			P. M.	
64	Port Williams.....	7 33	12 10	5 25
66	Wolfville.....	7 41	12 25	5 32
69	Grand Pre.....	7 53	12 40	5 43
77	Hantsport	8 19	1 15	6 08
84	Windsor—arrive	8 45	1.45	6 30

N. B.—Express Trains leave Windsor at 9.15 a.m. every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, connecting at Annapolis with Steamer for St. John. These trains offer special facilities for the conveyance of Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, enabling the same to be landed in St. John the same evening.

International Steamers leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8. a. m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.00 a. m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. INNES, Manager.

Kentville, Nov. 15th, '77.

Poetry.

NOVEMBER.

"For autumn comes in solemn gold,
And all the gaudy leaves are strown;
The trees look barren, thin and cold,
Beneath the darkening tempest's frown.

The hunter wanders by the wold,
By heath, and fell, and mountain brown,
By hill, and dale, and river head,
Where the dead leaves find a bed,
Hectic, and grey, and fever-red."

THE FARMER'S THANKSGIVING.

We thank *Thee!* Oh God of the seasons,
Thy power is around us alway;
Thou givest us rest in the night time,
Thou givest us labor by day,
We scatter our seed in the spring time,
Trusting strongly thy promise of old;
We gather our harvest in Autumn,
The bright corn-ears glistening like gold,
We go forth rejoicing in summer,
The grass-field waves bright in the sun;
With our scythes sharpened brightly and keenly,
We cut it ere noon-time comes on
In autumn the leaves falling around us,
Reveal the ripe fruit on the trees;
Our hives are filled with fresh honey,
By the labor of our busy bees;
In winter the poor and the needy
Require a kind word or kind deed,
Thus passes the life of the farmer,—
What more can man wish for, or need?
True, we labor, but labor's a blessing
'Twas no *curse* of our God when he said,
In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat it.
We are willing to work for our bread,
And we're happiest thus to be fed.

Select Literature.

A Few Boarders.

'My dear,' said Mr. Peter Pensico, to his wife, 'don't you think it would be a good idea for us to take a few boarders?'

'Boarders!' echoed Mrs. Peter Pensico. 'What for?'

'To turn an honest penny, my dear,' said Mr. Pensico.

'Pshaw!' said Mrs. Pensico.

'Times are hard,' said Mr. Pensico.

'But you've got money enough,' retorted his wife, with a toss of her curly head.

'Sylvia,' said Mr. Pensico, gravely, 'do you know that nobody ever has money enough?'

'No,' said Mrs. Pensico, shelling away with great vigor at the pan of lima beams in her lap. 'I don't know anything of the sort.'

'Just think how nice it would sound,' said Mr. Peter Pensico, with his eyes half closed and his head on one side, 'Select board for a few gentleman, in a cottage on the Hudson—fine view—excellent boating—plenty of shade—milk and vegetables—terms moderate. I think I see it now in the columns of the paper.'

'I thought you erected this cottage to please me!' said Mrs. Pensico, raining down the emerald shower of lima beans at double-quick rate.

'So I did, my dear—so I did,' responded her husband. 'But why shouldn't we please a few select boarders too?'

'Mr. Pensico was a retired grocer, 'fat and forty,' if not 'fair.' Mrs. Pensico had been a hard working school-teacher, full twenty years younger than her husband, who had boarded at the same house as the dealer in nuts, spices and most sugars.

Loves is like the whooping cough, a more dangerous disease the older you grow. Mr. Pensico took it very hard—so hard, indeed, that he married Sylvia Smith at the end of a fortnight's acquaintance, and took her to live in a pretty little cottage on the Hudson.

'You are a jewel, my dear,' said Mr. Peter Pensico; 'and I mean to place you in an appropridte setting.'

But as the conflagration of his young love died into a more steady and uneven flame, Mr. Pensico's old spirit of thrift arose within him. Love in a cottage was all very charming, but the wages of a cook, chambermaid and handyman counted up amazingly at the end of the month. A cow grazing in the meadow was picturesque, to be sure, but the feedbills were something to shudder at, Sylvia in white muslins was an adorable object; but it sometimes occurred to Mr. Pensico's perturbed brain that calicoes would have been more economical, viewed from the laundress' standpoint. In short, Love and Economy were at daggers drawn in the noble soul of the ex-grocery man.

'Don't you think it's a good idea my love?' persisted Mr. Pensico, brushing a fly away from the circular bald spot on the top of his head.

'No, I don't,' said Mrs. Pensico.

'But why not?'

'I don't like the idea of keeping a tavern,' retorted the bride.

'My dear,' said Mr. Pensico,' you exaggerate. A few select boaders—

'A few select fiddle-sticks!' interrupted Mrs. Pensico, as she rose up, flinging the lima bean-pods all over the floor.

Mr. Pensico looked at his wife with a calm and speculative eye.

'She don't like boarders,' pondered he. 'And she don't like to submit, as a wife should, to her husband's authority. Good! I'll enforce both questions, or I'll know the reason why!'

And Mr. Peter Pensico sat down to write the advertisement whose glowing periods had been in fragmentary radiance through his brain for the last five or ten minutes.

'I won't take boarders!' said Sylvia.

'My dear,' said Peter, 'you will do just *pre-cisely*—as I think best.'

'We'll see!' cried out Mrs. Pensico.

'A woman ought to be proud to have an opportunity of helping her husband on in the world,' oracularly observed Mr. Pensico.

'I believe the richest people in the world are always the meanest,' said Sylvia, with a jerk of her pretty brown curls.

'Economy, my dear—economy!' said Mr. Pensico. 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves. A penny saved is a penny earned. 'Money makes money.'

And Mrs. Pensico, fairly overwhelmed by this cataract of proverbs ceased her unavailing remonstrances. And all what good would they do?

Poor little Sylvia was beginning to comprehend that marrying a rich old screw was not the shortest way to perfect happiness!

But a woman defied becomes a woman dangerous, and Mrs. Peter Pensico determined that she would not be conquered.

Four days after the appearance of the advertisement which cost so much time and pains, three young gentlemen applied for board.

Mr. Pensico assumed a magisterial aspect.

'Ten dollars a week is my fixed price,' said he; 'but as there are three of you, I don't mind saying twenty-five dollars.'

And on these terms Messrs. Jones, Brown, and Smith became possessors of the three best rooms in the cottage, driving Mr. Pensico to a sofa bedstead in the back parlor.

'Are we always to live so?' plaintively demanded Mrs. Pensico.

'One shouldn't mind a little inconvenience, my dear, when a matter of twenty-five dollars a week is at stake,' said Mr. Pensico, with an air of superior wisdom.

'My dear,' said the *pater familias* to his young wife one day, 'do you think it is quite dignified for you to be romping out on the lawn with those three young men?'

'I wasn't romping,' retorted Sylvia, with a pout, that showed the coral curve of her lip to the very best advantage. 'I was only playing croquet. You charged me especially to try and make things agreeable for the boarders, didn't you?'

This was on Monday. On Tuesday, Mrs. Pensico went fishing with the three boarders. Pensico might have gone too—perhaps—only that the boat was capable of holding four.

On Wednesday there was a picnic up the river, to which Mr. Smith invited Mrs. Pensico. On Thursday Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown had a 'camp out' in the woods, of which Mrs. Pensico and one Miss Tomlineon, of the neighborhood, formed an indispensable accompaniment.

On Friday Mr. Brown undertook to lay out Mr. Pensico's verbena bed in true landscape style. On Saturday it rained, and Mr. Jones, who was considerable of an elocutionist, read poetry alone to Mrs. Pensico, while she darned the family hose. On Sunday, Mr. Smith drove Mrs. Pensico to a church ten miles away, in an elegant buggy, with a long-tailed horse.

'This is getting intolerable,' said Mr. Pensice.

And he wished he hadn't written that advertisement.

But this was nothing to his chagrin of the next day, when he found Mr. Smith sitting out under the apple trees with his arm around Sylvia's waist.

'Sir!' thundered Mr. Pensico.

'Eh?' said the border.

'Leave my premises!' said the grocer.

'I've just paid a week's board in advance,' suggested Mr. Smith.

'Take back your wretched dross!' bellowed Mr. Pensico, flinging a roll of bills on the grass. 'Go? Depart! Lose no time, and take those other two young men with you. I'm sick of boarders!'

And so the three young men departed. When once the garden gate was closed then, Mr. Pensico elevated his right arm theatrically in the air.

'Never—never will I receive another boarder into my family,' said he. 'As for you, false wife—'

'No; but is it 'honor bright' about the boarders?' interrupted Mrs. Pensico, with sparkling eyes.

'I swear it by yonder cerulean blue!' said Mr. Pensico, who had just been reading 'St. Elmo.'

'Certain sure?' said Mrs. Pensico.

'Certain sure!' said the husband.

'In that case,' said Mrs. Pensico, 'I may as well tell you now, as any time, that John Brown and Ferdinand Jones are my cousins, and that Charlie Smith is my brother.'

'Eh?' gasped Mr. Pensico. 'Was it—was it a conspiracy?'

'They wanted board in the country,' said Mrs. Pensico, 'and you wanted boarders.'

A heavy weight seemed to be lifted from Mr. Pensico's heart as he remembered the arm around Sylvia's waist. So it was only her brother! And little Sylvia hadn't played the married flirt after all!

He took his wife in his arms, and gave her a hearty kiss.

'My dear,' said he, 'you're a mischievous little girl, but I forgive you. And I guess we'll give up the boarder business.'

Which was all that Mrs. Pensico wanted.

'I was determined to conquer him,' thought she, 'and I've did it.'

A PERILOUS POSITION.

In the winter of 1858 I was mining—or rather sojourning and waiting for a chance to mine in the spring—in the town of Omega, Nevada county. Snow fell in the town that winter to the depth of eight feet. Three of us were living in a cabin about half a mile out of town, near the head of Sour-Krout ravine. We were in the habit of spending our evenings in town, or at the cabins of our brother miners, generally remaining away from home till ten, or eleven or even as late as twelve o'clock.

I happened to be in town the very first evening that the first great fall of snow began. I saw that the snow was coming down very fast, and knew before starting home the trail would be hidden: but this gave me no uneasiness, as I knew the course well, and could keep within a few rods of the trail the whole distance, if not in it.

When I finally started homeward, it was about ten o'clock, and there were six or eight inches of snow on the ground, and flakes coming down as big as saucers. Knowing my course, I rushed along, paying but little attention to the trail, and was two hundred yards from the cabin when there was a sudden crash of breaking twigs and brush under my feet, and I felt myself sinking down into an open space. Instinctively I stretched out both arms to their fullest extent, and clutched the snow with both hands. Instantly, in fact before I had fairly settled into this position I knew where I was, and fully comprehended the danger of my situation.

I knew that I was hanging over the old Brookshire shaft—a shaft dug some years before to undermine the hill, and at least a hundred feet deep.

It was but two or three rods below the trail, and was covered by a few pine and spruce boughs that were thrown across its mouth when it was abandoned. I knew that there were huge boulders and sharp, jagged rocks projecting everywhere along the sides of the shaft, and at the bottom there was at least twenty feet of water; for in passing, I had once or twice pushed the brush covering aside, and dropped into it pebbles and pieces of lighted paper. I felt my body and legs dangling in space, and, without thinking of the consequences, made an effort to reach out with one of my feet to see if I could touch the wall of the shaft. I had extended my leg some distance without touching the wall, when, to my horror, the dry and rotten covering of the shaft began crackling under my arm on the side upon which my weight was thrown in the attempt I had made to learn something of the situation. Carefully I swung back till I hung perpendicularly over the fearful chasm, the brush still crackling as I did do. As each twig snapped, I felt that there was that much less between myself and death; each little rotton stick that held was worth millions to me, and for a stout beam under my feet I would have given tens of millions.

The snow beat down incessantly upon my head in immense damp flakes, and I could feel it gradually piling about my neck. Occasionally there were wild blasts of wind that roared through the tall pines, and swept the light snow into my eyes. One of the blasts took away my light felt hat, and left my head exposed to the beating storm. As I felt my hat going, I made an involuntary effort to raise my hand to catch it, but instantly the crackling twigs warned me to desist. This movement, the slightest in the world, cost me half a dozen twigs, and, as it seemed to me, greatly weakened my support. The snow melting on my head and face trickled into my eyes and almost blinded me. My hands and arms seemed benumbed, and I began to fear that I would lose my hold upon the brush covering of the shaft. Whenever this notion took possession of my mind I would extend my arms, and even my fingers, till the joints of my shoulders seemed starting from their sockets.

By straining my eyes I could see the dim outlines of our cabin on a little raise of ground above me. I could see no light, however, and concluded that my partners had either gone to bed, or had not yet returned from a neighbor's cabin a quarter of a mile further down the ravine, whither I knew they had gone to spend the evening. Once or twice I shouted, but the effort caused a crackling of the twigs supporting me, and I desisted, determining to wait till I heard the voices of my companions returning, or saw a light in the little window of four small panes. This, fortunately, was on the side next to me, so, too, was the door by which they must enter the cabin. I thought of all this and it gave me some hope.

Several times as the roaring wind lulled for a moment I thought I heard the sound of voices and laughter, and my heart beat quick with hope and joy; but the sounds were not repeated, and doubtless were but the creaking of some storm-swayed bough, or the chattering of some distant cayote.

I now began seriously to fear being completely covered in the fast falling and drifting snow. It seemed coming down at the rate of an inch a minute, and already covered my shoulders, and was piling up close about my mouth. I dare not make the slightest move to rid myself of that which was about to bury me. Should the snow get over my eyes, I could not see the light in the cabin, and could only call out by guess. And so light an exertion as calling out in a loud tone set my rotten platform to crackling, and I did not wish to call for aid till I was certain it was near.

As the snow began rising about my mouth I discovered that I could keep it away with my breath. I saw that I still had a chance of keeping my eyes free, and kept constantly at work blowing away the accumulating flakes. This gave me something to do, and was a relief to my mind, and so zealously did I keep guard that I would hardly allow two flakes to lie before my lips.

Thoughts of home, my friends, of the little I had ever done in the world, and of the jagged rocks lining the sides of the shaft, with the great pool in its bottom, passed and repassed in my mind. In this circle my mind seemed swiftly revolving, dwelling but for a moment upon one thing. I would strain my eyes to see the light in the window till they were ready to start from their sockets. Sometimes I would see a sudden red flash, and with a joyous throb of my heart I would say 'It's there;' but, in a moment after, I would groan in spirit at discovering the flash was only within my strained and weary eyeballs.

From straining my eyes and ears for some sign of the arrival of my partners, I would fall into my old circle of thought and round and round in it as in a whirlpool, my brain would whirl, till some moan of the wind or creaking of the trees would arouse me to thoughts of escape from my fearful position.

After the first few efforts I made toward extricating myself, my whole care was to remain as motionless as possible, and keep my arms stretched out to their fullest extent, in order to grasp for my support every twig within my reach, were it no larger or stronger than a rye stalk. Time seemed to move on leaden wings, and it appeared to me that I must have been suspended over the shaft for many hours. I began to fear that on account of the storm, my partners had concluded to 'turn in' at the cabin of our neighbor. The moment I thought of this, it seemed to me almost certain that such was the case. My escape now, I began, to think, rested on myself. I thought there might be before me a pole strong enough to bear my weight. Slowly I began raising my right arm, in order to feel for some support; but a startling snapping of twigs, when the extra weight was thrown upon my left arm, caused me quickly to desist.

'Great Heavens!' I groaned, as I settled back into my former position, 'how long is this to last?'

Just at this moment I heard the sound of voices. This time there was no mistake about it. I heard the loud ringing laugh of my jovial partner Tom, and heard card-loving, Bob say something about a game they had been playing at the 'other cabin.'

As they came nearer, I heard him say:—

'I wonder if Dan has got back from town.'

They spoke in their ordinary tone of voice and this gave me great joy, and I knew I could make them hear without shouting too loudly. I heard them at the door, scraping the snow away with their

Continued on fourth page.