BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

SIRS,—I sell more Opeleka Cough Mixture than all other kinds put together. I a-sure you that it gives perfect satisfaction in every case.

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

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.

Extension OF TIME

Is often asked for by persons becoming unable to pay when the debt is due. The debt of nature has to be paid sooner or later, but we would all prefer an

Extension of Time.

Puttner's Emulsion OF COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda

may give this to all who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, General Debility, and all wasting Diseases.

Delicate Children who otherwise would pay the debt very speedily, may have a long

EXTENSION OF TIME.

Try Puttner's Emulsion

BROWN BROS. & Co., CHEMIST AND DRUGGISTS, Halifax, N. S.

New Stoves!

R. ALLEN CROWE

Having purchased the retail business of the BRIDGETOWN FOUNDRY COMPANY offers the largest stock in that line ever offered before in Bridgetown.

RANGES & COOK STOVES, Parlor and Hall Stoves,

STOVE PIPE, SHEET ZINC, LEAD PIPING, SINKS, OVEN MOUTHS, ASH PITS, PUMPS, MASLIN KETTLES

LANTERNS, GRANITE IRON WARE, STOVE BOARDS, COAL HODS, FIRE SETTS, TIN WARE,

and all articles usually kept in a FIRST-CLASS TIN SHOP.

Jobbing a specialty.

R. ALLEN CROWE.

Bridgetown, Sept. 16th, 1890. 24 6m.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Billiousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., (LIMITED).

Commencing Monday, Oct. 6th, THE S. S. "CITY OF MONTICELLO." R. H. FLEMING, Commander. will sail from the Company's dock, Reed's Pt. St. John, every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings, at 7.30, local time, for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS, connecting there with the W. C. and W. and A. railways, returning same days, due at St. John about 7 p.m.

HOWARD D. TROOP, Manager, St. John.

J. S. CARDER, Agent, Annapolis. 9 4m

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great medical work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, gilt, only $1.00; by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4, Bulfinch St.

## Executor's Notice

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late GEO. REDGATE, of Margaretville, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render all accounts, duly attested to, within three months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment within said time to

WILLIAM ROY, *Sole Executor.*

Margaretville, Feb. 3rd, 1891. 44 13i.


# Weekly Monitor.

TRUE WORDS are Jewels

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1891. NO. 46.


Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.

One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 30 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS.

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 25 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

Make New Rich Blood!

BRIDGETOWN GROCERY.

JUST RECEIVED:

TEAS AND COFFEES, UNEQUALLED FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOR.

SPICES, Warranted Pure.

CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

BISCUITS, Fresh from the Manufactory,

SYRUPS of all kinds,

SUGARS, MOLASSES, PORK, BEANS, TOBACCOS, PICKLES.

FRUIT: ORANGES, LEMONS, and BANANAS.

AT LOWEST CASH PRICE.

GEO. H. DIXON.

BUY MY MAKE OF

Boots & Shoes

And you will never be annoyed by customers grumbling on account of ripping and poor material. Every Dealer who reads this will find it to his advantage to see my

LATEST STYLES

which are considered superior to any in design and workmanship, and made of the best material the market produces. If our Traveller should not call upon you when you require goods, send for sample lots. PRICES ARE REASONABLE. All orders by mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.

JAMES T. HURLEY

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,

23 and 25 Chipman Hill, St. John, N. B.

W. H. BANNISTER, Optician,

—GRADUATE—

New York Optical College,

136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

A Beautiful Line of SILVERWARE JUST RECEIVED.

J. E. SANCTON.

NOW IN STOCK!

At Wholesale or Retail,

the following choice brands of FLOUR:

50 bbls. "PEARL,"
25 bbls. "ACADIA,"
75 bbls. "WHITE DOVE,"
50 bbls. "FIVE ROSES,"
75 bbls. "ANCHOR,"
25 bbls. "MYRTLE,"
25 bbls. "FUSCHIA,"
30 bbls. "CLOVER,"
25 bbls. "A. B. C."

CORNMEAL:

200 bbls. KILN-DRIED CORNMEAL.

OATMEAL:

20 bbls SUPERIOR OATMEAL, Tilson's Standard Brand.

A few bags MIDDLINGS left in Stock.

Grocery and Provision Supplies constantly on hand.

Stock the best. Prices low as the lowest.

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, Oct. 21st, 1890. 29 1y

FRANK E. VIDITO,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALTED BEEF, LAMB, PORK, BACON AND VEGETABLES.

THE subscriber has lately established business in the premises known as the PAYSON PROPERTY, first door east of the Post Office, where he intends to conduct the Meat and Provision Business in the best style, and so as to meet the requirements of the trade in all particulars. By strict attention and by dressing the best of stock, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage.

My team will run to Round Hill and Granville weekly.

Bridgetown, June 10th, 1890. 10 1y

DR LOW'S WORM SYRUP

DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequence..." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

CONSUMPTION, *Bronchitis, Cough or Severe Cold*

I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's, in Salmon wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine."

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

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. 29 1y

## ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of the late WILLIAM H. NIXON, deceased, of Nictaux Falls, transacted since September 1888, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within three months from date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make payment to

SAMUEL NIXON.

Nictaux Falls, Dec. 16th, 1890. 37 3m

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

## Poetry.

### Unreturning.

Three things never come again;
Snow may vanish from the plain,
Blossoms from the dewy sod,
Verdure from the broken clod,
Water from the river's bed,
Forests from the mountain's head,
Night may brighten into day,
Noon in midnight fade away.

Yet the snow shall come once more
When the winter tempests roar.
Blossoms each returning spring
In her laden arms shall bring.
Grass be green where plowshares run,
River flash in autumn's sun.
Time shall bid the forests grow,
Noon and midnight come and go,
But though all thy soul complain
Three things shall not come again.

Never to the bow that bends
Comes the arrow that it sends;
Spent in space its airy flight
Vanishes like lost delight,
When with rapid aim it sprang
From the bowstring's shivering twang
Straight to brain or heart it fled,
Once for all its course was sped.
No wild wail upon its track
Brings the barb of vengeance back,
Hold thy hand before it go;
Pause beside the bended bow;
Hurtled once across the plain,
No spent arrow comes again.

Never comes the chance that passed,
That one moment was its last,
Though thy life upon it hung,
Though thy death beneath it swung,
If thy future all the way
Now in darkness goes astray,
When the instant born of fate
Passes through the golden gate,
When the hour, but not the man,
Comes and goes from nature's plan,
Never more its countenance
Beams upon thy slow advance.
Never more that time shall be
Burden bearer unto thee,
Weep and search o'er land and main,
Lost chance never comes again.

Never shall thy spoken word
Be again unsaid, unheard,
Well its work the utterance wrought—
Woe or weal, whate'er it brought;
Once for all the rune is read,
Once for all the judgement said,
Though it pierced a poisoned spear
Through the soul thou holdest dear,
Though it quiver fierce and deep
Through some spirit's stainless sleep;
Idle, vain, the flying sting,
That a passing rage night bring.
Speech shall give it fangs of steel,
Utterance all its barbs reveal.

Give thy tears of blood and fire,
Pray with pangs of mad desire;
Offer life, and soul, and all,
That one sentence to recall.
Wrestle with its fatal wrath,
Chase with flying feet its path,
Rue it all thy lingering days,
Hide it deep with love and praise;
Once for all thy word is sped,
None invade it but the dead,
All thy travail will be vain—
Spoken words come not again.

—*Rose Terry Cooke.*

## Select Literature.

### Old Barney's Ghost.

All day there had been no sunshine, snow fell during the afternoon, and with the gathering darkness the wind rose higher, rattling doors and windows, and dashing the snow fitfully against them as it went howling off around the corner. In the front room of a house so small it might have been quite overlooked among its more pretentious neighbors, sat two young people listening to the storm without, and trying to feel as cheerful as though the little, old house did not shake from its foundations. Ruth, the elder, was about to put a fresh stick of wood in the air-tight stove, when a sudden gust of wind sent the smoke into her face for a moment, and then went rushing away.

"Dear me!" she said, wiping her eyes, "how the wind does blow! It takes the heat all up the chimney, and do you know, Tom, I'm really afraid it will take stove and all up before morning; it seems just ready to start now!"

But before her brother could reply they heard some one in the entry-way stamping the snow from his boots, and Tom opened the door upon Jack Jones, the serving-man of old Barney Wade. This fact alone would have surprised them, but great was their astonishment on being informed of Old Barney's death, which had occurred that day, and that he had left a request for them to be present at his funeral and the reading of his will. Many were the conjectures of Ruth and Tom as to the reason of this, but neither for a moment thought of not doing as had been requested, and the day of the funeral found them for the first time in their lives within the red, brick house which was in future to be theirs; for when the will was read it proved that after a bequest of five thousand dollars to the faithful Jack Jones, Old Barney had left all the property, real and personal, of which he died possessed, to "the grandchildren of Ruth Chester, Ruth and Thomas Weymouth." So the will read. A possible romance lay behind this one clause, "the grand-children of Ruth Chester," but with that our story has nothing to do. All that they ever knew regarding it was an incident of a few months back, for one morning as Ruth was on her way to market, Old Barney was walking in the same direction, and entered the place a little in advance of the girl, coming out he was still ahead of her. He had his pocket-book in his hand for a few moments, and when he deposited it in a pocket of his outer coat if he knew that particular pocket to have no bottom, why he must have had some reason of his own for the singular act. Be that as it may, certain it is that the pocket-book soon fell to the ground. Apparently he did not notice it, but Ruth did, and hastening forward she picked it up, overtook Old Barney, and reaching it toward him said:

"I think you dropped this, sir."

"I did, eh?" returned the man, his deepset, gray eyes looking keenly out at her from beneath his shaggy brows, "Then you've done me a good turn. What's your name?"

"Ruth Weymouth," was the answer.

"An old-fashioned name—Ruth," commented the other.

"Yes; I was named for my grandmother."

The man muttered something that sounded like, "Look like her, too," only of course it couldn't have been, then he asked, "Is that all your name?"

"No," the girl returned, wondering why he cared to know; "I have my grandmother's whole name, Ruth Chester."

Old Barney muttered something else, then changed the subject and they walked on two or three blocks together. It is probable that this man was young once, but nobody seemed to remember anything about it, and as Old Barney he was known from one end of the town to the other. His figure was tall, he wore a long, white beard and hair which curled a little, showing beneath his hat, which, whether the felt one of winter or the straw of summer, was always worn with a characteristic turn of the rim down in front, and up in the back.

Ruth had seen Old Barney since she was a child, but had never spoken to him before this day, and never spoke to him again. However, Ruth and Tom duly came into possession of the old red house, with its green doors and blinds, and its musty rooms into which it seemed the sunshine had never come. It stood a little outside the village, and fine times they had exploring its nooks and corners. But some two or three weeks after they were settled here their stout maid-of-all-work surprised Ruth one morning by observing that she was to leave. Her reason for this she was not at first inclined to give, but at length, in answer to her young mistress' inquiries she made the startling statement that she had seen Old Barney's ghost, not only once, but two or three times, and she couldn't be expected to stand it any longer!

So she left, and a young maiden from out the ranks of Erin's daughters was found to fill her place; and if ever a person was devoid the power of imagination, then surely it was Bridget O'Toole, with her good-natured face, and merry laugh. She seemed to be as happy as the day was long, and Ruth congratulated herself on finding someone who probably would not, like her former handmaid, exhibit a weakness for seeing ghosts. But one morning when she and Tom came down to breakfast, they saw, to their surprise, that a third plate, cup and saucer, were on the table.

"Hullo!" said Tom, "has Bridget invited herself to take breakfast with us? or has something turned the damsel's head that she can't count straight this morning?"

Ruth waited to speak about it to the girl as she came to remove the dishes, but before she spoke Bridget took up the remainder of the steak, and turning to her asked:

"Will I be afther kaping this mate warrum fur the old gintlemun?"

"What old gentleman?" asked Ruth.

"An' would yez be askin' me what!" returned Bridget, in surprise, "Shure an' yez has company, Miss Weymouth."

"No; we have no company. Where did you see this man you speak of?"

"Where did I see him, is it? Faith an' I lift me wash out the night, and thin the mornin' when I was afther going out to see was it stole, shure an' I seen the old gintlemun takin' a walk fur his hilth, and says I, 'The top o' the mornin' to yer honor,' but seems like he's hard o' haarin', for niver a word did he spake, and faith I don't belave he was afther hearin' me at all!"

"How did he look?" Ruth asked.

"O, a nice, dacent gentlemun, wid his long, white whisky, an' his hat knocked down afore, an' up ahinte."

"Oh, Bridget! surely you are joking," gasped Ruth.

"Indade, miss," the other protested, "if I lives till I die, it's niver a truer ward I'll be spakin'!"

Ruth was silent a moment, then she said, "If you see him again, let me know."

She gave a report of the story to her brother. What were they to think? This was the second one who had seen this man, if such it was.

"Well," said Tom, "seeing is believing, and when I see the old gentleman, I'll believe in him, and not before!"

It was not long after this when Ruth and Tom were out for the evening, and did not return till nearly midnight. The moon shone directly on the front of the house, as they walked slowly up from the street and lit up the window-panes. But suddenly Ruth paused, grasping her brother's arm.

"Oh, Tom; look!" she whispered.

Tom looked, and seeing was believing, indeed, for by an open window of the room which had been Old Barney's bed chamber, was a figure standing out distinctly in the moonlight, a figure with a pale face and long, white beard, and on his head was a dark hat turned down over the face. All this Ruth and Tom saw as they stood a moment in speechless amazement. Old Barney's ghost! That was the thought in the mind of both. Bridget was right after all, and what she had seen was no freak of imagination. In a moment Tom started forward.

"Oh, you are not going in!" exclaimed his sister.

"No? Why not?" asked the young man. "If I hadn't *seen* Old Barney dead and buried, I should say he was standing up there in his room now, but we both know that can't be, and I'm mistaken if his ghost shall keep us out of our own house!"

He spoke boldly and his words inspired his sister with more confidence than he felt himself, if the truth were told, and together they started forward. A lamp was burning in the hall. Tom took it and proceeded up the stairs, Ruth following as a matter of course. All was still save for the sounding footsteps of the two as they went over the oil-cloth carpeting of the upper hall. The door of Old Barney's room was closed, and probably Tom never performed an act requiring a greater amount of courage than when he lifted the old-fashioned latch of the door and pushed it open. A moment later they stepped over the threshold, and two white faces peered anxiously about the room. The lamp lit up the corners, which the moonlight did not reach; but nothing was to be seen aside from the usual furnishing of the room. Both windows were closed, and there was nothing to indicate the recent presence of any real or supernatural.

"Couldn't it have been this portrait with the moon shining upon it?" asked Ruth, pausing before a full-length painting of Washington upon the wall at the left of the chimney.

"Impossible!" Tom returned, "and then, too," holding the lamp behind him, "the moonlight doesn't reach it, see!"

They peered into the clothes-press, under, and even into the high bed, but nothing unusual was to be seen. The only door leading from the room beside that of the clothes-press, was the one by which they had entered, and it seemed beyond belief that any person could have closed the window, and left the room without being seen by them.

Ruth watched Bridget the following morning expecting her to say something more about the old gentleman, but apparently nothing was farther from the girl's thoughts, for she went about her work singing at the top of her voice, her good-natured face beaming with contentment. Ruth and Tom talked the matter over viewing it in all possible lights, but were compelled at length to give it up as inexplicable.

Several weeks passed during which they saw no apparition, and the terror of that one night had somewhat faded from their minds. But there came a time when Bridget was troubled with the toothache; and one night after trying in vain to get "a wink o' slape," as she said, she bethought herself of some toothache drops which Ruth had spoken of, but had forgotten to take down. "Faith, an' I'll be afther glitten thim same draps," she soliloquized, so, wrapping a shawl about her, and taking a lamp she started out. Ruth was awake and heard her rap at the door, followed by a call to be admitted. She hurried in the instant the door was opened, and made known her errand.

"Why, poor girl," Ruth exclaimed, "you are as white as a sheet!"

"She found the drops and a bit of cotton, and Bridget applied them to the aching tooth, but instead of going out, she seated herself, and looking up at the other observed:

"Yez wouldn't be afther lettin' the loikes o' me stay in here the night now, would yez?"

"Stay here—why do you wish it?" Ruth asked.

"Shure, an' I ain't wantin' to run ferninst the old gintlemun!" was the unexpected answer.

Ruth knew her meaning only too well, but she returned stoutly:

"There isn't any old gentleman."

Bridget looked up with a curious expression on her pale face.

"Indade, miss, if yez don't be seein' him, I does," she said.

"You don't mean that you have seen him to-night?"

"Faith, an' I hiv thin."

"Oh, Bridget! Where?"

"Out o' me two eyes shure!"

"But the old man, where was he?"

"I'll tell yez. I was comin' along so quiet loike, whin I come to the stair, and then I looked up and me eye lit on the same old gintlemun what I telled yez on before, miss—bad luck to him—an' but for the big pain in me tooth, loike it be jumpin' out ivery minute, shure an' I would 'a' gone back to me bid, but the ould gint he kept on, an' whin he comes to the head of the stair, he looks over his shoulder till me, an' faith, seems loike I couldn't help but to follow him thin, an I ain't wishin' to see him again at all."

"Where did he go?" her listener asked.

"In there," pointing to the room across the hall.

It was Old Barney's chamber, and Ruth shuddered. What could this mean? she asked herself over and over again, but as yet there was no answer. True, there were some allowances to be made regarding Bridget's story, still, had not both she and Tom seen the same strange figure? With another thought in her mind she said suddenly:

"Surely, Bridget, you won't think of leaving us. No doubt we can explain all this before long."

The girl was swaying dismally back and forth, but whether her distress was mental, physical, or a combination of the two, her young mistress could not tell. She paused a moment as Ruth ceased speaking, to answer disconsolately:

"What will be the good o' me l'avin'? It's the banshee, shure, an' if 'taint, it's the ghost o' me god-father, an' if I be l'avin', won't *it* be l'avin', too? An' if I lives till I die, faith, won't it be followin' me all the days o' my life?"

Since she claimed the ghost, Ruth, from a selfish motive felt inclined to let her think herself responsible, but pitying her distress she said after a little silence, "I don't think it means any special harm to you, Bridget, for—I have seen it, and so has my brother."

Bridget jumped from her chair. "The saints be praised!" she ejaculated. "Will yez be sayin' thim same words ag'in, Miss Weymouth?"

But, nevertheless, she did not seem anxious to risk the chance of seein' it again, so Ruth allowed her to remain till morning—indeed, she was only too glad of her company.

For the next month nothing was seen of the troublesome ghost, though several times Bridget spoke of strange sounds proceeding from Old Barney's room, to which, however, little attention was paid by the others, and the remainder of the summer and early autumn passed without another visit from their strange and unwelcome guest; and both Ruth and Tom became somewhat less apprehensive of, they knew not what, and less anxious to have company.

For Halloween they planned for a merry making to which were invited a score or more of young people; and right merrily the evening passed till nearly midnight, when, as during some game the greater part of the company being in the dining-room, one young girl going near a window suddenly screamed and started back. The others looked toward the window and two or three repeated the cry.

"What is this all about?" asked Tom, and the fear in his heart was only confirmed by the words that came in answer:

"Old Barney! I saw him as plain as I see you!"

"So did I," "and I," spoke up the others.

"See here, Tom," said one of his friends, "you've planned this on purpose to frighten us."

"I wish I had," the young man returned, "but I can't explain it any more than you can."

A glance at his face was enough to assure the others that he was in earnest. They all crowded around him. "What does it mean?" "Is it a *real* ghost?" and "Have you seen it before?" were a few of the many queries greeting him from all sides; and in answer he told them all that he and his sister knew of the subject. But he had hardly ended when one of those who had been in the room across the hall came hurriedly in, and, nearly breathless with excitement, cried out:

"Old Barney's ghost!"

"Where?" in a chorus of voices.

He pointed up the stairway, and the next moment Tom, with several others, was half way up, the rest following, some laughing hysterically, some nearly faint with fright, but all pushing eagerly forward. But when Tom with those nearest him reached the head of the stairs, they saw something that caused the stoutest hearted among them to quake with fear, for but little more than a rod from them was a tall figure gliding silently and rapidly along. It turned for a moment showing a ghastly face, a long, white beard, and the hat so much a part of Old Barney, and then entered the old man's chamber. After a hardly perceptible pause, the young people went on after it, for "union is strength," of many kinds. The hall was brightly lightly and as they threw open the door, the quaint, old bed-chamber was lighted from it. But what did this mean? for with questioning looks, and faces no less pale than when they started they regarded each other in amazement, the room was unoccupied except by themselves! No person, no ghost was to be found, and a dozen had seen the figure enter the room. There was only one explanation—it was a ghost; nothing else could so mysteriously disappear. They whispered this over to each other, and with few words beside, the terrified young people made their way down stairs once more, but a chill was over them all, and a little later the company broke up, and Ruth and Tom sat down in the parlor with the doors securely fastened for the remainder of the night.

"I will not stay in this house another night!" declared Ruth, the next morning.

Tom's answer was slow in coming, but at length he said, briskly:

"Why, Ruth, ghosts always prowl around on Halloween. We ought to have thought of that before."

"We know it now," was the rueful response.

And at length it was decided that Ruth should go on a visit for a few weeks, while Tom, meanwhile, would board somewhere nearer his place of business. Bridget was given a vacation, and the house was closed and left to the sole possession of Old Barney's ghost.

Ruth's visit lengthened to a month, and had begun on the second, when one day she received a letter from Tom asking her to come home as her presence was particularly desired. She feared her brother was ill, and her visit was brought to an abrupt end.

It was now a year since the stormy evening when in the little old house they had been surprised by a call from Jack Jones. Ruth was thinking of this and wondering where the man was now, when the train arrived at the home station, and, curiously enough, Jack Jones was one of the first people she saw as she stepped from the car. With him was Tom, and a little later the three were driving toward the old brick house, which one of them, at least, was dreading to enter; and that evening as a blazing fire roared up the broad chimney, Jack told them a curious story. He made it a long one, but we will make it short by saying that a few hours before Old Barney had breathed his last he had told Jack of his will and the disposition he had made of his property. He wanted him to keep an eye on Ruth and Tom Weymouth, he had said, and if, at the end of a year, he found they had not made good use of their possessions, there was another later will which gave the rest of his property to a certain charitable institution. He told him where to find this, and if he was satisfied with the way the young people were living, this will must be destroyed. The same amount was given Jack in both wills, so he had no motive of a selfish nature to influence him. Probably Old Barney had no thought of how literally Jack was to "keep his eye" on Ruth and Tom, but when the man found that the will was hidden in a room the existence of which had heretofore been known only to Old Barney, he conceived the idea of taking up his abode in this room from which he could easily come out occasionally to see how the new master or mistress were conducting themselves. He took the precaution to provide himself with a mask, false beard and one of his late master's hats thinking if he were seen, the fright of the seer would prevent his detection. So do him justice. It was not his intention to frighten any one unless necessity required. The secret room opened from Old Barney's bed-chamber the portrait of Washington being on a sliding panel which was its entrance. There was a small fireplace in the room, and with giving himself occasional vacations, Jack had been quite comfortable during the year.

As he finished his story, he said with a laugh, "I tell you what, I was as frightened as you were the night you had the party. I expected nothing but what you'd get into the room before I could slide the panel!"

When Bridget came back and the mystery was explained to her, she stood for a moment in stolid silence, then with a light breaking into her face she exclaimed:

"Faith, an' he was me cat, shure, what was afther st'alin' me mate now an' thin, bad luck to him for a thafe!"

Jack seemed quite satisfied with the conduct of Ruth and Tom and destroyed the needless will before their eyes; so they still live on in the old brick house; but they both declare with Bridget, that if they live till they die they will not forget the fright given them by Old Barney's ghost, which, however, has not troubled them from that day to this.—*E. M. Bangs.*

Dark and Sluggish.

Dark and sluggish describes the condition of bad blood. Healthy blood is ruddy and bright. To cure bad blood and its consequences, and to secure good blood and its benefits in the safest, surest and best way use Burdock Blood Bitters, strongly recommended by all who use it as the best blood purifier.

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### A Chapter on Bananas.

In South America the banana is not thought of as a luxury. In fact it takes the place of meat and bread and vegetables among a large part of the people. Every garden has its banana patch, just as we have our indispensable rows of potatoes. On the Isthmus of Panama, the cars spin past hills covered from base to summit with the beautiful broadleaved plants, their great clusters of fruit hanging from the stems just under the leaves. The banana plant looks somewhat like an immense calla-lilly. Its stem is made up of the bases of the leaves so sheathed, or folded around each other, and hardened as to sustain the weight of the mass of foliage above. It will in some localities attain a height of even twenty feet. When two years old it bears fruit and then dies, but a number of young shoots spring up from the base of the old stem so that it continually renews itself and the farmer, who is usually an Indian or a negro, has no trouble, except to keep the weeds and the old withered trunks cleared away from the growing plants. Even the trunk is of some use, for it contains a fibre almost as soft as silk, which can be woven into the most exquisite muslins. Indeed some of the dainty India muslins are made of this very fibre.

There are as many kinds of bananas as there are apples—medium-sized ones, such as we see in the North; big ones a foot long; thick ones, almost like musk-melons; and little ones only three or four inches in length. When you visit a fruit stand I fear you are likely to select the biggest and handsomest bananas you see, and there is just where you make a mistake. The smallest bananas are in nearly all cases the sweetest and juicest, the tiny "fig" banana being the best of all. The rind should be thin, and there should be no ridges or corners on it. The larger the ridges the coarser the fruit. The plantain, which is the very coarsest kind of banana, has enormous ridges. This species is not fit to eat without being cooked but when boiled or baked or fried it is delicious. Any coarse banana—that is, one having a thick rind with large ridges—is good for cooking. All bananas contain starch while green, which upon ripening is changed by nature's wonderful chemistry into sugar. Now if the banana is taken just after its rind has begun to grow golden, but is still streaked with green, it still contains a great deal of starch, which will make it palatable when cooked, while the small amount of sugar which has been formed will give it a sweetness like a sweet-potato. Strip the rind off, and boil it until soft, and it will make one of the nicest vegetables you ever ate. If you live in the country, where you are blessed with the luxury of an open wood-fire, try roasting some peeled half-ripened bananas in the ashes, as you do potatoes, and see how savory a morsel they make. It is one of the commonest sights along the Amazon to see groups of half-clad Indian men and women squatting around little camp fires roasting bananas, and having endless mirth trying to pick them out of the hot coals without burning their fingers. We are all used to fried bananas, but we are prone to forget that for this purpose they should not be fully ripe, as that makes them too soft and too sweet. Above all, a banana roasted or fried should be served hot, for as soon as it becomes cold it grows tough and unpalatable.

This fruit, which is the greatest of all tropical foods, comes to us chiefly from Panama and the West Indies in great ship loads, and in the banana market in New York the big green bunches—"heads" they call them in South America, just as we speak of heads of cabbage—containing from five to ten dozen each, can be bought for a dollar to two dollars and fifty cents, according to the variety. These are not so expensive, after all, and a big green bunch hung in a cool cellar will ripen gradually, so as furnish a fresh dozen of ripe ones each day until the whole bunch is gone. In this way you can enjoy your bananas just as they do in the land of palms, for even there they cut them while green, and allow them to ripen as we do in the north.—*Courtenay de Kalb in Harper's Young People.*

### Private Allen's Duel.

In connection with Senator-elect Irby's duel in his younger days, Congressman John M. Allen, of Mississippi, tells of an amusing affair of honor in which he acted as second.

There was bad feeling between two young lawyers in Mississippi, and it was decided that only blood could wipe out the enmity which existed. A challenge was sent and duly acknowledged. The hour was appointed and the two men met in a secluded spot. One of them was a great sufferer from St. Vitus' dance, the other was cool and collected.

As they faced each other the afflicted man began to tremble from head to foot, while his pistol described an arc with varying up and down strokes. His opponent stood firm as a rock waiting for the signal to fire. Before it came, however, he laid his pistol on the ground, walked into the woods and cut a limb off a tree with a fork in the end of it. This he brought back and stuck in the ground in front of his antagonist. Then turning to the second he said: "I must request you to ask your principal to rest his pistol in that fork."

"What for?" asked his opponent's second.

"Well," replied other, "I have no objections in running the risk of one shot, but I certainly do decline having one bullet make a honeycomb of me. If that man was to shoot while his hand is shaking the way it is now, he would fill me full of holes at the first shot."

This was two much for the seconds, and by mutual agreement a truce was patched up, and no shots were exchanged.—*Washington Post.*

—Writing on helpfulness in life, Mrs. Livermore says: "To work and live only for one's self, will by no means promote happiness. On the contrary it is a source of intense misery. The secret of many a joyless life, which has gone out in bitterness, suicide, or insanity, may be found in the selfishness which dominated it from its beginning to its close. To live in love is to live in God. And to live in love is to live in everlasting youth."

Napoleon's Head.

Napoleon's head was of peculiar shape, but that did not protect him against headache. Sick headache is a common and very disagreeable affection which may be quickly removed, together with its cause, by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, the never-failing medicine for all kinds of headaches.