ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

F. JOHNSON, BOOKS, FANCY GOODS, PICTURE FRAMES, ANNAPOLIS

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 11. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1884. NO. 41.

Job Work!

The Monitor office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this Province and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all descriptions of fine work. We make a specialty of fine work—either plain or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

Orders for Posters, Letter, Circulars, Bill-heads, Circulars, Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention.

We endeavour by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Weekly Monitor

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.

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

A Proposal.

All those owning a horse should be thoroughly posted in the different diseases this noble animal is liable to be attacked with, and the different remedies for the same. A horse that is worth having at all is worth being taken care of. The better the care the better the horse. In order that all interested may become possessed of the above information, we will send to each and every present subscriber of the MONITOR who will pay up all arrearages and a year in advance a copy of DR. KENDALL'S TREATISE ON THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES, post free. Every NEW SUBSCRIBER who will send in a subscription for the ensuing year shall receive this book of 96 pages free.

1884.—H. N. Y.—1884.

"GRIP"

1878.—ELEVENTH YEAR.—1884.

"Grip,"—Canada's Representative Comic Journal Published by Canadians for Canadians, and devoted solely to the interests of the people, as distinguished from the interests of Political Parties—ought to be in

Every Canadian Home.

BACHELORS.—Would find their lonely lives brightened by a visit of the Jolly Little Joker once a week—Only $2.00 per annum.

LOVERS—Might find a perennial source of conversation in the Pages and Pictures of "Grip" after all other subjects had been talked to death.—Only $2.00 per annum.

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PARENTS—All over the Dominion testify that "Grip's" weekly visits to their homes are hailed with delight by their children, to whom its cartoons are a unique education. Just try a year's subscription, and prove this assertion. $2.00 per Annum in advance.

You Have often thought of taking 'Grip.'
Send in your name and $2.00 now.

"GRIPS" PLATFORM.
Humor without Vulgarity; Patriotism without Partizanship; Truth without temper.
1384.—ONE YEAR FOR ONLY $2.00.—1884.
Address,
S. J. MORSE, Manager, Toronto.

The Century
PROGRAMME FOR 1883-'84

The programme for the fourteenth year of this magazine, and the third under the new name, is if anything more interesting and popular than ever. With every season, THE CENTURY shows a doubled gain in circulation. The new volume begins with November, and when possible, subscriptions should begin with that issue. The following are some of the features of the coming year:

A NEW NOVEL BY GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole days," etc., entitled "Dr. Sevier," a story of New Orleans life, the time being the eve of the late Civil War.

"LIFE IN THE THIRTEEN COLONIES," by Edward Eggleston, separate illustrated papers on subjects connected with the early history of this country.

THREE STORIES BY HENRY JAMES, of varying lengths, to appear through the year.

THE NEW ASTRONOMY, untechnical articles, by Prof. S. P. Langley, describing the most interesting of recent discoveries in the sun and stars.

A NOVELETTE BY H. H. BOYESEN, author of "Gunnar," etc. A vivid and sparkling story.

THE NEW ERA IN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE, a series of papers describing of the best work of American architecture in Public Buildings, City and Country Houses, etc. To be profusely illustrated.

A NOVELETTE by Robert Grant, author of "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc., entitled "An Average Man,"—a story of New York.

THE BREAD-WINNER, one of the most remarkable novels of the day, to be completed in January.

CHRISTIANITY AND WEALTH, with other essays, by the author of "The Christian League of Connecticut," etc., on the application of Christian morals to the present phases of modern life.

COASTING ABOUT THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE, a series of entertaining articles, profusely illustrated.

Scenes from the Novelists, Hawthorne, Geo. Elliot, and Cable, with authentic drawings.

On the Track of Ulysses, the record of a yacht cruise in the Mediterranean, identifying the route of Ulysses on his return from the Trojan war.

"Garfield in England," extracts from his private journal kept during a trip to Europe in 1867.

"The Silverado Squatters," by Robert Louis Stevenson, author of "New Arabian Nights."

There will be papers on outdoor England by John Burroughs and others, a beautifully illustrated series on Dante, a number of papers by the eminent French novelist Alphonse Daudet, articles on art and archæology by Charles Dudley Warner and others, illustrated papers on sport and adventure, short stories by the leading writers, essays on timely subjects, etc., etc.

Subscription price, $4.00 a year; single numbers sold everywhere, at 35 cents each. All dealers receive subscriptions, or remittance may be made direct to the publishers by postal or express order, registered letter, bank check, or draft.

SPECIAL OFFERS.

To enable new subscribers to begin with the first volume under *The Century* name, we make the following special offers:

New subscribers beginning with November, 1883, may obtain the magazine for one year from date, and the twenty-four previous numbers, unbound, for $8.00. Regular price for the three years, $12.00.

Or, if preferred, a subscription and the twenty-four numbers bound in four elegant volumes will be furnished for $10. Regular price, $18.

THE CENTURY CO. New-York, N. Y.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL.
Bridgetown, N. S.
FIRST-CLASS Accommodation. Modern improvements and appliances. Every attention paid to the comfort of guests.
6m42] W. J. GLENCROSS. Prop.

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL-HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

MANHOOD
HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!
We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.
Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.
The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practise, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Address,
The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box, 450.

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Accident Association
OF
HARTFORD, CONN.
Provides Indemnity in event of Sickness, Accident, Total Disability and Death.
ALL COLLECTIONS MADE BY REGULAR ASSESSMENTS.
For Certificates or Agency apply to
EDWIN J. H. MORSE,
BERWICK, KINGS CO.
General agent for N. S. and P. E. I.

WISDOM & FISH,
Mill, Steamboat, and Railroad Supplies,
41 DOCK ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
Rubber and Leather Belting, Rubber and Linen Hose, Lace Leather and Cut Lacing, Cotton Waste and Steam Packing, Lubricating Oils, Mill Files, Emery Wheels, Emery Cloth, and Emery, Wrought Iron Pipe, Cast Iron Water Pipe, Steam, Gas, and Water Fittings, Steam Pumps, Steam Gauges, Injectors, Bolts, Nuts and Washers, Babbitt Metal and Antimony, Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Richle's Patent Saw Sharpener and Gummer, for Grinding Saws.
Estimates furnished; Lowest Quotations given on Special Supplies. [n8

Forest and Stream
—AND—
ROD AND GUN.
The American Sportsman's Journal
A twenty-four page weekly journal, devoted to the interests
Gentlemen Sportsmen and their Families.
TREATS OF
Natural History, Shooting, Yachting and Canoeing, Fishculture, the Kennel, Fishing, the Rifle.
and all the gentlemanly out-door sports. It is without a rival.
Price, $4.00 a Year.
TRY IT. A SPECIMEN COPY WILL BE SENT POST PAID FOR SIX CTS.
For sale by newsdealers everywhere.
Forest and Stream Publishing Company,
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Dr. O W. NORTON'S
BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER,
cures Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Piles, Catarrh, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Female Weakness and General Debility.
Norton's Magic Liniment,
for Rheumatism, and
Doctor Hoffman's Cough Syrup.
for coughs and consumption, are all sold at Dr. Dennison's Drug Store, Bridgetown. 1yr

Notice of Assignment.

EDWARD Y. MESSENGER, of Wilmot, in the County of Annapolis, has this day assigned to me all his personal property and effects, for the benefit of such creditors as may sign the deed of composition within one hundred and fifty days from the date thereof. Said deed has been duly fyled at the office of the Registrar of Deeds for Annapolis County, a duplicate thereof lies at my residence in Wilmot, where it is open to inspection and signature of any person interested therein.

All parties failing to execute the same within the time named, will not be entitled to any benefit thereunder.

J. D. CROCKER,
Assignee.
Dated Wilmot, October 18, '83. 293m

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

THOMAS L. KELLY, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, upholsterer, and dealer in Furniture, has by deed dated on the 13th day of November, A. D., 1883, assigned to me all his property, wheresoever situate, in trust for the benefit of his creditors, without preference. Said deed has been duly recorded and filed in the office of the registrar of deeds, in and for Annapolis County, and a duplicate thereof can be seen and executed by all creditors interested therein, at the office of Albert Morse, on Queens Street, in Bridgetown, aforesaid. Creditors failing to execute the same within three months from the date of said deed will not be entitled to any benefit thereunder. All persons indebted to the said Thomas L. Kelly, are requested to make immediate payment to me. Dated at Bridgetown, 20th November, 1883.

ALBERT MORSE.
6ins Assignee.

H. J. BANKS,
PRACTICAL TAILOR,
(Tupper's Hall),
Bridgetown.
THE subscriber takes pleasure in announcing to the public that he has opened a TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, in Bridgetown, where he is prepared to execute all orders in first class style. A perfect fit guaranteed every time. Place of business over building known as Tupper's store.
H. J. BANKS.
Bridgetown, Oct. 16, '83. tf

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,
And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA
CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (*For Internal and External Use*). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 3 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.
MAKE HENS LAY

Blacksmith Stand!
The subscriber offers his shop and tools for sale, situated in
LAWRENCETOWN,
IS ONE OF THE BEST BUSINESS STANDS IN THE COUNTY.
For information, apply to,
E. L. HALL.
October 30, 29tf

Encyclopedia Britannica.
Subscriptions will be taken at this office. Payments are made very easy and extend over a period of five or six years, enabling a person of very moderate means to secure this invaluable work.

FARM FOR SALE!
THE subscriber being desirous of giving more attention to his GROCERY and PROVISION TRADE, has decided to sell his valuable FARM, situated in Beaconsfield, three and a-half miles from Bridgetown, and directly under the North Mountain.
The property comprises about 300 acres of splendid land, 25 or 30 under cultivation, and 200 abounding in valuable Hard and Soft Timber.
There is also between 200 and 300 healthy and bearing Fruit Trees, in Apple, Plum, Pear, &c.
A good House, Barn, and other Outbuildings, together with pure and never-failing water privileges are among the inducements.
For full particulars apply to the subscriber.
T. J. EAGLESON.
Bridgetown, Oct. 9, 1883. tf

New Store!
NEW GOODS!
The subscriber has opened a store on Water St., adjoining his dwelling, where he will keep on hand a large quantity of the Best Brands of
FLOUR, CORN MEAL, AND OATMEAL,
which will be sold at low prices for cash.
Also.—A well assorted stock of
GROCERIES,
in Sugar, Spices, Salt, Tobaccos, Brooms, Soaps, Raisins and Currants. Canned Goods, Biscuits, Syrups, &c., &c. A quantity of Cow Corn.
A REFRESHMENT TABLE, where lunches can be had at all hours will be found on the premises.
P. NICHOLSON.
Bridgetown, June 19th, 1883.

Take Notice!
THE
Averill Paint
is still in the market. The sales have more than doubled this season. And all are satisfied.
All we ask is a trial, as it will speak for itself when applied.
S. N. JACKSON,
General Agent for Nova Scotia.
LOCAL AGENTS:
A. W. CORBITT & SON, Annapolis;
IRVINE & TROOP, Granville Ferry;
R. H. BATH, Bridgetown;
N. F. Marshall, Middleton;
W. H. JACKSON, Kingston;
T. H. MILLER, Bear River.

TESTIMONIAL.
I have used the Averill Paint, and carefully examined it on buildings. Have no hesitation in recommending it to the public—it is as cheap as lead—not a particle of waste—and gives a beautiful body and gloss which cannot fail to make it durable.
JOHN Z. BENT, Bridgetown.

NOTHING
Can be lost by sending for free specimens of the Great Farm and Garden Journal of America.
THE RURAL NEW-YORKER.
It costs more to publish than any other of its class. It presents over 500 original engravings annually of cattle, grain, fruits, etc., etc. It has over 600 contributors—among them the best writers in the world. It owns Experiment Grounds of 82 acres worked in the interests of its subscribers.
A NEW ERA
in the agriculture and horticulture of America.
A $4.00 Weekly for $2.00 a Year.
It is original throughout. It is pure in tone and admits no ambiguous advertisements. It is a farm, garden, religious, news, home, and literary paper all in one.
THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is for the North, South, East, and West. It has become the leading rural paper by real worth, perseverance, and enterprise—by its devotion to the true interests of all who till the land whether for pleasure or profit. It is printed upon fine tinted paper. 16 pages weekly, each page 11½x16½ inches. It combines the best features of the daily and weekly press with all that can instruct, elevate, and interest the rural home.
Its Free Seed Distributions,
have introduced or disseminated many of the most valuable seeds and plants now known. Among them may be mentioned the Beauty of Hebron, White Elephant, and Blush Potatoes, the Cuthbert Raspberry, Clawson, Fulton-Clawson, Surprise, Black-bearded Centennial wheats, and a hundred others.
The new varieties of seeds offered in the Rural's Free Seed distribution are alone worth more at retail prices than the yearly price of the Journal. Specimen copies will furnish all details with original engravings.
WHY NOT send for free specimens and then judge for yourself?
34 PARK ROW, N. Y.

Dr. C. P. French's
IMPROVED
Electro Magnetic
APPLIANCES.
A POSITIVE CURE
—FOR—
ANY DISEASE
Caused by
SLUGGISH CIRCULATION OR IMPURE BLOOD.
In wearing them you have a moderate, but continuous current of electricity passing through your system, which quickens the circulation, drives out all impurities, and builds up your general health.
THE WAIST BANDS
will cure the
WORST CASE
—OF—
LAME BACK OR KIDNEY TROUBLE.
We will refund the money in every case where they fail. The
LUNG PROTECTORS
cure any Lung or Bronchial Trouble.
THE LADIES' SUPPORTERS,
CURE FEMALE WEAKNESS AND KIDNEY TROUBLE. THE
INNERSOLES
prevent cold feet and cure rheumatism in the feet and limbs. Send stamp for circular and price list. Our circular contains names of prominent persons who have been benefited, and we have thousands of testimonials besides. Ask your druggists for them.
Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Address,
Kingston Station, Kings Co., N. S.
A. C. VANBUSKIRK,
General Agent for Nova Scotia.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling-out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.
For sale by all dealers.
BROWN'S
GRIST MILL,
LAWRENCETOWN,
IS not frozen up, but continues to give satisfaction to all who patronize it, and in addition to the supply of Flour, Corn &c., heretofore kept in stock, is daily expecting from Montreal a Carload of Grain, in which will be found by those who apply early a quantity of
SEED WHEAT,
BARLEY,
PEASE & OATS,
which will be sold for CASH only.
Will continue to fill all orders for MIXED FEED at short notice. Have purchased a SHINGLE MACHINE, and will be prepared to saw or furnish long or short tapered shingles. Are now negotiating for a
Rotary Saw and Stave Mill,
all to be in operation this spring.
TERMS AS USUAL.
John A. Brown & Co.
Lawrencetown, February, 20th, 1883

CHAPTER II.
"Naldon, Mass, Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache,"
Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.
No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.
"The first bottle
Nearly cured me."
The second made me as well and strong as when a child.
"And I have been so to this day."
My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious
"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint.
"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—
"Incurable!"
Seven bottles of your bitters cured him and I know of the
"Lives of eight persons"
In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters.
And many more are using them with great benefit.
"They almost
Do miracles?" —*Mrs. E. D. Mack.*

TEACHER WANTED.
FOR SCHOOL SECTION
No. 42, BENTVILLE.
A male teacher for winter term.
RALPH BENT,
Bentville, Oct. 29, '83. Sect. to Trustees.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 29 King St., West Toronto, W. W. Butcher, Manager, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.

Poetry.

The Turn of the Year.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

The days are brief, and dark, and cold;
The barren fields are brown and sere;
The world is chill, the world is old,
And speeds the flying year.

The birds and flowers are gone away,
Or sleep in mother Earth's warm breast.
But I amid the storms must stay,
And toil and never rest!

Hush, heart unquiet and dismayed!
Soon shall the sun in strength return:
Why dost thou mourn, of life afraid?
Soon the black year will turn.

The darkest day precludes the light,
However man its depths bewails;
After the longest, longest night
The morning never fails.

What if thy year be near it's end;
If failing heart and flesh be faint;
What if thy lovers, kin, and friend,
Be deaf to thy complaint:

Even as turns the faithful year
In the slow days of storm and gloom,
And Spring begins her journey here
To tempt the earth to bloom.

So shall thy Sun unveil his face
And all these mists in radiance burn,
Wait but this hour; take heart of grace;
Thy year begins to turn!

A Kiss and a Smile.

Send the children to bed with a kiss and a smile—
Sweet childhood will tarry at best for a while;
And soon they will pass from the portals of home,
The wilderness ways of their life work to roam.

Yes, tuck them in bed, with a gentle
'Good Night!'
The mantle of shadows is veiling the light,
And may be—God knows—on this sweet little face
May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.

Yes, say it—"God bless my dear children, I pray!"
It may be the last you will say it for aye!
The night may be long ere you see them again,
And motherless children may call you in vain.

Drop sweet benedictions on each little head,
And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed;
A guard of bright angels around them invite;
Their spirits may slip from their moorings to-night.

Select Literature.

Mr. Hall's Mistake.

Miss Carson came to Chicago before the great fire, or, as she always expressed it the 'great conflagration.' She kept boarders, and the struggle she made to at least come out even at the end of the month gave her face a pinched and worried expression which her blandest smile could not obliterate.

Her boarders were five in number, and were all gentlemen.

Mr. Hall, an old bachelor of 50, had boarded with Miss Carson for six years, though he threatened to leave on an average of once a week.

Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Brane and Mr. Stowe were salesmen in a large dry goods house. They occasionally presented their landlady with gloves, handkerchiefs, and the latest thing in neckwear, in return for which kindness she darned their stockings and replaced missing buttons.

Last, though by no means least, for he was six feet tall, there was Mr. Fay, a young lawyer, who had taken a room immediately under the mansard roof and who spent most of his evening reading ponderous volumes that his landlady declared made her head ache even to look at.

At first Miss Carson was inclined to weave romances about Mr. Fay—he was so handsome, so quiet and reserved. Was he something in disguise or was he suffering from an unrequited love? However, as months passed on and nothing startling was heard concerning him, she ceased to think much about him, excepting as a rather unsocial young man totally wrapped up in his studies.

Miss Carson made it a point always to show a ready sympathy in whatever interested her boarders.

If Mr. Stowe told her the White Stockings had beaten the Bostons, or some other thrilling item of news connected with the national idiocy, she would exclaim 'I am surprised!' or, 'What a pity!' with an interest that was only equalled by her ignorance of the great American game.

But it was a severe trial to the good orthodox lady when Mr. Hall, who was an admirer of Ingersoll, would say:

'I tell you, Miss Carson, it is only a question of time when church-going will be regarded as a mere susperstition. People will laugh about it as they do now about witchcraft.'

Miss Carson could not argue. But She would merely throw him a sickly smile and adroitly change the subject, wishing with a gentle sigh that, Mr. Hall would marry a woman who would change his wicked views.

One cold winter evening the landlady did not appear, as was her usual custom, behind the coffee urn at the dinner table.

'Old girl sick?' asked Mr. Crane of the company in general.

'No,' replied Mr. Stowe; 'she's gone to the Twenty-second street station to meet her niece, a little girl who is coming to live with her.'

'If she's going to take a child to raise, that settles it with me,' growled Mr. Hall in a deep bass voice; 'I shall leave at the end of the month. What is that in front of you, Stowe? A meat pie, of course! Meat pie is an invention of boarding-house keepers to use up scraps. Miss Carson says she never gives us hash, but she either puts it between crusts and calls it meat pie, or else adds onions and calls it and Irish stew.'

'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' observed Mr. Wilkins.

'To-morrow will be Sunday,' continued Mr. Hall, 'and that means codfish balls for breakfast. Will somebody tell me the connection between codfish balls and Sunday morning, that they should appear regularly on that particular day? Is there any creed that insists on codfish balls for Sunday breakfast?'

As no one volunteered to answer this question, Mr. Hall finished his dinner with the remark that he hoped soon to take his meals where he would be served as a gentleman ought to be, and not fed like a tramp.

Miss Carson's boarders were rather surprised to find her niece a full grown young lady instead of the little girl they expected to see. It would be no difficulty to describe Flo Sheldon. She was not a beauty; her nose was a trifle 'tip-tilted' and her mouth a little too large, though her teeth were white and even. But her eyes were the glory of her face. They were large, dark and bright; they were shaded by long, curling lashes, and were such alluring, provoking, bewitching eyes!

'I have always mentioned Flo as my 'niece,' said Miss Carson at the breakfast table. I can scarcely realize that this tall young lady is the little girl in short dresses I parted from five years ago. Ah, well! I have changed a great deal in that time myself.'

'Not at all,' said Mr. Hall with a sudden and most unaccountable fit of politeness. 'I assure you you look as young and as—or—er—rosy as you did six years ago. Time has not put silver threads among the gold, or—or—or—trifled with your appearance in any way.'

This was true. Miss Carson's hair was drab and her complexion matched it. Time could make no startling changes in either.

A gradual but very perceptible change came over the house after Flo's arrival. She was a very industrious girl, and knew how to employ her time. The curtains were looped less primly, the parlors had a more comfortable, homelike appearance, while delicate puddings, flaky pies and delicious coffee showed her acquaintance with the culinary art.

'You are certainly the personification of youth, health and happiness combined, Miss Flo,' said Mr. Fay, as he found her late one afternoon singing gaily as she was spreading the cloth for dinner. 'It does one good to look at you.'

'Thank you; pray continue to look at me, then, by all means. As to the first observation you made, I can say that I deserve it. I am young, I am certainly healthy, and I am very happy, for to-night I am going to the opera. When you learn that I am fond of music, and that I never saw a real opera in my life, you will not be surprised to hear that I can scarcely keep from dancing with glee as well as singing.'

'Your parents do not approve of that kind of amusement, I suppose!'

'Oh, that was not the trouble. We live in the country, and my father could not afford to take six daughters to a city merely for a pleasure trip. You've no idea how glad I was to get my aunt's invitation to come to Chicago, and how much I enjoy myself when I go down town. It's stale to city people, I suppose, but I like to watch the crowds, to study the different faces and to watch the various expressions. 'Why, even the noses are a study,' she continued, laughing, 'Did you ever look about you in a street car and notice the variety of noses? The insignificant little nose, and as Dickens says, the 'composite or mixed nose.' But you must not stay here, or I shall not get my work done in time to dress for the opera.'

She appeared at the dinner-table in her best dress, a black silk, with knots of scarlet ribbon at her throat and waist. Her black hair was wound in heavy braids about her head in a most becoming style and a rich color dyed her cheeks. Never had she looked so pretty, and Arthur Fay realized for the first time that he would like to woo and win his landlady's niece. But thoughts of love and marriage were not for him, and he must put them aside. As soon as dinner was over Mr. Fay went out for a moody stroll and a smoke. When he returned Flo was playing an accompaniment while Mr. Stowe sang. The latter was, doubtless, to be her escort to the opera. Probably this was the cause of her excessive happiness this afternoon. Mr. Fay resolved to seek his room and forget his unpleasant thoughts in hard study. Mr. Hall stood at the foot of the stairs with an opera glass under his arm, trying to draw over his fat hands a pair of pale lavender kid gloves.

'What an unsufferable puppy Stowe is,' said Mr. Hall in a confidential growl. 'He knows Miss Flo is going to the opera with me, but he keeps her playing in order to show off that wretched voice of his. Why, he howled for a mortal hour last night, and kept her pounding away for him all the time. Confound these gloves! Why don't they make 'em to fit the human hand and not in the shape of a bird's claw? Here comes Miss Carson; perhaps she can button them for me.'

That lady smiled obligingly, and made several ineffectual efforts to make the glove meet across about two inches of Mr. Hall's swollen palm.

'I am very much afraid the gloves are too small,' observed Mr. Fay coolly.

'They're not,' snapped Mr. Hall; 'are they, Miss Carson?'

'Oh, dear, no, not at all,' said Miss Carson faintly, as she tried to make the obstinate button meet the still more obstinate button hole.

'Well, then, the hand is too large for the glove; something is evidently the matter,' said Mr. Wilkins, who appeared just then on the scene.

'Why how strange I never thought of it!' exclaimed the landlady, drawing a bunch of keys from her pocket, to which was attached a small button hook.

'Trust a woman for helping a fellow out,' said Mr. Hall.

Miss Carson smiled and redoubled her efforts.

'Ah! I have sighed for rest?' sang Mr. Stowe from the parlor, when suddenly Mr. Hall gave vent to a prolonged 'O—o—oh!' which sounded like a false note in the song.

'You have dragged my whole palm through that button hole, I think. Here let me try it.'

He gave the glove a vigorous wrench, and split it across the back. He said nothing, however, probably thinking he could not do the subject justice; but, making a little ball of the gloves, he opened the front door and threw them with unnecessary force into the street, after which he went to his room for a fresh pair.

'Old Hall is crazy about that girl,' observed Mr. Stowe to Mr. Fay that evening 'I don't blame him, either. She looked stunning to-night. I shouldn't mind taking her myself.'

'But possibly Miss Sheldon might object to being taken by you,' said Mr. Fay coldly, as he left the room.

It was true that Mr. Hall was in love. Almost the first glance of Flo's eyes had captivated him. Usually quite careless in his dress, he now became very particular. He threw away the soft felt hat which he had hitherto worn for comfort, and bought a low crown felt with a stiff brim turned up with satin. As sack coats were worn short, he ordered the shortest that could be made. He wore light blue and crimson ties, and the latest style of collars and cuffs.

He could not see why Flo Sheldon would refuse him. He had $20,000 well invested and a handsome house on Prairie avenue. He was neither young nor good looking, but surely Flo was too sensible a girl to care about the mere personal appearance of a man of property, and better still a man of intellect. He was so sanguine that he even hinted to his tenant that he might want the house on Prairie avenue himself by the first of May.

'Auntie,' said Flo, the day after the opera, 'that Mr. Hall is desperately in love.'

'In love!' exclaimed Miss Carson, making a great blot on her account book.

'Yes, and with you,' continued the niece.

'With me?' murmured Miss Carson, blushing.

'Anybody would know it,' said Flo. 'Doesn't he make every excuse to be where we are? Didn't he go to church twice with us last Sunday—the first sermon he had heard in years? He took me to the opera just to please you. To court the whole family is an old trick of lovers. I am the only member of your family that he knows, and he wants to get me on his side. It is evident that Mr. Hall has become convinced of the fact he can't live without you. Accept him, auntie. He would be the prince of uncles.'

The more Miss Carson thought over Flo's words the more firmly convinced she became that the girl was right, so true is it that the wish is father to the thought.

Mr. Hall became jealous of Mr. Stowe, of Mr. Wilkins, of Mr. Crane, and madly jealous of Mr. Fay. That the latter was the handsomest man in the house he could not deny, and Mr. Hall hated him bitterly.

Finally matters came to a climax. Mr. Hall peeped into the parlor one evening when he knew Flo and Fay to be there alone. He heard the word 'Darling'—he saw Mr. Fay kiss her hand.

It was enough. He went to Miss Carson with the whole story. It was improper. It was shocking. Who knew anything about Fay? Why knew that he had not a wife already?

Miss Carson agreed with Mr. Hall as a matter of course. She was severe with her niece for the first time. 'What do you know about Arthur Fay?' asked the girl.

'Well, nothing definite, but Mr. Hall does not like him, and—'

'Flo's eyes flashed. Mr. Hall's meddling was uncalled for, she said, and when his advice was needed she would let him know.

After this she snubbed her elderly adorer unmercifully. If he ventured to remark she answered so curtly that his breath was almost taken away.

Mr. Hall became wretched. He resolved to lay the whole case before Miss Carson. With her aid he might yet win the wayward girl, who, perhaps, after all was only flirting with Fay. He found his landlady seated at the dining room window, pensively darning a stocking.

'Miss Carson,' he said, drawing a chair to her side, 'I want to speak to you about something that has lain on my heart for the last four months.'

Miss Carson's hand trembled so much that she could hardly hold her darning needle.

'You are a shrewd woman,' he resumed. 'You cannot be blind to the object of my attentions to your niece.'

She tried to speak, but the words died in her throat. She made an effort to thread her needle. Anxious to engage her whole attention, Mr. Hall took her hand and uttered a sharp exclamation as the needle pierced his thumb.

'Flo suspected this,' whispered Miss Carson.

'Ha! she did? What did she say?'

'Oh, she liked you very much then, but lately—'

'Oh, I know I have been a fool, but with your consent I shall be the happiest man in Chicago.'

'And I am the happiest woman,' she murmured. 'Oh, Mr. Hall, or Jacob, I suppose I ought to call you now, I shall do all in my power to be a good wife.'

In her agitation she covered her face with the stockings she had been darning and wept. There was an awful silence. Mr. Hall's tongue was paralyzed. Was this an awful dream? Or was he going mad?

'You must excuse me,' said Miss Carson, wiping her eyes. 'But the news of Flo's engagement and everything connected with it rather upset me to begin with, and this coming too, was too much.'

'Flo's engagement!' said Mr. Hall in a voice so hollow that it startled him.

'Yes, they have been engaged ever since that night you saw them in the parlor, but Flo would not tell me because she says I was unjust to Mr. Fay. There has been quite a change in Mr. Fay's affairs. He was quite poor and was obliged to send a part of what money he made to support his widowed mother. The same day that he proposed to Flo he had received a letter stating that a fortune had been left him by an uncle in Philadelphia.'

Mr. Hall waited to hear no more. He seized his hat and rushed from the house. His tenant was waiting at the office to see him. 'You intimated that you wanted the house, Mr. Hall, but I called for a definite answer before—'

'I don't want the house, I am going to leave Chicago. I'll make out a lease for five years if you like. Call this afternoon.'

Left alone he buried his face in his hands and reflected deeply. Whether he wished it or not he was engaged to Miss Carson. He tried to remember just what he had said, but could not recall his words. Possibly in his confusion he had proposed. Well, she was a good woman, and might make a better wife than her niece. He remembered how kindly she had nursed him through the rheumatism two year ago. Yes, it was all for the best. He went to one of the large stores on State street and bought a handsome piece of velvet for a dress. 'She shall have a pair of diamonds to wear with it,' he said with a chuckle. His tenant called in the afternoon. Mr. Hall told him that he had again changed his mind. The tenant left deeply disgusted.

'Elizabeth, I really mean what I said this morning,' he said as he laid his presents in her lap.

'Do you suppose that I doubted it, Jacob?'

'No, no; of course not. Here comes Flo. Give a kiss to your uncle that is to be, and forgive me for meddling with your affairs. You see I was so devoted to your aunt that I—'

'I understand,' replied Flo with a roguish smile.

"Say Yes, Grandpop."

AN AGED COUPLE THAT 'MADE IT ALL UP' IN COURT.

Thomas M. C. Giveney was before Judge Allison, in the Desertion Court, for leaving and neglecting his wife. He was so old that he had been married thirty years, and had a pretty little grandchild. His wife was gray-haired wrinkled. She said the cause of all the trouble was drink. He thought it was 'too much tongue.' The pair argued in a good-natured way for a quarter of an hour, and then admitted that perhaps it was a 'little of both drink and tongue.'

'Look here,' said the Judge, 'you two people ought not to be living apart after so many years of life together.'

'Indeed, sir, we 'oughtn't,' replied the woman with tears.

'We wouldn't, I suppose,' said the aging husband, 'only—well—we are both to blame.'

'Now, you will go home together again, won't you?' asked the Judge.

The old man hesitated.

'Say 'yes' grandpop—why don't you say 'yes?' cried a childish voice in the crowd of auditors. In a moment the owner of the voice had wriggled through the throng and was clinging to grandpop's legs.

'Yes sir, we'll go home together,' grandpop said. He gathered up the child in his arms and kissed it. 'My granddaughter, sir,' he remarked to the court. 'She lives with my wife and me. She'd be kind o' lonely at Christmas without grandpop, wouldn't you, dearie?'

'Yes, Grandpop.'

As grandpop and grandma, with the child between them turned to go, the the court began:

'After Christmas you must—'

'After Christmas we will begin a brand new year,' said grandpop.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Novel Swindle.

The police of Manchester have unearthed a novel swindling scheme. One Geo. T. Kemp advertised in the newspapers to the effect that persons were wanted in every town to make aprons and pinafores at their own homes of a certain material. Three month's constant work was advertised, together with 8 pence for each apron, which could be finished in less than an hour. The bait was eagerly ca