Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 19. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1891. NO. 23.

BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

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

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 ly

Professional Cards.

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

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 ly

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

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

FREDERICK PRIMROSE, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Dentistry a Specialty.

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

G. E. BARNABY, M.D.
(GRADUATE OF HARVARD, 1872.)
Physician and Surgeon.

Office and residence in the house formerly owned and occupied by Dr. L. G. deBlois.

Special attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.
Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 3m

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROCKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,

having fitted up rooms in his new residence at MIDDLETON, may be found there from the 1st till the 9th of each month. Those requiring the services of an expert Dental Surgeon can rely on thorough work and satisfaction in each and every instance. ALL THE LATEST DENTAL APPLIANCES.
Middleton, June 25th, 1890. 12 ly

THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL

(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.,

STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable.
Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge.

G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29

$1,000.00 GIVEN AWAY

:BY:
THE WILMOT CORSET CO.,
South Farmington, N. S.

For particulars apply to:
Mrs. H. D. Woodbury, Mrs. L. C. Wheelock,
C. H. Schaffner, R. D. Beals,
S. Harris & Son, Mrs. Ansley,
G. I. Letteney & Bro.

Feb. 11th, 1891. 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.

FOR SALE!

THE property now owned and occupied by the subscriber, at Granville Ferry, consisting of a House of ten rooms, a Grocery-store and Barn, a good Garden set with Fruit Trees, and two never-failing wells of water.
For terms apply to
ROBT. W. INGLIS,
On the Premises.
Granville Ferry, August 3rd, 1891. 18 tf

Halifax Commercial College Opens September First,

in the commodious rooms over Le Bon Marche, 95 BARRINGTON STREET.
A Live School for the Training of Live Business Men.

Thorough instruction in Book-keeping, Banking, Commercial Law, Business Penmanship and Correspondence, Business Arithmetic, Stenography, Type Writing, etc.
Persons of both sexes taught to earn a living, and carefully prepared for good positions.
Business men supplied with competent assistants—GRADUATES OF THIS COLLEGE.
Terms reasonable. For information address
S. E. WHISTON, Principal,
16 3m 7 Brunswick St., Halifax, N. S.

A. W. MOORE,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Painter, Grainer and Decorator.
Fresco Painting in all Branches.
Paper Hanging, Kalsomine, Marbleine, Whitewashing, Coloring, Etc., specialties.
Ceilings thoroughly whitened and cleaned without injury to Furniture or Carpets.
Estimates given. All jobbing punctually attended to.

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 ly

BURDOCK

Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

BLOOD

CURES
DYSPEPSIA. BILIOUSNESS.
CONSTIPATION. HEADACHE
SALT RHEUM. SCROFULA.
HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH
DIZZINESS. DROPSY.
RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES

BITTERS

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once. E. C. ALLEN. Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

MUNN & CO
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for
PATENTS
A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York.
Feb. 11th. 1y

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 Biliousness, 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.

Executors' Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of JAMES G. CHARLTON, late of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly atttested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to
JOHN H. CHARLTON, HENRY S. CHARLTON, } *Executors.*
Lawrencetown, March 31st, 1891. tf

UNDERTAKING.

Messrs. ROOP & SHAW
MIDDLETON, N. S.
Beg to announce to the public that they intend carrying on the Undertaking Business at Middleton, and have now in stock a varied and comprehensive line of
Caskets, Coffins, Trimmings,
AND ALL OTHER FURNISHINGS.
Parties requiring their services can rest assured of prompt and satisfactory attention, at most reasonable charges.
ROOP & SHAW.
Middleton, June 16th, 1891. 11 tf

TIRED——

How often we hear people say, "I'm tired," and when they have really not done any thing to make them feel so. It is not that they have been working hard, but that

TIRED

feeling that they experience is caused by the system being run down, and they require a good bracing medicine to build them up—to bring about the desired result they should take Estey's Iron Tonic—then that

——TIRED

feeling will soon pass away. It builds up the system; strengthens the muscles; tones the appetite, and makes you feel like a new person. Sold by all dealers.

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. 291y

NOTICE.

The packet schooner TEMPLE BAR will ply as usual between this port and St. John, N. B.
LIME and SALT
constantly kept for sale.
J. H. LONGMIRE, Master.
ALSO—Schooner NANCY ANNA, W. R. LONGMIRE, Master, will run on same route
When schooners are not in port, apply to
Capt. P. NICHOLSON,
50 tf Bridgetown, N. S.

Property For Sale!

The subscriber offers for sale
All His Property,
FRONTING ON VICTORIA STREET,
CONSISTING OF
ONE HOUSE, new, convenient for two tenants, NEW BARN and OUTBUILDINGS and LAND enough for
Three Large Building Lots.
Any one wishing for a bargain would do well to communicate with
CHARLES LEWIS,
Bridgetown,
19 tf Or to the Editor of this paper.

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO
JOB WORK
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
We have increased facilities for turning out
FINE WORK
—such as—
NOTE HEADS,
LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
MEMO. HEADS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
VISITING CARDS.
POSTERS,
DODGERS,
PROGRAMMES,
CIRCULARS,
PAMPHLETS,
TICKETS,
ENVELOPES,
ETC., ETC.

Choice Lines of
WEDDING STATIONERY
always on hand.

Estimates Furnished, Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Orders from any part of the Country will receive prompt attention.

Address,
"MONITOR" OFFICE,
Bridgetown, N. S.

PIANO & ORGAN TUNING.

I am devoting my time to tuning and repairing Pianos and Organs, and any orders sent to me at Truro will receive my attention in my annual turn through the province. Intending purchasers will do well to communicate with me before purchasing elsewhere, as I am willing to order for small commission.
4 tf G. O. GATES, Truro, N. S.

A Large Stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
MEN'S HAND-MADE LONG BOOTS.
CLOTHING IN GREAT VARIETY
TWEEDS AND FLANNELS.
—A Fine Line of—
HORSE BLANKETS, SURCINGLES, HALTERS, ROBES, &C.
All of which will be sold way down Low.
B. STARRATT.
Paradise, Oct. 29th, 1890. 30 tf

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.

Established 1873.

THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

ISSUED ON WEDNESDAY,
At Bridgetown, Annapolis Co., N. S.

M. K. PIPER, Proprietor and Publisher.

TERMS $1.50 per annum, if paid within three months; if not, $2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES.
One square, (1½ inches), one insertion.....$1.00
Twenty-five cents each continuation.
One square, one year,..................$10.00
Two squares, one year,.................. 15.00
A liberal discount to regular advertisers, and full information given on application.
Advertisers are respectfully requested to hand in their matter as early in the week as possible.
Copy for changes, to secure insertion, must be in our hands not later than TUESDAY NOON.

JOB PRINTING
of all kinds, plain and fancy, executed at short notice. Neat work, good paper, and reasonable prices. Pamphlets for lodges, societies, and catalogues, put up in any style required.

News items from all parts of the County respectfully solicited.
Births, deaths and marriages inserted free of charge.
Address all business letters or correspondence to "MONITOR" Office, or
R. S. McCORMICK, Manager.

Poetry.

On the Death of Hester Savary.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall call it—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was trained in nature's school;
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning.

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?

Listen.

Whoever you are as you read this,
Whatever your trouble or grief,
I want you to know and to heed this:
The day draweth near with relief.

No sorrow, no woe is unending,
Though heaven seems voiceless and dumb,
So sure as your cry is ascending,
So surely an answer will come.

Whatever temptation is near you
Whose eyes on this simple verse fall;
Remember good angels will hear you
And help you to stand if you call.

Though stunned with despair I beseech you,
Whatever your losses, your need,
Believe when these printed words reach you,
Believe you were born to succeed.

You are stronger, I tell you this minute,
Than any unfortunate fate!
And the coveted prize—you can win it;
While life lasts 'tis never too late!
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

An Episode at Dry-Up.

When the stage coach from Stockton, bound for Mokulomne Hill, turned off at the small mining camp at Dry-Up, Arkansas Hank, the driver, sang out in a lusty tone:

"Now, where's that young un for Finnigan's? Look alive, and out with you, my lad, for I'm going to go down this grade a callyhootin!"

The youth whose hasty descent from the stage top he had assisted rather unceremoniously in his hurry to be off down the hill, and out of the camp on to the main road to Mukulomne again, was a lad of 16, or thereabouts, though remarkably well grown and developed for his age.

He was too dusty to be judged by his appearance at first sight; his clothes were plain working ones, and his manner was as confused and wandering as if he had dropped from the clouds.

The building before which he had alighted was the most pretentious in the town. It had a porch over the door-way, and within was a large, cotton-lined room that served inhabitants of Dry-Up as a liquor-saloon, grocery, post-office, coach and express station, and an assembly hall, in which was transacted all public business of whatsoever nature.

Before the door stood its owner, Tip Finnigan, a small red-faced man with a cunning eye and a consequential smile, and behind him was his wife, drawn from the kitchen by the clatter of the coach, and evidently disappointed at its spare deposit.

"Tip, dear," she said, as she dried her arms on her apron, "why but ye ax yon lad who he's after wanting? He looks as if he was dead bate wid the jolting he's had, and sorra a wonder. Arkansas Hank never misses a stone in the road. Sure, I thought I'd be churned to death the day he druv me up here."

She had approached the door as she spoke, and her kind, motherly voice was meant to reach the stranger's ear. It went further, it touched his young heart, and he drew near; and his air, though full of timidity, had nothing of cowardice as he said:

"I came all the way from New York. I stopped here hoping to find work. Do you think there is anything I can get to do?"

He turned to Tip, and the tone of the inquiry was so very earnest as to be almost tremulous.

Mr. Finnigan made a somewhat lofty and comprehensive gesture toward the yellow river and its broken and serrated banks.

"There it is, before ye," said he; "up wid yer pick and down wid yer long Tom. Thim that digs gold wins it in Californy, and there's plenty to work for, but not the size ov a midge to be had for axing."

"Sure the young man was only axing the way he must begin, Tip, dear," urged Mrs. Finnigan. "If he could just wash the dust out ov his eyes a bit and sate himself till he finds aise after the joltin' he wint through in Hank's stage, it would be a blessin', so it would."

"Then show him the well, and lend him the jack towel," observed her husband, with dignity.

Kindly Mrs. Finnigan, who owed a good deal of her influence over her husband the show she made of deferring to him, hastened to obey his command, and, as she generally did, to improve on it. When the new comer appeared again in his presence, so great was the improvement wrought by washing, brushing and hair trimming, that, impassive as he tried to be, Mr. Finnigan was moved to compliment the change.

"Now, ye look like a Christian, young man," said he smilingly, "and a purty nate one, too, if good looks was any count out here, which they're not. Sure Hank's the boy to raise the dust; his passengers might be all nagurs when they reach Dry-Up; if a miner expicts a friend in the coach he takes a brush wid him so as to swape the dust off before he recognizes him."

Then, pausing suddenly in his discourse, Mr. Finnigan ran a critical eye over the young figure before him.

"You're not used to the working clothes you wear, my young lad," said he. "What did you come out here for, and have ye any friends in this camp?"

The sharpness and severity with which he uttered these questions invested the grocer of Dry-Up with an air of authority which the stranger did not attempt to question. He glanced at his hands reproachfully, as if accusing their smoothness of betraying him, but said in a frank and manly way:

"I will tell you the truth, Mr. Finnigan." He had read the name on a strip over the door. The owner nodded encouragement and the boy continued.

"I live in New York—I mean I did live there before I went on the steamer *Northern Light*, four weeks ago to-day. Just three weeks before I started I found out what an expense I was to the family. My dear, good mother is a widow; I am her only boy; but I have three older sisters, who were making all sorts of sacrafices, and working themselves ill to keep me at a high-priced academy, dressed and provided for as if I were a rich man's son. My father's cousin, Mr. Mark Franklyn, is a prosperous merchant, and he has charge of my mother's small funds. Lately he has treated me quite coldly, though his daughter, my cousin Nellie, is always kind and good to me. The Saturday—I mean the one before the day I sailed—I ventured to ask him what I had done to forfeit his good opinion. I shall never forget the shock and surprise of his answer. He just spoke right out and told me I had been living for three years on the daily sacrifice of my mother and sisters; that I was an exacting, selfish fellow, and—and." Here the narrator suddenly choked in a way that seemed so out of character with the Spartan courage he intended to display that his pride and sensitiveness had quite a conflict of it. Those two elements of his temperament fought it out in a series of strangled sobs and coughs, while their victim walked up and down the store, striving to gain the mastery over both. He soon succeeded, and, without entering again on the subject that overcame him, jumped at once to a practical point.

"As soon as I saw my duty I started in, Mr. Finnigan," said he, and although he addressed the grocer, he kept his fine, frank eyes on the grocer's wife, having discovered from a large cup of fresh milk she had given him that she was a valuable member of the firm; "but no fellow knows till he has tried it how hard it is for a boy like me to get employment. I was too big to begin any thing, they said, and I wasn't old enough to be trusted with anything that was begun. I was almost ready to give in, when I met a lad with the chills who had had a berth as cabin boy on the Ocean Queen, but was too sick to go. Didn't I jump into the place though? But there was Panama and the steamer on the Pacific side to manage, and I had to chance them. I was in luck. A San Francisco gentleman was sick. I waited on him, and he paid my way on the North Star. I had just money enough to bring me here on the stage, not a penny more, and so I had to get off."

Mr. Finnigan laid down the pipe he had been smoking, and going to the door, motioned his young companion to follow him.

Pointing up the low gulch that formed the main road or opening to the town he indicated with a stubby forefinger a short pole stuck in the earth on the river bank, on the top of which was an old tin pan.

"Dutch Jake and Squatty Boggs tuck their lave ov that claim yonder this very morning," said he. "They've gone prospectin', and any one who strikes his pick in can claim that diggin'. You've come a good stretch to find a job, and the sooner you begin the better. I'll lend ye the tools till ye can buy wans of yer own."

Thereupon the enterprising Mr. Finnigan, who had taken from Dutch Jake, an old cradle, spade and pick, because he could not get a three-dollar liquor bill owed by that foreign bankrupt, made mentally an excellent bargain for himself in transferring those articles to the boy miner.

"And now what's yer name, when we want to call ye to supper?" he asked after he had helped the youth to transfer the tools to the scene of operations, and given him a first lesson in digging and cradling.

The boy hesitated a moment, and a bright color rose on his smooth, young cheek.

"Och! don't bother your head on that score," cried the Irishman, observing his embarrassment. "Jack or Jill, it is all wan to uz up here."

"My name is Jack," said the boy eagerly; "but I thought—"

"That's plinty; Jack it is thin; and now good luck to ye, and remember that them that finds gold has to look hard for it. Ye'll know it when ye come on it, after the instructions I gev ye."

Mrs. Finnigan was waiting for her husband.

"O, Tip, dear," she said softly, "that boy hasn't broke his fast this day, and it seems hard like to drive him in at the work before he's fairly on his feet in the place."

"Tut!" retorted her husband coolly; it's a good chance to show what he's made of. Let him wrestle awhile with Jake's pick afore he comes to his tay, for I suppose nothin' will do ye but he must board wid us till he's able to set up a cabin for himself."

"Och, thin, but ye have the kind heart, Miles Finnigan," cried his wife in tones of fervent admiration at her husband's yielding generosity; "and sure ye'll niver lose a cint by it," she hastened to add, knowing well his fondness of gain. Our own little Murtagh, had he lived, would have been just the morrow of this lad, and troth I fale a mother's heart to him, so I do."

The latter part of her speech was low, the tears that sprang with it were hidden, and Tip—so called from his birthplace, Tipperary—resumed his pipe and received the conjugal praise with a discriminating nod.

It was early in November. There had been one very hard rain, but it had rather beaten down than loosened the soil of the abandoned claim, and in Jack's untutored grasp the pick swerved as it struck the clayey bed, without dislodging much soil during the first hour's hard labor.

Then the boy stopped to rest, for he could work no more; the perspiration streamed down his face, every nerve in his body thrilled from his unwonted exercise, and—though he tried to hold this last fact even from himself—from his lack of food. Away up the river as far as he could see miners were busy plying their picks or washing their dirt; some of them were standing up to their middle in the swift-running stream and roaring snatches of songs as they rocked their long-toms; while others on higher ground contended with the bed rock that sometimes flew off in splinters and threatened the lives of their comrades. But they didn't seem to mind danger. It made Jack's flesh creep to watch their reckless movements, to see them mount a high, unsteady water-flume in their immense mining-boots and run half way across the river on its top to empty their waste dirt in its bed. As he noted their exhaustless vigor he seemed to feel himself grow stronger again; he recalled Mr. Finnigan's words, and seizing the pick renewed the struggle. The soil must have grown softer; it sank on the side embankment at the third stroke, and down came a crashing, rattling torrent-like fall of earth, which gave him barely time to spring aside to save himself from being buried under it.

"Lookee here, young'un," bawled out his nearest neighbor from the other side of a broken and disguised flume that divided the "Dutchman's claim" from what was termed the "River Diggins," don't smash creation right a top of us all without singing out a word of warning. Don't go through it all at once, sonny."

Jack felt abashed at this unlooked-for achievement, and knew it could not have been his blows that did the work. A great body of mould had been ready to fall; his pick loosened a stone that held it back, and so down it came. According to instructions, he began at once to test the value of his dirt by cradling, but before he had poured one drop of the muddy river water into the machine a thrill of joy shot through his frame like an electric shock.

He had found gold!

Not in the tiny, dull dust that Tip's description led him to look for, but in bright, yellow flakes all through the gravelly soil, that shone and sparkled as clearly as he had ever seen the polished metal in a jeweler's window do.

A dozen foolish fancies rushed upon the boy in the exultation of the moment; he was tempted to cry out; to fling up his hat in the air with loud huzzas; to rush shouting to the Finnigans—but timely recollection of his mother came to his mind and sobered him.

Quietly as to outward appearance, though he trembled and shook with excitement all the while, he cradled and panned out the dirt he had shoveled down and, wrapping the result in a canvas bag he had found, covered over the rich soil with a loose sprinkling of common clay.

By this time it was growing dusk, and he had been four hours a miner!

Jack was only a lad, and when he entered Finnigan's store, where some of "the boys" were already gathered, the temptation to boast of his great luck was strong on him. It became stronger still when Tip said, rather sharply: "Well, my fine young gentleman, you've come back empty-handed, I suppose, and I've got another boarder like Dutch Jake——"

"No, indeed, Mr. Finnigan," he exclaimed, proudly; "I've got enough—"

He felt a touch on his arm and turned quickly. Mrs. Finnigan was there.

"Come in to supper," she said, kindly, "Tim will follow when he has sarved the boys wid their whiskey."

When they were alone in the kitchen she told him to sit down before a pile of slap-jacks and a bowl of coffee, and "get a start, for he must be nearly famished with hunger." Then she laid her motherly hand on his shoulder, saying: "You have met with luck; heaven bless you. I see it in your face. But keep it to yourself, dear; they're good boys thim"—nodding her head in the direction of the store; "and as for Tip, he's just a jewel. But keep your luck quiet like; it will be for yer good."

Her significant glance added force to her words. Jack felt that he could safely trust her, and seizing the opportunity before Tip came in, he told her what had happened in the Dutchman's deserted claim, and showed her the bright dust in his bag. Mrs. Finnigan was a pioneer—a "forty-niner," as they were called—and no one in the mines better understood placer or suface diggings than herself.

She laughed delightedly at the young stranger's rare good fortune, and told him he had struck a "pocket." Three other workers of the same claim had met the same good luck, and then each, after months of unrepaid labor, had abandoned it to give a new worker a chance to strike on a layer of gold again.

"But no one ever 'realized' as quick as you, Jack," cried Mrs. Finnigan, giving him his plain name with mining familiarity. "You're in big luck, my dear, but as I said, we'll keep it to ourselves. And here comes Tip."

Alone, Jack never could have preserved his secret, but Mrs. Finnigan was a powerfull ally; she kept her husband away from the claim when the young miner was cleaning up his tailings; she instructed him in the easiest modes of operating, initiated him in all the signs of rock and soil, and aided him in tracing the rich deposit till its last shining grain was separated from the earth. It was a wonderfully rich pocket. After paying for his tools, his month's board, and providing himself with mining boots and water proof clothing, Jack had nearly a thousand dollars worth of gold left!

Mrs. Finnigan was his banker, and has told Tip that the lad was making "paying wages."

The claim sustained its reputation. The pocket exhausted, Jack worked and toiled day after day without seeing a sparkle in the loads of soil he beat down into the river. The rains had begun in furious force, and carried away the flumes and stakes, torn down "the boys'" hydraulic works, and rendered placer digging next to impossible.

Squatty Boggs and a party of prospectors had discovered some wonderfully rich diggings higher up on the other bank of the river, and the fever for flitting had broken out among the citizens of Dry-Up.

Jack had been idle two days; that is, his hands were still, but his mind had never been busier.

"Mrs. Finnigan," he said to his friend and adviser; lumber costs about $20 a hundred feet, doesn't it?"

"And what would you do with it if it could be had for the axing, Jack?" she cried, astonished.

"I'd make a raft and start a ferry right here," exclaimed the lad, earnestly. "This is a narrow river with a swift current, and I could make a double cable ferry, worked with ropes and rings. It came into my mind yesterday, when I was near drowning in it."

"When ye risked your life to save them haythen Chinaman and their mule," interrupted Mrs. Finnigan. "Sure the breath was nearly frightened out of my body when I saw ye plunge in. But yer plan—go on wid it, Jack. It's illigant, and will just make yer fortin' if ye can carry it through."

Thus encouraged, Jack proceeded with his explanation. As he got on, his companion became more and more enthusiastic; its development would increase their store and tavern trade, and this insured Mr. Finnigan's co-operation, an important gain in his wife's eyes.

She was a keen sighted woman and a great aid to Jack in all his undertakings; she recognized the value of the new enterprise, and showed him how to make it practical at the least cost.

She bargained with a departing miner for the uprights of his cabin at a low rate, and of them Jack, with Tip's help, made and set the stakes for his cabin to be fastened on. The grocer forsaw a brisk business at the whiskey-keg when his house should become a ferry-house, so he urged forward the enterprise, and he did not spare his own labor in securing its completion. Jack was a natural mechanic, and his energy was crowned with triumphant success. His raft was a model of strength and lightness, and when Hank brought the ropes and rings from Stockton the whole affair was complete and ready for action just four days after the idea was broached by the energetic proprietor. Early on the morning of its completion Jack tested his ferry, and carried over just at sunrise a whole train of Chinamen and pack mules, two at a time, for the new gold diggings at Dutch City. The rains were so incessant that the river grew higher and higher, and soon the turn of the current at that particular bend of the Mokulmne was almost strong enough to swing the raft over; the only difficulty lay in the return, and though the loads were light, and the passengers helpful on the way back, the young ferryman's arms ached so from tugging at the cords that at night he could not sleep from their pain. That was to begin with. Time seasons everything, and usage made his muscles almost like iron, and the task grew easy.

"That boy is fairly coining gold," said Monte Mack to his pard, Double-Deck Dick; "let's lay for him."

One night Jack came in shivering from the river bank. He had been out all day, and despite oilskins and India rubber was drenched to the skin.

"Give him a hot toddy; here's the liquor," said Tip to his wife. "Make it sweet and strong, and he'll be all right in the morning."

Mrs. Finnigan nodded; but she gave him hot coffee, a foot bath and a dose of quinine instead.

"Niver a drop ov that sort shall cross yer lips if I can help it, Jack, my dear," said she, and next day she pointed to poor "Tanglefoot Ned" tumbling up the gulch to his cabin, with no more humanity in appearance than one of the beasts that perish.

"Once—and not so long ago, nayther—he was young and hopeful like you, Jack," she said; "look what liquor brings on a man, and fly from the sight of it."

"Let's have a little game right here, Tip," said Monte Mack, that evening; "you pour us out your best and plenty of it. If there's a white man in these mines, it's Tip Finnigan, and he knows how to sell fust-class liquor, too; that's what I allus say. Dick, you deal for a four handed game; Tip and the young 'un'll jine in, just for a spree. Won't ye, honey?"

"No; he won't thin," cried the watchful Mrs. Finnigan, bursting in upon them, and for once daring to assert herself in her husband's domain; "ye've been after this lad wid yer dirty cards ever since he come to Dry-Up; and if ye iver ax him to take a hand in them chating games yer up to agin, sure I'll teche yez both a new trick wid the ind over my broom, so I will—"

The gamblers shrank abashed before the woman's flashing eye; but Tip was much scandalized. He was a disciplinarian and believed in the inferiority of the weaker sex; he had always exacted from his wise and usually quiescent wife the strictest obedience, and her late assumption of wilfulness awoke his displeasure.

That night her eyes were very red when Jack came to sit a little while with her, as he always did before retiring to his bunk in the end of the store.

"You niver write letters nor resave any, as I see, Jack," she remarked abruptly.

The youth's eyes filled with sudden tears; he shook his head and bit his lip nervously, but did not reply.

His questioner was a persistent one. She kept her gaze steadily on him, and he could not affect unconsciousness, as he tried hard to do at first. It cost a great effort, but at last he gave in and broke down with something like a sob.

"Mrs. Finnigan, nobody knows where I am. I ran away."

He hung his head in shame at this confession, and his face blazed into a perfect scarlet when his friend, raising her hands in shocked surprise, repeated:

"Ran away! Lord pity your poor distracted mother, you wrong-headed boy!"

"They must all have complained and talked against me to—to Mr. Franklyn and to Nellie," he burst out in great heat and agitation. "He said so many dreadful things about my selfishly imposing on them—and—and—I just vowed I'd never write or go back till I could pay up all I owed them."

"Well, heaven be praised, ye can kape your word, and start home to-morrow. I have news for ye, Jack; ye can sell out yer right and title to the ferry for a small fortin', and you shall do it, and go home to see your mother, if my name is Betty Finnigan!"

Then in quieter but still more resolute terms Mrs. Finnigan explained to the lad that her guardianship over him must end, since it had already produced ill-feeling between herself and husband.

"And tho' next to my own boy that the blissid saints has in their holy kaping this day, I have a warm heart for you, Jack," she confessed; "my duty is to sarve Tip, and plase him in iverything, and I can't manage both you and him, I find. This is no place for a lad ov your breeding and belongings. I may kape ye out of the gambler's hands and away from the whiskey cup; but there's more and worse timptations that I can't racho. So you must jist lave them all behind ye."

She backed her argument with an offer from a tall Hoosier known as Lanky, who was ready to pay down in hard dust an hundred ounces ($1,600) for Jack's right and title to the "Ferry," and then added in a whisper that Jack could pay a first-class passage and carry $5,000 home with him. A few moments passed, during which the wavering emotions of the boy's mind were easily read by her keen eye on his transparent face. Suddenly over the changing lights and shades of doubt, ambition, pride and calculation, broke out a sweet, soft, beaming tenderness, and yielding to its influence Jack leaned his curly head upon her shoulder and murmured, "I'll go and see my mother!"

"And God's blessing go with you!" exclaimed Mrs. Finnigan, solemnly. "Her prayers have been about ye like a guardian angel this far, and may the same blessing go wid ye till your life's ind!"

"I'll write to you, Mrs. Finnigan, you dear, good friend," cried Jack, giving his landlord a secret and sincere embrace behind the kitchen door, as Hank pushed his modest trunk in which the precious dust was stored, into a safe place on top the Stockton coach.

"Not a word, dear," said the hostess of Dry-Up, controlling her emotion by a strong effort; "not a word, darling; for I could not read it if you did. I'll just trust ye to the saints, as I had to do with my own boy, and maybe we'll see aich other some day beyand this."

"Is that 'ere party a coming!" hallooed Hank from the coach box.

"Here he is!" shouted Tip; "and more fool he to lave a place that would be the making ov him. I'm starting a big bar, and I'd paid him a small fortin' to wait on it; but the chap's head's turned wid the price he got for his ferry." The porch was full of "boys" come to see the rare sight in those days—a departure. Jack waved his hat as he climbed up the stage, but pulled it over his eyes as he dropped into place beside Hank; he had caught a glimpse of his friend weeping at the kitchen pane.

Some time after the express held a package directed to Mrs. Finnigan, and great was that good woman's surprise when apprised of the fact.

On being opened it proved to be an exceedingly richly-mounted picture of a handsome young man whom no one recognized until its recipient cried out in rapture:

"Arrah, sure it's Jack! Jack in his own clothes, and jist as he looks among thim he was born wid. Sorra a beautifuller pictur nor this is in the whole new State of Californy, and I wouldn't take its weight in goold for it."

So saying she hung it beside an humbler one of her dead child, and there they remained together as long Tip's store stood near Jack's Ferry.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
Barrister and Solicitor.
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
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Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia
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Singular Case.

A YOUNG WOMAN CONFESSES TO A CRIME SHE DID NOT COMMIT.

Ida M. McBane, about 25 years of age, was arrested by Inspector Rowe of the Lynn police last week, charged with the larceny of $51 from George Young, who resides in the Mt. Hope House, Essex street, where the young woman was employed as a waitress. She confessed the theft, stating that she had sent $25 of the money to her parents in Nova Scotia. Later she recanted, and denied taking the money.

It was known that she had been previously convicted of larceny in Brockton and elsewhere, and little attention would have been paid to her denial, had not Young appeared and stated that he had found his property, which, it appears, he had dropped in a drug store.

When asked why she had at first confessed to a crime of which she was not guilty, the young woman stated that, her previous record being known, she thought by confession she would secure more lenient treatment.

The girl is nearly prostrated, and has been released from custody. City Marshall Wells believes that she has been the unfortunate victim of a peculiar combination of circumstances, and has implicit faith in her story.—*Boston Herald.*

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