Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 21. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1893. NO. 15.

Professional Cards.

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

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

N. H. PHINNEY,
DIRECTOR OF
—Oratorio and Choral Music.—
TEACHER OF
Singing, Voice Culture, and Thorough Bass.
Dealer in Pianos and Organs. Write for wholesale prices. 14 1y

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

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

J. B. KINNEY,
Architect and Civil Engineer.
Designs, Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for all classes of buildings.
Office at residence of Wm. E. Reed, Bridgetown, N. S. 1 1y

G. O. GATES,
PLEASANT STREET, TRURO, N. S.
PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Pianos & Organs.
Manufacturers' agent for Leading American and Canadian Instruments. Tuning and repairing a specialty. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

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

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROAKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
Will be at his office in Middleton, the last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

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

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

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

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

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

Executors' Notice.

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

ELIZA FRASER, *Executrix,*
ROBT. E. F. RANDOLPH *Executor.*
Bridgetown, N.S., Feb. 25th. 18. 49m

Nova Scotia Wins.

A Tiverton Miracle.

Twenty-five years of intense suffering which baffled the combined skill and treatment of six of the best doctors in this province completely cured by
DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER,
THE KING OF REMEDIES.
From Ross C. C. Handspiker, Esq., of Tiverton, N. S.:—
"I have been afflicted with fearful running sores on my legs for 25 years. Have employed at different times, six of the best doctors I could get. But all of their skill and treatment did me no good, and I was left sometimes unable to walk. Last year my legs became so bad after an attack of la grippe that I never expected to walk again. In this condition I concluded to try Dock Blood Purifier, and before the first bottle was half gone I felt a great change. I continued on to use the medicine, and applied to the sores Norton's Healing Balm. Before I had finished the third bottle my sores were all healed up and my health better than for years, and would highly recommend Dr. Norton's Dock Blood Purifier to all afflicted with sores of any kind.

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

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
HORSE LINIMENT
IS INFALLIBLY THE REMEDY FOR
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Enlargement of the Glands, Affections of the Kidneys,
—AND FOR—
SPLINTS, CURBS, BOG SPAVINS, STRAINS OF THE JOINTS AND TENDONS, BRUISES, ETC., ETC.
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, PROPRIETOR
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

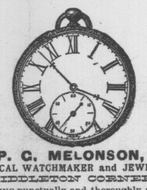
PUTTNER'S EMULSION
IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
DINNER PILLS
ARE A SURE CURE FOR
INDIGESTION, in all its forms.
For the Removal of DYSPEPSIA, Chronic Diseases of the LIVER, PILES, JAUNDICE IRREGULAR ACTION of the HEART, Etc., Etc., these Pills are
EMPHATICALLY THE REMEDY.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - - PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

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

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

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



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

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 Varnishing executed in a workmanlike manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 26th, 1892. 20tf

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

CHEMICAL FERTILIZER WORKS
HALIFAX, N. S.
Established 1878.
'CERES SUPERPHOSPHATE
(The Complete Fertilizer.)
POPULAR PHOSPHATE.
APPLE-TREE PHOSPHATE.
POTATO PHOSPHATE.
STRAWBERRY PHOSPHATE.
Our fertilizers are now being offered to the farmers for the 15th season. As these fertilizers have been used to such a great extent and for so many years the farmer knows that he is buying something that is no longer an experiment; but an established factor in the growth of all crops.
Agents wanted in unoccupied territories.
48 1m JACK & BELL.

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

New Stock
—AT THE—
MONITOR OFFICE!
Our many patrons will please note that we have recently added to our usually well-equipped Stock Department, new lots of
WEDDING STATIONERY,
embracing all the Newest Styles. New lots of
ENVELOPES,
Official and Commercial, of all grades, colors and sizes. Church
OFFERING ENVELOPES,
opening at top and end. Splendid assortment of new
NOTE PAPER.
Give us a call for any kind of Job Work. Send for samples and prices.

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

MONEY TO LOAN.
NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained and forms of application therefor and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
20 6m *Agent at Annapolis.*

MRS. LIZZIE A. KNOWLTON, LIBERTY, ME.

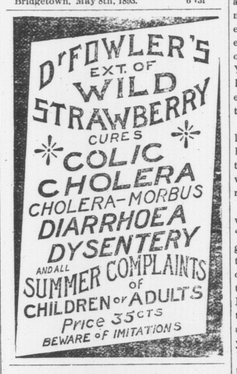
Cured of a Severe Case of Dyspepsia by using Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup.

She is the wife of a well-known Spring Bed manufacturer, W. J. Knowlton, and by him induced to try "Groders," the remedy that cured him of a bad attack of dyspepsia.
She says: GENTLEMEN:—
For several years I have been afflicted with dyspepsia and a complicated stomach and liver trouble. The least food I ate would distress me terribly and fill my stomach with gas. I was greatly troubled with dizziness, my appetite was poor, and I had a very bad cough, was very nervous, could not sleep, and in fact my whole system seemed to be affected; was unable to attend to my household duties. Physicians and medicines gave me no relief or benefit, and I had lost all faith in them, but to gratify the request of my husband I decided to try
GRODER'S BOTANIC DYSPEPSIA SYRUP.
Before I had taken one bottle I was greatly improved. I followed its directions and continued its use, and to-day I am in my usual good health, can sleep, eat, and enjoy life, thanks wholly to Groder's Syrup.
Respectfully,
MRS. LIZZIE A. KNOWLTON, Liberty, Me.
Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., Ltd. St. John, N.B.

Now in Stock
—AT—
MEDICAL HALL
HAWKER'S NERVE TONIC,
HAWKER'S CATARRH CURE,
HAWKER'S PILE CURE,
HAWKER'S PILLS,
South American Nerve Tonic. Woolford's Sanitary Lotion, South American Rheumatic Cure, Dr. Manning's German Remedy, Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry.
—ALSO—
Balance of Seeds at Cost!
In Stock and to arrive
Hellebore, Paris Green and London Purple.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded

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

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



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

NOTICE!
LAW OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
WILL BE AT OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
THURSDAY, 7th and 21st JULY
and every alternate *Thursday* thereafter, in the office occupied by
ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, ESQUIRE.
Office open at 9 a.m.
49 tf J. M. OWEN.
Annapolis, March 7th, 1892. 49 tf

IMPERIAL
Fire Insurance Company,
OF LONDON, ENGLAND,
ESTABLISHED 1803.
CAPITAL, - - - - - £1,200,000.
ASSETS, - - - - - £1,631,015.
AGENTS:
EDW. RUGGLES, at Bridgetown, N. S.
T. A. PEARSON, at South Farmington, N.S.
J. M. OWEN, at Annapolis, N. S.

NERVE BEANS
NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that cure the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor and Failing Manhood; removes the weakness of body or mind caused by over-work, or the errors or excesses of youth. This Remedy is solutely cures the most obstinate cases when all other TREATMENTS have failed even to relieve. Sold by druggists at $1 per package, or six for $5, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing THE JAMES MEDICIN CHEMICAL CO., 1679 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. Sold in Bridgetown by Dodge & Dunham, Simpson & Co., and all druggists everywhere.

Poetry.

Every Day.

O, trifling tasks, so often done,
Yet ever to be done anew!
O, cares that come with every sun,
Morn after morn, the long years through?
We shrink beneath their paltry sway,
The irksome calls of every day.

The restless sense of wasted power
The tiresome round of little things
Are hard to bear, as hour by hour
Its tedious iteration brings.
Who shall wade or who delay,
The small demands of every day?

The boulder in the torrent's course
By tide and tempest lashed in vain,
Obeys the wave whirled pebble's force
And yields its substance, grain by grain;
So crumble strongest lives away,
Beneath the wear of every day.

We rise to meet a heavy blow;
Our souls a sudden bravery fills;
But we endure not always so
The drop by drop of little ills;
We feel our noblest power decay,
In feeble wars with every day.

Ah! more than martyr's aureole,
And more than hero's heart of fire
We need the humble strength of soul
Which daily toils and ills require.
Sweet Patience! grant us, if you may;
An added grace for every day.

Select Literature.

Aunt Grim.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

I am an author by profession, and forgetful. It is rather humiliating on occasions when asked about the title of my last book to be obliged to reply, "Really, madam, I have forgotten," but what can one do when one's memory is so imperfect, so treacherous.

It might be imagined that in consequence of this infirmity, a great many unpleasant things would naturally occur, and so it does happen now and then. There is one instance, however, in which my utter loss of memory served me admirably, and enabled me to aid those I love, besides giving me a competence for life.

I had a distant relative whose character was a singular compound of lofty virtues and minor faults, and whom I esteemed very highly. Aunt Grim, we all called her, though she was not really an aunt, but she had known the family since mother was a child and by marriage was related to my father.

Our family had narrowed down to three, Sue, Dickey, and myself. I was the oldest and on me devolved the duties of protector, guide, and bread-winner. Sue was the beauty of the family and still went to school. Dickey took care of the house, superintended the cooking and did the family sewing, while I sat at my desk and worked with my pen from morning till night. We seldom had visitors. Sometimes Aunt Grim came in with a new poem—she wrote very creditable poems, some of which were set to music and had become deservedly popular. I was her critic on many occasions and generally found but little fault, for her taste and ear were unusually correct.

Perhaps I might as well say here that I was at the time engaged to a young man who was slowly making his way in the world. Aunt Grim was no friend to Lawrence Harris. She and his mother had once been friends, but they quarrelled years before and her dislike extended even to the children when they came. Lawrence had for years been the bone of contention between us, till finally I begged her never to mention his name.

"You needn't tell me that, Miss," she said, tartly. "I have always hated his name and it's a consolation that you can't marry him for some time yet. Sue will be on your hands for two years, at least, and when she is finished it may be a year or more before she gets a school, and Dickey is very delicate as her poor mamma was before her. You're not going to work the way you do forever, either; you'll give out. You write altogether too much; your name appears quite too often. I can see a falling off in your stories. You are writing merely for money. When I think how it might be, I lose my patience entirely. Who do you think has bought that splendid new house on the square?"

"O, I know," I said, trying to speak carelessly, "of course it is Doctor Bellair. I hear of nothing else now-a-days. It's very thoughtful of him, for you know his sister will keep house for him; she will never marry."

"Clara Bellew, I'm out of all patience with you," said Aunt Grim, with a frown. "When I look at that place, with its lovely grounds, conservatory, speaking tubes, electric bells, stationary tubs and a hundred and one conveniences, it makes me wild to think that you might be mistress there, and won't. I tell you you are throwing away a chance that few girls ever get, a lifetime of ease and a husband devoted to you. It seems to me you can't think much of the girl's interests. You know they both would be welcome there."

"They don't wan't to go Aunt Grim; at least, I know Dickey doesn't,' I said. "Sue is not old enough to judge of things yet."

"Sue is going to be very handsome, very handsome," said Aunt Grim, impressively. "I don't see what you are going to do about her. She dresses well enough to go to school, now, but bye-and-bye—why you've no idea what a handsome girl needs!"

"Sue will have to work like the rest of us," I said shortly. "I don't believe she thinks of anything else."

"Don't you?" said Aunt Grim, with a queer smile, "well, you may find yourself mistaken. Wait till she begins to blame you for denying her the things a girl of her sort needs. Why it was only the other day she said she wished you would marry the doctor, for she hated such a pokey life. O, Sue has her ambitions already, I can tell you.'

"Did Sue say that?" I asked, half inclined to be angry.

"Yes, and I don't blame her. Like all pretty girls she sees a future before her, if she has a fair opportunity. She doesn't like hard work, she never will. School teaching will be to her a weariness to the flesh. She is gay and bright and beautiful, just the girl to build castles and be miserable if a burdensome task is forced upon her. Such girls are not made for toil and drudgery, you and I know that. They can't help their tastes and inclination and longing."

"Sue likes her violin," I said, "and she is sure to excel in that, her master says. She could get a very nice living with that, perhaps a great deal more, and fame in the bargain."

"Yes, and suppose sickness came and you had to give up work?"

"Why then," I said, and a chill crept through my veins "the lessons must stop."

"That's just what might happen. Now the doctor would take such pride in Sue's progress. She might have whatever she wanted, a thousand dollar instrument, I suppose, if she just said the word.

"She never will say it," I made warm reply, "not if she waits for me to marry the doctor. I won't have it and he knows it."

"If Lawrence Harris was out of the way," began Aunt Grim.

"But he is not out of the way, and if he went ten thousand miles instead of three, I should still marry him when the time came."

"Of course," said Aunt Grim, "You're as obstinate as girls generally are in such cases. You would a little rather be a poverty stricken heroine than not, I imagine. O dear, how I pity you!" and with that Aunt Grim pulled her shawl over her thin shoulders and took her departure.

When Sue came home that day I studied her with a new interest, noting how exquisitely beautiful she was growing, in features, complexion, everything that went toward the making of a lovely woman, from the liquid, long-fringed eyes, to the dainty foot under her snowy skirts that it cost so much to keep white and trim.

"Did you know, sis, that Dr. Bellair has bought the house on the square or rather facing the square, I suppose I should say?" was the first question Sue asked.

"Aunt Grim told me," I made reply.

"It's just the loveliest thing I ever saw. Jane Bennet took me through there yesterday."

"Sue; you shouldn't have gone," I said, feeling myself flush.

"Why not? Jane is his cousin; the house was open. I never saw such a beautiful place. There's a ball-room there the whole length of the house, and oh! such a conservatory! How delightful it would be to live there?

"Plenty of mirrors set in the walls, I suppose," said Dickey, "how they will multiply those red locks of his."

"I think his hair is positively beautiful!" said Sue. "He is the handsomest man I have ever seen."

"Go and practice your violin lesson," said Dickey, "it's quite too folish of you to be talking about handsome men after that fashion."

"All right," said Sue, rising, "but I shan't take back one word, and oh! I do wish"—she cast a backward glance at me and disappeared.

"I only wish we could keep her a child," half sighed Dickey.

That night came a letter from Lawrence. He was still pushing, delving, digging, finding pockets in the rugged rocks, blasting, assaying, going deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth, hoping to be rewarded by a rich find, but all the while it was costing good money—so much of his salary went into this hungry, yawning mine every day, and I couldn't help thinking there was a heartache in every line, brave as he tried to be. I was a little disheartened. To be all the time expectant of good news and yet never to get beyond the same minute particulars of ordinary and discouraging work, did not tend to my comfort after a hard day's toil.

And then I pictured the dear fellow in his lonely cabin with nothing but my letters to look forward to, no home-ties, no church, no amusements, save such as were afforded by the rude miners with whom he could not affiliate, toiling like a slave from day to day, and I am free to say that the prospect looked anything but encouraging.

I was twenty-five and felt myself years older, I had so long taken the ordering of the household upon me. Dr. Bellair called very often, sometimes to bring a book, or flowers or some new music for Sue, for which I thought she thanked him too extravagantly. He evidently looked upon her as a child, and he would not be discouraged by my coldness? Of course he never spoke to me of love, that was done with, for I had told him frankly of my engagement to Lawrence, but still something warned me that he had not yet lost hope, and this embarrassed me and made me shy. The old frankness between us was gone, and if he looked at me my cheeks burned painfully.

Meantime the house was furnished and the doctor's maiden sister moved in. I was reminded with every visit that Aunt Grim made of what I had lost, that my youth was departing, that the mining business was precarious and ruined every one who made a venture in it with the exception of those who had money to begin with, till I flatly told Aunt Grim one day to let me alone, that I was perfectly capable of managing my own affairs, and that I was tired of hearing about Dr. Bellair. In all this I was careful to say nothing disrespectful, but Aunt Grim chose to think otherwise. She declared I had insulted her, that she had never taken so much interest in any of her friends, as she had in me, but that I need never look to her for anything. After indulging in some few feminine epithets not at all complimentary to me, she took her leave with the final remark that she should never darken my doors to the latest day of her life, all of which I was sorry for, but I felt that I had done my duty.

Strange enough, a day or two afterward came discouraging news from Lawrence. A flood had come and the mines were full of water. The rainy weather had brought on an attack of rheumatism, and there was no doctor nearer than twenty miles in that lonesome wilderness. Sick and discouraged he had lost all hope and was thinking of coming back to his old business, at which he could at least make a living. Then Sue was taken sick, and though her illness was neither severe nor long, it cost time to nurse her and money to pay the doctor's bills, though the latter were not large. Sue had scarcely left her bed before I was taken down with a fever and kept my room for over a month, during which time my income was stopped. Sue was kept from school and the violin practice had to be given up.

Of course the doctor came daily, sometimes twice a day. How kind and thoughtful and patient he was! Lovely dishes filled with delicate viands found their way to my sick cough. Beautiful flowers, for which I have a great passion, stood on tables and brackets. The doctor's sister, a dear, homely old maid, often came in during the days of my convalescence and read to me. The doctor himself prepared my medicines and contrived to remain in my room as long as possible, sometimes talking to Sue and sometimes giving orders to Dickey.

"I just love him!" Sue would exclaim, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shining, "there never was such a man! And his sister says he is always so kind and considerate. O Clara, why can't you marry him? We should have everything we want."

"Get out of my sight, you selfish little kitten," I said, trying to laugh, and when she had gone I cried bitterly. I was so weak yet and things were going behind hand, and only Lawrence's letters gave me any comfort, for he had found business in a far Western city, and in time—oh, that dreadful word! might be able to make a competence if all went well. How I longed to be at my old desk again, whose folded papers, inkstand, pen-rack and books, I could see from my sick chair. I even coaxed Dickey to bring me pen and ink and a sketch that only wanted finishing. So the doctor found me writing, and took the pen out of my fingers with a masterful touch and carried the table and manuscript to the back of the room.

"Do you want to ruin your eyes?" he asked, as I sank back, utterly weary. "An hour's exertion like that might send you to bed again with a relapse of fever."

"But doctor—I must—" I said, and I felt the tears forcing themselves hotly through my closed eyelids.

"There is no must about it," he said gently. I looked up at him, wondering vaguely what he meant, fearful, too, that he would say something which it would be neither right nor pleasant for me to hear, but he only stood there, smiling, but with a look in his face which I could not help interpreting. How I did thank him for his silence, for in that terribly weak state, mind and body enervated by disease I was in no fit condition either to listen to or combat whatever arguments he might have seen fit to use in pleading his cause.

"Doctor says you must go away," said Dickey, when she came up stairs that same day.

"The idea is just ridiculous," I said, my heart beating rapidly at the very thought. "He must know I can't go away."

"But it's all planned," said Dickey "and Sue is to go with you."

I gazed at my sister in speechless astonishment.

"You are to go up in the mountains where we all went the last year poor papa was alive. You remember the old, rambling house and the verandah overlooking the great, grand hills. What a sight it was!"

Did I not remember? Then a hot flush came over me.

"But who will pay for it all?" I asked.

"I will," and Dickey's sweet face beamed with smiles. "See here," she put a roll of bills in my hand, all twenties.

"There are five hundred dollars, there," she said, and kissed me.

"Where in the world did it come from?" I asked.

"If you look at me in that way I won't tell you," she said, bringing the *eau de cologne.* "Now listen while I bathe your head, for you are positively feverish again. Do you remember that once with some money, part of which I saved and part papa gave me, I bought some shares in a mine? That was five years ago."

Yes, I remembered, and that we all laughed at her, papa declaring they would never be worth the paper they were printed upon.

"I showed them to Dr. Bellair, noticing that something about those same mines was mentioned in the papers, and he told me he thought money could be raised on them. You can't blame me for taking his offer, dear, and we in such need, of money. I gave them to him at once and to-day he brought me five hundred dollars, five times as much as I dreamed they were worth. What do you think of that?"

I could not think; I sat there astonished—dazed.

"So you are to go to dear old Oakview, and pay your expenses, every cent of them, out of this money. and the longer you stay the better I shall like it."

For some moments I could not speak, I was so overcome with astonishment and gratitude. Then a thought struck me.

"Perhaps the doctor bought them, thinking we needed the money. They really may not be worth anything, after all, and though it would be so kind of him, it is your money and you ought to keep it. No I won't use it."

"Why don't you tell her just how it is!" said Sue, who had just come in time to hear our conversation, violin case in hand. "If you don't I will. I do think Dr Bellair is an angel, positively I do. He said the shares were worth a good deal of money, and he would advise her not to put them on the market yet, but that he would let her have five hundred dollars on them and welcome—then he would find out just how valuable they were and she could redeem them—there, that's just how it stands and I pride myself on telling the truth, I do."

Dickey's face was very red, but Sue's arms were round her neck in a moment.

"It's such a card for the doctor I couldn't help telling it, indeed I couldn't," she said.

Well, all my protestations did no good, go I must and go I did, but both Dickey and Sue went with me and we stayed three months, during which I had several letters from Lawrence, all hopeful and encouraging.

Back again in our old home, the roses in Sue's cheeks and mine, I was ready to commence work again, and went at it with a will. The doctor called as usual, complimented me on my restored health, and listened to my rather effusive thanks for his kindness and liberality, like the gentleman he was, taking no credit to himself. I did find myself thinking if I could have loved him, what a grand husband he would have made! But there was the cold, bare fact, I did not love him. I did not even like him as much as Dickey and Sue did, for they were untiring in their praises of him.

One day after we had been home for a week, I took some manuscript to the post-office. I was in a street car, and just as we passed the steps of a hotel I saw Aunt Grim coming up the street. At once I pulled the strap and sprang from the car just as Aunt Grim entered the hotel. Eagerly I followed caught the corner of her shawl, and as she turned delivered myself of the following transports.

"Aunt Grim! dear Aunt Grim, where have you been all this time? It certainly is an age! If you only knew how delighted I am to see you! There! I'm kissing you right through your veil, but no matter. Did you know I'd been sick? Dr. Bellair was so kind, and we've all been up in the mountains and such a jolly time."

"O, you have!" said Aunt Grim, who had to say something, as she told me afterwards. "Well, I've been away, too."

"I thought so," I said, utterly oblivious of the past. "I knew you wouldn't desert us if you were here. Now do come and see us, we're in the same old house. When will you come—tomorrow, next day? say Thursday and we'll have the dinner you like so well."

There was a queer look in her eyes at this, and still recollection came not back to me.

"I'm going down to the post-office, now with one of my best stories, and I've got to walk all the way, for I couldn't resist the inclination to see you," I went on hurriedly, fearing I was keeping her, and in spite of that inquisitorial stare which said, "Can you possibly mean this?" "Are you sincere?"—so we will expect you Thursday, and I have some nice news to tell you and lots to talk about."

At this she seemed to thaw a little, so I took it for granted it was all right and she would come. Giving her another kiss on the veil, I left her with a smile and went on my way, wondering what made her so strange.

"Aunt Grim coming here on Thursday! and to dinner!" exclaimed Dickey, almost shrieking. "You can't mean it! Why don't you know how emphatically she declared that she would never put her foot in this house to her dying day? Don't you remember what a battle you had?"

I sank down in a chair quite helpless.

"O my patience!" cried Sue, dancing about and clapping her hands, "she had actually forgotten the whole thing—and fancy! O, I wish I had been there! Clara, if that isn't the most ridiculous exploit of your whole life. If I don't tell Doctor Bellair."

It all came back to me and I actually gasped at the remembrance. I laughed till I cried, then I cried till I laughed again.

Once, long before, Aunt Grim had told me that my name was down in her will for something handsome—she was very rich—and would she think now that I was trying to get in her good graces for mercenary reasons? Very likely she had crossed my name out, and now, I hid my burning face in my hands. How could I have been so forgetful and what would she think of me?

Next day came a note from Aunt Grim. She very sweetly declined my invitation, but insisted that I should come and dine with her that evening.

"Go," said Dickey.

"I wouldn't," said Sue, with a little scorn in her voice. After all, I had been quite sincere, so why shouldn't I? I went. The tide was turned, I found as soon as I saw her, and in my favor.

"You can't think how odd it seemed to have you come up to me in that way," she said, "when I thought I had angered you beyond forgiveness. It kept me awake last night thinking it out. I knew you had been sick and longed, during your illness, to see you, but I had said rash words and my miserable pride kept me away. Now I can only say I am too glad you broke the ice as you did yesterday. You certainly are a forgiving creature.

"I certainly am a forgetting one, dear Aunt Grim," I said, laughing. "It never occurred to me when I saw you yesterday that we had quarrelled, and I'm as glad as you can be that it didn't. I've never forgotten that I liked you though."

To cut a long story short, our amicable relations were resumed. Poor Aunt Grim lived only a year after that, and I was with her during the greater part of her illness. She left me a comfortable little fortune. Two years ago, I had been married a year then, Doctor Bellair led my sister Sue to the altar. Sue had always been in love with him, so she confessed to me, even when a school girl, and I am quite sure he is very much in love with her.

Dickey lives with me, superintending my house in the good old fashion, and so we are all very happy.

Bits of Information.

Music employs 4,500 Londoners.
The longest bridge is 9,144 feet.
Londoners use 60,000 telephones.
Germany boasts a 5,717 foot well.
India has a 6,000-foot span of wire.
Japanese laborers get 6 cents a day.
There are 50,000 varieties of plants.
Germany supports 26,000 breweries.
South Carolina has only 46 saloons.
A tobacco plant yields 360,000 seeds.
London theatres employ 12,000 people.
Texas's wool clip is 20,000,000 pounds.
Mrs. Stanford has $2,000,000 in jewels.
The metal cerium costs $1,920 a pound.
A Florida tree contained 15,000 oranges.
England's Prime Minister gets $25,000 a year.
Russia produces 111,640 barrels of petroleum daily.
Armour's grain elevator will hold 3,000,000 bushels.
In New York the average number of persons to a dwelling is 18½.
The combined length of the world's telegraph lines is 881,000 miles necessitating the use of 2,260,000 miles of wire.
During the past fifty years more than nine million people have emigrated from England of whom 10 per cent have returned.

The Farmer and the Newspaper Man.

Many men think that newspaper men are persistent dunners. By the way of comparison, let us suppose that a farmer raises one thousand bushels of wheat a year, and sells this to one thousand persons in all parts of the country, a great portion of them saying, "I will hand you a dollar in a short time." The farmer does not want to be small and says all right. Soon the one thousand bushels are gone, but he has nothing to show for it, and then he realizes that he has fooled away his whole crop, and its value is due to him in a thousand little driblets, consequently he is seriously embarrassed in his business, because his debtors, each owing him one dollar, treat it as a small matter and think it not much. Continue this kind of business year in and year out as the publisher does, how long would he stand it? A moment's thought will convince anyone that a publisher has cause for persistent dunning.

KEEP AN EYE ON THE DEATH NOTICES.—"Did you