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.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 11. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1883. NO. 6.

Weekly Monitor

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

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

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $8.00; two months, $12.00; three months, 15.00; six months, $22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

A COLUMN—First insertion, $10.00; each continuation, $3.00; one month, $14.00 two months, $20.00; three months, $28.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $80.00.

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

DENTISTRY.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public in Annapolis County, that he is now at his office in

BRIDGETOWN,

for a few weeks. Persons requiring artificial teeth will find it to their interest to give him a call.

DR. S. F. WHITMAN.

Jan 2nd., 1882.

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.

The most successful Remedy ever discovered as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Also excellent for human flesh. Read proof below.

From
COL. L. T. FOSTER.
Youngstown, Ohio, May 15th, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I had a very valuable Hambletonian colt that I prized very highly, he had a large bone spavin on one joint and a small one on the other which made him very lame; I had him under the charge of two veterinary surgeons which failed to cure him. I was one day reading the advertisement of Kendall's Spavin Cure in the Chicago Express. I determined at once to try it and got our druggists here to send for it, they ordered three bottles; I took them all and thought I would give it a thorough trial, I used it according to directions and the fourth day the colt ceased to be lame and the lumps have disappeared. I used but one bottle and the colt's limbs are as free from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the state. He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles who are now using it.

Very respectfully, L. T. FOSTER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Fremont, Ohio, Jan. 25th, 1881.

DR B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for benefits and profits which I have derived from your invaluable and far famed Spavin Cure. My cousin and I had a valuable stallion worth $4000 which had a very bad spavin, and was pronounced by four eminent Veterinary Surgeons beyond any cure, and that the horse was done for ever. As a last resort I advised my cousin to try a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure. It had a magical effect, the third bottle cured it and the horse is as well as ever. Dr. Dick of Edinburgh, the eminent veterinary surgeon was an uncle of mine, and I take great interest in assisting his profession. Yours truly, JAMES A. WILSON, Civil Engineer.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

Wilton, Minn., Jan. 11th, 1881.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—Having got a horse book of you by mail a year ago, the contents of which persuaded me to try Kendall's Spavin Cure on the hind leg of one of my horses which was badly swollen and could not be reduced by any other remedy, I got two bottles of Kendall's Spavin Cure of Preston & Ludduth, Druggists of Waseca, which completely cured my horse. About five years ago I had a three year old colt sweenied very badly. I used your remedy as given in your book without roweling, and I must say to your credit that the colt is entirely cured, which is a surprise not only to myself but also to my neighbors. You sent me the book for the trifling sum of 25 cents and if I could not get another alike it I would not take twenty-five dollars for it. Yours truly,
GEO. MATHEWS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

West Enosburgh, Vt., Feb. 15th, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., *Gents*:—Several months ago I injured my knee joint which caused an enlargement to grow the size of a large walnut and caused me very severe pain all the time for four or five weeks, when I began to use Kendall's Spavin Cure with the most satisfactory results. It has completely removed the enlargement and stopped the lameness and pain. I have long known it to be excellent for horses but now I know it to be the best liniment for human flesh that I am acquainted with.
Yours truly, T. P. LAWRENCE.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE is sure in its effects, mild in its action as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep seated pain or to remove any bony growth or other enlargements, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings and any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or for rheumatism in man and for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is no ⁄ known to be the best liniment for man ever sed, acting mild and yet certain in its effect.

Sen address for Illustrated Circular which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualied success to our knowledge, for beast as well as man.

Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

eb 21

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.

Apples!

John S. Townsend,
110 CANNON ST.,
LONDON.

CONSIGNMENTS of apples to their care receive the best attention, and proceeds are remitted immediately after sale.

Shippers are recommended to mail their Bills of Lading as promptly as possible to the above address.

dec 26—1y

ENTERPRISE.

STEAM TUG

Eva Johnson.

HAVING purchased the above TUG BOAT, I intend putting her on the Annapolis River about the 25th of the present month, for the purpose of

Towing Ships, Rafts, Scows, &c.

Apply to
Geo. E. CORBITT,
Annapolis, or to
Capt. James A. Hughes, Agent, Digby.
G. F. Miller, Agent, Bear River.
Samuel Potter, Agent, Clementsport.
R. FitzRandolph, Agent, Bridgetown.
Annapolis, July 11th. 1881.

JANUARY, 1883!

Great Clearing-Out SALE!

The subscribers having determined to clear out their

LARGE STOCK
—OF—
Dry Goods,
Ready-Made Clothing,
Boots
—AND—
Shoes,
GROCERIES, &C.,

Will sell at a very Small Advance on Cost

FOR ONE MONTH.

—

Bargains

MAY BE EXPECTED AS THE WHOLE STOCK MUST BE CLEARED OUT.

—

Wanted:

IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS:

500 Bus. Good Beans,
5000 Bus. Dried Apples,
Potatoes, Eggs, Socks, Yarn, &c., &c., in any Quantity,

For which the highest market prices will be paid.

FREEMAN & MITCHELL.

Lawrencetown, January, 1883.

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

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

—(0:0)—

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the insuruments will convince public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with
THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,
Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

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 teasp'nful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

PUMPS, PUMPS!

A FULL STOCK ON HAND
ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.
LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO.
LAWRENCETOWN, A. Co.

For Sale at the

Drug Store,

LAWRENCETOWN,

The Methodist Hymn Book, the Psalmist, a fine selection of Bibles and Testaments, Gospel Hymns Nos. 1, 2, 2 and 4, or combined; Welcome Tidings, Carmina Sacra, Dulcimer and Standard.

Mrs. Pinkham's Pills and Compound, Mack's Magnetic Medicine, Kendall's Spavin Cure, Diamond Dyes, Burdock Blood Bitters.

Also—Thorley's Improved Horse and Cattle Food.

L. R. MORSE, M. D.

Lawrencetown, March 10th, 1883. 1y

FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale

SILICATE PAINTS,
AMERICAN RAW TAR,
AND COAL TAR,
OAKUM,
PITCH,
HOOP IRON,
RIVETS,
SPIKES,
IRON,
STEEL,
C. BOLTS,
C. BOARDS, AS BEFORE,

H. FRASER.

BRADLEY'S SUPERPHOSPHATE!

THIS old reliable Fertilizer, when properly used, always gives satisfaction, having the same lasting qualities as stable manure. It cannot be classed with low priced Fertilizers, exhausted by the first crop. Read the strong testimony in our circular on this point, and remember the value of all manures must be estimated by their effects, not by their price per ton. For sale at various agencies throughout the Province.

Bone and Acid,

and all Agricultural Chemicals, kept constantly on hand at prices defying competition.

G. C. MILLER,
Managing Agt. Bradley Fertilizing Co.
Middleton, April 3rd, '83. 8tf7

MACHINERY

RARE CHANCE!

SEALED tenders will be received up to

September the 10th,

for the entire Plant, Machinery, &c., of the

Truro Boot & Shoe Company!

Tenders may be for the whole or in parts.

Apply for Catalogue to
GATES' ORGAN & PIANO CO.
Truro, N. S.

Sep., 5th 1882.—tf

Photograph Gallery

THE subscriber, who has been for some time established in this town, has lately procured a first class set of Photograph, View and Copying Lenses, and is now prepared to execute all orders for work in his line in first class style and at short notice.

VIEWS of dwellings, stores, streets, etc., a specialty, and orders from any part of the country attended to.

Enlarging.

Portraits copied, enlarged, framed and finished, either in oil or colors. The portrait to be copied must be either a good tintype or photograph.

Photographs and tintypes will receive best attention.

Pictures taken in any weather.

Charges reasonable.

Please call and inspect samples of his work at his rooms,

OVER "MONITOR" OFFICE.

J. N. RICE.

Bridgetown, August 7th, 1884.

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

The Subscriber

HAS REPLENISHED HIS

HARDWARE

DEPARTMENT,

in which will be found:—

Nails, Spikes, Screws, White Lead, Glas Putty, Machine and Burning Oil, Cow and Ox Bells, Monkey Wrenches, Lanterns, Lamps, Burners and Chimneys, Iron and Steel, Shovels and Spades, round pointed and Square Sickles, Gong Bells for Sleigh Shafts, Hames, Horse Blankets, Halters and Sircingles, Curry Combs, Hair, Tooth, Nail, Shaving, White Wash, Paint, Scrub, Shoe, Horse, and Dandy BRUSHES. Brooms, Whisks, and Pails, Axle Grease, Rope, Mill Saw Files, Axes, Emery Cloth and Sand Paper, Carpenter's Bitts, Chalk & Lines, Shoemaker's Knife Sharpeners, Knives and Forks, and Spoons, Spectacles, Pocket and Butcher Knives, Razors, Straps, Apple Parers, Whips and Whip Lashes, Horse Nails, Brass Rivets and Burrs, Tin Ware, Breech Loading Guns, strong, safe and good Shooters, only $5.00 Powder, Shot, Caps, Shells and Cartridges, &c., all of which will be sold at REASONABLE PRICES.

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, Aug. 30th, 1882.

PLOUGHS. PLOUGHS.

THOSE IN WANT OF

First-Class PLOUGHS

of different patterns, should call at once on

JOHN HALL,

LAWRENCETOWN.

TERMS, SIGHT. tfn40

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

Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters Ever Made.

They are compounded from Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,—the oldest, best, and most valuable medicines in the world and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other remedies, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employment causes irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic, and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use Hop Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them. Try the Bitters to day.

100 MEN WANTED

To Begin Sales at once for Fall Delivery for the.

Fonthill Nurseries.

The largest in the Dominion. Head office, Toronto, Ont.

GOOD SALARIES AND STEADY EMPLOYMENT TO RELIABLE AND SUCCESSFUL MEN.

Send references and Photo with application. Address

STONE & WELLINGTON,
MONTREAL, P. Q.
J. W. BEALL, 54 Coursel Street,
Manager Branch Office. 4mt10

SOMETHING NEW

Just received, a Large Lot of

Superior Tea,

direct from London. Call and get samples.

ONE CARLOAD
Goldies' Best Brand
FLOUR!
Direct from the Mills.

Also—1 Carload

FEEDING FLOUR;
SHORTS; MIDDLINGS;
CORNMEAL; OATMEAL; OATS.

which will all be sold at the lowest price.

GOLDEN SYRUP;
CHOICE MOLASSES;
FRESH CANNED GOODS;
CHOICE CRACKERS
FANCY GROCERIES, all kinds.

READY-MADE
CLOTHING.

CLOTHS, TWEEDS, COTTONS, &c.

A very Nice Lot of

Ladies' Sacques, Hats and Caps,

THE LATEST STYLES.

Lumber of all kinds, Shingles, and Bricks, always on hand and for sale.

Wanted—Butter, Eggs, Potatoes, Socks, and Straw Hats.

W. J. St. Clair & Co,

Bridgetown, March 20th. 1883.

Dudley & Co.,

100 South Market St.,
BOSTON, MASS.

Wholesale and Commission.

POTATOES, EGGS, APPLES, ETC.

PARTICULAR attention given to shippers sending orders to us for Flour, Grain Groceries, and anything and everything, will be filled at lowest market price, and in shortest possible time. Consignments carefully attended to and quick returns made.

Reference:—Metropolitan Bank, Boston, Mass.

mch 14tf

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, Rich's Patent Saw Sharpener and Gummer, for Grinding Saws.

Estimates furnished; Lowest Quotations given on Special Supplies. [n8

Thomas J. Eagleson,

—Dealer in—

Fresh, Dried and Salt Meats,

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

TEAS, TOBACCOS, ETC.

Just Received:

A Large and Varied Assortment of

CONFECTIONERY

—AND—

CANNED GOODS,

All of first quality, which will be sold low for Cash.

The highest market price paid for Eggs, Butter and Beans in exchange for goods.

Bridgetown, April 3rd, 1883.

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or a disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use KIDNEY-WORT at once (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action to all the organs.

Ladies.—For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weakness, KIDNEY-WORT is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power. (35)

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

Actes on the same time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

KIDNEY-WORT

By Universal Accord,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use, and being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them; and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them, when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are especially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild but effectual cathartic is required.

For sale by all druggists.

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

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Poetry.

Midnight in London.

I don't know what we'll do, Jim; the rain's a-coming fast;
I haven't got no money, and it's twelve o'clock or past
Let's sit down in a doorway, the first as we can see
We can maybe get to sleep there, if the 'copper' let us be.

Here, come a little closer, Jim you're youngest, d'ye see,
And the rain won't get so near you if you shelter behind me;
Put the matches in that corner, lad, and then they won't get wet.
There might be some cove come along as wants to buy one yet.

Does the rain come nigh you there, Jim? It doesn't? That's all right,
I wish we'd had a crust of bread to eat, this cold, wet night;
I don't care much about myself, but I must keep you alive,
And if I can go without at *ten*, you can't at only *five*.

D'ye see that star up there, Jim, a-shining in the sky;
I wonder what the people does as lives up there so high.
D'ye think your mother went up there to live inside a star?
I wish we could go, too, lad, but it looks so very far.

I'm afraid we'll not get there, Jim; but there, we scarcely know!
Tom, what lived in Seven Dials, died not very long ago,
And he said, when he was dying, that he saw a place all light,
And heard 'em singing, and saw folks all dressed in snowy white.

Do you feel the cold a deal, Jim? your hands are just like lead,
And stiff—why Jim! poor little Jim—ah, what!—he isn't dead?
Oh Jim, it can't be—nay, he's gone—Jim's seen his last wet day,
And his soul's gone flying upward to the starlight far away.

—*The Quiver.*

Select Literature.

Barry.

Miss Abigail Burr was a little brown old maid, who lived in a little brown old house with her cat, Debby, and her woman-of-all-work, Prudence,—sharp of tongue, long of visage, browner and older than the mistress herself. There was nothing of grace, nor beauty, nor sweetness about Miss Abigail's life; everything was dry, and hard and husky. Indeed, some people were so uncharitable as to say that her heart was like a much-dried-up kernel in a nut shell, and would rattle if she were to be shaken hard enough. But I never quite believed that. I always said there was a soft spot in Miss Abigail's heart, to be found when the time came to find it.

One spring twilight a boy opened Miss Abigail's garden-gate and walked up the path between the rows of straggling lilacs. He was not a boy who lived about Capers-town, or he would not have dared venture, I am sure, for Prudence's sake, besides having nothing to venture for. He was an unkempt, starved-looking little specimen of humanity. His coat was a world too long, and patched at the elbows; and his trousers were a world too short, and patched at the knees. His hat was guiltless of the brim, and through a hole in the crown bobbed a little tuft of hair which was once brown but was now woefully faded. He went straight up to Miss Abigail's porch steps. Miss Abigail was sitting on the porch in her high-backed rocking-chair, so intent on binding off her stocking-heel that she heard neither the click of the gate-latch nor the footsteps on the hard trodden path; and she did not look up until the boy's figure interposed itself between her work and the fading sunset lights.

He doffed his tattered hat-crown.

'If you please, ma'am, will you—may I have something to eat?

It was not at all a tramp's manner of asking; there was a manliness in the voice which Miss Abigail could not help but notice. Perhaps that was the reason she looked at the boy sharply for a moment before she answered. In that moment, Prudence, tall and angular, stood in the door, with a shawl thrown over her head, and her right hand swathed with soft cotton.

'I'll have to git Jonas Barrows' man to do the milkin', Miss Abigail,' said she. 'I can't. I've burnt my hand that bad.'

The boy looked up quickly, 'Can't I—could I milk for you?'

As I have intimated, Prudence did not like boys; and that she sometimes expressed her dislike in a very forcible manner, many of the village urchins could testify. Now, she surveyed this boy, standing on the porch steps, from his bare brown feet, to his bare brown head, not forgetting the faded little tuft, in dumb astonishment.

'You might let him try, Prudence,' said Miss Abigail, thinking rather dubiously of the nervous, mouse-colored Alderney in the yard.

'I chored on a farm all last summer,' explained the boy eagerly, glancing from mistress to maid. 'I want some supper and I'll be glad to do something to pay for it.'

'Well you kin try it,' said Prudence, after a momentary deliberation. 'It's better'n beggin' a favor, anyhow.'

She led the way to the kitchen, and took down a shining tin pail from the dresser.

'Here's the milk-pail,' said she to the boy, who stood waiting; 'an' the cow's in the yard yonder. Pay-day comes when the work's done.'

And Prudence smiled grimly, as she went about setting out a lunch of bread and butter and cold meat. She felt morally certain that the flighty Alderney heifer, used only to woman-kind, would be much more likely to spread a pair of bovine wings and fly away, than allow herself to be milked by a boy.

'He can't do it' she said to Miss Abigail, who presently brought her knitting-work into the kitchen. 'The heifer'll send him sky-high!'

But he could and he did. Soon he appeared in the doorway, his pail brimming with the snowy foam.

'Well, I never!' ejaculated Prudence.

'You didn't think I could?' said the boy, smiling brightly.

'No, I didn't,' admitted Prudence; and straightway, in her astonishment, she added to his fare, a segment of rhubarb pie.

'Wasn't there a bit of cheese left from tea?' asked Miss Abigail.

Prudence thought there was; and while she was fetching it from the cellar, the boy gave himself a healthy scrubbing at the pump, coming in from his ablutions fresh and ruddy as a rose.

He was very hungry, there was no doubt of that. He looked at Miss Abigail with a deprecating smile, as Prudence carried off the breadplate for a third replenishing.

'I'm pretty hungry,' said he. 'This is the first bite I've had since morning, and it tastes good.'

To be sure it did, poor soul. Miss Abigail thought of a little brother, who died years and years ago, before his tender feet began to feel the pricks in life's path. How strange that the sight of this little vagrant satisfying his craving at her kitchen table, should bring to her remembrance the child who had so early put off the mortal for the immortal!

Presently, when the boy had finished his repast, he laid his knife and fork across the plate with a methodical precision which it pleased Miss Abigail to see; and then he glanced from Prudence, standing near with her arms akimbo, to Miss Abigail.

'Thank you for my supper,' said he. 'Maybe I'd best be getting along. You don't want a boy to work, do you?'

'A boy—to work!' echoed Prudence. 'Did I ever?'

'No, we don't,' said Miss Abigail, shortly. And then,—it was strange enough that she could not help thinking again of frail little life which blighted in the bud so long before!

'How far are you going?' she asked.

'I don't know ma'am.'

'And where have you come from?' proceeded Miss Abigail.

'Trescott, ma'am. Mother died there three months ago.' There was a pathetic quaver in his voice.

And then, with little questioning, he told his simple story. His name was Barry Olmstead, and he was twelve years old. He had lived in Trescott a long time, he and his mother; they were very poor, but they had kept a little home together. His mother had taken in sewing and he had worked for the neighboring farmers, summers, and had gone to school winters. And he had been happy, for all they were so poor, until—*mother died.*

'Then I stopped with Deacon Staples a spell; he said he wanted to try me. But they were going to bind me out to him, and so I run away.'

'None to blame, nuther,' interposed Prudence, with a great deal of emphasis. 'I've seen old Staples down to Trescott. He's that mean, he'd skin a mouse for the hide and taller!'

'I've been trying along for a chance to work,' continued the boy, smiling faintly He was very near to tears now, but he held them back sturdily. 'But there don't anybody seem to want me.'

Miss Abigail was moved more than she would have cared to own, by this recital. Even to her, who had lived for self so long, there was something indescribably pitiful in the thought of this little wanderer battling along with the world, buffeted by fortune, drifting here or there, as chance may dictate.

It had grown dark now,—the lamps had long since been lighted; and there were mutterings of distant thunder in the air.

'It's going to rain,' said Miss Abigail. 'You needn't go to-night; you may sleep in the stable-loft.'

Barry thanked her.

The storm broke with great violence. And while Miss Abigail listened to the sharp peals of thunder, and the pouring of the rain against the windows, she thought of the lonely little wayfarer in the stable-loft with a new, strange throb of pity.

Morning came, merry with bird-song, and glistening with myriads of rain-drops. Prudence was up betimes, but early as it was, she heard the sound of an axe in the wood-shed; and when she opened the door Barry smiled at her from his post by the chopping-block.

'I don't think I paid enough for my supper—I eat such a lot,' he said; 'so I've split some kindlings; and I'll milk for you this morning if you want me to.'

Prudence brought the milk-pail without a word. But when she had prepared Miss Abigail's morning meal, she made ready a good substantial breakfast for Barry, also.

When he had eaten it he took up his hat-crown.

'Go out the way you come in,' said Prudence, 'else you'll bring bad luck.'

Barry gave a little incredulous laugh, but he went out to the porch. Miss Abigail was there, taking deep breaths of fresh air; and she bade him a kind 'Good morning,' as she went off the step and down the path again between the lilacs, exuberent in growth but meager in bloom.

'I wonder why my lilacs do not flower more freely.' This Miss Abigail said to Providence, who had followed to the door.

'I dunno,' answered Prudence.

Barry heard, and turned. 'I guess it's because you leave the old blossoms on,' he said, hesitatingly. 'Mother used to say I must pick the blossoms off one year, if I wanted any the next.'

And then he went out of the gate closing it carefully behind him, and along the moist, brown highway.

'That is a very uncommon boy,' said Miss Abigail, looking after him with serious eyes.

'Yes,' assented Prudence, 'he's a clever 'nough little chap—for a boy.'

'To think of his knowing about the lilacs,' continued Miss Abigail, meditatively. 'I must cut off all the flowers this spring.'

'An' he got me as good a mess o' milk from the heifer as I could ha' done myself with a well hand,' Prudence went on.

'Yes, he would have been handy about milking and getting the wood for you,' said Miss Abigail.

'An' bringin' the letters from the post office,' proceeded Prudence. 'It's a good piece over to the village, in muddy walkin.'

'So it is,' said Miss Abigail. She gazed reflectively along the road which wound serpentine, to the little hamlet a mile away. Barry was climbing the hill, a mere, pitiful, lonely speck in the distance, as he was a mere, insignificant atom in the great body of humanity. Miss Abigail's eyes filled.

'We might have kept him,' she said.

'Taint too late yet!' put in Prudence. The two women looked at each other's eyes.

'If you could make him hear,' began Miss Abigail.

For answer Prudence strode to the road, and sent a long, quivering cry after Barry.

'B-o-o-oy!'

But the little figure they were watching plodded steadily on.

'Gimme the old horn out'er the kitchen, Miss Abigail!' called Prudence, excitedly' 'quick!'

Miss Abigail, staid spinster that she was, without a thought of the ludicrousness of the proceeding, ran to the kitchen, hatched the horn from its nail, and ran out with it to Prudence. And Prudence put it to her lips and blew a blast so long, so loud, that it startled the birds into silence, and set the echoes ringing from hillside to hillside.

'He o'n hear that if he e'n hear anything,' she muttered.

He did. He stopped. Prudence flourished the horn in frantic excitement. There was a moment of suspense; and then Prudence turned to Miss Abigail, standing by the gate.

'He's a-comin' back,' she said.

When Barry, breathless with the haste he had made, reached the cottage, Miss Abigail was waiting on the porch.

'We've made up our minds to keep you,' she said, 'so long as you don't give too much trouble.'

'O, thank you, ma'am!' cried Barry. 'Indeed I'll try to please you.'

I am sure he has succeeded:—for the lilacs have been in bloom three times since that morning, and he is with Miss Abigail yet, growing tall, and strong and manly, as the years go by. He tills the bit of a farm, which had so long lain unimproved, and in winter attends school at the village, where he is in excellent repute. He is, withal, so faithful and helpful and kind, that Prudence is fain to apothegmatize the horn after this fashion

'Harnsome is as harnsome does; an' you're deservin' of a bed o' velvet, old horn, for the good deed you done that day.'

—An unusual opportunity now offers to those persons who hanker after titles and social distinction to attain the second highest dignity known on earth. There is a little island lying to the east of Sardinia, for sale at the moderate price of £30,000. It is the property of King Humbert, who is prepared to award the purchaser the title of King by royal letters patent should he so desire it.

—An emphatic denunciation of the dynamite plotters in New York was uttered the other day by Judge Noah Davis. He said: "They are a society of fiends who disgrace our shores, and I speak of them because it is your duty, as American citizens, to frown down and denounce all their detestable crimes. I tell you the time has come when we must speak out on this subject. If not legally, we are morally responsible for all the dynamite that is sent to England, for it is all sent by American money. Suppose a man standing one inch this side of the border line between the United States and Canada were to fire a shot that would blow up a Canadian town, would we not be detested by every one if we allowed such a wretch to remain among us? Or suppose it were possible for a man to stand in America, and by means of the Atlantic cable cause a dynamite explosion in London, what would be said of us if we permitted the man who touched the spring of that cable to live in New York? And though we are not as legally, we are every whit as morally responsible for harboring the vampires and assassins that now disgrace New York as we would be if we retained that man; and I tell you, we and all respectable citizens should make it so warm, by our unceasing denunciation, for these Irish vampires, that they can no longer hide their cowardly carcasses behind the American constitution."

—Brief is the prize-fighter's day. Sullivan has been going to the Russian baths when in New York "to wash the rum out of him," as the gossip there said; now he fails, not as a gladiator, from exterior wounds, but bled from within, where his lungs exclaim against his inhumanity. No prize-fighter ever came to anything. Morrisey left nothing and was saturated with disease. Heenan knocked himself out of time in early manhood. Elliott was a thief and convict, and died in his boots while arrogating to himself the empty "championship of America." In the Rebellion prize fighters proved to have neither endurance nor ordinary preservative sense. Ranken, the bully giant of Philadelphia, was always in disgrace at the head of his company. Bradley, who beat him, never rose above a low sailors' groggery. Tom Hyer went around consumptive and superfluous all his closing years. But the tavern and dance-house keepers, who are the backers of these prize-fighters, and pet them forward from puppydom to brutedom, live well and have their country places and bowers and stand in good credit with tradesmen. These are the men who ought to be sent to prison. When Joe Coburn came out of Auburn jail he repentantly said: "Liquor has been my misery. I'll never drink it again. I'll keep a saloon.

—The phrases 'a tinker's dam' is thought by many to be a form of profanity, but the *N. Y. Herald*, in reply to a question by the *Graphic*, gives the following explanation of it:—

'A tinker's dam is a dam of dough or other suitable material, constructed by a tinker to confine his molten solder to the business at hand, and, inasmuch as when a tinker's dam has once served its purpose, it possesses little or no commercial value, the phrase has come to be a frequently used and almost universally understood synonyme for worthlessness.

—It is a great deal better to lead a holy life than to talk about it. We are told to let our light shine, and if it does, we shall not need to tell anybody it does. The light will be its own witness.—*D. L. Moody.*