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, NOVEMBER 14, 1883. NO. 31

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

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

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.

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.

SAVED HIM 1,800 DOLLARS.

ADAMS, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1882.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—Having used a good deal of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success, I thought I would let you know what it has done for me. Two years ago I had as speedy a colt as ever was raised in Jefferson County. When I was breaking him, he kicked over the cross bar and got fast and tore one of his hind legs to pieces. I employed the best farriers, but they all said he was spoiled. He had a very large thorough-pin, and I used two bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, and it took the bunch entirely off, and he sold afterwards for $1800 (dollars). I have used it for bone spavins and wind galls, and it has always cured completely and left the leg smooth.

It is a splendid medicine for rheumatism. I have recommended it to a good many, and they all say it does the work. I was in Witherington & Kneeland's drug store, in Adams, the other day and saw a very fine picture you sent them. I tried to buy it, but could not; they said if I would write to you that you would send me one. I wish you would, and I will do you all the good I can.

Very respectfully, E. S. LYMAN.

From the Arkon Commercial Ohio, of Nov. 25th, 1882.

Readers of the "Commercial" can not well forget that a large space has for years been taken up by Kendall's adverisements—especially of a certain Spavin Cure. We have had dealings with Dr. Kendall for many years, and we know of some large business houses in cities near by, who have also dealt with him for many years, and the truth is fully and faithfully proven, not only that he is a good honest man, and that his celebrated Spavin Cure is not only all that it is recommended to be, but that the English language is not capable of recommending it too highly.

Kendall's Spavin Cure will cure spavins. There are hundreds of cases in which that has been proven to our certain knowledge, but, after all, if any person confines the usefulness of this celebrated medicine to curing spavins alone, they make a big mistake. It is the best medicine known as an outward application for rheumatism in the human family. It is good for pains and aches, swellings and lameness, and it is just as safely applied to men women and children as it is to horses. We know there are other good liniments, but we do believe this spavin cure to be far better than any ever invented.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Colton, Cal., Oct 3rd, 1882.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—While in the employ of C. C. Hastings, the well known horseman, of San Francisco, in the year ending 1880, we had a young horse two years old that contracted a bone spavin and seeing your liniment known as Kendall's Spavin Cure advertised, upon my own responsibility I commenced using it and within thirty days from the time and after having used only three bottles, the Spavin was removed entirely, and therefore I naturally have the utmost confidence in its merits. I do not hesitate to recommend it to all who have occasion to use the medicine, and should any one desire to confer with me I shall be glad to answer any communication relating to the case in question. Respectfully yours, JOHN RODMAN.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 16th, 1882.

MESSRS. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—Through the recommendation of a friend about a year ago, I was induced to give your Kendall's Spavin Cure a trial, and I am pleased to say that I was fully satisfied with the results. I used it several times on splints, which after a few applications were removed. I also used it on a Spavin with the same results. The medicine has grown in popularity in this vicinity in the past few months, and what is sold here to-day I believe is put out upon its merits. ALEX. MCCORD,
Foreman for City R. R. Co.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE
On Human Flesh.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—Sample of circulars received to-day. Please send me some with my imprint printed on one side only. The Kendall's Spavin Cure is in excellent demand with us, and not only for animals but for human ailments also. Mr. Jos. Voris, one of the leading farmers in our county, sprained an ankle badly, and knowing the value of the remedy for horses, tried it on himself, and it did far better than he had expected. Cured the sprain in very short order. Yours respectfully, C. O. TAIBBAND.

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.

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

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

We have recently published a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practise, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,
The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box, 450.

MUTUAL HEALTH
AND
Accident Association
OF
HARTFORD, CONN.

Provides Indemnity in event of Sickness, Accident, Total Disability and Death.

ALL COLLECTIONS MADE BY REGULAR ASSESSMENTS.

For Certificates or Agency apply to
EDWIN J. H. MORSE,
BERWICK, KINGS CO.
General agent for N. S. and P. E. I.

WISDOM & FISH,

Mill, Steamboat, and Railroad Supplies,

41 DOCK ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Rubber and Leather Belting, Rubber and Linen Hose, Lace Leather and Cut Lacing, Cotton Waste and Steam Packing, Lubricating Oils, Mill Files, Emery Wheels, Emery Cloth, and Emery, Wrought Iron Pipe, Cast Iron Water Pipe, Steam, Gas, and Water Fittings, Steam Pumps, Steam Gauges, Injectors, Bolts, Nuts and Washers, Babbitt Metal and Antimony, Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Rich's Patent Saw Sharpener and Gummer, for Grinding Saws.

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

Forest and Stream
—AND—
ROD AND GUN.
The American Sportsman's Journal

A twenty-four page weekly journal, devoted to the interests

Gentlemen Sportsmen and their Families.

TREATS OF

Natural History, Shooting, Yachting and Canoeing, Fisheulture, the Kennel, Fishing, the Rifle.

and all the gentlemanly out-door sports. It is without a rival.

Price, $4.00 a Year.

TRY IT. A SPECIMEN COPY WILL BE SENT POST PAID FOR SIX CTS.

For sale by newsdealers everywhere.

Forest and Stream Publishing Company,
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, for the construction of a lock and regulating weir and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal.

Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canals.

Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 27th day of November next, for the extension of the pierwork and deepening, &c., of the channel at the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the head or upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the resident engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 30th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

A map, plans and specification of the works to be done at the head of the Galops Canal can be seen at this office, and at the lockkeeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of "Two Thousand Dollars" must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender,

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 28th Sept., 1883. } 7i

SAMUEL LEGG,
Watch and Clock Maker,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

THE subscriber wishes to inform his friends and the public, that he has resumed business at the

OLD STAND,

next door to John Lockett's, where he is prepared to do all work in his line of business. All work warranted.

Bridgetown, March 24th, 1883.

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.

MAKE HENS LAY

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, a teaspoonful to 2 pints food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Business Men

The MONITOR office has just added to its already fine assortment of

JOB TYPE,

a number of the newest and most tasteful faces.

We are therefore in a better position than ever to furnish.

PAMPHLETS,
BILLHEADS,
CATALOGUES,
LETTER AND
NOTE HEADS,
CIRCULARS,
TAGS,
CARDS,

in fact any and every description of

FINE LETTER
Press Printing.

Our aim is to do a class of work, that will render our imprint a guarantee of excellence.

POSTERS
—AND—
DODGERS,

executed with neatness and despatch.

Prices as low as consistent with

GOOD WORK.

We do not pretend that our prices are lower than the lowest; our principal being to ask a fair price, but we will give the value in all cases. Cheap work is poor work.

SEND A TRIAL ORDER!

Notice of Assignment.

EDWARD Y. MESSENGER,

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

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

J. D. CROCKER,
Assignee.

Dated Wilmot, October 18, '83. 293m

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE,

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of Reuben Roberts, late of Torbrook, Farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested to, within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

ADELIA ROBERTS,
Administratrix.

Torbrook, Nov. 5, '83.

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.

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 speciality, 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.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN order to meet the demands of our numerous customers, we beg to announce that, we have added to our extensive

Slipper and Larrigan Factory

the necessary Machinery for the Manufacture of

Men's, Women's, Misses', & Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

in all the leading styles.

By continuing, as in the past, to use first quality of material, we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage in our new branch of business, as well as a continuance of public favor in our old business.

Vincent & McFate,
240 Union Street, St. John, N. B

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS!

Notice to Contractoss.

THE letting of the works at the upper entrance of the CORNWALL CANAL, and those at the upper entrance of the RAPIDE PLAT CANAL, advertised to take place on the 13th day of NOVEMBER next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the FOURTH day of December next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned on and after TUESDAY the TWENTIETH day of NOVEMBER.

For the works at the head of the Galops Canal, tenders will be received until TUESDAY the EIGHTEENTH day of DECEMBER. Plans and specifications, &c., can be seen at the places before mentioned on and after TUESDAY, the FOURTH day of DECEMBER.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways & Canals,
Ottawa, 20th October, 1883. 6i37

HEROES OF THE PLAINS.

Agents Wanted. } By J. W. Buel. { Agents Wanted.

The Great New Book of Western Adventures.

A book of wild life and thrilling adventures on the Plains; fights with Indians and desperate white men; grand Buffalo hunts; narrow escapes, wonderful shooting and riding. The only authorized and truthful history of the daring exploits of the greatest Indian fighters, scouts, hunters and guides of the far West.

Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill, Gen. Custer, California Joe, Capt. Jack, the Poet Scout, Texas Jack, Kit Carson, Capt. Payne, the Cimarron Scout. White Beaver, the great Medicine Man of the Sioux.

And many other celebrated Plainsmen. First and only history of Custer's "Last Fight," as related by Sitting Bull and his Chiefs to the author in person, with accurate Topographic Illustrations of the battle, and superb portraits of Sitting Bull and his Generals.—A great and valuable book; reads like a romance, *and outsells all others.* Two hundred thousand copies already sold.

Agents, don't throw your time away on *slow books*, or worthless imitations of this grand work, but send at once for the great original. *It sells on sight.* 660 large pages, 120 Illustrations, 16 Fine Colored Plates. Prices only $2.00. Canvassing Outfits 50c. Outfits FREE to agents who are canvassing for any other book. Don't miss this grand chance, but write at once for Pictorial Circulars and extra terms, address,

HISTORICAL PUBLISHING Co.,
723 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Various Causes—

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light or red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action. It removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or the glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brashy, weak, or sickly hair, on which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its results, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is colorless; contains neither oil nor dye; and will not soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous, imparting an agreeable perfume.

For sale by all druggists.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move!

I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know *how to get well*, which is answerd in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

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.

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS AND DESCRIPTION EXECUTED AT THE OFFICE OF THIS PAPER.

Poetry.

Annie Laurie.

She'd sung the songs that rule the day,
The brightest, sweetest, latest,
Till every chord had owned her sway,
From slightest into greatest.

And now, my favorite,' he said,
As turning, she ceased singing,
The pure, full note her voice made
Still in his bosom ringing.

The light had turned, the leaves of song
Along the repertory,
Till 'mong the ballads old and strong
It stopped at Annie Laurie.

The light had struck the soft prelude,
The notes began to quiver;
And then the grand old love song flowed,
Like some deep, happy river.

Adown its current, tender, deep,
That flowed with ease, 'full throated'
His every care, soft-soothed to sleep,
And happy dream had floated.

The singer sang, the dreamer drank,
The music's mystic glory,
And in the bosom deeply sank
The love of Annie Laurie.

'She's all the world to me' sang he,
With cadences love haunted,
On swelled the song stream to the sea,
The dreamer still enchanted.

And then at length the song was sung,
Its last sweet echoes dying,
Swift to his feet the dreamer sprung,
His full breast throbbing, sighing.

The throb, the sigh, broke from control—
It was 'the old, old story,'
Love in his eyes, love swept his soul
And she was Annie Laurie.

Oh, singer, sing! Oh, dreamer dream!
And may your singing, dreaming,
Ne'er know of glory less a gleam,
Nor fall from its seeming.

The Difference.

They stood at the bar of justice—
Two women with heads bowed down,
And one was dressed in rustling silk
And one in tattered gown.

'One clad in height of fashion,
The other one ragged and torn;
'The former inspiring sympathy,
The latter contempt and scorn.

'And why are they here?' I questioned:
'Why are they in such disgrace?
'The shrinking form in the tattered gown
And that in the silk and lace?'

'They're here,' said the grim policeman,
And a frown his visage wore,
'For stealing whenever they get a chance
In a fancy dry-goods store.'

'The one in rage was sentenced
To a year's incarceration
In the common goal; the one in silk
Was 'taken on probation.'

['Now, why should this be so?' I asked
The answer was terse and brief—
The lady's a kleptomaniac,
The one in the rags a thief.']

Select Literature.

Jack, the Boot Black.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

Mr. Brett, the successful shipping merchant of Broad street, was seated in his comfortable office, when the door opened softly and a boy timidly entered. His looks betokened the street Arab. The ragged trousers, evidently intended for a man, were tucked in at the ends and suspended by a cord that brought them nearly to his neck. A frayed and yellow vest, unbuttoned, not from choice probably, but because it was destitute of buttons, revealed a glimpse of the checked blue shirt underneath. He wore no shoes, although it was quite late in the fall, and bleak, gray clouds hung threateningly over the city.

For a moment he stood there irresolute, his faded cap clasped in his hand, while Mr. Brett, intent upon his ships at sea, proceeded with his writing. Fearing that he would never obtain a recognition, the boy slightly coughed. Mr. Brett wheeled his chair around until he faced him.

'Well?' he queried.

'Shine, sir?'

'Come around some other time,' said Mr. Brett, impatiently turning to his books. 'I'm busy now.'

The boy waited a moment.

'I'll give you the best shine in the city, sir,' he ventured presently, 'and only charge you five cents.'

Mr. Brett wheeled his chair around again. The little fellow's frank, blue eyes and manly countenance checked the sharp reply upon his lips. Instead, he placed one foot out, and said:

'Be quick, my lad.'

The boy looked nervously around. 'I have neither brush or blacking, sir,' he said, with a tremor in his voice. 'Won't you lend me yours?'

Mr. Brett, with a grim smile, pointed to a dusty shelf where lay those useful articles. Seizing them, the boy tucked his patron's pantaloon's up carefully and went to work with the air of a professional.

'Don't you think this going about without the tools of your trade is rather a poor way of doing business?' asked Mr. Brett.

'I know it is, sir,' acknowledged the boy, bending his head lower. When he lifted it, there sparkled in one of his big, blue eyes, a tear, which he roughly dashed away with his ragged sleeve, and then went to work harder than ever.

'Then, why do you do it?' asked Mr. Brett, in whose heart the lad's condition aroused a sense of tender pity.

'I'll tell you, sir,' he said, frankly. 'I did have a box, and a good one, too. But last week uncle come home—he was up at the island, sir—and he was that wild for drink that he pawned everything in the room, bit by bit, to get it. And when there wasn't anything left, sir, he took my box one night when I was asleep and'—the poor lad's voice choaked with suppressed grief—'sold it and ever since then I have been doing odd jobs,' he added smiling faintly. 'But it is a poor living, and I wished I had my box back.'

Mr. Brett tapped thoughtfully upon his chair while the boy cheerfully polished the last heel of his shoe. And he queried:

'What is your name, my boy?'

'Jack Brown, sir.'

'Now, Jack,' said Mr. Brett, 'I am going to start you in business.' And furthermore, I'm going to give you money enough to buy you a pair of shoes, for you will surely get sick if you go around in such a condition. Mind, you are to pay me back when you get able, and every morning you can come and black my shoes. Do you understand?'

Jack nodded assent. He could not trust himself to speak. He was unused to such kindness, and it was with difficulty that he could refrain from bursting into bitter sobs. Mr. Brett, with a sympathizing look upon his fine old face, handed him three crisp dollar bills, which Jack took with a grateful smile, and tucked away in a pocket of his dilapidated vest.

'You've been good to me, sir,' he said, his voice shaking, 'and I'm a heap obliged. And I'll pay you back every cent, see if I don't, and—and—God bless you!'

And roughly pulling the cap down over his eyes to screen the tears that were chasing each other down his grimy cheeks, he opened the door and quickly dashed out.

Mr. Brett turned to his books, surprised to find that his own eyes were a little misty

'Well, well! The boy is honest or I am greatly deceived,' he mused. 'At any rate, I took quite a fancy to him, and if I find that he is true to the test, I will see if I cannot find something better for him.'

Promptly, the next morning, Jack appeared in stout shoes that creaked noisily as he walked. Over his shoulders dangled a new box studded in brass nails with his initials. Mr. Brett gave him a very encouraging nod when he began work. He had feared that Jack, like the average street Arab, had but little regard for his honor, and would not come back.

'It's a pretty good box, isn't it?' he said proudly, when he was through, 'Business was fair yesterday, and I'd like to pay a dollar, sir, on what I owe. Taking out two shines, that will leave me one dollar and ninety cents to pay.'

Mr. Brett toyed with the bill Jack handed him.

'Are you sure you can spare this, Jack?' he asked.

'Yes, sir,' replied Jack, promptly. 'I didn't use quite all the money you gave me.'

'Very well, I'll credit you with it.' And Mr. Brett put the bill in his desk, while Jack, with the air of a person who has lifted a mortgage went about his business with a happy heart.

Contrary to Mr. Brett's expectations, Jack did not come to his office on the following day. Confident the boy had a reason for absence, he waited, but a whole week passed away and brought no signs of him. Finally, he dismissed him altogether from his thoughts, much disappointed to find that Jack had proved himself just the reverse of what he had imagined of him.

'Though I can't get it into my head why he paid me back that dollar,' he said. 'He might just as well have cheated me out of the whole. Perhaps he meant to be honest but the temptation was too much. Well, well, I am sorry. If he had proved himself true metal, I might possibly have made a man of him.

All the winter the shipping merchant heard nothing of the young delinquent. Once, returning home from business, he observed a tatterdemalion who bore a striking resemblance to him. While approaching to see if it was Jack, he darted swiftly up an alley till his form was lost in the quickly gathering night. All his suspicions were fully confirmed by his guilty action.

It was at the close of a beautiful day in spring, Mr. and Mrs. Brett were returning home from a drive in Central Park. Ahead of the carriage, looking very sweet and dainty in her riding habit, rode their little daughter Nellie. She was mounted on a pony that had only come from the country a week before and was therefore unused to city sights; but her parents did not feel the slightest alarm, as it was to be as gentle as a kitten.

Suddenly a scene of intense excitement took place. Amid the cheers of the enthusiastic urchins that lined the highway a fire engine was descried bearing wildly down upon them on its way to a conflagration. Thinking to avert the danger that menaced them, Mr. Brett called out to Nellie to turn down an obscure side street. But it was too late. The pony had seen the glittering machine, and stood for a moment trembling in every limb, his nostrils dilating with excitement. Then, with a snort that implied defiance, he turned and started away at a terrific speed, which Nellie, pale and frightened, strove unsuccessfully to check by pulling at the reins with all her childish strength.

Mrs. Brett, with a scream, attempted to rise, but her husband held her firmly to her seat. The coachman drove the horses to the curb, and while they reared and backed up and down, he held them with difficulty until the engine had whirled by Then lashing them with the whip he started swiftly in the direction Nellie's pony had taken.

Far ahead they dimly saw her dashing madly along, having apparently lost all control of the infuriated beast. Her father groaned, while her mother's lips moved as though in prayer. Ah, if anything should happen to their darling—the only child that heaven had given to them—what would they do? And then—they saw the runaway career of the pony brought to an abrupt close, while Nellie was jerked headlong from the saddle. 'Was she hurt?' They strained their eyes in vain to see. It seemed an age to them, during which they were plunged into an agony of mingled hope and fear, before they came up to the crowd that surrounded a very penitent pony, and a tearful and frightened little girl, who, thank God, was uninjured, with the exception of a few cuts and bruises.

It happened this way:

There was a boy, ragged and hungry looking, who was gazing wistfully at the tempting things displayed in a grocer's window. When he heard the galloping of hoofs and the dismayed cries of pedestrians, he looked quickly up. As he did so he noticed the empty barrels and boxes that littered the edge of the pavement Like a flash an idea entered his brain. Realizing there was no time to lose, he energetically rolled several barrels into the middle of the street. As the pony came he saw them and swerved to one side. This the boy took advantage of by leaping forward and grasping the bridle, which he clung to with a dogged determination. He was dragged some distance before the pony came to a stop, so sudden that Nellie was thrown to the ground. When the boy relinquished his hold, his hands were bleeding and he winced with pain.

Nellie was wildly seized by her parents and literally smothered with kisses. When her father was at last assured that she was safe, he looked at her youthful rescuer. It was Jack!

'Jack!' he cried, amazed.

The boy's face flushed with shame at the recognition.

'Oh, sir, don't think I meant to cheat you out of that money,' he implored; 'I couldn't help it, he took my box again and sold it. And I—I'—his voice broke completely down and he sobbed as if his heart would break.

Mr. Brett patted him tenderly on the shoulder.

'Jack,' he said, softly, 'look up! You have paid me back a thousand times. God bless you, my boy. What are riches compared to the child who might have perished but for you.

He led him gently to the carriage; where Mrs. Brett, much to his surprise, planted several hearty kisses upon his not over-clean cheek. Then a man was instructed to care for the pony and they drove homeward.

That night Jack told the pathetic story of his life—how, when his father died, he went with his mother from the simple country home to the over-crowded city; how shortly after she died, poor women, in her desperate efforts to keep the wolf from the door; and how, weighed down by a drunken uncle, he took to the streets for a living, his dissolute relative having been killed in a brawl with a boon companion only a few days before. But better days were now in store for him.

'Better days? Ah yes. This was long ago. Mr. Brett took him into his office and he went up the ladder with rapid strides. Every moment of his spare time he devoted to study and at this present moment he is recognized as one of New York's most promising young men. I was passing down Broad street the other day, and I saw a painter putting up a sign that read, 'Brett & Brown, Ship Merchants.' And I have heard he is engaged to his partner's charming daughter, but this may only be an idle rumor.

THE BAD BOY'S FATTED CALF.

THE PRODIGAL SON BUSINESS DOESN'T WORK, BUT HE TURNS UP A WINNER ON THE OLD MAN.

'Hello, got back again have you?' said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store looking tired, with his clothes soiled, and a general appearance of having been sleeping in freight cars with cattle. 'Your Pa told me he expected you had run away for good and that you might not come back. Where have you been?'

'Chicago,' said the boy, as he took out a toad-stabber knife and proceeded to take the ulster off a smoked herring. 'Been playing Prodigal Son in two acts. But times have changed since that young fellow in the Bible went off on a tare and came back and the old folks killed a young cow for him to eat, and fell on his shirt collar and cried down the back of his neck. They don't receive prodigal sons that way in our ward. They fill a prodigal son's coat tails full of boots, and he can't find cold veal enough in the house to make a sandwich.'

'I thought your folks were pious and would be inclined to overlook anything,' said the grocery man, as he charged the herring and crackers to the boy's father. 'You don't mean to tell me they went back on the teachings of the good book, and warmed your jacket.'

'You have guessed it at the first time,' said the boy. 'This prodigal son business is all right in theory, but in practice its a dead failure. You see at Sunday-school the lesson was about the prodigal son, and the minister told us all about how the boy took all the money he could scrape up and went away to a distant country and painted the towns red and spent his money like a countryman at a circus, and how he took in all the sights, and got broke, and got hungry, and took a job at the stockyards feeding pigs, and he was so hungry he used to help the pigs eat their rations, and finally he thought of his home, where they had pie, and he went home expecting to be fired out, but his pa was tickled to see him, and set up a free lunch of calf on the half-shell, and hugged the boy and made him feel bully. When we got home ma and pa talked about the lesson, and pa said it was one of the most touching things he ever heard, and told me to think of it, the more I felt like trying the prodigal business on, and I told my chum about it, and he said he hadn't had any vacation and he would go off prodigaling with me if I would go, and we would see the country and have a good time and come back and be received with open arms. Well, we got all our money together, and a brakeman on a freight train, that goes to our church, cause his wife sings in the choir, he hid us in a caboose and we went to Chicago. Oh, my, but we had a good time. I never saw money wither the way it did with us. We ate about twenty times a day, the first two days, and then our appetites left us because we didn't have any more money. The first two nights we slept in a two-shilling lodging house, the third night we walked around, and the fourth night we slept in the police station. When our money was gone, half the fun was gone. If a fellow can walk around with money in his pocket he feels good, even if he don't want to buy anything, but when his money is gone he feels bad, and wants to buy lots of things. We waited two days for our brakeman, and when we got on his train he put us in a cattle car and it was vile. I traded my collar-button for a postal card, and wrote to pa that the prodigal would put in an appearance at nine p. m., and for him to prepare to fall on my neck, and to send down to the meat market for a hind quarter of fatted calf and have plenty of gravy. You wouldn't believe it, but there was no carriage at the depot, and we had to walk home. I could have over-looked that, if there had been anything to eat when I got to the house, but there wasn't enough for a canary bird. Pa was there, however, and I was just going to hold out my neck for pa to get on and weep, when he grabbed it in his hand and came near twisting it off, and then he turned me around and began to play bass drum on my clothes with his feet. I never was so annoyed in all my life, honestly. It was not the treatment I had a right to expect, after they told me about the prodigal son of ancient times. As quick as I could catch my breath I asked pa what he thought the prodigal son of the Bible times would have thought if his pa had mauled him when he came home, and what kind of a story it would have made, if it had been told about the old man taking him by the neck and kicking him all over the room instead of falling on his neck and weeping and giving him veal pie. Pa said he wasn't running any old back number prodigal sons, and he thought his way was the best, and he sent me to bed without any supper. That settles the prodigal business with Hennery. No more fatted calf for Hank, if you please, and the boy got up and shook the herring peelings off his lap.'

'Well, how did your chum come out?' asked the grocery man with much interest.'

'Oh, he hasn't come out yet. He's in the lockup,' said the boy. 'His pa put the police on him, and when he showed up they run him into the police station for a tramp. I think we have both demonstrated that this climate does not agree with the prodigal son business, and however much they try to teach us the beauty of such stories they do not expect us to try to imitate them. When I go to Chicago after this I shall go in a parlor car, with lunch enough to last me and a return ticket. I don't understand it at all. Now I didn't do half the mean things in Chicago that the prodigal son of old did in the far off country, and yet he got taffy when he got home, and I got my spine broke. It may be all right, but they do things different in the old country, you know.'

'If I understand the kind of a prodigal son you are,' said the grocery man, as he sprinkled the floor from a wash basin preparatory to the semi-annual sweeping out, 'you have got even with your pa before this for his outrageous treatment. That is, mind you; I don't suggest anything for you to play on him, but from what I know of you the account is evened up before now. Am I right?'

'Well, I should remark. Any person who thinks I cannot resent such an insult, makes a mistake as to the sort of prodigal son I am. We had company at dinner to-day, and pa is always in his element when we have company. He prides himself on his carving. We had a roast of beef, and before it went on the table I took the steel that pa shorpens the carving knife on, and made two holes right through the roast, and then I took a rawhide whip that pa basted me with once, cut it in two and run pieces of the rawhide in the holes of the beef. Pa began carving with a smile and asked the minister if he would have his beef rare or an outside piece. He was bearing gently on the carving knife when it struck the rawhide, and it wouldn't go any further. Pa smiled and said he guessed he had struck a barbed wire fence, and he turned the roast around and cut again till he struck the rawhide. The minister drummed with his fork and spoke to ma and said, 'We had a splendid meeting Wednesday night,' and ma said it was perfectly gorgeous; and pa began to prespire and turn red in the face, and he said some words that would sound better in a brewery, and he tried to gouge off some meat but it wouldn't come, and the minister said: 'Brother, you seem to be having a monkey and parrot time with that roast'' and that made pa mad and said he could carve his own meat without any sky pilot's interference, and ma said, 'Why pa, you should not be impudent,' and pa said he would whip the butcher that sold him that piece of work ox, and he sent the beef out to the kitchen and the company ate cold liver. The girl set the meat in the ice chest, and pretty soon I went down cellar, 'cause I didn't like cold liver, and pulled out the rawhide, and