

Choice Miscellany.

UNDER THE SNOW.

Dear little hands, I loved them so! And now they are lying under the snow— Under the snow, so cold and white. I cannot see them, or touch them tonight. They are quiet and still at last, ah me! How low and red they used to be! But now they never can reach up through the snow. Dear little hands, I loved them so!

GOD'S ACRE.

All night through the snow had steadily fallen, a bewildering whirl in the air; solemnly falling, almost down, then caught by the winds, and sent spinning backward, right in the face of demure flakes floating near, till it seemed the mad frolic would never cease; all night long they had been whispering of a beautiful sky home as they softly clung to the forest trees' long branches and gathered in little heaps and hillocks at their feet. Falling, falling, till the long country road was hidden from sight; till the bare graves in the old burying ground were covered over with Heaven's white flowers. Not a very large graveyard, either; not were there marble shafts and evergreen to make beautiful the lonely place. Only the heaped up earth under the snow told of some one sleeping beneath. It was a wonder, too, how they could rest so quietly, for only the angles could remember, unmixed, the crowded mounds, or given to each "humble occupant its earth name. Truly in the huddling of graves, together it would scarce seem that the sleepers would know which was which when some day they should wake.

Only the pauper's burial ground! That was all! The one thing the world would give, ungrudgingly. Nay, it did give wealth, and suffering, too; and heartache! Even filled their lives to overflow. But its roses and gladness and warm firelight—not these! God's mercy gave them death; and life its last gift—a coffin of pine, unmarked grave. And the pitiful snow was falling noiselessly, tenderly, over them the whole night through, and winds sang a dirge through the trees. Unmourned, forgotten, how will they know themselves when the dead shall live again, without tired hands and lagging steps, the hunger and misery and scolding tears?

There had been a grave with fresh smelling earth upon it, just a week ago; a grave with a wild cherry tree beside it, just by accident, not design; and of three who stood under its sexton, over-seer and pale-faced child, the girl's eyes alone noted that the stunted tree marked head from foot. A child's heart the only one in which the frozen clods found echo as they fell so loud on the coffin lid. And the cold night had gone, chill dawn beginning to stir in the east. They columns of smoke were rising over the roofs, away down the road where lay the town; but on the white of the landscape was no sign of life. Yes, there is!

Something is moving along the unbroken road. A something with wan face and wide, sad eyes. There are tiny footprints sunk deep in the loose snow; a childish form stalks under the tele-graph, over dark shadows that have crept out from the woods across the road. A childish form climbs so wearily over the grave yard fence. Ah, dear Christ! There's a crimson stain on the white snow, as a little foot reaches it on the other side. The poor, half bare, little feet!

"O, mamma, mamma," as it reaches the cherry tree and falls on the mound at its side. "Mamma, O, mamma, I want you," and they arms clasp the cold grave. She knows where lies the head. She can almost tell just where underneath is the rose she begged, just where the third hands are folded. She brushes the snow away, lest it make still colder, her dear one, cold as her own bare fingers, and lays her cheek close to the hard earth. Some one knows that grave. Some one knows it; whispering with sobs and love and longing, to ears that cannot hear. * * Dawn quickens into day. The sun hangs a ball of flame in the gray sky, tingling the world with color. Noon comes; and the sunshine breaks from behind the woods and falls aslant a motionless child form—almost a baby form—its grief hushed, its heart-beats stilled, lying so that now-made grave, where a cherry

tree keeps guard. There are frozen tears on the still child face, and the wounded feet are covered with snow. But the little one knows naught of it. She rests once more on her mother's breast, beyond the cold and snow-clouds.

DOING TOO MUCH.

American women try to do too much. A woman in moderate circumstances, who does her own work, must afford as many ruffles on her children's clothes as her servants and puts out her sewing. Many would rather do the washing and ironing than the sewing. Some part of the work should always be put out; it is even only for women to do so, unless they prefer to give their money to doctors and nurses and suffer all they will if they toil until they are worn out. There will be suffering and less of money and time, and perhaps no hope of future strength.

Buy those things which will make your work easier, and, in order to save your time and strength, make plain clothes to lessen the labor of washing and ironing. I have been in rooms, sitting rooms, especially, where what-nots and mantelpieces were filled with many strange things without utility or beauty; bed rooms arranged in the same way, on bureaus and mantles, so that the labor of dusting such a house became a dread and burden. It is a matter of health, too, to have as few surfaces as possible to collect dust. If women would sit down and resolve to lessen their hours of labor they would soon find the unnecessary things they did. I know one woman who makes a dozen pies a week, and sometimes twice. Shortcake made with cream and baking powder, split and buttered, with fresh fruit or good canned fruit spread between, are good substitutes for both pies and cakes. Plain cakes, made in a large pan and cut in blocks are better than the most expensive ones.

Rags in bed rooms, in summer, make the cleaning easy. In a few hours the rugs can be gathered up and thrown on the grass, hung on the line, dusted, and the room swept and mopped quickly; the sweeping and mopping altogether, not taking more than one-half hour to a room. Then the full carpets can go down late in the fall, unless the house is very warm or there are double floors. There are many ways in which time may be saved: to a busy and overworked woman more leisure may be one of the many things,—recreation, health or social life.—Good Housekeeping

HOMELY ADVICE.

Do not be above your business. He who turns up his nose at work quarrels with bread and butter. He is a poor smith who is afraid of his own sparks; there's some discomfort in all trades except chimney sweeping. If sailors give up going to sea because of the wet; if bakers left off baking because it is hard work; if ploughmen would not plough because of cold, and tailors would not make our clothes for fear of pricking their fingers, what a pass we would come to. Nonsense my fine fellow, there's no shame about any honest calling; don't be afraid of soiling your hands; there's plenty of soap to be had. All trades are good to good tradesmen. Lucifer matches pay well if you sell enough of them. You cannot get honey if you are frightened at bees, nor plant corn if you are afraid of mud on your boots. When bars of iron melt under the south wind, when you can dig the fields with tooth-picks; blow slips along with fans; manure the crops with lavender water, and grow plum cakes in flower pots, there will be a fine time for dandies; but until the millennium comes we shall have a deal to put up with. Let us put up with it like men.

CHECK REINS.

Check reins, as a general rule, are of little use on the road, except in the case of inveterate stumblers. There it is necessary to sometimes check up high, so as to make them lift their feet, and besides, if they do trip, the check rein punishes them severely. Stumbling is chiefly due to bad shoeing; hence this use of the check, shows of needless cruelty. If a horse shows a tendency to stumble, pull off his shoes and drive him barefoot, being careful not to break his hoofs. He will soon get over the tendency in all probability. When the feet wear, if they do, so as to necessitate altering, if it is summer weather put on toe clips only, and renew them often. The check rein is used to make a naturally down-headed horse carry his head high or as high as his mate, and it is often made an instrument of wanton torture by unfeeling grooms and drivers. The real use of the check is to prevent a horse getting his head to the ground when standing. It is of no use at all, except as above explained, when travelling. Every horse works better without one, whatever work he does.—American Agriculturist for March.

A correspondent writes: "I have used EAGER'S WINE OF RHENISH for my children, and find it to be the only preparation which will keep them in health. I have also sent it to friends in Baltimore and they say that it enables their children to digest their food and save them from those summer stomach troubles so prevalent and fatal in that climate. I find it also a delicious and nutritious dessert. Have you inflammatory sore throat, stiff joints, or lameness from any cause whatever? Have you rheumatic or other pains in any part of the body? If so use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is one of the most wonderful internal and external remedies known to medical science.

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The man who is jealous or envious of his neighbor's success has no idea in his heart who can bring more bitterness into his life than can any outside enemy.

Old age is the night of life, as night is the old age of day. Still night is full of magnificence, and for many it is more brilliant than day.

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Wolfville, Oct. 16, 1885.

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Time Table

1885—Winter Arrangement—1886.

Commencing Monday, 16th November.

GOING EAST.

Table with columns: Station, Accm. Daily, Accm. T.T.S. Daily, Exp. Daily, A.M., P.M.

GOING WEST.

Table with columns: Station, Exp. Daily, Accm. M.W. Daily, Accm. Daily, A.M., P.M.

N. E. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. One hour added will get to Halifax time.

Steamer "Secret" leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, and for Digby and Annapolis, returning from Annapolis same days.

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Steamer Evangeline leaves Annapolis every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday p. m., for Digby.

International Steamers leave St. John at 8.40 a. m. every Monday and Thursday for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 10 a. m. and 8.30 p. m., daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

F. Innes, General Manager

Kentville, Nov. 13, 1885.



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Weymouth, Sept. 14, 1885.

DR NORTON: Dear Sir,—For twenty-five

years I have been afflicted with Salt

Rheum, and last Summer my head and

part of my body was one fearful sore.

My husband employed at different times

three doctors, which failed to do me any

good. In August 1884 I commenced

taking your Dr O. W. Norton's Burdock

Blood Purifier, and after taking three

bottles, an entirely cured, as I have not

the least symptoms of it since. The

Burdock Purifier has also cured Capt Brooks

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Mrs John Grant

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with Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble.

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until he used Norton's Burdock Blood

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