BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

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

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 19. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1891. NO. 13.

Professional Cards.

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

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

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

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

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

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

G. E. BARNABY, M.D.
(GRADUATE OF HARVARD, 1872.)
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.
House Residence for the present: MRS. AARON CHUTE'S.
Special attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.
Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 3m

DENTISTRY.

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

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

NEW YORK N.Y. STEAMSHIP CO.
(The Pioneer Line)
dispatch their new steamship
CITY OF COLUMBIA
(1900 tons) the most complete and elegant ship on the Eastern Atlantic coast
FROM
St. John, N. B.
Every Friday at 3 p.m.,
AND FROM
YARMOUTH, N. S.,
Every Saturday, at 6.30 p.m.,
(or on arrival of train from Digby)
FOR NEW YORK,
DIRECT.
Returning, Steamer will leave New York, from Pier 40, East River, foot of Pike St.,
Every Tuesday, at 5 p.m.

TICKETS:

New York to Yarmouth,	$10.50
Round Trip,	19.00
New York to St. John,	13.00
Round Trip	23.00

Tickets entitle holders to State Room, Berth, and Meals.
Freight received and forwarded on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York.
Cheap Fares and Low Rates.
H. H. WARNER, PRESIDENT.
N. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager,
63 Broadway, New York.
PARKER, EAKINS & CO.,
AGENTS, YARMOUTH, N. S.

$6000.00 a year is being made by John A. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $2 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE to every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

BRIDGETOWN GROCERY.
JUST RECEIVED:
TEAS AND COFFEES, UNEQUALLED FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOR.
SPICES, Warranted Pure.
CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
BISCUITS, Fresh from the Manufactory,
SYRUPS of all kinds,
SUGARS, MOLASSES, PORK, BEANS, TOBACCOS, PICKLES.
FRUIT: ORANGES, LEMONS, and BANANAS.
AT LOWEST CASH PRICE.
GEO. H. DIXON.

W. H. BANNISTER,
Optician,
—GRADUATE—
New York Optical College,
136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

Frank E. Vidito,
DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALTED BEEF, LAMB, PORK, BACON AND VEGETABLES.
THE subscriber has lately established business in the premises known as the PAYSON PROPERTY, first door east of the Post Office, where he intends to conduct the Meat and Provision Business in the best style, and so as to meet the requirements of the trade in all particulars. By strict attention and by dressing the best of stock, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage.
My team will run to Round Hill and Granville weekly.
Bridgetown, June 10th, 1890. 10 1y

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.
CURES
DYSPEPSIA. BILIOUSNESS. CONSTIPATION. HEADACHE. SALT RHEUM. SCROFULA. HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH. DIZZINESS. DROPSY. RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation, furnish everything needed, and assume all the risk. Remember I do not ask you to buy anything or risk money in any venture whatever. I want no money. I want no one who is not willing to work industriously and faithfully for the large income I guarantee. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

$1,000.00 GIVEN AWAY
—BY:—
THE WILMOT CORSET CO.,
South Farmington, N. S.
For particulars apply to:
Mrs. H. D. Woodbury, Mrs. L. C. Wheelock, C. H. Schaffner, R. D. Beals, S. Harris & Son, Mrs. Ansley, G. I. Letteney & Bro.
Feb. 11th, 1891. 1y

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

WHAT MAY BE FOUND
—IN—
MILLER'S DRUG STORE,
MIDDLETON.
A full line of Pure Drugs, Druggists' Sundries, Dyes (Diamond and Turkish), Fancy and Toilet Goods, Perfumes, Plain and Fancy Stationery, Artists Materials, Books, Etc., Etc.
School Books always in Stock.
SPECIAL OFFER:
In order to reduce my stock of Teas and Coffees I make the following offer:
To any one buying a bottle of PATENT or PROPRIETARY MEDICINE, I will give at cost for cash for both, 1 lb. of best TEA or COFFEE that can be found in the market.
I will also advise which medicine is the most suitable to their wants.
See price of Teas:
35c., 40c., 45c., and 55c. per lb.
Reduced to 28c., 32c. 37c., and 45c. per lb. by buying Patent or Proprietary Medicine and paying for both.
Coffee at the same rate.
TO LET.—Two offices formerly occupied by myself.
S. N. MILLER, M. D.

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

PALFREY'S CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.
THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29 1y

MONEY TO LOAN.
Nova Scotia Permanent Building Society and Savings Fund of Halifax.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the *monthly balance* at six per cent. per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefor, and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, *Agent at Annapolis.*
Annapolis, Feb. 11th, 1891. 6m

This is Business!
The subscriber offers for sale a variety of
Single & Double-seated Carriages.
Also, the very popular
Unique Road Carts.
Phaeton Carts, for one or two persons.
Second-hand Carriages, in good repair,
And two Express Waggons.
All of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. An inspection invited.
JOHN HALL
Lawrencetown, April 15th, 1891. 2 1f

FOR SALE.
TWENTY bbls. Digby fish fertilizer, to close consignment, belonging to the Estate of the late Hon. E. R. Oakes.
A. VIDITO.
Bridgetown, March 24th, 1891. 51tf

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO
JOB WORK
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
We have increased facilities for turning out
FINE WORK
—such as—
NOTE HEADS, LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, MEMO. HEADS, BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS.
POSTERS, DODGERS, PROGRAMMES, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, TICKETS, ENVELOPES, ETC., ETC.
Choice Lines of
WEDDING STATIONERY
always on hand.
Estimates Furnished. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Orders from any part of the Country will receive prompt attention.
Address,
"MONITOR" OFFICE, Bridgetown, N. S.

THE CELEBRATED
GERMAN HAIR DYE
IS NO PUFF! NO HUMBUG!
but is all that it professes to be,
A PERFECT DYE
changing, as if by magic, White, Gray, or any other colored Hair, to a Jet Black or Dark Auburn, as may be required, rendering it soft and silky in texture, and of a rich, glossy, natural appearance.
Price, 50 cts. Sold by all druggists.
.....PREPARED ONLY BY.....
F. L. SHAFFNER, Middleton, Annapolis Co., N. S.

A COOK BOOK FREE
By mail to any lady sending us her post office address. Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

PLEASANT AS MILK
Is the Expression Used by many when they take,
ESTEY'S EMULSION
Children will take it and ask for more
Delicate people can take it when their stomach cannot retain the ordinary Emulsions. It is easily digested.
—WHEN BUYING AN EMULSION—
Ask for Estey's.
Sold Everywhere. Price 50c., Six bottles, $2.50.

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

House For Sale!
THE subscriber offers for sale her property on Court Street, next to the Court House, consisting of house, barn, and small garden or building lot. Buildings in good repair, and furnished with town water service and sewerage.
Apply on the premises.
C. PIPER.
Bridgetown, March 4th.

PRODUCE.
THANKING a generous public for their valued favors in the past, we take this opportunity of soliciting a continuance of their patronage.
—RECEIVERS OF—
Apples, Plums, Pears, Eggs, Butter, Live Stock, Vegetables,
in fact, everything in the way of Country Produce.
FOSTER, FOSTER & Co.
Foot of Bell's Lane, Halifax N.S.

An Immense Stock
OF AMERICAN
ROOM PAPERS,
embracing many beautiful and pleasing designs, is now open for inspection, and marked as
LOW AS THE LOWEST,
in price, at the Book Store of
MISS B. ELDERKIN.
Bridgetown, March 30th, 1891.

Important Notice!
THE Subscribers have purchased the thoroughbred Holstein Bull "Duke of Clifford," and will keep him at their stables during the season for service of a limited number of cows. Terms.—$1.50 for season; 25 cents extra on all sums after Nov. 30, 1891.
OWEN P. BENT.
J. H. RAY.
Granville, April 9, 1891. 2 13i

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

HARNESS & TRUNKS
J. W. ROSS,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Single and Double Harness
of every description.
A large stock now on hand, which I will sell at lowest prices.
ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF
Trunks & Bags,
Shawl Straps, Whips, Brushes,
Horse Boots, Etc.
Low for Cash.
Bridgetown, May 18th, 1891. 49 3m

—An automatic whistling buoy has been established by the government of Canada off the western entrance to Lunenburg Bay on the southern coast of Nova Scotia. Lat. N. 44° 17′ 0″. Long. W. 64° 11′ 25″. The buoy is painted in alternate red and white horizontal stripes. From the buoy Battery point light bears N. N. W., 6½ miles; Cross Island light bears N. E. ½ E., 2 miles, West Ironbound light W. S. W., 4½ miles, and Rose Point N. W., ½ W., 1¾ miles. This notice affects Admiralty Charts No. 730 and 342, and the substance of it should be entered in Canadian List of Lights and Fog Signals under the number 402 B.

—Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

Poetry.

The Pleasant Mystery.

The child that enters life comes not with
knowledge or intent;
So those who enter death must go as little
children sent.
Nothing is known, but I believe that God
is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to
the dead.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

It Doesn't Cost Money.

It doesn't cost money, as many suppose,
To have a good time on the earth;
The best of its pleasures are free unto
those
Who know how to value their worth.

The sweetest of music the birds to us sing,
The loveliest flowers grow wild,
The finest of drinks gushes out of the
spring—
All free to man, woman and child.

No money can purchase, no artist can
paint,
Such pictures as nature supplies
For ever, all over, to sinner and saint
Who use to advantage their eyes.

Kind words and glad looks and smiles
cherry and brave
Cost nothing,—no nothing at all;
And yet all the wealth Monte Christo
could save
Can make no such pleasures befall.

To bask in the sunshine, to breath the pure
air,
Honest toil, the enjoyment of health,
Sweet slumber refreshing—these pleasures
we share,
Without any portion of wealth.

Communion with friends that are tried
true and strong,
To love and be loved for love's sake—
In fact, all that makes a life happy long,
Are free to whoever will take.

It doesn't cost money to have a good time,
And that is the reason, alas,
Why many, who might have enjoyment
sublime,
Their lives in such misery pass.

Select Literature.

"Never Faileth."

A young woman stood on the forward deck of a crowded ferry-boat, as it forged its heavy way through the water, making swells which rocked the smaller boats near by and washed high up on the piles at the dock.

The young woman did not notice the shipping, the tall buildings, the noisy landing, or the pushing crowd behind. She was thinking; and as the boat jarred against the buffers she said in a low tone to herself, "*Love* is the greatest thing in the world."

No one heard or heeded her but one pale-faced little woman in a black shawl, who stood crowded almost against her. She heard the words, and a look of wonder came into her hungry eyes. But the boat was docked, and the crowd pushed them on, and each went their separate way.

The pale-faced little woman in the black shawl hurried from place to place, but all the time she was turning over in her mind the words, "Love is the greatest thing in the world—in all the world."

Love of what—love from whom? It made no difference. Love was not for her. Youth was gone, hope was gone,—there was nothing for her but work. Her husband lived to work, and desired that she should live to work; and love, she could not remember to have heard the word for years—no, nor thought it.

The little children she used to think some day might be hers had never come, and her husband said it was a good thing, for children took time and money, and she had waited and grieved and worked in silence, and now she never thought of it, except to think that it was better so.

Was love the greatest thing in the world? Then she must miss the greatest things as she had missed all lesser things. But the hungry eyes looked out of a hungry heart, and the words said themselves over and over, not only that day, but through all the next weeks in a trip which she and her husband made to the West.

They had bought some land in Kansas, with a little one-roomed house on it, and there the work of living began again with ten-fold push. There was not a house in sight, and the sun seemed to rise so early and set so late—those long, long days, when she worked till the very grave would have seemed a pleasant place to rest in.

But all through that summer, as she looked back on it, she could see how the weight that bore her down grew lighter.

She seldom saw any one but her husband. They had no books, and those few words, "Love is the greatest thing in the world," began to fill for her the place of books and friends. When the sunlight was bright, and there were fleecy little clouds in the blue sky, and the prairie was blazing with flowers, and the one cottonwood tree rustled its leaves in the light breeze, there came new meaning into those words.

She thought about herself as a little child, remembered all the old days, and how she had been told of the love of God, and of Christ, His Son. The love of God—that was for her, too, as she remembered it; and as she worked, sometimes the words made music in her heart, and she sang them, and it sounded strange to her, for she was a silent woman.

Finally, though she could not have told when or how, she came to feel the love of God very close to her, and she knew that in some way God must mean that she should give out a little love to other things—love the cattle, and the horses, and the pigs, and the chickens; for she was a simple little woman. She loved them all; the work seemed easier, and the living things throve.

"She's got a wonderful knack," said her husband to a passing neighbor.

But as the capacity grew the hunger grew, and then one day there seemed to her to come a very gift from God.

A little sobbing boy came dragging up to the open door—a little boy with dark eyes, with dirty hands and dirty face, and shoes cut with stones. Such a little boy! About eight years old, she thought.

He cried and reached up his hands to her.

With a hasty look at the milk she was skimming to churn, she picked him up in her arms and held him close. She felt his hot little face against hers, felt the little arm around her neck, and the little heaving chest and beating heart against her own; she held him tight and loved him, and the tears came into her eyes.

But that could only last a minute; there was the milk. Then she gave him water with which to wash his hands and face outside the door, and after that she gave him a slice of bread and a tin cup of milk. He sat their as if he owned the house, his tears dried, and his quick eyes glancing around.

When his mouth was empty enough so that he could talk he told his story.

"My name is Charlie," he said. "I was in the prairie schooner, and the woman and the man got very mad at me, and I ran across the prairie till I saw this house, and now I'm going to stay here."

"Were the man and woman your father and mother?"

"Oh, no; my mother is in a coffin in the ground. She caught a fever, and this man and woman brought me along. Oh, I'm glad they're gone. I'd rather stay with you!"

She churned fast and thought faster. Her husband would not let him stay; he didn't like boys, and the boy would eat a half more. Then there were the clothes. No; he would have to go.

Her heart throbbed; had it ever throbbed like that before?

"*I* want to do that," said Charlie, eying the churndasher enviously.

A brave thought; perhaps he could work! She looked hastily down the hill. There was her husband's hat coming around the stack.

"Here, quick!" she said, and as the boy grasped the dasher, she took her sun-bonnet and went out with the chicken-feed.

Her husband came up the slope. Heloa, here, Jayhawker," the boy called out, "look at me shove this shover!"

Charlie with his legs apart, his cheeks red, his eyes shining, drove the churn-handle furiously.

The pale face under the sunbonnet was so eager that the man coming up the slope would hardly have recognized it. He smiled in spite of himself at the little figure at the churn. When had his wife seen him smile before?

She came forward with the empty pan, the eagerness schooled out of face and voice. She told what she knew about the boy, and added, "Perhaps he can work."

A gleam came into her husband's eyes. He was beginning to feel his constant labor. His head had ached lately, and his back ached, and he felt stiff in the mornings.

He tried the muscle in the boy's proudly extended arm, and felt his legs.

"We'll keep him," he said briefly; "he can do a sight of chores."

That night, when that pale-faced little woman could hear the sound of the little fellow's breathing over there in his quilt in the corner, and could hear him turn in his sleep and mutter something now and then, her heart beat fast, and all the sounds of the night went to the music of "Love is the greatest thing in the world."

So the boy stayed, and for a time there was peace.

"You're looking so spry, Malviny, and put more heft into your work. Kansas agrees with you better'n with me," said her husband, one day.

She did feel a difference. The time she could take to sew a button on Charlie's little ragged clothes, the moments when she could bind up one of the little dirty, stubby, cut fingers, the time she could spend knitting little stockings for cold weather, or making coarse little shirts, or cutting down Isaac's worn-out overalls—the times when she could steal out of bed in the dark night, and kneel down by his quilt, and kiss the soft little cheek, and pray with her whole soul that God would bless him and help her love him well, were a very elixir of life to her.

At first Charlie thought the chores some new sort of play, but that did not last long. By the time he was ten years old he was known by all the neighbors as that good-for-nothing boy of Holt's. He was a "bad boy."

"Charlie, have you fed the calves?" Isaac would say in the morning.

"Yep," came very glibly. And at night, "Charlie, now feed the calves," with the same reply. But perhaps by the time the milking was done Charlie would say, "I ain't fed the calves to-day!"

"You said you had!"

"I was thinking I had, but I haint fed 'em nor watered 'em."

Then Isaac, with a kick at the boy, which was skillfully evaded, would tramp wearily out into the darkness to do the neglected work.

Charlie would take a horse at four o'clock in the afternoon to go for the cattle off on the prairie, and would drive the cows galloping home long after dark, with his horse foaming with long and heavy riding. He would disappear for a whole day, and when he came home, Isaac, worn out with rage, would try to whip him; but even if the boy were soundly thrashed, in some way he still seemed to have the best of it.

If he were sent out to cultivate the corn, it was quite likely that he would tie the horse and lie down and go to sleep. At milking time he could seem to milk steadily and yet only milk one cow while Isaac milked three; or if he were sent to milk alone, he might stand whistling till bedtime, waiting "for the cows to give their milk down." If he were ordered to sow seeds, it would usually turn out that he had dug up a clod and planted all in one hole.

Once, Isaac, going on a short trip for cattle, offered to bring Charlie a knife if he would plant the potatoes. Isaac forgot the knife, but he received a scrawl saying, "You needent to bring me any knife. I ain't teched the potatoes. CHARLIE."

For the anxious little woman, with the Gospel of Matthew for a text-book,—a book given her years before by a tract distributor, but hitherto unread,—had managed during the bad days in winter to teach the boy something of reading and writing.

When Isaac would vow, as he often did, that Charlie should never stay under his roof another night, the boy would suddenly work so well, doing almost a man's work, that Isaac's wrath was sure to cool. For Charlie was really skilful with the cattle, and so strong that Isaac never could make up his mind to do without him.

There was one person, and only one, who never said he was a bad boy. At night he had more than once waked up to catch a glimpse of a white face, quite near him in the moonlight, and to feel hot tears drop on his face. Usually he turned over and tried to appear very sound asleep; once he choked, and put his arms around her neck, and gave her a great boyish hug and kiss that she never forgot.

But the next day he was worse than he had ever been before, and was whipped three times by Isaac.

Meantime Isaac was failing. "I'm breaking Malviny," he said one afternoon, coming in earlier than usual. He sat by the table, his head in his arms, never heeding milking time, never looking up to growl at Charlie when he entered.

A great tenderness rose up in the patient little woman's heart, and she stole around softly and made the best supper she could. But he did not lift his head to look at it.

In the morning he started out again to milk, but came back and sat again with his head in his arms; and then, not knowing that she could do so, but with a love and pity in her heart that must find expression, his wife coaxed him in timid words to go to bed; and when he was there the womanly instincts came uppermost, and she tidied the room, and darkened it, and moved quietly and smoothed Isaac's forehead, though it almost frightened her to do it.

She tried to encourage him, and as she walked around she sang in a low voice her only song, "Love is the greatest thing in the world."

He heard the words, and roused himself to listen.

"Come here, Malviny," he said. As she sat beside him he took her small, bony, twisted, hard-worked hand in his large one, and said brokenly:

"I'm sorry I aint been lovin'er to you, Malviny. No man ever had so good a wife as I've hed."

There was a long pause, while the chickens could be heard scratching outside the door.

"We aint made much of life," he went on. "This day, laying here, watching you and your quiet ways, and feeling your hand, is the sweetest day I ever hed, Malviny."

He said no more. He held her hand, and died at sunset.

The neighbors virtuously hoped that now Widow Holt was left alone, Charlie would do better, especially as he was getting so well-grown. He was sixteen now.

But he did not do better; he did worse. He staved away whole days from the farm. The milking, and all the hard chores, fell upon one poor little sorrowing woman. She tried to have nice meals, but Charlie was seldom at home to eat them, and the things were put away untasted. Soon she would have nothing to eat, she knew, if Charlie did not help.

When he come home she looked so anxiously at him, trying so hard to say something kind and interested, that he would go outside the house and stay until bedtime; and she would sit reading through blurred eyes her now almost wornout Gospel of Matthew.

Then she would pray that God would help her love him better. She thought if she had only given him more love, or the right love, he would have been a better boy.

Many rumors were afloat about Charlie. Some of the neighbors' boys were becoming reckless and unmanageable. It was all due to Charlie, the neighbors said, and there was talk of driving him out of the country.

One night Charlie came dashing up on his horse, pale and breathless, and there was a great welt from a whiplash on his neck and cheek. He broke into the little room and said:

"I'm going. Barnes and Clack and Hall met me on horseback at the Corners, and Nat Hall's run away, and they say it's my fault. Barnes cut me with his whip, and they say they're coming up here by midnight, and if I'm not gone they'll horsewhip me out of the county!"

"I've—loved you so—Charlie!" she said, in a voice like a cry.

The boy's throat worked; the color came into his face and left it; his hands clenched, and then, with a groan, he threw himself on the bed. His strong shoulders shook, and he sobbed in a storm of tears.

She knelt down beside him. All she could say was, "Charlie—my little Charlie!" She did not know how to talk.

"I won't go," he said, after an hour. "They can horsewhip all they like, but I can't leave you. I'll be good; oh, I'm so bad—so bad! I——" He put his head in her lap, and she smoothed it as she did at night when she thought he was asleep. "I want—to take care of you—but I'm so bad!"

She sat there and soothed him until he fell asleep. She waited until twelve o'clock but no one came.

Then she looked and looked on the face she loved so much—the square forehead, the tanned, fresh-colored cheeks—on that dreadful welt, the firm chin, the mouth she thought so beautiful, the brown hair with the wave in it, the long lashes on the cheek. It was a reckless face, but it looked like such a good face to her—it always had looked good to her, no matter what he did!

His brows drew together, and he murmured in his sleep just as he did the first night he came. He was only a boy after all; he said he would be good!

"Is love the greatest thing in the world? Can my love for him, and his love for me, and God's love for both, make him a good boy? If it can, love is the greatest thing in the world."

In the morning, when he woke, she was sitting beside him, half-afraid to have him waken; for he was a good boy when he was asleep.

He seemed dazed at first. Then he flushed, and looking square into her eyes said, with a new tone in his boyish voice, "You love me, don't you? Well, I'll show I love you—you see!"

She did see. He was as good a worker as any man around, and he knew it. He began his farming on a small scale, so that he could do everything himself—so "she" could live "comfortable like."

The little woman could not understand the summer that followed. A different look came into her eyes, and Charlie said there was color in her cheeks. Perhaps it was true, for it was a wonderful thing to have a nappy voice asking what she wanted, and telling her not to do this or that, but to rest.

Charlie found time to do so many new things! They had a garden with lettuce and tomatoes and sweet peas—things they never had before.

He said that the one room with its shed kitchen was not fit for her to live in, and he worked early and late, and made trades with carpenters, until he added a kitchen and a porch and two rooms for bedrooms.

Then came that wonderful day, the most frivolous day in all that little woman's life, when they took the horses and wagon and started before surise for Topeka, and came back by moonlight with a bed, a great rocking-chair, a looking-glass, a carpet, and some dishes.

At night, when everything was all done, and Charlie could hardly contain himself for pleasure, the little woman felt a tickling in her throat, and wondered if she was going to cry while she was frying eggs in the new frying-pan.

Such a night as that was, and such a supper—just they two; Charlie was happy, and looked lovingly at the little woman opposite him.

He was very solemn toward bedtime. He hung over her chair, and held her face in his two big hands, and kissed her, and said:

"You think I love you now, don't you, mother? And we think what you sing—don't we—that love is the greatest thing in the world?"

JESSIE WRIGHT WHITCOMB.

H. W. Beecher's Early Poverty.

Henry Ward Beecher was always ready to talk with every man who had an idea or a good story. He hated bores, and when they called he always turned them over to Mrs. Beecher, with the remark, "Mother, you take care of this interesting man."

Beecher liked to talk of his early poverty. He always treated poverty in a humorous vein. "Once," he said, "I was the poorest man in Lawrenceburg, Ind., where I supplied my first church, away back in 1836. I was so poor that I couldn't buy firewood to keep us warm without going without books. I remember one Sunday morning there came a big flood in the Ohio. I was preaching at the time, and I looked out of the window and saw the flood wood go sailing by my house. It seemed wrong for me to see so much good wood going by and I not able to catch it, so when the service was over I hurried home, and that afternoon, with the aid of Deacon Anderson, I got out enough driftwood to keep Mrs. Beecher in firewood for three months; and all the while," he said, looking up and smiling at his wife, "mother stood in the doorway and cheered us on."

"In 1838," said Mr. Beecher, "I was so poor that I rode clear to Fort Wayne from Indianapolis on horseback and delivered a lecture for twenty-five dollars. Then I went to New York to attend the Congregational Convention. While in New York I went to Dr. Prime, of the *Observer*, and offered to write weekly letters from the West at one dollar apiece. Dr. Prime agreed, and paid me five dollars in advance; but the next day the Doctor thought it over, repented of his haste and profligacy, and wrote me that he did not think my letters would be worth it. But, oh," he groaned, turning to Mrs. Beecher, "it was a bitter disappointment to us—wasn't it, mother?"

The Crucifixion Nails.

One of the most curious relics preserved in the Ashmolean musuem, at Oxford, Eng., is a crown having a framework said to have been made of the nails that were driven through the hands and feet of Jesus at Calvary. The crown itself is embossed with jewels and gold, exhibiting a close resemblance to the enameled work of the present day, notwithstanding the fact that its history can be traced back to the time of the coronation of Agilulfus, king of Normandy, in the year 591.

As noted in the foregoing, the portion of the crown which is of greatest traditional interest is the framework of iron, about ⅜ of an inch broad and 1-10 of an inch in thickness, attached to the inner circumference of the jewelled superstructure. This iron band was made from the identical nails, according to legendary report, used at the Crucifixion; given by the Empress Helena—who, history says, was the discoverer of the cross—to her son, Constantine the Great, as a miraculous protection from the dangers of the battlefield.

The priest who exhibits the crown to curious visitors points out, as a permanent miracle, the fact that there is not a single speck of rust upon the iron, although it has now been exposed to the dampness of the atmosphere for more than fifteen centuries. The crown was originally made for Agilulfus, king of the Lombards, under the supervision of Theodelinde, his wife, who had fallen heir to the sacred nails.—*St. Louis Republic.*

SMELLING MONEY.—A correspondent in the *Cincinnati Times Star* points out how foolish is the practice of sending paper money through the mail without registering the letter. He proves his statement thus: "Here's this five dollar bill, I'll put it into an envelope. Now smell it. There you have it. There is nothing on earth that smells like paper money, and an expert thief with good olfactory nerves can detect the presence of money in an envelope at any stage of the game. There is one thing that the people should remember, and that is that for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the average mail thief beats the heathen Chinee."

Goldwin Smith.

Goldwin Smith is opposed to Sir Charles Tupper in many ways, but doubtless both would agree that no better remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, headache, kidney troubles, skin diseases, etc., exists than Burdock Blood Bitters, the best family medicine known.

—Brush the hair as long as possible, and change the style of wearing, so that the strain made by pins will not come too long upon one place.

It is estimated that the amount of land under cereal crop this year in Manitoba is 1,311,000 acres, of which 960,000 are in wheat.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.