Choice Miscellany.

ASSURANCE.

BY GRORGE FLETCHER

THE BATTLES OF THE DEAD.

It is midnight in the brick farm house at Chancellorsville—the new building on the site of the one partially destroyed when Hooker marched his troops into the wilderness to get in the rear of Lee at Fredericksburg. In the yard are the rotten wheels of gun-carriages; in the south wall are a dozen cannon balls firmly imbeded, half a mile below is the stone marking the spot where Stonwall Jackson received his mortal wound; here is the same dark forest which shellered triends and foe.

Federal troops are now in sight on the Ely's Ford read."

I hastily dressed and passed out into the yard with him. I noticed that he had on a Confederate uniform, dusty and worn. I looked at my own gart ments; they were blue. He pointed his fingers down the road, and I saw through the mists of the summer night a great army approaching. There was cavalry, infantry and artillery—there were flags and banners and ambulances. In two minutes more the head of the

"Hush! 'Tis a battle of the dead! "you've been out three times already
The spirits of the thousands who fell because I've got married. Fair's fair—

Couriers and aides galloped here and late. The ship on the Sand had gone to-there—staff officers turned heads of pieces, and all hands were lost. column the right or left. It was so strange to witness those thousands moving with such order and yet giving out

"Look-see!" whispered my companout of the pine woods and blotching the starlit sky like a stain of blood. It be a woman in the highest and truest spread and grew until half the stars of heaven were hidden. Meanwhile, the face of every man in blue was turned we are sorry that truth compels us to say we are sorry that truth compels us to say we are sorry that truth compels us to say we are sorry that truth compels us to say the say that a scalar, the

"Here are the results!" whispered the Confederate, and I looked to the right and left to behold the dead and wounded. I could see them in the fields, under the pines, on the highway. Some faces allowed fear and horror—others expressed vindicativenes. There were horses lying dead—others hobbling about and seeming to appeal for mercy.

Hirum "trimmius." They live for no great purpose, ne worthly end. They seek no example of virtue and womanly life. What are they good for? Why are they here? To be fed and dressed to order by servents, milliners and dressemakers?

Young womenmake a big blunder if they fail to get a good education. Education elevates and refines and is en indicated.

"It is horrible !" I whispered.

"Aye! but it is over."

I looked again and the vision had faded. The highways were barren of lifethen the fields and forests at peace. The smoke-clouds had disappeared, and the dead and wounded had been spirited away.

"And so the dead of the armies fight their battles o'er?" I saked.

sale condition of true womanhood.
Young woman, make an irreparable led woman, make an irreparable lounder if they do not guard with holy jealousy their good name. A good name is "the immediate jewel of the soul." It is your all. Remember that while society lets the man (the poor innocent thing) go free it will stone the woman.
Young women make a big blunder if the woman is the poor innocent thing when the poor innocent thing woman is the interval of the woman.
Young women make a big blunder if the woman is the poor innocent thing woman is the innocent thing woman is the innocent thing woman is the innocent that while society lets the man (the poor innocent thing) go free it will stone the woman.
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Young women make a big blunder if the woman is the innocent that while society lets the man (the poor innocent thing) go free it will stone the woman. "Aye! but it is over."

the path of right;
That gived beyes of norning will be blasted ere the night;
That after wearisome sowing, and waiting in long suspence.
The mantle of an awing solomning in long suspence,
Tares will grow, and weeds will spring, my labor to recompense.

The mantle of an awing solomnity overspread all things. Pennsylvania had had two great plagues at deferent normal springs, and waiting the phistory and seed and seed the settings without a clear understand-normal springs.

In long stepence.

Tares will grow, and weeds will spring, my labor to recompense.

But I know that my Heavenly Father—though fairlying be my aim—
Despatches not the endeavour, if wrought in Jeaus' name;

And though no reward appeareth, my fainting heart to cheer,
Perchance, when the sheaves are gathered, His "Well done it" I shall hear

I know that earth's pleasures are transient, that giah hearts will bleed with anguich, and sigh in vain for relief;
That glad hearts will bleed with anguich, and sigh in vain for relief;
That clouds will obscure and darken the bright of my summer sky;
That clash His my summer sky;
That clash His my summer sky;
That clash His hand the tighter, when darkest is the night,
And I know—though strange the pathway—He'll guide me into light.

And all know—though strange the pathway—He'll guide me into light.

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And I know—t of meat in families or, dressing or selling or selling of meat in families or, dressing or selling or selling of meat in families or, dressing or selling of meat in families or, dressing or selling It is midnight in the brick farm house houses, for such as cannot be otherwise a proper conception of such enormous Finnnel; Winceys, twilled,

"Are you asleep?"

"No."

The last stroke of 12 had scarcely died away when the farmer opened my bedroom door to askathe question.

"Then maybe you'd like to see it?"

"The battle of Chancellorsville. The English coast), and is one of many secks as some of them are worthless.

The battle of Chancellorsville. The English coast), and is one of many secks as some of them are worthless.

In two minutes more the head of the column had reached the Chancellorsville men were at once upon the beach, and American Agriculturist. plank road. Some turned to the right, prepared to launch a yawl. While they some to the left, some plunged into the were waiting for a lull to run the boat in each issue.

| 100 | Columns and 100 | Engravings | Engravings | Horse Rugs. gloomy pine thickets beyond. through the surf, a young beachman ran "But I hear no noise—not the foot- up and jerked one of the yawl's crew

step of a horse nor the clang of a saber," from his post.

I protested. "No, no, Jack! not this time," he said;

The spirits of the thousands who fell here have come to fight the battle once again!"

The boat was launched, and was just tlearing the surf, when a breaker lifted the light of battle in his eyes. His form grew erect, his feet seemed impatient and he scented the air as if eager to join in he scented the air as if eager to join in who had refused to let his brother take

because I've got married. Fair's fair—

751 Broadway, New Yo 2.

The boat was launched, and was just clearing the surf, when a breaker lifted her up and flung her completly over tree of the crew were drowned, and one of them was the newly-married man who had refused to let his brother take

751 Broadway, New Yo 2.

12 magic water pens, all by return of mail for 25c, or nine 3 cent stamps. Package of fast-selling articles to agents for 3c, and this slip.

A. W. Kinney, Yarmouth, N. S. the fray.

Now the highways and byways—the cleared fields—the open woods—the lone-ly thickets were full of blue uniforms.

The fray who had refused to let his brother take his place. Without a moment's delay another yawl was got ready for launching; she was pushed out to sea, but it was too

W. & A Railway.

GIRL'S BLUNDERS. BY REV. MADISON C. PETERS.

as he pointed down the plank road without the supreme and holy ambition It is a great blunder to start out in life There was a cloud of smoke rolling up to possess true womanhood. Earth preout of the pins woods and blatching the sents no higher object of attainment. To that way. We saw battery after battery, regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, move down to the scene of conflict. Torgues of flame dashed through the smoke-cloud and lighted up thicked and field, but there was no scund. The stillness of night was almost pinful.

"Here are the results!" whispered the Confederate and I looked to the sight.

elevates and refines, and is an indispensible condition of true womanhood.

cety jets the man (the poor innocent thing) go free it will stone the woman "And so the dead of the armies fight their battles o'er?" I asked.

"As you have seen," he solomly replied. "Until the hate and rancor of men is no more—until all men are at peace—the spirits of those who fell in battle cannot rest. They must plan champaigns and fight their battles as of old. The vision you have seen here is repeated at Antietam, Guttysburg, Vicksburg, Franklyn—on a hundred battle, fields of America. Let us go."—Detroit Free Press.

SUNDAY IN OLD TIMES.

A Sabbath in Pennsylvania thirty-five years ago was regarded by many young people as a "holy terror." To live well and die well was esteemed the happigst of all human achievements, and the "mend-ology. There was never a greater" in thing) go free it will stone the woman thing) go free it will stone the woman thing go fire it will stone the woman thing go fire it will stone the woman thing by go fire it will stone the woman thing by blunder if they do not learn how to take care of a lome. It is grievous social and moral wongs when girls are brought up helples in household life. How many mothers their daughters soil their hands and work like slaves that their daughters may enjoy every luxry and do nothing. No woman ought to be allowed to marry unless she can give evidence that she can look well to the ways of her household. In case she may not herself be required to work also and all lime leave \$1.00 a. m. every Monday and Thursday for Eastport, Portland and Boston at 10 a. m. and All Rail Line leave \$1.00 a. m., daily, except Saturday worning and Sunday moraing.

Take time, dard Time, One hour added will gi elled will staturday, a young page were who hardly let their daughters soil their hands and moral works like always their daughters soil their hands and work like always their daughters may enjoy every luxry was an all play every Monday and Thursday for Eastport, Portland and Boston at 10 a. m., and All Rail Line leave \$1.00 a. m., and Jurical Rail and All Rail Line l

eternal fires were constantly kept un- blunder than to substitute good looks for covered to aid a wayward soul in attaining good qualities. The reason why so many ing these ends. The day might be demen do not make homes for themselves fined as a bundle of negations—"Thou is because they caunot afford it—the shalt not do this, and thou shalt not do women are so averse to doing anything I know that I shall stumble, in treading the rath of right. It mattered not that the tides and so extravagant in their taste and derive the rath of right.

ressman Belford.

NOBLY DONE.

The best deeds of life are not always.

We commend

We commend

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473 Berwick " 935
30 Waterville " 950
59 Kentville d'pt 64
64 Port Williams" 600 11 35
66 Wolfville " 610 11 14
69 Grand Pre " 625 11 57
72 Avonport " 640 12 10
77 Hantsport " 658 12 30
84 Windsor " 750 1 20
116 Windsői June" 10 90 345
136 Halibax arrive 10 45 4 30

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READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS. READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS.

Weymouth, Ept. 14, 1885.

DR Norton: Dear Sir.—For twentyfive 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 DrO. W. Norton's Burdock
Blood Purifier, and after taking three
bottles, am chiriely cured, as I have not
the least symptoms of it since. The
Blood Purifier has also cured Capt Brooks
of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Yours truly, Mrs John Grant
Peter Frost, Esq. of Little River Div.

Peter Frost. Esq., of Little River, Dig-by Neck, was sick a long time with Liver Kidney and Nerve Disease. He is now well by using Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

Asa Raymond's son was sick and confined to the house for over three months with Rheumatism and Kidney Troubles. He was attended by a doctor, and tried many remedies but obtained no relief until he used Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, wich cured him.

John Layton of Mount Denson, was sick with Scientice for five weeks, when his doctor gave him up. He is now quite well by using Norton's Magic Liminent and Dr O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

There is no medicines known to the medical fraternity that has cured so many of Liver, Kidney Blood and Nerve Diseases as the medicines that compose Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier. Sold by most of the dealers in medicine throughout the county, and by G. V. Rand, Druggist, Wolfville at \$1.00 pe large bottle.

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