(Conitnued from first page.)

en in prescriptions during her father's illness; and thinking to herself 'Dr. Cranston has sent me the title of that book,' she opened it quietly.

But the moment her eyes fell on what was within a blush dyed her beautiful face.

No title of drawing-book was sufficient to send the blood in such waves to her cheek.

Fortunately she was alone, and had no one to notice her confusion. To her astonishment, the envelope contained a small but very elegant valentine, and on the blank page was written, in the same well-known hand:

Many thanks, O! gentle lady,
For those gracious words of thine,
Bidding me in accents kindly
Be thy welcome valentine.

Long and well as I have loved thee,
Dear as is thy sweet behest;
No such liberty I'd venture,
Were it not thine own request.

But, emboldened by that mandate,
By the look and smile you gave,
Now indeed I'll sue with ardor,
And a greater boon I'll crave.

Long and well I've loved thee, Alice,
Loved thee fervently and true;
When we meet will you not whisper,
'Harry, dearest, I love you!'

Critics might have thought the rhymes were not as finished as they should be considering the beauty of the fair girl who read them; and certainly Dr. Cranston would have taken more care with them if he had known who was to peruse them. But Alice saw no deficiencies in the verses.

'It is true I do love him,' she said after a while, with a caressing movement of her hand over the messenger of such glad tidings. 'I think I have loved him,' she whispered to herself, blushing again, 'almost ever since I first saw him; but he is so great and wise I never thought he would care for me.

And she, too, kissed the letter.

'But how could he know that I wished him to send a valentine?' she said, as she thought of her wish. 'No one heard me, and he thanks me for the permission to send it! I shall be inclined in the doctrine that kindred spirits can meet and commune though there earthly tenements may be far distant.'

She seemed lost in thought for a moment Then she said with her finger under her chin:

'But what am I to do? Wait until we meet I suppose, and then Monsieur Le Docteur, she added, saucily, 'it will depend upon where we meet whether I comply with your request.'

Meanwhile the day had been a busy one for Dr. Cranston, and it was evening before he opened his letters.

Among them was a note from his cousin little Alice's oldest sister.

'What could possess you,' it said, 'to send an envelope addressed to Alice, with only the enclosed paper in it? She thought it her valentine, and was very much disappointed.'

Dr. Cranston opened the paper referred to. It was his note to Miss Stanley giving the title of the book.'

In an instant he comprehended all, and knew that his valentine had gone to Alice Stanley by mistake.

'A pretty piece of business!' he explained jumping from his seat, and pacing up and down the room. 'It is easy enough to send little Alice another valentine. But how explain to Miss Stanley?'

He stopped, resumed his chair, and turned the subject over. But he could arrive at no conclusion.

Again his bell aroused him, and on opening the door he found Mr. Stanley's footman.

'Please sir,' said the man, 'come at once to Mr. Stanley's. Miss Minnie is quite ill.'

Dr. Cranston soon arrived at his destination, and was ushered in.

The room was dimly lighted, and the doctor at first thought it vacant, but a slight figure rose from the fireside and advanced toward him.

In a moment he recognized Alice, and was thinking what apology he could make, when, to his bewilderment, she put both her hands into his and said, with down-cast eyes:

'I do not quite understand your valentine, but it made me very happy.'

Could he believe his senses? Was he insane or in a dream? But before he could rally his faculties he was called to see his little patient, and was forced to leave the room.

But he had another interview with Alice as soon as he left the sick-room, where little Minnie was suffering from nothing worse than a bad cold.

Alice was at first rather shocked when she found that it was only by mistake that she had received her precious valentine. But the ardor and earnestness of the doctor soon reconciled her to it all. They had a hearty laugh over their mutual explanations, and Alice was even induced before her lover left the house, to repeat correctly the last line of his valentine.

☞ A rather remarkable family gathering took place at New York the other evening to celebrate the 96th birthday of Mrs. Hannah K. Davas. There were four daughters present, whose ages ranged from 60 to 70 years, 16 grandchildren from 19 to 43 years of age, and 24 great grand-children whose ages ranged from six months to 10 years. Only six of the entire family were absent.

☞ A Boston merchant not long since telegraphed to Calcutta at 5 o'clock in the afternoon ordering the purchase of Merchandise to the value of one hundred thousand dollars. The following morning at 9 o'clock a response to the order was on the merchant's table, prices given, rates of freight, etc., etc.

☞ The earnings of the Intercolonial Railway show a decrease of $15,700 for year ending 30th June last, while the increase of expenses was $26,700. The total expenditure on public works last year was eleven millions and a half.

☞ Fifty thousand Russian Mennonites have determined to immigrate to the United States. They have the alternative of taking up arms or leaving the empire, and prefer to cross the sea. Fourteen thousand of them will settle in Kansas early in the Spring.

☞ Death is the wish of some, the relief of many, the end of all. It sets the slave at liberty, carries the banished men home, and places all men on the same level, insomuch that life itself would be a punishment without it.

☞ Whatever you wish your child to be be it yourself. If you wish it to be happy, sober, truthful, affectionate, honest and godly, be yourself all these. If you wish it to be lazy and sulky, a liar and a thief, a drunkard and a swearer be yourself all these.

☞ One of the earliest printers on record is said to have been the Emperor Trajan, who set up a column in Rome.

Poetry.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place
And deem that death had left it almost fair,
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands! so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed that icy hand had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped—
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me
Recalling other days remorsefully,
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way,
For who would war with dumb, unconscious clay!
So I might rest forgiven of *all* to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow,
The way is lonely let me feel them *now*.
Think gently of me for I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh hearts estranged, forgive I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

Miscellaneous.

THE CHARMS OF JAFFA.

What a stroll it was through the narrow streets of Jaffa—the streets that shoot under the houses like tunnels and run up and down hill like stairs. How the bazaars glowed with colored stuffs and made the air sweet with perfumes that no seal can imprison. How the water gurgled in the great Saracenic fountain, with its marble troughs and golden verses of the Koran. What a chosen spot it is, cooled by this bubbling water, where half a dozen streets run together and the fantastic bazaars group themselves in a circle about it under the shelter of vines and fig-trees. Then the twang of traffic is softened in the smoke clouds of the nargilehs and soothed with numberless small cups of coffee as black as ink and as thick as mud. All the sunshine of the East pours upon that devoted nook, and who visits Jaffa knows what it is to linger an hour within the charming circle of its antique fountain over against the Jerusalem Gate—a gate that has been torn down, by the by—listening to the drone of the buyers and sellers, feeding upon figs, dates, oranges and sugar-cane, slipping coffee or smoking jehile while he dreams of the holy City beyond the plains of Sharon. From the roof of Simon, the tanner's house the charms of Jaffa appeal to the eye. The town is thoroughly oriental; it could not be transplanted into any other land without once being marked as an alien. Old as it is one sense it is very fresh and young in another. The Jaffa of to-day is strong and lusty with the stirring life of travel. Through the narrow, crooked streets pass the huge caravans of the world. The eyes of all the nations of the earth have turned to it with joy. The feet of myriads of pilgrims have waded in its summer dust, its winter mire. The sea freighted with ships sings under the weather beaten walls on the one hand, and the famed gardens, sweet with the odors of unplucked grapes, oranges pomegranates, peaches, figs, hem it about with bowers of perpetual shade upon the other. There stands Lydda, where St. Peter healed Eneas; where St. George was born; where the lion-hearted Richard pitched his camp. Beautiful Ramleh, with its splendid tower, is further on by the green plains of Sharon. Herod and Samson and David knew all this beauty.

AN ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

Confession of a fault makes half of the amends.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.

Foolish fear doubeth danger.

God reaches us good things by our own hands.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

Knavery is the worse of trade.

Learning makes a man fit comfort for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.

Quiet conscience gives a quiet sleep.

Richest is he who wants least.

Small faults indulged in grow into large thieves.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are near kin.

Wise men make more opportunities than they find.

You never loose anything by doing a good turn.

☞ Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty years of age, learned to study the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between 70 and 80, commenced the study of Latin.

BE BUSY.—You have your work to do for Christ where you are. Are you on a sick bed? Still you have your work to do for Christ there, as much as the highest servant of Christ in the world. The smallest twinkling star is as much a servant of God as the mid-day sun. Only live for Christ where you are.—*McCheyne.*

☞ From July 1 to Dec. 31, 1876, eighty-nine millions of postal cards were sold in the post offices of the United States, or fifteen millions more than for the same deriod of 1875. Postal cards were introduced there only four years ago.

CENTRAL BOOKSTORE.

Spring Importations.

Just received ex SS. "India" from Glasgow, and S. S. "Anglia" from London,

38 CASES OF STATIONERY,

—EMBRACING—

FOOLSCAP PAPERS, Cream and Bd. Laid, Large and Small Post, Flat, Legal Cap, Bill Cap Commercial Letter and Note Papers, Antique Parchment Note Paper, Ordinary Letter and Note Papers for Jobbers. Bank, Post, Letter, Thin Linen, Letter and Note, Cream Laid and Antique ENVELOPES—Square and Business Sizes. White and Colored Printing Paper, Printing and Visiting Cards, MOURNING STATIONERY all grades. Gillott's, Mitchell's, and other makers' PENS, Quill Pens. A. W. Faber's and Rowney's LEAD PENCILS, Programme and Carpenter's Pencils, Stephen's Blue, Black and Jet Black Writing and Copying INKS, Ink Powder, Chalk, Crayons, Seals, Letter and Parcel Wax, Wafers, Red Tape, Slates and Pencils, &c., &c.

Our Stock of BLANK BOOKS will be found complete in sizes and bindings,

THOMAS P. CONNOLLY,
Cor. Granville and George Sts., Halifax, N. S.
Aug. 16th, '76. 1y no 19.

FRED. LEAVITT,

LAWRENCETOWN,

INVITES the attention of purchashers to his Large and Complete Stock of

Dry Goods,
Ready-Made Clothing,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Hats and Caps,
&c., &c., &c.

Molasses, Tea, Sugar,
Groceries of all Kinds,
Brooms, Pails, Tubs.

Farming Implements,
Nails, Cordage,
&c., &c., &c.

All of which are offered at LOW FIGURES to suit the times.

—ALSO—

Parket, Eagle, Doe, Prouty & Mear's PLOWS,

at Berwick Prices.

May, 1876.

What Pays?

IT PAYS every **Manufacturer, Merchant, Mchanic, Inventor, Farmer, or Professional man,** to keep informed on all the improvements and discoveries of of the age.

It pays the head of every family to introduce into his household a newspaper that is instructive, one that fosters a taste for investigation, and promotes thought and encourages discussion among the members.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

which has been published weekly for the last thirty-one years, does this, to an extent beyond that of any other publication; in fact it is the only weekly paper published in the United States, devoted to Manufactures, Mechanics, Inventions and New Discoveries in the Arts and Sciences.

Every number is profusely illustrated and its contents embrace the latest and most interesting information pertaining to the Industrial, Mechanical, and Scientific Progress of the world; Descriptions, with Beautiful Engravings of New Inventions, New Implements, New Processes, and Improved Industries of all kinds; Useful Notes, Recipes, Suggestions and Advice by Practical Writers, for Workmen and Employers, in all the various arts, forming a complete repertory of New Inventions and Discoveries; containing a weekly record, not only of the progress of the Industrial Arts in our own country, but also of all New Discoveries and Inventions in every branch of Engineering, Mechanics, and Science abroad.

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The practical Recipes are worth ten times the subscription price, and for the shop and house will save many times the cost of subcription.

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Neatly executed at the MONITOR Offic

BUSINESS CARDS

Neatly and promptly executed at the office of this paper.

TO MAGISTRATES!

A large lot of MAGISTRATE'S BLANKS for sale at this Office.

THE PETRIFYING SILICATE PAINTS,

As supplied to the Admiralty, Board of Works, Austrian Lloyd's, Woolwich Arsenal, Cunard Company, &c.,

For House, Ship and General Use, Indoors and Out.

And in all Colors.

Manufactured by the SILICATE PAINT COMPANY, LIVERPOOL, having no chemical action on Iron and other Metals; will stand any degree of heat without blistering—1 cwt. being nearly equal in bulk, and doing the work of 2 cwt. Lead Paints.

Artificial Stone Paint, { For preserving Wood, Zinc, and other Buildings, giving them the appearance of White or Bath Stone, &c.

DAMP WALLS, DAMP CHURCHES, &c.
Cured by the PETRIFYING LIQUID, at a cost of about 2d. per square yard.

TO PREVENT WHITE ANT,
In Wooden Ships, Railway Sleepers, Beams and House Timbers, and General Iron and Wood Work.
For Shingle Roofs, Ships' Bottoms, Damp or Wet Walls,

GRIFFITH'S PAT. ENAMELL'G PAINTS.
Every article for the Trade at lowest prices.

For Particulars and Testimonials apply to the the Agent, at Bridgetown, Annapolis Co., Nova Scotia.

Porous Tile Roofs, Wet Walls, Wooden Structures, Ships' Bottoms, &c., made thoroughly WATERPROOF, and IRONWORK preserved from Oxidation, by GRIFFITH'S PATENT ENAMELLING PAINT. Manufactured by THE SILCIATE PAINT COMPANY, LIVERPOOL, G. B

Agent for Nova Scotia—HUGH FRASER, BRIDGETOWN.

ALSO—CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE,

Refined Scotch and Sweedish IRON.

BLISTER, CAULKING TYRE, CAST DRILL STEEL

ALSO:—Canada Horse Shoe Nails.

In Stock a quantity genuine Zinc White, and No. 1. White Leads. Boiled and Raw Paint Oil, Best Quality.

A Small Lot of Silicate Paint on Hand, which will be Sold Low for Cash. Parties wishing to procure the Silicate Paint for Spring, will please send in their orders early, thus enabling the subscriber to have them imported in time for use.

Bridgetown, July 19th, 1876. 6m n15 **HUGH FRASER.**

NOTICE.—A Complete Set of the West India and United States Charts for sale Cheap, together with a lot of NAUTICAL BOOKS, &c. Also, First Class SEXTANT, all will be sold low for Cash. H. F.

McCARTHY & COOK,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

PIANOFORTES AND ORGANS.

PIANOFORTES —by— WEBER, MATHUSEK, FISCHER, LABELLE, and other First-Class Makers.

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The "Matchless" BURDETT ORGAN

A SPECIALTY.

This Organ received the HIGHEST AWARD at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. ☞ Every instrument warranted for Five years.

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STEAM HEATING ENGINEERS,

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RUBBER AND LEATHER BELTING.

STEAM PIPE,	STEAM PUMPS,	BABBIT METAL,	LARD OIL,
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Agents for Rich's Patent Saw Sharpener and Gummer.

CATARRH.

Five Years' Sickness Cured by Four Bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy.

Pain in Shoulders, Back and Lungs, an Droppings in Throat Disappear.

ST. ARMAND, P. Q., Sept. 12, 1876.

MR. T. J. B HARDING

Dear Sir:—Being desirous that others may know something of the merits of your CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY, I wish to inform you what it has done for me. I am twenty-nine years old; had been out of health for about five years. I had employed three or four different doctors, and tried various medicines, without receiving any permanent banefit, but continued rather to grow worse until last fall, when I had become so bad as to be unable to do an hour's work at a time. Had severe soreness and pain under the shoulder blades and through the shoulders, with very lame back, and a feeling in my right lung as though there was a weight bearing it down, with continual dropping in the throat and down upon the lungs. Such was my condition when I commenced to take your Catarrh Remedy, one bottle of which eased my pains and gave me an improved appetite, and after taking four bottles I was restored to health so as to be able to endure hard and continued labor, such as chopping and clearing land, at which I have been engaged the past season. My recovery I attribute solely, with God's blessing, to the use of your Catarrh Remedy.

Yours truly HENRY SNIDER,

Price $1 per bottle; For sale by all Druggists.

Consumption Cured!

An old physician, retired from active practise, having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a Vegetable Remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and all throat and Lung Affections: also a Positive and Radical Cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering, he will send FREE OF CHARGE, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and successfully using. Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

DR. C. STEVENS,
Box 86, BROCKVILLE, O

NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of *GEORGE BALLENTINE,* late of Wilmot, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within six months from this date and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

GEO. N. BALLENTINE,
or GEORGE NEILY,
Administrators

Wilmot, Nov. 14th, 1876. 6m

BILL-HEADS, VISITING, WEDDING and BUSINESS CARDS, &c., &c., neatly and promptly printed at this office. Call and inspect samples of work.

New Goods! New Goods!!

MRS. L. C. WHEELOCK, has just opened a fresh assortment of

PRESS GOODS,

Gloves, Hosiery, Haberdashery, Laces, Trimmings, Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, Grey and Bleached Cottons, Window Nets, &c., &c.

MILLINERY AT SHORTEST NOTICE.

BOOTS & SHOES

selling off at 20 per cent below usual prices.

Lawrencetown, June 13th, '76

NOTICE.

MRS. L. C. WHEELOCK,

has just received a fresh assortment of

DRY GOODS
—AND—
GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERY
of Superior Quality,
PERFUMERY, &C.

Morse, Kaley & Co. Knitt'g Cotton.

BOOTS and SHOES, the remaining portion selling off at 20 per cent. below usual prices. ALSO—A lot of No. 1 **WHITE LEAD & PAINT OIL.**

BRIDGETOWN, June 13th, 1876.

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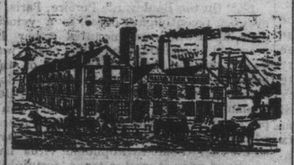
Nail, Shoe Nail & Tack Works

ST. JOHN, N. B.



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Orders solicited, prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. ap16

Agricultural.

AYRSHIRE COWS.

The report of the Ayrshire Agricultural Association gives the following points as the standing of superiority in Ayrshire dairy cows:

Head short, forehead wide, nose fine between the the muzzle and eyes, muzzle moderately large, eyes full and lively, horns wide set on, inclining upward and curving slightly inward.

Neck long and straght from the head, to the top of the shoulder, free from loose skin on the under side, fine at its junction with the head, and the muscles symmetrically enlarging to ward the shoulders.

Shoulders thin at the top, brisket light, the whole forequarters thin in front, and gradually increasing in depth and width backward.

Back short and straight, spine well defined, especially at the shoulder, the short ribs arched, the body deep at the flanks and the milk veins well developed.

Pelvis long, broad and straight, hock bones (illium) wide apart and not much overlaid with fat, thighs deep and broad, tail long and slender, and set on level with the back.

Milk vessels capacious and extending well forward, hinder part broad and firmly attached to the body, the sole or under surface nearly level, the teats from two to two and a half inches in length, equal in thickness, and hanging perpendicularly; their distance apart at the sides should be equal to about one third of the length of the vessel, and across to about one-half of the breadth.

Legs, short, the bones fine and the joints firm.

Skin soft and elastic, covered with soft, close, woolly hair.

The colors preferred are brown, or brown and white, the colors being distinctly defined.

Great value is attacked to the above form and points by the diary farmer, and he quickly takes them in when effecting a purchase, so that a mistake is rarely made.—*Pen and Plow.*

WATERING STOCK.

These same cattle were always well fed; that is, they had plenty of good hay and fodder—the cows were usually dry during the Winter—but the effects of the want of sufficient water in the proper places and times was very observable in the condition of the stock every Spring, and I have often heard the remark, "I don't see why Blank's cattle are so poor, as he always feeds them enough." Very different from this was it a neighbor's near by. At this farm a log aqueduct carried spring water into a long trough in the yard, where the water seldom froze entirely over, so that the cattle, whenever out in the yard, could take a drink of water any time, consequently would never overdrink and be so chilled and curled up. I have often watched the sheep, when taking their morning or evening meal of hay, run every few minutes to the water, drink a little, then go back to the hay rack, eat a little, and trot off to the water again; and the crowd at the water-tub was fully equal to the crowd at the bar of one of our Pittsfield liquor saloons, but not quite so noisy. For milch cows in severe weather, it is better to give water with the chill off if possible, and I always notice a falling off, in our milk when the cows have to drink ice-cold water.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

FARM WAGGONS.

The first requisite in care of farm waggons to keep them under shelter always when not in use. The most convenient arrangement for this is a shed in which to drive, and from which there is a door into the horse stable. It is better for all wheeled vehicles to stand on the ground rather than on a floor of wood.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

TO CLEAN BLACK CLOTH.—Dissolve 1 ounce of bicarbonate of ammonia in 1 quart of warm water. With this liquid rub the cloth, using a piece of flannel or black cloth for the purpose. After the application of this solution, clean the cloth well with clear water, dry, and iron it, brushing the cloth from time to time in the direction of the fibre.

SWISS OR POTATO SOUP.—Boil two or three pounds of potatoes, well mash them, add slowly good broth, sufficient for your tureen; let this boil well, and then add some spinach, correl, a little parsley, lemon thyme, mint, and sage, all chopped fine. Boil all five minutes; pepper and salt to taste; just before taking it off the fire add two well-beaten eggs.

GOOD YEAST.—Four handfuls of strong hops, a quart of water, boil gently one hour, pour off, add a pint more, boil one half hour, strain both waters together with one handful of salt, bring to a boil, and stir in all the flour possible to wet, while scalding hot, when lukwarm add one coffee cup of good yeast. Will keep one month in summer. Use one teasponnful to a loaf.

CHICKEN LIVER JELLY.—Boil the liver, hearts and gizzards of fowls till tender, the unlaid eggs of the same till hard; cut all in small shapes of a jelly mould, alternating with small boiled mushrooms, if you have them; fill the mould with chicken broth, thickened with corn starch, and set it to cool; when about to serve, turn the jelly upon a bed of hard-boiled yolks of eggs chopped finely and laid on a jelly-dish.

HARD SOAP.—Take the drippings from beef and mutton. Boil in water, allow it to cool, then remove from the water, and boil till all the water is expelled. Of course, the whiter the grease the nicer the soap. Take six pounds of sal soda, six pounds of grease, three and a half pounds of new stone lime, four gallons of soft water, half a pound of borax. Put soda, lime and water into an iron boiler,; boil till all is dissolved. When well settled pour off the clear lye, wash out the kettle, put in the lye, grease and borax; boil till it comes to soap, pour in a tub to cool, and when sufficiently hard cut into bars and put on boards to dry. This is very nice for washing white flannel and calico.

Jokers' Corner.

TOMMY'S BARGAIN.

"Tommy," observed a Nelson street mother to her son, a youth of thirteen years, "you must cut some wood for the front room stove. Mr. Crawford comes to night."

Mr. Crawford is a young man who is "keeping company" with Fanny, Tommy's sister. This time was a Wednesday evening. Tommy had been skating since school, and was now anxiously awaiting his supper. The announcement came upon him with disagreeable force.

"Is that old rooster coming around here again to night?" he impetuously inquired.

"Thomas!" cried the mother in a voice of horror.

Thomas, having eased his mind somewhat of the burden, proceeded to the woodpile without further remark.

He was not in good humor as he looked around for the axe, and articles foreign to the search were moved with graceless haste.

"This is a reg'lar dog's life," he moodily ejaculated. "First it's Sunday night, an' then it's Wednesday night, an' then it's Friday night, an' every little while an extra night thrown in. I don't see the use of a girl about the house. If I've got to cut up wood every night that feller comes, I'll know the reason why. I won't be put on like this. I ain't goin' to be made a pack mule of, by George, for all the Crawfords and Fanny's on earth. It's nice enough for them to be in there toasting their shins an' actin' sicklish, but I notice that I have got to do all the work. It's played out by jinks; I ain't that kind of a hairpin. I'd just like to have somebody tell me," he added looking about for the person in question, "how much of the candy, an' oranges, an' other stuff that Fanny gets that I get. Not one whiff, by gracious! not one single, solitary whiff. An' here I chop wood for her and him night after night, an' if it wasn't for me they'd shake all the teeth outen their heads. Oh, they are a sweet scented pair, they are."

Closing his remarks with the gloomy observation on his sister and her company, he worked away at the wood until the amount necessary was prepared. About seven o'clock Mr. Crawford's knock was heard at the door. Fanny's mother was to have let him in, but Tommy volunteered his service. He escorted the young gentleman to the front room, and then backing himself against the door, he pointed to the stove, which was throwing out a most welcome heat, and sternly inquired:

"Is that what you'd call a good fire?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Crawford, rubbing his hands gratefully.

"Ah!" observed Tommy, in a tone of relief, although his face scarcely relaxed the severity of its expression, "you couldn't very well get along in here without a fire, could you?"

"Hardly."

"I s'pose not. Now who do you s'pose made that fire?"

"Why—I—I suppose—why I don't know," said Mr. Crawford, apparently embarrassed by the question.

"No? Well, I can tell you. I made that fire. I cut the wood and make every fire you have here. I've been doing it all the while you've come here, and you and Fan have set by it, and toasted yourselves, and ate candy, and sucked oranges. You and Fan have had all the comfort of it, an' I've had all the work, every bit of it. An' not one smell of them candies an' oranges have I had—not a living smell." The unhappy boy knit his eyebrows and instinctively clenched his hands. Scarcely less disturbed appeared Fanny's young man. He glanced uneasily from the fireman to the stove. But he made no reply. He waited apprehensively for what was to follow.

"I'll bet you've got a pound of assorted candies in your clothes this minute for Fan?"

This came so directly in the form of an interrogation that Mr. Crawford unhesitatingly nodded.

"So I thought," pursued Fanny's brother. "Now I want to tell you that if this fire business is to be carried on by me, there's got to be a different arrangement of awards. If not, you can come up here and cut your own wood. Will you divide on them candies?"

"Why—why—I—I hardly would like to do that, Tommy. I got these for Fanny, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Tommy, grimly. When I see you come up here again I shall expect to see lugging an axe over you shoulder."

Mr. Crawford looked aghast.

"But Tommy," he expostulated, "you won't go back on me like that? I'll pay you for doing it."

"Oh! What will you pay?"

"I'll give you fifty cents a week."

"Hope to die?"

"Yes," said Mr. Crawford, eagerly.

"Then I am just your cheese," said the youth, the hard lines melting entirely out of his face. "There's nothing mean about me, but I don't want to go along in the dark. This thing had to be settled some way or another, for it was eating the life out of me. But now that it's fixed you'll find me up to the mark every time, and if I don't make that stove rare right up on its hind legs, I am a bald headed leper without a pedigree."

And with a flourish expressive of the deepest earnestness, he stalked out of the room.—*Danbury News.*

A GOOD WINTER WIFE.

The Raleigh "Sentinel is responsible for the following:

A negro man had just applied to a Milton magistrate to know how to get his wife back. Milton is only separated from the Virginia line by a small creek, and seems the woman's brother had run her off from her husband, and taken her across the creek.

"How can I get her, Boss, un what's de law in Virginny?" asked the negro.

"The cheapest way," said the magistrate, "is to have no law about it. Just go across the creek and bull-dose her, and bring her home."

"I'll sho do it, Boss," said the negro. "A hard winter's settin' in, no wood and no puffin: but dat gal weighs two hundred, and frows out heat like a stove—d'only time when a wife's a comfort."

He waded the creek with a steer-whip in one hand and a long rope in the other.