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Hair Renewer.

The Best is the Cheapest.

Safety! Economy!! Certainty of Good Results!!!

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PREPARED BY

R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

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ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION...$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

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MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

We have recently published a new edition of DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

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

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

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FOUNDRY COMPANY

(LIMITED.)

THE above Foundry Co., having just opened its new premises, on the site formerly occupied by Craig's Foundry, lately destroyed by fire, is now prepared

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All work attended to promptly. Charges reasonable.

W. A. CRAIG,
MANAGER.

Bridgetown, March 16th, '85 y

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PRODUCE,

Potatoes, Fish, etc.

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Write fully for Quotations.

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General Commission Merchants,

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Members of Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanic Exchanges. jan28ly

1885. 1885.

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THE BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works,

ARE prepared to compete with any similar concern in the Province, both in workmanship or price.

MONUMENTS,
HEADSTONES,
TABLETS.

—IN—

Marble, Freestone & Granite,

of all descriptions manufactured to order at short notice.

ALSO:

Furniture Tops!

Call and inspect work.

OLDHAM WHITMAN.

Bridgetown, Jan. 12th. 85'

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent. United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—ly

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 13. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1885. NO. 36.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough.

Excels all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. Sold everywhere. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Tonic Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M. D., Witt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure

CHICKEN CHOLERA,

Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Circular free. Furnished in large cans, price $1.00, by mail, $1.20. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

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CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump.

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Non-Freezing FORCE PUMP.

These Pumps are admitted by thousands who are using them to be the best in the Dominion.

Orders Promptly Attended To.

'Good Workmanship.

Reasonable Prices.

ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,

Warerooms in Reed's Furniture Factory.

BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

A. E. SULIS.

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N. S. P. B Building Society and Savings Fund,

On real Estate Security, payable in Monthly instalments extending over a period of about eleven years.

For particulars apply to

J. M. OWEN,
Agent for County of Annapolis.

Annapolis 27th Feb 1883, y

To Let!

THE House and premises recently occupied by Mr. A. Drysdale, near Providence Church.

Possession given immediately.

W. W. CHESLEY.

Bridgetown Sept 1st, 1885. 2m.

J. G. H. PARKER,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, CONVEXANCER,

and REAL ESTATE AGENT

Practise in all the Courts. Business promptly attended to.

OFFICE—Fitz Randolph's NEW BUILDING, Bridgetown. 1ly

F. C. HARRIS,

Licensed Auctioneer,

Commission Merchant and Real Estate Agent

Special rates for sales of Real Estate and Farm Stock.

Bridgetown, March 26th, 1884. n50

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber being desirous of giving more attention to his

GROCERY and PROVISION TRADE,

has decided to sell his valuable FARM, situated in Bentonsfield, three and a-half miles from Bridgetown, and directly under the North Mountain.

The property comprises about 300 acres of splendid land, 25 or 30 under cultivation, and 200 abounding in valuable Hard and Soft Timber.

There is also between 200 and 300 healthy and bearing Fruit Trees, in Apple, Plum, Pear, &c.

A good House, Barn, and other Outbuildings, together with pure and never-failing water privileges are among the inducements.

For full particulars apply to the subscriber.

T. J. EAGLESON.

Bridgetown, Oct. 9, 1885. tf

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Sept. 1st, '85.

The usual Large and Varied Stock of ENGLISH, SCOTCH, CANADIAN TWEEDS & ENGLIS WORSTEDS, for Fall Orders is now open at

JOHN H. FISHER'S,

BLUE STORE.

SAMUEL LEGG,

Watch and Clock Maker.

—IN—

Murdoch's Block.

Also Agent for the

HARTFORD LIFE

—AND—

ANNUITY INSURANCE CO.

Of Hartford, Conn.

Bridgetown, July 1, '85.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing

and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers distinctly heard. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonial, free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

JOHN Z. BENT,

UNDERTAKER.

Bridgetown N. S., near Presbyterian Church.

Coffins and Caskets, and Coffin trimmings, in all styles, always on hand. All branches of this department of his business will receive the most careful attention. 36lyr

NOTICE!

The subscriber having met with a heavy loss by fire, will esteem it a favour for all who are indebted to him to call and settle their accounts.

W. A. CRAIG.

To Loan.

ON first class Real Estate security, $35,000. None but first class security will be taken.

J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Dec. 23rd '84.

THE CURRENT CHICAGO, U. S. A. The great Literary and Family Journal of our time. Clean, perfect, grand! Over 600 brilliant contributors $4.50, yearly; 6 months, $3. Buy it at your news dealers—Send 10 cents for sample copy. THE CURRENT AND MONITOR, ONE YEAR, ONLY $4.40.

The Century

For 1885-86.

The remarkable interest in the War Papers and in the many timely articles and strong serial features published recently in THE CENTURY has given that magazine a regular circulation of

More Than 200,000 Copies Monthly.

Among the features for the coming volume, which begins with the November number, are:

THE WAR PAPERS BY GEN. GRANT AND OTHERS,

These will be continued (most of them illustrated) until the chief events of the Civil War have been described by leading participants on both sides. General Grant's papers include descriptions of the battles of Chattanooga and the Wilderness. General McClellan will write of Antietam, General D. C. Buell, of Shiloh, Generals Pope, Longstreet and others of the Second Bull Run, etc., etc. Naval combats, including the fight between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*, by officers of both ships, will be described.

"Recollections of a Private" and special war papers of an anecdotal or humorous character will be features of the year.

SERIAL STORIES BY W. D. Howells, Mary Hallock Foote, and George W. Cable.

Mr. Howell's serial will be in lighter vein than "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Mrs. Foote's is a story of mining life, and Mr. Cable's a novellette of the Acadians of Louisana. Mr. Cable will also contribute a series of papers on Slave songs and dances, including negro serpent-worship, etc.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Include "Tricycle Pilgrimage to Rome," Illustrated by Pennell; Historical Papers by Edward Eggleston, and others; Papers on Persia, by S. G. W. Benjamin, lately U. S. minister, with numerous illustrations; Astronomical Articles, practical and popular, on "Sidereal Astronomy"; Papers on Christian Unity by representatives of various religious denominations; Papers on Manual Education, by various experts, etc., etc.

SHORT STORIES

By Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.), Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Joel Chandler Harris, H. H. Boyesen, T. A. Janvier, Julian Hawthorne, Richard M. Johnson, and others; and poems by leading poets, The Departments,—"Open Letters," "Bric-a-Brac," etc., will be fully sustained.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Will be kept up to the standard which has made THE CENTURY engravings famous the world over.

PRICES. A SPECIAL OFFER.

Regular subscription price, $4.00 a year. To enable new readers to get all the War Papers, with contributions from Generals Grant, Beauregard, McClellan, J. E. Johnston, Lew Wallace, Admiral Porter and others, we will send the 12 back numbers, November, 1884, to October, 1885, with a year's subscription beginning with November, 1885, *for $6.00 for the whole.* A subscription, with the 12 numbers bound in two handsome volumes, $7.50 *for the whole.* Back numbers only supplied at these prices with subscriptions.

A free specimen copy (back number) will be sent on request. Mention this paper.

All dealers and postmasters take subscriptions and supply numbers according to our special offer, or remittance may be made directly to

THE CENTURY CO. NEW YORK.

Rare Bargain!

The subscriber offers for sale that DESIRABLY SITUATED PROPERTY, formerly owned by the late

DANIEL NICHOLS.

THE property contains 25 acres and is most beautifully situated in the fertile district of Central Clarence, facing the Leonard Road which leads to the village of Paradise. The house is in thorough repair, containing 8 rooms, and is fitted up with all modern conveniences, such as bath room, water closet, water pipes led into the house from a never-failing spring, etc. The cellar extends under the whole house, contains a milk pantry, is frost proof, has a concrete floor, and is capable of storing 450 bbls. of apples. The orchard on the place yields from 75 to 80 bbls. of apples per year of choice fruits, together with a quantity of plums, pears and cherries. A vegetable garden is also on the place, which is in a good state of cultivation, and has quite an assortment of small fruits such as currants, gooseberries, strawberries, etc.

A nice hawthorne hedge, well trimmed, separates the premises from the highway. The place outs sufficient hay for a cow and horse, and has a good pasture with some woodland.

Adjoining the house is a store, which is thoroughly shaived, and well situated for a general trade. A good hall is over the store.

For terms apply on the premises to

MRS. D. NICHOLS.

Clarence, Sept. 8, '85. 6m.

Poetry.

The Old Man's Dream.

Oh, for an hour of youthful joy!
Give me back my twentieth spring:
I'd rather laugh a bright haired boy,
Than reign a gray-haired king.

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age,
Away with learning's crown;
Tear out life's wisdom-written page.
And dash its trophies down.

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling said:
'If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?'

Ah, truest, best of woman kind,
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind;
I'll take—my precious—wife.

The angel took a sapphire pen,
And wrote with morning dew
The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband, too.'

'And is there nothing left unsaid,
Before the change appears?
Remember all these gifts have fled
With the revolving years.'

Yes; for memory would recall
My fond, parental joys;
I could not bear to leave them all;
I'll take—my girls—and boys.

The smiling angel dropped the pen—
'Why, this will never do.
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father, too.'

And so I laughed. My laugh awoke
The household with its noise,
And wrote my dream when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys

—*Oliver W. Holmes.*

Select Literature.

That Boy.

'Husband! there's somebody out in the yard sawing wood. Who do you s'pose it is?'

Farmer Granger turned himself in bed, listening a moment, and then with a sleepy sigh of one who realizes that the time for dreaming is over and work hours are at hand, replied:

'It's old Warner, likely. He's had time to get over his tantrum. I'll see.'

The farmer's toilet was not one that required hours to perfect, and before Mrs. Granger had concluded it was time for her to 'be stirring,' the brown trousers and blue frock of her husband could have been seen at the farther end of the kitchen, while two keen gray eyes peered through the half open blind.

No red-nosed or haggard faced old man met his gaze, but a pale-cheeked, bare-footed boy, whose low whistle kept time as he worked, while the heap of sticks at his feet gave evidence that his saw had done quick pace since sunrise.

'What are you about, my boy?' was the farmer's salutation as he neared the woodpile.

'I thought, maybe, you'd give me some breakfast if I saw awhile,' answered the lad looking up as if to note how this proposition would be received.

'Breakfast! Of course! We never turn folks away hungry. Where'd you come from?'

'Over east,' was the indefinite reply.

'Where'd you sleep last night?'

'Under the bushes down the road a piece,' the boy answered.

'Well, you're a great one! I should not wonder now, if you'd run away?' half interrogated the farmer, with a pleasant twinkle of his eye. 'Do you mind telling your name?'

'Jap, sir,'

'Jap, hey?'

'That's what they call me—my real name's Jasper.'

'Who are they—your father and mother?'

'I haven't any, sir.'

'Brothers and sisters?'

'Not one,' was the curt reply.

The farmer looked sharply at the boy from under his broad-rimmed hat, as the saw plied to and fro, and doubtless he would have pushed his inquiries still further had not the impatient lowing of Whitney and Doll reminded him that it was milking time.

'Well, you don't look over and above strongish. You'd better let that wood alone till you get some victuals down.'

'I'd rather keep on,' was the only answer; and the work proceeded with no further interruption till Ethel, the three years' old pet of the family, came trotting around the corner of the house, to announce in her baby fashion that the 'b'ek'fast was ready.

'Come right in, come right in. You've earned a good meal of victuals;' and Farmer Granger led the way, with his little girl perched upon his shoulder.

The lad silently took the place assigned him at one end of the square table opposite Ethel and her father, while Mrs. Granger and a happy-faced old lady occupied seats on either side.

The first supply of boiled ham and baked potatoes had disappeared from the boy's plate, and the second instalment was vanishing bit by bit, when Mrs. Granger suddenly discovered that he had no butter.

'No, ma'am; I don't care for it—this bread is good enough without any,' was the reply when the plate was passed.

Mrs. Granger received this compliment with a pleased smile, and an extra large doughnut immediately found its way to accompany the butterless bread.

'I'd like to work a while longer to pay for that breakfast,' remarked the boy, as he followed the farmer through the woodhouse. 'I havn't tasted anything so good in a long time,' and the saw was taken up without permission.

'Well, if you're a mind to cut and pile up a spell, you can stay and get your dinner. We always mean to have good victuals and a plenty of 'em here.'

'Now, where are you bound for!' questioned the farmer as the lad picked up his bundle after dinner and seemed ready to take his departure.

'I don't know, sir,' he replied, digging his bare toes in the dirt. 'I s'pose I'll stop anywhere I can get work.'

'What's the matter with this place?' with a little twinkle of the grey eyes. 'That wood's to cut, and it'll take three or four days the least calculation. I'll agree to give you enough to eat and a comf'table bed. Maybe by that time you'll want to run home again.'

The boy's eyes flashed, but he set his lips firmly together and made no answer for a minute, then he said;

'You are very kind' sir. I will stay if you will let me.'

'Solomon Granger, you're crazy!' exclaimed the nervous little woman, when her husband related the foregoing conversation. 'The idea of having that boy in the house all night! I shan't sleep a single wink. Likely as not he'll kill us all before morning and make off with everything there is here.'

'Oh, no; I guess he's all right,' was the farmer's rejoinder, while a sweet voice came from over the knitting.

'I never saw a boy with such a face that had anything in him but good and honest blood. Depend upon it, Lowry there ain't nothing wrong about that boy.'

Two days passed. The boy kept faithfully at his work, saying little and revealing nothing in regard to himself. The farmer's wife, meanwhile, worried and fretted, turned a dozen keys at night and was surprised when morning came to find everything untouched.

'What are you going to do about going to church?' she asked, anxiously, on Sunday morning. 'There's that boy!'

'There's room enough in the waggon,' responded her husband, seriously.

'I know—but 'tain't a bit likely he'll want to go. And I don't dare to leave him home; there's no telling what he'll do.'

'I wouldn't worry about that boy; he ain't going to run off with the house.'

The proffered seat, however, was declined, saying:

'My clothes ain't fit. I'd rather stay 'round here.'

So, Mrs. Granger with numberless misgivings, clambered into the high waggon, tucking little Ethel in beside her, and off they went over the hills to the town two miles away.'

'Let me see,' began grandma, when the last load of neighbors had passed the gate, 'Your name's Jasper, ain't it?'

'Jasper, ma'am.'

'Yes. Well, can you read?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Well, s'posing you read out loud to me a spell.' And a little old book was brought from the great chest in the corner, entitled 'Tales of a Grandmother.'

So the boy read, and grandma, folding her wrinkled hands—hands that were always busy other days—leaned back with a look of contentment on her sweet, old face, thinking to herself, 'as if I'd be afeared o' that boy!'

'You must ha' been to school considerable,' was the comment when the first chapter was ended.

'I never went,' was the response.

'Never! Who learned you to read, then?'

'Mother.'

The boy seemed reluctant to engage in conversation, and hastened to begin the second chapter. Some time passed, till at length, the one auditor falling asleep, the story was continued in silence.

Grandma's nap was brought to a sudden close by a loud rap on the outer door.

Two men stood on the doorstep, ill-looking fellows, and very dirty in appearance.

'Can you give us something to eat?' asked one.

'Sartin, sartin; come right in and sit down,' said the old lady, bustling off to the pantry. 'What do you like best, apple pie or custard?' And soon a bountiful repast was spread upon the table, and the good things vanished without ceremony.

The boy eyed the two sharply, while grandma, after receiving somewhat crusty answers to her few kindly questions, sat placidly rocking. The eyes of the two men moved searchingly about the room. Finally one asked:

'Folks gone to church?'

'La, yes,' responded the old lady innocently. 'Our folks never stay at home for nothin'.'

The speaker threw a quick glance toward his companion, and the other nodded. Neither movement escaped the watchful eyes in the corner.

A moment after the boy left his seat, sauntered across the room and stopped by the window to look up the road and then going through the little hall which led out of the kitchen, he called from the foot of the stairs:

'Dave! Dave! you asleep up there?'

'What do you want?' sounded a gruff voice from the stairway.

'Come down, can't you, and bring along Tige and Fritz! Don't go to sleep again.'

Grandma heard this in mingled amazement and alarm. Could the boy be in league with these two men, and another be in waiting up stairs?

As if in confirmation of her fears a low growl was sounded from the room over head. Then came a sharp yelp, followed by little whines of impatience, and with a careless 'Hurry up, Dave,' the lad walked leisurely back to the kitchen. As he reached the door, grandma, overwhelmed with consternation, made a desperate rush for the bedroom beyond, locking the door behind.

The men neared the outer door.

'Got some dogs up there, have ye?' said one of them, with a disagreeable leer.

'You heard 'im, didn't you!' was the careless rejoinder.

'Come on, Jem,' addressing his companion, 'we might as well clear; our game's up.'

'Don't be a fool,' was the sad reply in an undertone. 'Who's afraid o' pups?'

'Yer dogs ain't fierce, be they, youngster?'

'Frits ain't over and above friendly to strangers,' replied the boy coolly; 'and if I were you I wouldn't be 'round here when Tige gets out for a run.' Then in a louder tone.

'Dave, ain't you coming? But don't let Tige get loose till these men get away.'

At this the men moved off, cursing the dogs, and muttering low, wrathful threats, while the lad, with a final, 'I advise you to put a good piece o' ground between you and Tige,' closed the door, softly sliding the bolt.

Then going to the room where grandma lay crouched upon the bed, scarcely daring to stir, he called through the keyhole:

'They're gone. You can come out now.'

'The dogs?' gasped a faint voice.

'There ain't any,' he answered softly.

'Open the door and I'll tell you.'

The bolt was cautiously withdrawn and the old lady's face appeared, white and terrified.

'Come and sit down,' said the boy tenderly. 'I am sorry I frightened you so. I was afraid it would, but I couldn't help it.'

'I won't stir a single step,' said grandma, stoutly. 'What do you mean by all this? You can't fool me! I heard the dogs, and men, too.'

A low, pleasant laugh sounded through the room.

'But the dogs,' cried the old lady, bewildered. 'Where are the dogs?'

'I made 'em bark—listen.'

And then came from the throat of the little ventriloquist such a torrent of growls, whines and yelps, interspersed with 'Down, Tige!' and 'Be still, Frits!' that the door was swung open and grandma leaned against the wall, exclaiming:

'Well, I never in all my life! If you don't beat all the boys I ever did see! And there I s'posed you was connivin' with them critters, and I was so scart I was just as weak as a rag.'

A while after this fright at the farmhouse old Billy with his load of three, was plodding along peacefully over the brow of the little hill a quarter of a mile from home, when suddenly Mrs. Granger's voice, wild with terror, rang sharply on the still air:

'The house is a-fire?, she screamed. 'And grandma! O, Solomon, if grandma's killed I'll never forgive myself, never. Why did we leave that boy? Oh, run the horse, Solomon, run the horse!'

'Nonsense,' said the easy-going farmer. Nevertheless he whipped up old Billy, and anxiously scanned the corner of the roof that was just visible behind the trees where the smoke was curling up gray and thick.

A dozen or more pails of water had done their work, however, and only, wet, soaked timbers, and a blackened pile of rubbish met the farmers eyes when he sprang from the wagon and alighted at the side of the breathless little worker.

The sight of the house and barn unharmed, and grandma standing in the door alive and well, put all fears to flight in an instant. But there was a story to relate, and the boy stood modestly by while grandma dwelt upon the exciting events of the last hour. The tramps, it is supposed were the incendiaries, but happily the fire had been discovered in time to prevent any damage.

The returning loads of church goers, eager to know the cause of the unusual stir, stopped at the farm gate, and the lad suddenly found himself the hero of the hour.

'I told 'em all the bad qualities of Tiger and Fritz. Uncle George's dogs!' exclaimed the boy, unmindful until the words were spoken that his hearers had never heard of 'Uncle George' before. Then, with a bright flush, he dropped behind one of the men, and let the talk go on unheeded.

'I do believe that boy saved my life, Lowery. Depend on it the Lord sent him.'

And grandma concluded her story with a long-drawn breath, sat down on the door step and was immediately engaged in an eager talk with Mrs. Atkins.

It was many hours before quiet settled down upon the inmates of the farmhouse, but before they settled for the night, Farmer Granger and his wife learned all that was needful to know of Jasper Goodrick's former life.

'The only reason I havn't told you,' said the boy in reply to the farmer's questions, 'is because I was afraid you'd send me back. It might as well come out though—I have run away, but I'll never go back to Uncle George's—I'll die first!'

It was a short story. Until he was seven years old he knew only a happy life. Then his father's health failing and a sea voyage being determined upon, his father and mother sailed for France, leaving him in the care of the village minister and his wife. In six months came the news of his father's death, and some weeks later his mother too, died, and was buried in foreign land. The boy remained with his friends a few months only. Upon the minister's removal to another town, he was taken possession of by a half-brother of his father, a rascally man, who had no love or kind feeling for his nephew. Here he was shamefully treated until he could indure it no longer, and after six years of abuse and torment he determined to seek a home among strangers.

'I wanted to stay,' the boy concluded, 'but I didn't dare to tell you, for fear you would send me back——'

'Never, my boy,' interrupted the farmer eagerly. 'You can stay with us till you find a better home and we will do all we can for you.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Granger, as she lay down that night, 'the idea of mistrusting that boy! I declare it makes me feel mean to think of it.'

Early the next morning the farmer harnessed old Billy, and, dressed in his Sunday-best clothes took the east road over the mountains. He returned late in the afternoon.

The announcement at the tea table was startling to at least one hearer.

'I have seen your uncle, Jasper.

The boy's face paled, but the farmer's next words were reassuring.

'He was inclined at first to be a little ugly, but after I had my say out he cooled down a trifle, and I fancy he won't give you any further trouble. You can stay here as long as you please.'

'I knew there wasn't nothing wrong about that boy,' said grandma, with a triumphant nod toward the radiant Jasper. 'Depend upon it, Lowry, the Lord sent him.'

Ward Breaks Down.

THE HARDSHIPS OF HIS LIFE IN SING SING.

Every day is dreary enough to the prisoners in Sing Sing, says the New York *Sun*, but Sunday is the dreariest day of all. The stone buildings are like mammoth vaults. No bustle or excitement pushes the slow hours along, and the prisoners have nothing to do but lie on their little cots in their stuffy cells. Four times during the day the death-like stillness of the prison is broken by the tolling of a big bell. Then come a ringing sound, and the grated doors of the cell slowly open. A shuffling of feet is heard, followed by a steady, monotonous tramp, and a long line of prisoners winds down the stairs and into the dining room or chapel. Prisoner 927, formerly known by some as 'doctor,' and by the public as Ferdinand Ward, has not been in prison long enough to get used to its Sundays. He has discovered the mysteries of the lock-step, but has not yet conquered his repugnance to it Those who knew Ward well are apt to speak kindly of him. One of the few friends that Ward has left called at the prison yesterday. He was shown into a little office, and finally a figure in gray clothing, marked with large yellow strips, came in. It was Ward, but so changed that it was difficult to recognize him. He He sat down on one of the wooden benches, glanced at Head Keeper Connaughton, who sat near by watching him, and then, turning to his friend, said:

'You find me somewhat broken up.'

His face was like chalk, his eyes were sunken and dull, and the lids were red and inflamed. There was a week's growth of beard on his chin and lip, the only places where the beard will grow, and his hair was rumpled. A spotless white silk handkerchief peeped above the prison garb, and the bottoms of his trousers were rolled up above the same pair of patent leather shoes he wore during his trial. A sharp-toned bell in the warden's kitchen across the hall clanged out a summons to the keepers now and then. Every time it sounded Ward shivered and half sprang from his seat.

'You can't begin to imagine how miserable I am,' said Ward, trembling as though he had a chill. 'I thought that the warden would take into consideration my physical condition and put me at some work I could do; but I was mistaken. The first day I was put behind the boiler shovelling ashes into barrels and loading them on a truck. Every time I lifted a barrel I thought my back would break. Since then I have been kept busy grinding stove covers. The dust flies into my eyes and is gradually blinding me. Just look at my hands.'

He held up a pair of hands that would have been almost transparent if dirt had not been ground into them. There were abrasions all over them, and the fingers seemed to have been stiffened by hard work.

'I cannot eat the food they give me,' continued Ward, drawing his knuckles across his eyes in which moisture had gathered. 'I eat with 1185 prisoners. At 6.45 o'clock in the morning we take our greasy tin plates and form in a line. We pass our plates to the cook who slaps in a little pile of what is called hash on each. A piece of bread is stuck on top, and this, with a tin of coffee made out of stale crusts of bread, is our breakfast. I was always fastidious about my food, and I find it impossible to eat this stuff. My stomach rejects it. I wrote a note to Warden Brush on Monday, praying him to use the $180 I had when I came here in buying me decent food. I was referred to the chaplain, who told me to write to my wife. I did so, and on Friday I received some canned meats and fruits, which I ate in my cell. One thing is certain, that is that I will not live to serve out my term unless I get something I can eat and work that I can do.'

Again Ward drew his knuckles across his eyes, and when he spoke again it was in a broken voice.

'Keeper Scripture, who has charge of the shop where I work,' he said, 'is very harsh to me. If I stop a moment to rest he yells out to me not to loaf. Nearly all the prisoners, you know, are really rough characters. They are kind enough in their way, but there is not one among them that I would care to have anything to say to, even if I could. Crowley, who is serving a 17½ years' sentence for assulting Maggie Morris, sent me a consoling message by a keeper. He advised me not to fret, but to obey orders and bear up as best I could. So far as obeying orders goes, I am only too anxious to do everything that I am told to do, but I earnestly hope that I will get work that will not kill me. Yesterday about 40 of us were ordered to the bathroom. When I saw the crowd of men I was supposed to bathe with I asked to be excused, but I was harshly told to go and bathe. Every night I am so weary and broken that I can hardly reach my cell.'

The tears that came into Ward's eyes this time required a great deal of rubbing to dry them. He trembled violently.

'It hurts me more than I can express,' he said, 'to have people say that I have lots of money. When I was sentenced all the money that I had in the wide world was $80. I sold my watch, that cost $540 for $100, and that made up the sum that was found in my possession. My counsel fees were about $2000, and if I had been tried on other indictments my lawyers would have had to defend me for nothing or leave me to the tender mercy of my enemies. My wife has a very small income, not enough to support her, and so she is going to live with my brother. My house n Stanford was turned over to Capt. Spicer, and I have no furtner interests in it.'

The Tramp Printer.

A GRAPHIC PICTURE OF A CHARACTER MORE OR LESS FAMILIAR IN ALL NEWSPAPER OFFICES.

Tramping yesterday, working to-day, drunk to-morrow. Now in the city where the ponderous eight cylinder, self-paster and folder mingles thunder and lightning, ink and cheap bombastic stupidity at chain lightning speed; and anon in the backwoods village where the antiquated lemon-squeezer hand press squeaks and wheezes under its weekly and weakly burden of ignoramus politics, thanks for the pumpkins and turnips, rural rymster dogghrel to some freckled Nancy Jane or the memory of some infantile victim of whooping cough or green apple colic, murdered English, massacred grammar and mashed orthography. Here a a dandy, there a ragamuffin, everywhere a philosopher and a vagabond. The Bedouin of civilization, the Ishmaelite of Christendom, stamped by the finger of omnipotent destiny with the Cainslike brand of ceaseless unrest, the seal of perpetual motion. The world owes much of its light to him. A vast amount of its science, its art, its literature, and its religion would lie buried in impenetrable obsurity were it not for him. To his nimble, dingy fingers mankind, at least in part, owes every spelling-book and Bible, every poem, history, revelation, discovery and *Pall Mall Gazette* sensation that stores the minds of the wise or tickles the ears of the foolish. And yet he is a vagrant, a homeless wanderer, knowing everybody, caring for nobody and nobody caring for him. Such is the history, the life, the epitomized biography of 99 out of every 100 of the peripatetic printer tribe. Creation's orphan's footballs of fortune, thistle down of luck, the world's least appreciated necessities and benefactors.

—A good story is told of an aged clergyman who met a man loudly declaiming against Foreign Missions. 'Why,' said the objector, 'dos'ent the church look after heathens at home?' 'We do,' said the clergyman quietly and gave the man a tract.

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