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Bridgetown Canh. 2024 1891

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SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1900.

Poetry.

Written for the MONITOR.] Some day we'll surely understand
Why all the grandest things we've planne
Were doomed to fail;
Why that, which most of all, we sought
Could not have been in our poor lot,
Beyond the vale.

Some day we'll know why life seemed vain, Why, through it all, one ceaseless pain Had hid our joy;
Why hopes with ruthless hand were crushed And hearts bowed down unto the dust, Beyond the sky.

Some day we'll know and understand
That blessings in our Father's hand
Were sent as pain;
And while we struggle blindly yet,
Let there be no vain, wild regret,
There shall be gain.

Some day we'll know why paths divide And friends, who've travelled side by side In harmony, Must stand aloof through all the day, (As in some vain and childish play)

We'll understand the broken vow, The late forgiveness, too late now,
And know our own.
We'll read what seemed such blank array
In the pure light of that new day
Before the throne.

We'll understand the restless will, which only His own place can still,
And mourn no more;
We'll see what pain would have been ours
Could we have gladdened all our hours,
Had known before. We'll know why clouds obscured our light And shut the home path from our sight,

Why we must roam,
When we have traversed all the years
And look back smiling on our tears
In God's own home.

We'll understand that dark good-bye
Which brought one longing, but to die,
And know 'twas best;
For He who sent it will not sleep,
His children shall not needless weep,
So leave the rest. Bridgetown, May 18th, 1900.

The Mother's Hour. Little figures robed in white, Mellow glow of candle-light. Little hands upraised in prayer, Rosy faces sweet and fair. All the work and play and fun For the happy days are done.

All the little faults confessed, All the troubles set at rest.

Childhood sweet as dawn and flowers When she sees each sunny head Safe and cosy in its bed. When the world may do its worst, God and she have had them first.

And her bairns are folded fair, Angels bend above the room, Where the dimpled darlings bloom In their lovely innocence, Warding every evil hence,

From the little ones who dwell Where the mother guards them o work hard during the day, declares | They are safe on every hand And each child a tender flower,

It's only a Bit of Bunting

It's charged with the cross of St. Andrew, Which, of old, Scotland's heroes has led; It carries the cross of of St. Patrick, For which Ireland's bravest have bled.

ley, Britons conquer or die, but ne'er yield. It flutters triumphant o'er ocean,
As free as the wind and the waves,
And bondsmen from shackles unloosened,
'Neath its shadows no longer are slaves.

You may say it's an old bit of bunting,

night; Ef you des kin say: "Hit'll soon be day, En de Lawd'll kiss de clouds away!"

RY EMERSON BENNETT.

Select Literature. Detecting the Thief.

"I say, mister, do you happen to James Carboy, the detective chap, what goes about finding all the rascals and sech?" were the words I one day had addressed I turned to the speaker, and beheld a wrinkled, gray-haired woman of sixty-five, in a rustic dress, who was staring sharply at me from under a broad, flaring bonnet, and through an old-fashioned pair of silver spec-

earnest than elegant.
"My name is James Carbon, madam, and

mit to the enevitable because we cannot help by. You can call me Aunt Nabby, too. I hand?

-and about twenty-five miles off the rail- Nabby at last left for home, well please road I came in on. Now, you want to know what I'm here for, don't you? I sees ye do, and I'm agoing to tell ye. In the fust place, ain't it bad to have a boy you 'apicion of with all the arrangements.

row to the grave. But I won't die fer him -would you Mr. -a-Car-Corduroy?" "Carbon is my name, madam." "Wall, would yer die fer him?"
"I would not," I smiled, beginning, spite of myself, to be amused at the odd naracter I had before me. "No, nor I won't, I'll have him ketched

and strung up fust—the poor, mean, miser able wretch, that I have warmed in my buz zom jus' like we does wipers and sich kind "What has your nephew done?" I asked. "What hain't he done, I'd like to know?

He's gone and been a sneak thief-that's what he's done.' "From whom did he steal?" " Me." "What did he steal?"

"Money, spoons, jewelry and sech."
"You know he stole these things?" "In course I knows it. Ain't I atelling "Then why don't you have him arrested Why have you come to see me about it?" "Bless my soul!" she exclaimed, staring at me through her spectacles with an expres-sion of puzzled wonder, what's your busi-

ness if it ain't to prove sich things on sich "But you have proof already, since you say you know he stole your things." "See here, Mr. Carmon-

the thief in the act."

"We will talk about that afterwards."

discovery my assistant had made.

"Carbon, madam," I interrupted "please get my name right, if you don't anything "Wall, call yourself what you like to, it

you didn't never know nobody to do nothin' hat you couldn't prove agin 'em?' Well, I have very strongly suspected rtain persons, that I had not sufficient proof against to convict at the time." "Jus' so-jus' so! Now you understand

me, I guess. If you don't you're a bigger I laughed outright, for I could see that Aunt Nabby was in dead earnest.
"I think I do understand you," I said.

You mean that, in your own mind and heart, you are satisfied that your nephew has been robbing you of money, spoons, and jewelry, but you have not sufficient proof of the facts to swear to them before a magis-"Now you've hit it-that's jus' what I

ome to your nephew?"
"I want to have him took to jail fer

give me a history of the whole affair from biginning to end."

The story of Aunt Nabby was long, rambling and sometimes almost incoherent, and it took me a good while to get at the exact facts

mith, who had left everything to her during her natural life. She now lived on a wellstocked farm, and her son, daughter and nephew lived with her. Her son was thirty- all this here?" five years of age, her daughter thirty, and

"Does your nephew know you suspect him?" I asked. "Oh no; I wasn't foel enough to tell him hat," she replied, with a knowing wink. Does he know, from anything you have said in his hearing, you yourself are aware

of having lost money?" "Does your son or daughter know?"

"Nary one on 'em." "Then you have never mentioned the fact anybody?"

you a piece of advice against my own interest, will you do me the justice to believe it is sincere on my part?"
"Let's hear it afore I decide."

"Well, then, as this is a family ma which, if exposed, will make a good deal of scandal, and reflect back upon yourself and children, I think you had better let it rest where it is, and either safely invest what ready money you have or deposit it in some good bank, to check out as you want to use

"Never!" she cried springing to her feet.
"You don't know me! I ain't that 'er kind
of a woman! I won't have no covered thief about me! I'll die fust!"

"Oh, yes, I guess I can fix that all right,"

O. T. DANIELS, BARRISTER,

NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc. (RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

NO. 11.

Paper written by Miss Ida Young, of Paradise, and read before the junior class of the Boston Latin High School.

In a day or two my assistant, dressed like In a day or two my assistant, dresses in a country laborer, set off for Moore's Corner Run, and the next I heard of him he had established himself quite comfortably as one of tablished himself quite comfortably as one of Aunt Nabby's household.

A week later he wrote that he was on good terms with the nephew, who appeared to be greatness of life.

"How d'ye know? Did ye ever have one?"

"No; but I know on general principals."

"That's me, too. Ain't it bad to have a darter you 'spicion in the same way?"

"Well, I never had one, madam," I replied rather curtly.

"Wall, nor I, ne'ther," she grinned, "but there's no telling in this world what we'll both come to yit."

"Madam," said I rather aternly, "you appear to be trifling, and my time is too important to be wasted."

"Jus' so—jus' so. Bless me! Where was I? You see my head ain't exactly what it was, and it gits worse with worry. No, it ain't my son or darter that I'spicions, thank the Lord—but a rascal of a nevvy that lives with me—a dead sister's child, that I've

"A week later he wrote that he was on good terms with the nephew, who appeared to be a very fine fellow, and the last person he would ever suspect of being a thief.

My assistant himself was quite a character in his way; could tell a good story, sing a good story, sing a coordion for sacred music; was very ingenious in many things, and when it suited his purpose, was always "hall fellow well met."

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"Madam," said I rather aternly, "you appear to be trifling, and my time is too important to be wasted."

"Jus' so—jus' so. Bless me! Where was the country; for, though his position might be that of a laboring man, his accomplish.

The fill of ur responsibil sin't my son or darter that I spicions, thank the Lord—but a rascal of a nevvy that lives with me—a dead sister's child, that I ve brung up from a two year-old. He's the willainous willain, that's bringing the gray hairs on his dear old mother—no I don't mean her, but his dear Aunt Nabby—in sorman her, but his dear Aunt Nabby—in former theft as a child unborn.
"Depend upon it," his letter concluded,
"the real thief is another party, or else aunt
Nabby is lying, and has not lost anything at
all, which I am sometimes inclined to believe.

venture," then great occasions would come I hope to find something out for my next re-Our relations to each other are important Ten days later he wrote:

"Victory! my man is clear! The old cat is the thief herself. I have just caught her robbing herself in the middle of the night. Perhaps she don't know it. Shall I tell her? Shall I tell anybody? I have not said a word to anybody and shall wait for instructions."

Instead of writing an answer to this I went up myself and had an understanding with the son, an interview with my assistant, and informed Aunt Nabby that we were on the point of succeeding.

Our relations to each other are important. Our daily living is something; the greatness of the present moment is much, in fact, it is all. We go out into the world and feel the influence of other people upon us, but we do not realize others are feeling an influence from us. Do we realize that every one in meeting us is better or worse for having known us? We who have come here from distant homes; who are now upon our own responsibilities; we who have heretofore been protected by our loving parents, we are not irresponsible girls any longer. We point of succeeding.

"Wal', I'm glad on't, she replied in her blunt way; "for I've been put to thinking it's a sight easier to keep one thief than or hinders her, but he is influenced much by her, though his strength seems to predomi "Yus' what I says. Here's your man, now, getting his feed and wages, and either stealing from me himself, or else putting himself in cahoot with the scoundrel that does."

Here's your man, now, getting his strength seems to predominate. In our social relations with our fellow students, wherever we are, in society, at more or abroad, we must not forget we have womanhood to uphold. Our responsibilities

in cahoot with the scoundrel that does."
"Well, keep quiet my good woman; don't get excited, and I promise you we will catch influences; we must guard it as a sacred "He ought to be hung up, the willain!" The world is ever trying to influence usthoughtlessly or intentionally—largely to its own inclinations, not often to its ideals. I found Mr. Foster, the son of Aunt Nabby, to be a very quiet, intelligent man, and in a private interview, I told him of the upon men. We must uplift with womanly iscovery my assistant had made.

"It is unquestionally a case of somnamfluence to be like the sunlight melting away.

tinued. "She is robbing herself in her sleep, and hiding her money in a new place; and the only way to convince her of the fact desire of all to accomplish something. Each and the only way to convince her of the fact is to catch her in the act, wake her, and expose her, and make her sensible of her secret doings. The main difficulty is, that we cannot fix any certain time for her fit to come on, and my business at present will not permit me to be long away from the city. I wonder if something she eats for supper may not have something to do with it?"

I suggested this to my assistant, and he immediately remembered that on the night Annit Nabby lost her money and also on the like fruit we do not relish; let them alone—go on.

Many persons have the idea that life is for the nursons of enjoyment, and we live only

Aunt Nabby lost her money and also on the night he discovered her, she had partaken for that purpose. Do we? Can we be happy freely of cabbage before retiring, and as she while mother mourns? While other loved was very fond of this vegetable, her son said he would have his sister prepare a dish that

evening.

Well, it turned out as we had hoped.

miserable? Do we make others happy by being miserable? We kept a quiet watch and between one and two o'clock in the morning Aunt Nabby walked out of her room with a small bag of walked out of her room with a small bag of

gold in her hand, and took her way to the cellar. We stealthily followed her with a when one is pulled, all are marred. Life is She went to one corner where the earth was loose, dug a hole with her hands, put the bag of gold into it, and was in the act of covering it up when I requested her son to wake her, which he did, though not until he had shaken her pretty roughly.

She was the widow of a well-to-do blackmith, who had left everything to her during

She stared at us in a frightened way, exmith, who had left everything to her during

"Whatever on the face of mortal earth is downward to help those who are below. "Whatever on the face of mortal earth is all this here?"

"It's a shame—a burning, blasting shame, spired from above, when we catch the morn-spired from above, when we can be compared from the morn-spired from above, when we can be compared from above and the compared from ab

in this here. Her son was tallreyfive years of age, her daughter thirty, and her nephew twenty-five—all single. A fair proportion of her property was in stocks, bonds and mortgages; but she also kept a good deal of ready money about the house, hid in different places.

Of this money considerable sums had been extracted at different times during the last two years—several silver spoons and some jewelry had been taken—and she now wanted to have the thief caught and punished. For certain reasons of her own, she believed her nephew to be the guilty one, though she could not bring forward any proof to that effect beyond the fact that he had on two or three occasions seer her fumbling about the places where her treasures were concealed.

I has the series "(L's a shame—a burning, blasting shame, mother," returned her son, "that you should be accusing your innocent nephew of robing you, when you've been all this time spired from above, when we catch the morning spired for makers and acquaintreabilities and in this time stealing your own money and hiding it like a miser. Look here what you've just done—dug this hole and put in this bag of money—and would have covered it up if we hadn't stopped you! Look at the dirt on your honole its rays fall around us. Then let us try to have our lives spired from above, when

"You don't tell me I done all that there?"

oried Aunt Nabby, with a bewildered stare.

"Yes," said I, "we have watched and seen you do it. I told you we would soon find the thief, and you see we have. Now, do you want the thief hung or sent to prison! If either, I must arrest you instead of your nephew."

"Land o' massy sakes alive!" she exclaimed. "What mean, miserable sinners the best of us be, to be sure! Wal, wal, wal! me to steal from myself, and put it upon poor Johnny! Gracious Jerusalem! I feel that I could craw! through a gimlethole. How'll I ever look my poor, dear nevy in the face ag'in!"

"He knows nothing about it and need never know," said I.

She thread and grassed my hand

And so the mystery was solved, with an acteristic admonition ensued:

Minard's Liniment is used by Physician

**Baking Powder** Made from pure

cream of tartar. Safeguards the food against alum.

or "Only deacon Stebbins, that's all. You know him, because it was him what sent me to you to lay a trap for the scamp."

"You go right to him,' says the deacon, and he'll find everything out for ye."

"Aunt Nabby," said I gravely, "If I give you a piece of advice against my own inter-"Are you making a noise on purpose?" he

the affirmative : "Y-y-yes." "Does not her singing please you?"

"Well, no. Why does she howl?" deplared one of the boys, with vexation. "So you wish to protest against her sing ing?" asked Tolstoy in a serious tone.

"Then go out and say so, or stand in the middle of the room and tell every one present. That would be rude, but upright and honest. But you have got together and are squealing like grasshoppers in a corner. I will not endure such protests."--Newcastle (Eng.)

"He That Any Good Would Win" "He That Any Good Would Win"
Should be provided with good health, and
everyone who would have good health
should remember that pure, rich blood is
the first requisite. Hood's Sarsaparills, by
glving good blood and health, has helped
many a man to success, besides giving
strength and courage to thousands of women,
who, before taking it, could not even see
any good to win.

VOL. 28.

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the chainless models and the combined

Bridgetown, N. S.

the improved ball-head spokes.



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new and second-hand. JOHN LOCKETT & SON.

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Ask for and see that you get tickets via the Yarmouth S. S. Co. from Yar-For all other information apply to Dominion Atlantic, Central, Intercolonial or Coast Rail
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Up-to-date Tailoring Establishment. All our work will be guaranteed as to fit and workmanship. Call and inspect our new stock. Tyke and Blenheim Serges always on hand.

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Rolled Oats,

Graham Flour, Flour, Arlington Wheat, Celebrated Swiss Food.

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GOOD VALUES IN TEAS.

Orison Swett Marden in "Success," Kneeling for them at the throne would only learn to drop their business They are her's and God's alone. Prison Swett Marden in "Success," when they leave the office, store or factory, and not carry it, with its attendant worry and anxiety, into the — Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Baz home, it would work a revolution in American character. If business men and women, and wage-earners of all kinds, would lock up their business r occupations when they leave them in the evening, and free their minds

Don't Carry Your Business Home

If men and women who are obliged

It's only a small bit of bunting,
It's only an old colored rag,
Yet thousands have died for its honour,
And shed their best blood for the flag. rom all care concerning them until they open the doors the next morning Joined with these is our old English ensign, St. George's red cross on white field, Round which, from King Richard to Wolswhat a change would be wrought in the home atmosphere, in the mental, moral, and physical well-being of the

ained, and everything to be lost by perpetually thinking and planning out one's buisness out of office that is bent all the time soon loses its elasticity and tension. So the man who yours. It is a trite saying that the bow elasticity and tension. So the man who is everlastingly thinking of his business affairs soon loses his elasticity and buovancy of spirit and becomes jaded

buovancy of spirit and becomes jaded

buovancy of spirit and becomes jaded

buovancy of spirit and becomes jaded buoyancy of spirit and becomes jaded and worn out before he has reached middle life. On the other hand, the man who leaves his business at the Hit ain't so fur to de mawin' light Ef you des kin dream thoo' de store or office in the evening, brings fresh mind and a clear head to it the next morning, and, consequently makes less mistakes and accomplishes much more than if he had dragged it into the home and made himself and

There is nothing whatever to be

workers themselves.

unhappy by incessant worrying over his daily cares. Prohibition the Only Hope.

everybody about him irritable and

In 60 consecutive cases of prisoners ceived into the prison at Glasgow in ne year, drink was a positive factor | me as I was about to enter my office. in every case save nine. For three indred and forty years have the good people of Scotland been trying to lessen the evils of the rum traffic by restriction in some way or another. The re- tacles, her long nose and bony chin coming strictive laws passed for this purpose almost together as she compressed her thin during these three centuries would fill lips and toothless jaws in a manner more a big book. Nearly every device which ingenuity could contrive has been tested, all of which provided for plied, with an air of dignity that I fancied the sale of the stuff in some manner or | would prove a sufficient rebuke to any atanother and the traffic looms up to-day another and the traffic looms up to-day more threatening, more defiant, and I want," she rejoined in a self-satisfied way. more blood-thirsty than ever before in the country's history. The consumption of liquors is on the increase, crime to set down. I've walked a good bit today, for me, and I'd like to set down. the country's history. The consumption of liquors is on the increase, crime and drunkenness are multiplying, lunacy is increasing twice as fast as the population and the constables' census shows 9,000 vagrants in the island.

—We hear sometimes of willing obedience. There is no other. Obedience comes from

There is no other. Obedience comes from the will. Submission against it. We sub-Foster, but for short they call me Aunt Nabourselves. We sometimes submit to tyranny because we feel too weak to resist, not
because we choose it.

If the country,—Moore's Run Corner—
a mere bit of a place compared with this
bere great big city—six or seven houses in it

I then went into all the details, and Aug