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 in]terest, to be accompanied with the writer's 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.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 11. RIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1883. NO. 25.

Job Work!

The Monitor office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description of first-class work. We make a speciality of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues, Bill-heads, Circulars Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention.

We endeavour by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

One Inch.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

One Square, (two inches)—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00; twelve months $10.00.

Half Column.—First insertion, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $8.00; two months, $12.00; three months, 15.00; six months, $22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

A Column—First insertion, $10.00; each continuation, $3.00; one month, $14.00 two months, $20.00; three months, $28.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $80.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration

A Proposal.

All those owning a horse should be thoroughly posted in the different diseases this noble animal is liable to be attacked with, and the different remedies for the same. A horse that is worth having at all is worth being taken care of. The better the care the better the horse. In order that all interested may become possessed of the above information, we will send to each and every present subscriber of the Monitor who will pay up all arrearages and a year in advance a copy of DR. KENDALL'S TREATISE ON THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES, post free. Every NEW SUBSCRIBER who will send in a subscription for the ensuing year shall receive this book of 96 pages free.

The most successful Remedy ever discovered as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Also excellent for human flesh. Read proof below.

SAVED HIM 1,800 DOLLARS.

Adams, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1882.

Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—Having used a good deal of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success, I thought I would let you know what it has done for me. Two years ago I had as speedy a colt as ever was raised in Jefferson County. When I was breaking him, he kicked over the cross bar and got fast and tore one of his hind legs to pieces. I employed the best farriers, but they all said he was spoiled. He had a very large thorough-pin, and I used two bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, and it took the bunch entirely off, and he sold afterwards for $1800 (dollars). I have used it for bone spavins and wind galls, and it has always cured completely and left the leg smooth.

It is a splendid medicine for rheumatism. I have recommended it to a good many, and they all say it does the work. I was in Witherington & Kneeland's drug store, in Adams, the other day and saw a very fine picture you sent them. I tried to buy it, but could not; they said if I would write to you that you would send me one I wish you would, and I will do you all the good I can.

Very respectfully, E. S. Lyman.

From the Arkon Commercial Ohio, of Nov. 25th, 1882.

Readers of the "Commercial" can not well forget that a large space has for years been taken up by Kendall's adverisements—especially of a certain Spavin Cure. We have had dealings with Dr. Kendall for many years, and we know of some large business houses in cities near by, who have also dealt with him for many years, and the truth is fully and faithfully proven, not only that he is a good honest man, and that his celebrated Spavin Cure is not only all that it is recommended to be, but that the English language is not capable of recommending it too highly.

Kendall's Spavin Cure will cure spavins. There are hundreds of cases in which that has been proven to our certain knowledge, but, after all, if any person confines the usefulness of this celebrated medicine to curing spavins alone, they make a big mistake. It is the best medicine known as an outward application for rheumatism in the human family. It is good for pains and aches, swellings and lameness, and it is just as safely applied to men women and children as it is to horses. We know there are other good liniments, but we do believe this spavin cure to be far better than any ever invented.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Colton, Cal., Oct 3rd, 1882.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—While in the employ of C. C. Hastings, the well known horseman, of San Francisco, in the year ending 1880, we had a young horse two years old that contracted a bone spavin and seeing your liniment known as Kendall's Spavin Cure advertised, upon my own responsibility I commenced using it and within thirty days from the time and after having used only three bottles, the Spavin was removed entirely, and therefore I naturally have the utmost confidence in its merits. I do not hesitate to recommend it to all who have occasion to use the medicine, and should any one desire to confer with me I shall be glad to answer any communication relating to the case in question. Respectfully yours, John Rodman.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 16th, 1882.

Messrs. B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—Through the recommendation of a friend about a year ago, I was induced to give your Kendall's Spavin Cure a trial, and I am pleased to say that I was fully satisfied with the results. I used it several times on splints, which after a few applications were removed. I also used it on a Spavin with the same results. The medicine has grown in popularity in this vicinity in the past few months, and what is sold here to-day I believe is put out upon its merits. Alex. McCord,
Foreman for City R. R. Co.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE On Human Flesh.

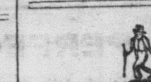
Vevay, Ind., Aug. 12th, 1881.

Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—Sample of circulars received to-day. Please send me some with my imprint printed on one side only. The Kendall's Spavin Cure is in excellent demand with us, and not only for animals but for human ailments also. Mr. Jos. Voris, one of the leading farmers in our county, sprained an ankle badly, and knowing the value of the remedy for horses, tried it on himself, and it did far better than he had expected. Cured the sprain in very short order. Yours respectfully, C. O. Taibband.

Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co, Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.



ALMONT STALLION "GILBERT"

Very Dark Bay, Black Points, 16 Hands High, Weighs 1189 lbs., Foaled 1878, Bred by Gen. Tilton Togus, Maine.

Sired by Constellation, sire of Glenarm, fastest four year old in Me.; 1st dam, Belle Boyd, by Gen. Knox, sire of Lady Maud, 2.18¼, Camors, 2.19¾, and other fast trotters; 2nd dam, Lady Sanford, by Champion Jr., by Champion, by Almack, by Mambrino, by Imp. Messenger. Constellation by Almont, sire of Piedmont, 2.17¼, Fanny Witherspoon, 2.18¼, Aldine, 2.19½, and seventeen others below 2.30; 1st dam, by son of Blood's Black Hawk; 2nd dam by Mambrino Chief, sire of Lady Thorne, 2.18¼, and other trotters. Almont, by Alex.'s Abdallah, sire of Goldsmith Maid, 2.14, Rosalind, 2.21¾, Thornedale, 2.22¼, (sire of Edwin Thorne, 2.16½); 1st dam, by Mambrino Chief, 2nd dam, by Alex.'s Pilot, Jr., sire of the dam of Maud S., 1.10¼, Alex. Abdallah, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, Gen. Knox, by Vermont Hero, by Sherman Black Hawk, dam by Young Hambleton; 2nd dam by Harris' Hambletonian.

It will be seen that GILBERT has in his views a preponderance of Messenger blood, (undisputably the best in America), tracing back in nearly every line of his breeding, directly to Imported Messenger, chiefly through Hambletonian and Mambrino Chief, who stan at the head of the list of trotting sires.

AND Hambletonian - Clay Stallion "Wrangler"

Sired by Hartford, 1st dam, Gypsy, by Godfrey's Patchen, sire of Hopeful, 2.14¾, Geo. H., 2.25, Lady Snell, 2.23¼, and other trotters; 2nd dam, Kate, by Walker horse of Vermont, by Woodbury Morgan, by Justin Morgan, Hartford, by Rysdyk, sire of Clingstone, 2.14, and others, Rysdyk, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, sire of 34 with record of 2.30 or better; Godfrey's Patchen by Geo. M. Patchen, sire of Lucy, 2.18¼, Geo. M. Patchen, by Cassius M. Clay, by Henry Clay, son of Andrew Jackson.

WRANGLER combines the Hambletonian and Clay blood, which has produced such as St. Julian, 2.11¼, Jerome Eddy, 2.16½, Bodine, 2.19½, &c. The Clay family stands second only to Hambletonian in 2.30 list.

The above stallions, which are the two only Hambletonian stallions in Annapolis Co., will stand at the stable of the subscriber, during the season of 1883, at the following terms:

GILBERT, $10.00 for the season; WRANGLER, $8.00 for the season.

Mares from a distance will be properly cared for. Mares at owner's risk. Breeders are invited to inspect above pedigrees, which are GENUINE, and call and see my horses before choosing elsewhere.

A. R. WOODBURY,
WILMOT, ANNAPOLIS CO.

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, Impediaments 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 practise, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a 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.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,
The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box, 450.

MUTUAL HEALTH AND Accident Association OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Provides Indemnity in event of Sickness, Accident, Total Disability and Death.

ALL COLLECTIONS MADE BY REGULAR ASSESSMENTS.

For Certificates or Agency apply to
EDWIN J. H. MORSE,
BERWICK, KINGS CO.
General agent for N. S. and P. E. I.

New Tailoring ESTABLISHMENT AT MIDDLETON.

THE subscriber has pleasure in announcing to the public, that he has opened a Tailoring Establishment at Middleton, where he is prepared to execute all orders in first class style, and with despatch.

A Fit Guaranteed Every Time

Having had forty years experience in the business he is confident he can give good satisfaction to all who will favor him wish their patronage.

JOHN F. GOODERE.
Middleton, N. S., April 30th, '83. n3

WISDOM & FISH,

Mill, Steamboat, and Railroad Suppiies,
41 DOCK ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Rubber and Leather Belting, Rubber and Linen Hose, Lace Leather and Cut Lacing, Cotton Waste and Steam Packing, Lubricating Oils, Mill Files, Emery Wheels, Emery Cloth, and Emery, Wrought Iron Pipe, Cast Iron Water Pipe, Steam, Gas, and Water Fittings, Steam Pumps, Steam Gauges, Injectors, Bolts, Nuts and Washers, Babbitt Metal and Antimony, Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Rich's Patent Saw Sharpener and Gummer, for Grinding Saws.

Estimates furnished; Lowest Quotations given on Special Supplies. [n8

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.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

—(0:0)—

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the insuruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a
FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.
Will find it their advantage to Correspond with
THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,
Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External Use). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

MAKE HENS LAY

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teasp'nful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

SCHOONER

"IVICA,"

J. H. Longmire, Master,

Will run during the season of 1883, in the old trade as packet between

Bridgetown & St. John, N. B.

All Freight carried cheap and handled with the best of care.

LIME. Best of GREENHEAD Lime always on hand at vessel, or out of store. Apply on board vessel or to Mrs. LONGMIRE, Bridgetown. n51tf

NEW SPRING GOODS!

NOW OPENING.

NEW HATS, BONNET,

Ornaments, Flowers, Parasols, Cashmeres, Merinos, Nuns' Cloth, Nuns' Beige,

LACE GOODS, HOSIERY,

Trunks, Valises, Satchels, &c.

—ALSO—

A NEW ARTICLE IN

Black Wool Serge,

Suitable for Ladies' Suits, or Summer Mantles, Dolmans and Jackets.

Balance of Spring Goods expected shortly.

MRS. L. C. WHEELOCK.
Lawrencetown, April 9th, 1883.

Forest and Stream —AND— ROD AND GUN.

The American Sportsman's Journal

A twenty-four page weekly journal, devoted to the interests

Gentlemen Sportsmen and their Families.

TREATS OF

Natural History, Shooting, Yachting and Canoeing, Fishculture, the Kennel, Fishing, the Rifle.

and all the gentlemanly out-door sports. It is without a rival.

Price, $4.00 a Year.

TRY IT. A SPECIMEN COPY WILL BE SENT POST PAID FOR SIX CTS.

For sale by newsdealers everywhere.

Forest and Stream Publishing Company,
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

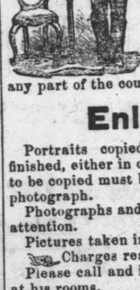
WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public in Annapolis County, that he is now at his office in

BRIDGETOWN,

for a few weeks. Persons requiring artificial teeth will find it to their interest to give him a call.

DR. S. F. WHITMAN.
Jan 2nd., 1882.

Photograph Gallery



THE subscriber, who has been for some time established in this town, has lately procured a first class set of Photograph, View and Copying Lenses, and is now prepared to execute all orders for work in his line in first class style and at short notice.

VIEWS of dwellings, stores, streets, etc., a speciality, and orders from any part of the country attended to.

Enlarging.

Portraits copied, enlarged, framed and finished, either in oil or colors. The portrait to be copied must be either a good tintype or photograph.

Photographs and tintypes will receive best attention.

Pictures taken in any weather.

Charges reasonable.

Please call and inspect samples of his work at his rooms,

OVER "MONITOR" OFFICE.

J. N. RICE.
Bridgetown, August 7th, 1884.

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILLHEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 29 King St., West Toronto, W. W. Butcher, Manager, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.

The Subscriber HAS REPLENISHED HIS HARDWARE DEPARTMENT,

in which will be found:—

Nails, Spikes, Screws, White Lead, Glas Putty, Machine and Burning Oil, Cow and Ox Bells, Monkey Wrenches, Lanterns, Lamps, Burners and Chimneys, Iron and Steel, Shovels and Spades, round pointed and Square Sickles, Gong Bells for Sleigh Shafts, Hames, Horse Blankets, Halters and Sircingles, Curry Combs, Hair, Tooth, Nail, Shaving, White Wash, Paint, Scrub, Shoe, Horse, and Dandy BRUSHES. Brooms, Whisks, and Pails, Axle Grease, Rope, Mill Saw Files, Axes, Emery Cloth and Sand Paper, Carpenter's Bitts, Chalk & Lines, Shoemaker's Knife Sharpeners, Knives and Forks, and Spoons, Spectacles, Pocket and Butcher Knives, Razors, Straps, Apple Parers, Whips and Whip Lashes, Horse Nails, Brass Rivets and Burrs, Tin Ware, Breech Loading Guns, strong, safe and good Shooters, only $5.00 Powder, Shot, Caps, Shells and Cartridges, &c., all of which will be sold at REASONABLE PRICES.

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, Aug. 30th, 1882.

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which Ayer's Sarsaparilla enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron,—all powerful, blood-making, blood-cleansing and life-sustaining—and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of waning vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick.

For sale by all druggists.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN order to meet the demands of our numerous customers, we beg to announce that, we have added to our extensive

Slipper and Larrigan Factory

the necessary Machinery for the Manufacture of

Men's, Women's, Misses', & Children's BOOTS AND SHOES

in all the leading styles.

By continuing, as in the past, to use first quality of material, we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage in our new branch of business, as well as a continuance of public favor in our old business.

Vincent & McFate,
240 Union Street, St. John, N. B

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And an at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names.

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—The Parents.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable"

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters." A Lady of Utica, N. Y.

Poetry.

Drunk in the Street.

'Drunk, your worship,' the officer said:
'Drunk in the street, Sir!' She raised her head.
A lingering trace of the olden grace
Still softened the lines of her woe worn face.
Unkempt and tangled her rich brown hair;
Yet with all the furrows and stains of care—
Thro' years of anguish and sin and despair—
The child of the city was passing fair.

The ripe, red mouth, with lips compressed—
The rise and fall of the heaving breast—
The nervous fingers so taper and small,
Crumple the fringe of the tattered shawl,
As she stands in her place at the officers' call.
She seemed good and fair, she seemed tender and sweet,
This fallen woman found drunk in the street.

Does the hand that once smoothed the ripple and wave
Of that tangled hair lie still in the grave?
Is the mother who pressed those red lips to her own
Deaf to the pain of their smothered moan?
Has the voice that chimed with the lisping prayer
No accent of hope for the lost one there,
Bearing her burden of shame and despair?

Drunk in the street!—in the gutters found—
From a passionate longing to crush and drown
The soul of the woman she might have been—
To fling off the weight of a fearful dream,
And awake again in the homestead hard by
The wooded mountain that touched the sky;
To linger awhile on the path to school,
And catch in the depths of the limpid pool,
Under the willow shade, green and cool,
A dimpled face and a laughing eye,
And the pleasant words of the passer-by.

Ye men with sisters and mothers and wives,
Have ye no care for these women's lives?
Must they starve for the comfort ye never speak?
Must they ever be erring, and sinful, and weak—
Staggering onward with weary feet,
Stained in the gutters, and drunk in the street?

Select Literature.

Saved by His Sister.

'Ahem, Lysander!' said Miss Catherine Southernwood, one morning as she poured out her brother's third cup of coffee; while he drenched his last buckwheat cake with a sea of maple syrup; 'I was a thinking, Lysander, since you have set your heart on marrying that Jones girl!' (Lysander, figuratively, pricked up his ears at this announcement, for Miss Catherine had been bitterly opposed to the idea of her good-looking bachelor brother consigning his heart and fortune to the tender mercies of the 'Jones girl!') I was a-thinking,' she went on, deliberately, 'that mebbe, seeing they're so kind of pinched fur means, that I might get Olympia to come and stay awhile this fall, and help me about the housework. There'll be a heap to do, with the apple-cider butter to make, and the like; and, besides, I need some help in the kitchen. Cookin' is gettin' to be hard work for me now. But there's one thing about it, Lysander,' she continued, as her brother signified his willing consent and gratitude—'you must promise me that you won't ask her to marry you while she is staying here. It would be very improper, you know.'

Lysander promised and went out to harness the mare, as Miss Catherine had decided to drive over at once, and bring Miss Jones back with her.

'She smiled grimly as her brother strode away whistling.

'The shortest out ain't allus the nearest home,' she said, complacently. 'And there's more ways of killing a cat than feeding it to death with beefsteak. There's Hulda Rush is worth a dozen of that girl! But, la! Lysander is as blind as a bat! Never could see an inch before his nose!'

'Astonishing how sister Catherine has come around at last!' thought Mr. Southernwood to himself. 'At first she couldn't bear the idea of me a-marrying Olympia Jones, and now she actually a-going to have her in the house. But that's just like a woman! Let 'em see you will have your own way, and not be led around by the nose, and they'll give right up and be as mellow as a fall apple. But I am glad Catherine thought of gettin' Olympia here this fall. It'll be a help to 'em both, for the Jones' are poor. But I don't care a rush for that! I'd rather have a poor girl, anyway, than a fine lady, that didn't know how to make a feather bed or fry a flapjack. I like a woman that can bustle around and see to things, even if she don't have to do 'em herself—one that can make a pat of butter, or pick a goose, or spin a hank of yarn, if need be. And I like to see a woman look neat,' he went on, as he curried the dappled bay mare and rubbed her down with a whisp of hay. 'And Olympia always looks as neat as a new pin when I call there. Anyhow, I hope and pray that she will come!' he added, anxiously.

Of course Olympia would go? And she ran quickly up stairs to pack her clothes.

'It's a mighty good chance for me,' she thought as she brushed her curls before the little looking glass; 'and I'll improve it, too! But I'll not help with the housework long,' she added. 'Wait till I get to be mistress up there, and see who'll do housework then!'

Lysander's heart gave a jump as the wagon hove in sight with the occupants, and visions of the blissful weeks to come danced through his mind. He was so embarrassed and overcome with delight at the coquettish smile Olympia bestowed on him that he hardly had presence of mind enough to let down the bars for them to pass through.

'Now, Olympia,' bustled Miss Catherine when they had laid off their hats and shawls; 'It's time we begun dinner. Lysander must hev it at twelve o'clock, precisely, or he thinks he's killed. There's a couple of pullets in the coop, out in the chip yard,' she added, tying a clean check apron around her wrist. 'You may wring their necks, and git 'em ready for roasting, while I start up a fire in the cookstove.'

Olympia looked at her pink calico dress, with its flounces and ruffles, and wondered if Miss Catherine would offer her a check apron, too. But Miss Catherine did no such thing, and Olympia wrung the chicken's necks and prepared them for the oven with rather a cross look shadowing her pretty face.

'Got 'em in the oven?' asked Miss Catherine, sharply. 'Then you kin mix up a batch of biscuits while I make the johnny cake. Lysander allus must hev two kinds of bread for dinner, or he can't eat,' she explained.

'Humph,' thought Olympia. 'He won't get two kinds of bread for dinner when I'm mistress here, I can tell you!'

But she turned to the bread-tray without a word.

By the time the biscuits were in the oven the waist and front breadths of Olympia's dress looked considerably the worse for the morning's campaign.

Miss Catherine blew the dinner horn at the usual hour, and Lysander appeared punctually at twelve o'clock.

But for some reason or other dinner was a half-hour later than usual, and when it was finally dished and brought to the table, the biscuits proved to be undone and the chickens roasted to a crisp.

'Had bad luck with your biscuits, didn't you, Catherine!' said her brother, making a wry face at the streak of saleratus he found on breaking open one of the leaden lumps; but Miss Catherine smiled leniently.

'Olympia had bad luck with these biscuits,' she said, 'but I think my bread is as good as usual,' and she passed him a square of light, golden-hued corn-bread, more tempting than pound-cake.

Lysander had a good disposition, but unpalatable food will disorder the best regulated liver and upset the temper of an angel, and Miss Catherine soon discovered a fresh wrinkle over her brother's nose.

One morning Lysander strode into the kitchen, where his sister was mixing light bread—for she could not trust it to Olympia, who had already spoiled two batches, which had to be thrown to the pigs.

'Catherine,' whispered Lysander, hurriedly, 'the minister's folks are coming up the lane! Of course they'll spend the day, and do, pray, Catherine, cook the dinner yourself! Don't let us be disgraced in their eyes!'

Miss Catherine saw her opportunity and seized it.

'Cook the dinner myself! Dear, me, Lysander, how kin I?' she asked. 'We must have turkey, of course, and mashed potatoes, and pumpkin pies and a steamed batter pudding, with lemon sauce, and cabbage salad! Besides, who will entertain the visitors while I'm in the kitchen? Olympia!

'Olympia? Pshaw! She can't do anything but giggle!, growled Lysander, savagely, much to his sister's amusement.

'I'll tell you what Lysander,' said Miss Catherine, reflectively, 'I must have some help, and if you'll just saddle the mare and lead her around for Huldah Rush, I'm sure she'll come.'

And Lysander hastened to do his sister's bidding.

Dinner was on the table at precisely twelve o'clock, and the Rev. Mr. Shepherd and his family testified to the excellence of the richly browned turkey, juicy and unctious, the mashed potatoes and gravy, the golden-hued pies, and the yellow batter pudding, with its rich sauce—to say nothing of light, flaky rolls and fresh butter.

And when, after dinner, Lysander stepped into the dining-room for a pitcher of water, he could not help observing the contrast between Huldah's satin-smooth braids and snowy neck-ruffle, and Olympia's tawny ribbon and frowzy hair.

'Olpmpia,' said Miss Catherine, a couple of weeks later, as she took a folded paper from the bureau drawer,' here's a present I've got for you—a new dress! It's basket cloth. And there's some blue trimmings and silk buttons for you. And—and, Olympia I shan't need you any longer, for my brother is going to be married to-morrow to Miss Huldah Rush; she's a powerful good housekeeper you know.'

'Just what I thought,' said Mrs. Jones, when her daughter appeared with her bundle of clothes. '[illegible] allus was lazy and slovenly, an allus will be I reckon.'

'I'm sorry I went there now,' grumbled Olpmpia. 'It's all that plagued old maid's fault, I know!'

And it was Miss Catherine's management that saved her brother from that snare; but he never suspected it of course.

Plain Talk to a Young Man.

I want you, my boy, always to keep up with the times, but I want you, however fast you may run, to retain a tender and loving reverence for the dear old past, with its beautiful lessons of honest purpose, of loving faith, of trustfulness, of kindly good feeling remember the past with reverence. At the same time I don't want you to be sleepily or stupidly conservative. This is a rapid old world, and you must sleep with your spurs on if you will keep up with the times. I don't want you to live forever in the past. We must live in to-day. I don't agree with the æsthetics who wail about the desecrations of the past by the noisy, vulgar, money-getting present. These people who rend their garments because a railroad runs through Palestine, and another winds up the lava-scorched sides of Vesuvius, and put on sack cloth and sink down in ashes because steam propellers steam and splash through the busy streets of Venice, and the steam whistles torture the gloomy quiet of the Bridge of Sighs. Good for the steam whistle. Had it shrieked its indignant protest against the hate and blindness of the past centuries ago, the gloomy, pitiless cruelties and remorseless tyranny that now invests the Bridge of Sighs with a morbid, inhuman interest would never have been. If I were the steam whistle of 1883 under the shadow of the dark ages, I would pull my valve wide open until my head hung down on my back, and I would shriek and scream until the torment of my civilized yells shook that pathway of tears, that monument of barbaric cruelty and pitiless torture from its cruel and iniquitous foundations. Mr. Ruskin lifts his feeble voice against the clamor of the voice of steam. It's well enough for Mr. Ruskin to cry 'sacrilege' now, but supposing Mr. Ruskin had clanked across that bridge 600 years ago with fair-eyed Hope throwing him good bye kisses from the farther portal, he would given worlds for the saving shriek of the steam whistle. Do you ever go back to the old school house and weep and sob because some heartless old iconoclast of a farmer is going to make firewood of the old beech tree? Ah, no: you have wept enough on account of that tree in days gone by. You take the farmer by by the hand and say, 'Chop it down, and then grub the roots and then fill the hole with salt. Why didn't you think of this thirty years ago?' So the tree and Bridge of Sighs must go, for what are school house tress but breaches of sighs?

It is a world of change. We may not like to see the old landmarks go, but if they stand in the way of the railroad they must go. There are some links that tie us to the past that even I dread to see broken, but they cannot stand in the way of manifest destiny.

Why, there are people, my boy, who think it a profanation and sacrilege because it is proposed to a railroad wind its way up the sacred sides of Mount Olivet, and to send the railway locomotive steaming and puffing along the sunny slopes that were trodden so wearily by the aching feet that sanctified the mountain with with their perfect holiness 2,000 years ago. But while I yield place to no man in my honest reverence for sacred things, my boy, I can see no profanation in the railroad, even when it winds along the slopes of sacred Olivet. Because as I look at it, it was the light that shone from Olivet, it was the life that made the mountain holy ground, that led mankind from all darkness into all the light of the nineteenth century; it was Olivet and the instruction of the Teacher whose prayers and tears and sufferings were for all mankind, that led us from barbarism to civilization; from brazen wheeled chariot to the light running ambulance; from the solid wheel oxcart to the road wagon and the Victoria; from the slow moving caravan to the limited express and fast white mail, and anything in the world has a right to go shouting along the Mount of Olives, it is the railway locomotive. Nothing that is really progressive can be sacreligious. But there is a great deal that is profane and sacriligious, my boy, that isn't the least bit progressive.—*Hawkeye Burdette.*

How Liquors are Adulterated.

A fresh barrel of raw whiskey is taken in hand by the expert, who converts it in a few hours into old rye or bourbon by a judicious administer of oak shavings, burned sugar and glycerine. Sometimes he takes away the crude taste by passing an electric current through it. Much of the highest-priced whiskey sold in the best places is made in this artistic fashion. Bourbon is supposed to contain more fusil oil than rye, but this is not necessarily the case.

Brandy is made by the distillation of fermented grapes—sometimes from the juice alone, and sometimes from the skin, seeds and juice together. When made from the juice alone it is nearly colorless, has a very agreeable odor, and a slightly acrid, aromatic taste. It contains from thirty-five to fifty per cent. of alcohol. There is probably no liquor so much imitated and adulterated as brandy. The commonest method of imitating it is by adding to plain grain whiskey certain portions of various ethers, which are sold in mixture as 'brandy essence,' burned sugar, spices, tannic acid and acetic acid. Nine-tenths of the brandy that is drank never saw a grape skin. Gin is made by distilling alcohol with juniper berries, its distinctive taste and odor being due to the presence of a small amount of oil of juniper. The amount of alcohol varies from thirty to fourty per cent., the residue being water with less than one per cent. of the juniper oil. The gin commonly sold as the real article is however, made by simply adding a small quantity of this oil, or more frequently oil of turpentine, to common whiskey, together with sufficient water to reduce the strength of the spirit to about thirty per cent. of alcohol. None but the most expensive brands of gin are made in any other ways. Differen brands contain slight additions which give them their peculiar flavor.

The best rum is made by the distillation of fermented molasses. Often pineapples and other fruits are sliced and thrown into the still to give flavor. The molasses consists of the washings and refuse from sugar houses. It contains thirty to thirty-five per cent. of alcohol, and is not much adulterated except with certain flavoring ethers, designed to imitate 'real Jamaica' or other brands. The main constituent of absinthe is oil of wormwood. It is made by the distillation of alcohol with water, absinthium (wormwood) and various spices such as fennel, anise and coriander. The resulting liquor is diluted more or less, the different brands differing greatly in the amounts of water and other substances present in each. It is most frequently made by the simple admixture of oil of wormwood with alcohol and water, various essential oils being added to give pungency.

Distilled absinthe well prepared from fresh materials should be of a bright green colour. Its effects are well known to be of the most dangerous character, and result in nervous exhaustion and partial paralysis of the heart.

— It is asserted that no weather prophet was ever sunstruck. Old Sol has a little self-respect left.

Defying the Locomotive.

'Well, sir' said an engineer, as he took a doughnut, "all these accidents occur just by people trying to be smart. I have seen hundreds of farmers who would stop their team far enough away from a train, so there would be no danger, but about one in ten acts as though he owned the earth, and if he gets the hind end of his wagon over, he thinks that he has achieved something remarkable. I expect to kill a woman out here about 100 miles one of these days. She drives an old black mare and I think she lays for a train. She sees the train coming and slaps the old mare with the lines and hurries on the track, and the old mare stops as though she was going to eat grass, and then the old lady looks at me in the cab window, through her spectacles, slaps the old mare some more, and she meanders off the track just before I hit her, and the old lady looks back at me just as the engine whirls past, and my heart is in my mouth, and she looks just as though she thought I was running that way for fun, and that I am an impolite thing, because I don't slack up for her. Some day the marsh out there is going to have a shower of black mare and buggy wheels and spectacles, and there will be crape on the old lady's door, and instead of a verdict of suicide the Coroner's jury will blame the engineer, and her relatives will sue the company for damages.'—*Peck's Sun.*

Growth of Hong Kong.

The growth of Hong Kong in 30 years from a small piratical fishing village into a great city, is as striking a story as any that can be told of American progress, writes a London *Standard* correspondent. Some of the largest fortunes that Englishmen have ever put together have been made in Hong Kong. But the halcyon days are now gone by when Derby winners were bought by mercantile firms and shipped to China, in order that the colors of the house might be first on the race courses there. The merchant princes whose splendid hospitality used in the last decade to excite the enthusiasm of the garrison officers, no longer reside in Hong Kong. Those of them that are alive have sunk into obscurity in the House of Commons at home, and the trade which enriched them has passed in great part into the hands of John Chinaman. The Chinese traders are running very hard the English merchants of Hong Kong. They have agents in England, their own steamers, they project joint stock companies, and one of them is legislator in Hong Kong Council. Over 170,000 Chinese have settled down in this busy place. They are kept in order by an armed police force, 700 strong, made up of Sikhs from the Punjaub, Englishmen and Chinamen in about equal proportion.

A Hotel of Monsters.

The most curious of all Paris curiosities will cease to exist when the demolition of the Grand Hotel Leguay, known as "La Table d'Hote des Monstres," is completed. The hotel in itself is like any common provincial hotel, but the guests of its *table d'hote*, as described by the reporter of the *Lanterne*, form an assembly hardly to be met with in any other place. "Dinner being announced," says this privileged guest, "the first couple to enter the dining hall with an air of perfect propriety are a bearded woman accompanied by a skeleton-like gentleman. She receives his whispers with thoughtful eyes, gently stroking her beard. A dwarf with an enormous nose sits next to them on a high stool; her neighbors are a well known showman, who now and then turns his face round to the middle of his back—a convenience whenever the waiter is wanted—a young giantess of sixteen, weighing 400 pounds, somnambulists, acrobats and many more of the same school complete the circle, who, after their meal is ended, will sometimes for the benefit of an occasional visitor unite in a dance, tantastic, grotesque and hideous to the last degree."

— Junius Brutus Booth the actor is dead. He was the eldest son of the great tragedian by his first wife, and was born in Charleston in 1721. Although not so great an actor as his brother Edwin, be inherited enough of the paternal genius to make a mark in the higher walk of the drama. He was married thrice—his third wife, an actress of considerable merit survives him. He leaves one son by his present marriage and a daughter, Marion Booth by one of his former wives.

—Sir. Charles Tupper, Canada's High Commissioner in England, lately did the Dominion a good service, by his energetic action in having a thorough investigation made into a report that a shipment of Canadian cattle were inflicted with Texan fever and which were condemned and about to be slaughtered forthwith. The investigaproved the charges to be unfounded, and our cattle trade with England was thus saved a serious injury.

—A monument to Luther is to be unveiled at the Magdeburg celebration on November 10. It is very highly spoken of. The head is said to resemble the original very closely, Lucas Cranach's portrait of Luther having served as the sculptor's model. Luther is represented as looking up to Heaven his head uncovered, his left hand pressing against his heart, in his right the Bible. At his feet lies the papal bull.

—General Withers, of Kentucky, thinks that trotting a mile in two minutes is no more unlikely than a mile in 2.20 was twenty years ago. He thinks that now "nothing is more certain than that trotters are begotten by trotters."

—Barbadoes is by far the most prosperous of the West Indian colonies, a circumstance chiefly due to the intense attachment of the negroes to their native land. The population is over 1,000 to the square mile, and the negroes, consequently, have to work for a living; hence the planter's prosperity.

—An Essex county (N. Y.) farmer took five of the fresh-air-fund boys from New York. The first forenoon they hung the farmer's pet Newfoundland dog to an apple tree. In the afternoon they placed his light wagon across the railroad track, and a train knocked it into smithereens.

—It is a remarkable fact that if a mistake occurs in a newspaper or a hard remark is made, the whole public cry out; but if a thousand and one good things are said or done, no person ever refers to it.

—A Troy dude, who indulged his vile propensities by sending obscene letters to ladies in Troy and Albany, has been fined $700 by the Supreme Court of the United States.

— Silas Card was married the other day, and on his wedding notices were the words, "No cards." But he doesn't know what might happen.—*Ex.*