Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 27. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1899. NO. 38.

Professional Cards.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
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Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville Streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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Tablets, Headstones, &c
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5,000 Hides,
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FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED
under the efficient management of
S. W. ROGERSON.

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Boot and Shoe Store
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Five cases of Men's Fishing Boots.
Three cases of Men's Leg Kip Boots.
Three Cases Cow Hide Boots.
Four Cases Heavy Kip grain and Split bals for the hard work of the fall wear
Dont forget to call when in want of such. Also a full line of fine goods.
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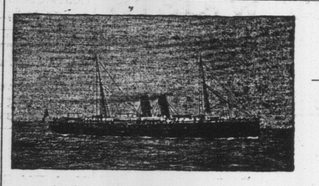

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NOVA SCOTIA and the UNITED STATES.
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The fast and popular Steel Steamer "BOSTON" leaves Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENING after arrival of the Express trains from Halifax.
Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 2 p. m., making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic and Coast Railways for all parts of Nova Scotia.
U. S. and Royal mail carried on this steamer.
Through tickets to all points in Canada and to New York via rail and sound lines.
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For all other information apply to Dominion Atlantic, Central, Intercolonial or Coast Rail way agents, or to
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Yarmouth, Oct, 11th. 1899.

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Agents for THE METALLIC ROOFING COMPANY.
We have samples of Metal Ceiling.
Outside Steel Siding, Shingles and Gutters.
Also agents for the "Cleveland" Bicycle.
We have handled these Wheels two seasons and know they are in the front rank. Prices to suit the times.

Where are you going my pretty maid?
"I'm going to the Bridgetown Foundry," she said.
For what are you going my pretty maid?
"To buy a STOVE, kind sir," she said.
They can supply you with
First-class Stoves Ranges, etc.,
of many descriptions representing the best makes in Canada.
Their specialty
McClary's "Faultless,"
the genuine original "Faultless," is the best on the market.
They are confident that they can give better value than any other dealer in the county.
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ROYAL Baking Powder
Made from pure cream of tartar.
Safeguards the food against alum.
Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Poetry.

Winter's Comin' On.

Uncle Si keeps frettin'
Cause the summer's gone,
Dreads to think how winter
Is a comin' on.
Days are gettin' shorter,
Nights are gettin' long,
Birds are growin' scarcer,
Seldom hear a song;

Frosts have nipped the gardens,
Leaves begin to fall,
Sort o' melancholy
Settles over all.
So he keeps a-frettin',
And a-takin' on,
'Cause the winter's comin'
And the summer's gone.

Uncle Si, you're foolish,
Worryin' that way!
Scoldin' 'bout the winter
Won't keep it away!
Gather in your apples,
And your pumpkin crop:
Fill your bins with taters,
Clear up to the top;

Pile up high your firewood
'Around the kitchen door,
Store away your walnuts
On the attic floor.
If you have a plenty,
If you're snug and warm,
Winter will be pleasant,
Spite o' snow and storm.

So just quit your fussin',
Stop your bein' sad;
If you're only ready,
Winter ain't so bad;
Just like bein' ready
When you're goin' to die,
When you have your treasure,
Laid up in the sky.

—*The Michigan Christian Advocate*

Select Literature.

Hannah Mary's 'Regrets.'

(By Emily Huntington Miller, in 'The Congregationalist.')

Old lady Baxter sat by the front window sewing carpet rags. The stiff, distorted fingers and the swollen feet upon the cushioned stool told their own story of disablement, and it was in fierce defiance of fate that their owner maintained her reputation for being 'tasty' in mixing colors, even after it had to be admitted that her 'jinin' was not what it once was. Each time she selected a bit from her motley material her keen, black eye travelled to the window, pouncing upon whatever came within range with the clutch of possession; but there were few passers along the sleepy road, except now and then a tow-headed boy on his way after the cows, ploughing his bare feet through the yellow dust and switching at the ragged way-weed along the edges. The smallest incidents moved her querulous comment, and her gusty old voice had a dominant ring, as if all the repressed energy of locomotion had gone into it. Twenty years of meek servitude had not accustomed Hannah Mary to its quality of unexpectedness, and she still started whenever the strident tones came her way.

The little stand that held Hannah Mary's basket was just out of range of her grandmother's eyes, and she was quite absorbed in her own fancies as she held up the hat she had been trimming and turned it from side to side with an air of growing disapproval. What she really saw was a distracting vision of shimmering ribbons, roses of freshest pink and mysterious, phantom-like feathers of glistening white fluttering over Almira Baker's red-brown curls.

"Massy sakes, Hannah Mary," demanded the imperative voice, "ain't you done fussin' over that bunnet yet? Fetch it here an' lemme see it.'

Hannah Mary meekly obeyed, and the poor little hat seemed actually to wilt under her grandmother's stare as if conscious of its lack of merit.

"It don't look right, but I can't make out what ails it. It's done up real han'some and the ribbon's good as ever t'was on this side, but it seems to want something—I donno what'—

'Well,' laughed the old lady, 'I can tell you what it wants, it's air—they ain't a mite of air to it, Hannah Mary. Them bows ought to perk up, an' not look so dreful meachin' and' pologizin'. If you had a nice bunch of regrets to set it off.

"What?'

'Regrets—them slim, white, spraggly feathers Mis' Baker bought for Almiry,'

"Oh, them! There's lots of pretty things if a body's got money."

"Money ain't all. There's such a thing as gumption, but if folks ain't born with it you can't put it into 'em! If I had the use of my hands I'd show you a thing or two. I've been studyin' over it ever since I laid my eyes on them regrets.'

She laid down the ball of rags, and her eyes gleamed with a sudden inspiration.

See here, Hannah Mary, you look in the blue chist and fetch me them white turkey feathers we saved up."

Hannah Mary cast an imploring look at the back of her grandmother's head, but went obediently. There was but one opinion in that house and that was old lady Baxter's. Other people might agree with it or not, as they pleased, but it made no difference. One might not chance to believe in the revolution of the earth, but it went on all the same. Hannah Mary knew the old lady was perfectly capable of inventing any absurd decoration for her hat, and she already saw herself standing up in the singer's seat with a halo of turkey feathers around her head.

"I will not wear it, I will not," she said, vehemently, as she raised the corner of the green paper shade to admit a little light into the sacred darkness of the spare room, and reluctantly lifted the lid of the blue chest. Perhaps something had happened to them—perhaps the moths had eaten them—but no, there they lay under the little sprigged shoulder shawl. With a sudden instinct of rebellion she seized the horrible things and thrust them under the puffy bolster of the spare bed. An insane plan to smuggle them out of the house and burn them was taking shape in her mind with a delightful sense of excitement.

"Can't you find them?" called her grandmother, and Hannah Mary blushed as she faltered, "I can's seem to see 'em anywhere.'

Involuntarily she lifted her eyes to encounter the grave, reproachful face of Jonathan Edwards looking down upon her from the tarnished frame that fenced him in. In that very room she had done solitary penance through an endless summer day after telling a lie from childish terror, and she always believed that the text in the open book upon which the solemn finger was laid was the very one which predicted a sulphurous fate for all such transgressors as she. Back to her memory came the warning couplet which declared:—

For liars always are found out.
Whatever ways they wind about.

and, with the old terrified quake of childhood, she snatched the feathers from their hiding place.

"Here they are, Grandmother, after all," she announced, with hypocritical cheerfulness, and the old lady gave a grunt of satisfaction as the bundle of plumage was laid in in her lap.

"Now, you fetch me the p'tater knife," she said, eagerly, 'and put one of them old case knives where it'll get het up. I'll show ye I ain't so crippled up't I've lost all my knack. I've trimmed bunnet's 'fore now, I should say. No, I shan't cut my fingers off. I'm as used to my hands as you be to yours; it kind of braces 'em up havin' the jints set this way. I took a good look at them regrets—you see they have to be spraggly so's to wave about and curl over."

"Oh, grandmother," ventured Hannah Mary, 'I like my hat well enough the way 'tis."

"Well, then, I don't. They ain't a mite of style to it. It looks a last year's bird's nest. Just you wait, Hannah Mary. I'll show ye a thing or two."

Hannah Mary looked on with the fascinated interest of a prisoner under whose eyes the scaffold for his execution is slowly rising, yet, in spite of her distress, she marvelled at at the skill with which her grandmother split the stiff quills and the grace into which she contrived to coax them by judicious scrapings of the hot knife. As the work went on her spirits rose, and when the long filaments, reinforced by a few fluffy feathers, trembled in her grandmother's shaking hands, she laughed with the pleased excitement of a child.

"There," said the old lady, triumphantly, 'needn't to tell me what I can't do. Just perk up them bows, Hannah Mary, and plant the regrets in the middle, so's they'll lean kind of easy and graceful."

Hannah Mary caught something of the inventor's spirit, and there was innocent delight in the soft, girlish face that surveyed itself in the slanting mirror, dimpling and smiling under the novel adornment.

"You never looked so well in all your born days," said her grandmother, exultingly; 'now you spry round, Hannah Mary, and mix up some soda biscuit and make me a cup of green tea; I'm clear beat out. No need to put your hat away; just leave it where it 'tis till choir meetin'.'

"Don't you think it's most too dressy for choir meeting?" ventured Hannah Mary.

"No, tain't, not a mite; and if John Stetson had as much sense as a screech owl'—

Hannah Mary bent hastily over the flour barrel, but all through her simple preparations for supper her thoughts travelled occasionally to the new hat and hovered over it with pleased anticipation.

As she moved briskly about from kitchen to pantry her sweet untrained voice ran in little musical sketches over the anthem for Sunday morning, and if she fancied a deeper voice filling out chords and bearing her pleasant company, it was a harmless dream and altogether maidenly.

Mrs. Baxter was scornful of rehearsals, her theory being that 'if it was in you to sing you'd sing sam's a b'uebird or a robin, and if it wa'nt, no amount of practicin' could put it in." But she secretly rejoiced in them, because Hannah Mary sometimes brought home bits of news too secular to be intruded upon Sunday, and because her absence formed the excuse for a weekly gossip with the neighbor across the street. She would be coming in presently, Hannah Mary thought, as she lighted the lamp after supper. Almira would come with her, and the two girls would stroll away together to the meeting house, where John Stetson would be waiting on the steps to escort them through the dark entry and up the narrow, crooked stairs. Would Almira wear her new hat, wouth John Stetson think—

A sharp clash at the gate, a rattle of the latch and Mrs. Baker came in, holding her green figured shawl about her sallow face and long chin.

"Oh, Hannah Mary," she began, abruptly, "I c'm' over to let you know Almiry ain't goin' to choir practice! She ain't feelin' very good. I sent word to Elmer Sharp to fetch his wife or Doshy along to help out'—

'What ails Almiry?" said the old lady, suspiciously. "Doshy Sharp can't sing more'n a crow."

"I don't reely know. She—she don't tell me—just says she ain't goin' to night nor to morrow. See here, Hannah Mary, you go over and coax her up. I hate to have her act up so the worst way."

Hannah Mary went on her errand with her foolish heart in a flutter. If Almira did not go it would mean that John Stetson would walk home with her alone. She blushed in the dark and put the thought away as altogether too unworthy. Almira had so plainly settled upon John as belonging to herself, and Almira always got what she wanted.

Mrs. Baker's eyes, roving abstractedly about the room, spied the hat.

"For the land's sake, if Hannah Mary hasn't got regrets on her hat, and I dunno but what they're full prittier than Almiry's.

"Think so," said the old lady, with a twitch of her grim mouth.

Fact of it is, Mis' Baxter, Almiry's makin' all this to-do over them regrets. Penelope Winters came in this afternoon to git my risin' sun patterns and I showed her Almiry's hat. You ought to have heard her how she went on, telling how't they get them feathers off the backs of birds down in Florida and leave all the young ones to starve. My! it was just awful. And she said she'd send me a trac' that told all about it. Well, I can tell you them regrets came out quicker'n a wink, and the hat was every mite as pretty without 'em—ribbons and roses agree beter'n feathers with young birds, 'cordin' to my judgment—but if you'll believe it, Almiry went in a regular tantrum over it when she came home; said she wouldn't never put that hat on her head unless she could have them back. Of course I cou'dn't give up in a matter of principle and I was a good mind to burn 'em up and done with it, only I didn't know but what Althea would take 'em back towards doin' over my Dunat'ble. Almiry said Penelope Winters was a meddlin' old maid, and made it all up out of spite, but 'taint so. I read some of it myself, a real movin' piece about the millions of innocent little birds slaughtered every year"—

"I dare say," burst out the old lady. "I wonder if Penelope Winters ever counted up how many innocent little worms was baked to death in their cradles to git the stuff for her changeable silk. And how's she goin' to reconcile raisin' innocent little chickens just a-purpose to kill off and eat? I dunno but what a chicken has the same rights as any other bird'—

"Don't seem to me that's the same thing," said Mrs. Baker, but with a distinct regret at not having thought of the argument in time. "Folks have to eat, and to have clothes, but feathers are just pride and vanity, and you destroy the little birds "that sing among the branches," as David says'—

"Them regrets never sung among the branches, I can tell ye now," chuckled Mrs. Baker.

"Anyway. I don't see what I'm goin' to do with Almiry. When she sets up to do a thing she'l stick to it if she was to die for't. She takes that from her father's folks—"

"Shoh, Lucindy, she takes it from you. Your as set as the pole once you take a notion; makes no difference whether or no you've got a rag of reason to fly a-top. See here," she added, fiercely, as the gate sounded its warning, "don't you say a word about them regrets to Hannah Mary."

Hannah's face was mildly troubled. 'She won't go, Mis' Baker, and she won't say why. Don't seem much use in my going'—

"You go along, use or no use," commanded her grandmother. "I ah'd hope you ain't afraid to travel the main road, with houses clost enough to pass the time o' day all the way. Turn around and let Mis' Baker see that bunnit. Don't you call that tasty and becomin?"

"It's becomin,' admitted Mrs. Baker, with significant emphasis.

"Well, that's what bunnits are for. Fur's use goes a body might as well go bareheaded like the Injuns."

Hannah Mary looked back beseechingly, feeling that she had in some way offended, and then her gentle face vanished in the soft dusk of the summer night. She went along the little foot-path conscious of a pleasant sensation that was not really excitement, but a faint stirring of expectation. Just beyond the first group of houses was the only lonesome bit of the way, past the old tannery with its bleached front and empty windows, and the acrid smell of bark and lime from the ugly pits. But almost before she had time to notice it John Stetson came across the footbridge to meet her.

"Doshy Sharp brought word Almiry was sick, and I thought you might be afraid."

"No; what should I be 'fraid of?" laughed Hannah Mary; but when John took her singing-book and drew her hand through his arm she found it very pleasant to be protected and taken possession of.

They exchanged a few commonplace remarks on the way, but for the most part they were silent. A night hawk swooped over their heads with a sharp ping, some wild creatures abroad on a secret errand ran rustling into a clump of elder bushes as they passed, once there was an odor of sweetbriar and once a warm honey-sweetness seemed to fill the air from the four o'clocks in the minister's garden. A mass of tansy ran down the bank from the fence, and its rank, pungent smell clung to Hannah's skirts as they brushed it, yet she felt as if she had walked all the way through flowers of paradise. She came up the stairway into the lighted gallery with such shining eyes that Elmer Sharp stopped tuning his base viol to stare, and Miss Penelope beamed sympathetically towards her, and then her old face full of regret and trouble, drooped over the keys of her organ.

"Come now, let's get started," said the leader. "We've got to go over that anthem half a dozen times if Almiry ain't comin'."

Miss Penelope was in a tremble, but she had the stuff of martyrs in her. In the little bustle over finding the places she managed to whisper to Hannah Mary:—

"I don't know how you dast bring an offering of praise to the Lord with the blood of his murdered minstrels on your head."

"Hannah Mary stared at Miss Penelope in mute wonder. What on earth did she mean? Did she think she had killed Almira? or what in the world—

The tuning fork twanged sharply, and Hannah Mary was instantly intent upon her part. The lamps with their tin reflectors were arranged to light the gallery only, and the meeting house below was dark. Here and there a little gleam struck the top of a rail, or the polished oak of a pew door, and one could easily fancy dusky shapes wandering about aisle and chancel, or grouped in shadowy corners. All the romance of Hannah Mary's life hung about the old meeting house. The gray slab in the little burying ground that commemorated the virtues of her great-grandmother added to its list of domestic graces the unusual tribute, 'She was a marvellous sweet singer,"

Old lady Baxter loved to tell the story of that Sunday morning when a British officer in the congregation stood spell-bound after the hymn was ended, his eyes fixed upon the lovely face of the singer and his senses entralled by the beautiful voice, quite forgetting to sit down till Mistress Doddridge plucked him by the coat-tails. Always when Hannah Mary sang in the unlighted meeting house she fancied it filled again with the men and women of those days. In the great Doddridge pew she could see the flash of scarlet and the rapt face of the lover upturned to the gallery, where she, her own grandmother, poured out her soul for his ears alone. It was the one little touch of fantasy that kept her life from fading utterly into the commonplace. To-night the imagination took possession of her as never before, and John Stetson, released from Almira's vigilant oversight, caught the full fervor of her lips and eyes as she turned from the lover of her dream an instant towards him.

But Miss Penelope's tender heart was still burdened with her message, and she pulled Hannah Mary by the sleeve as she sat fanning her flushed face. "I don't suppose you know," she said, 'about the way they get them egrets—half a dozen beautiful birds killed at nesting time for that one little bunch, and all the young birds left to starve"—

"Give us the key, Penelope," called Elmer Sharp, and Miss Penelope turned to the organ, but not before she had seen a smile break over Hannah Mary's face and perceived that she was inwardly convulsed with laughter. Her fingers trembled on the keys and two tears splashed down upon the bony hands from a fountain that was very near to overflow.

But after rehearsal Hannah Mary's arm crept quickly around the flat waist, and her fresh cheek almost touched Miss Penelope's as she whispered: "Oh, Miss Penelope, don't think I laughed about the little birds—it's dreadful and I don't see how anybody can be so cruel—but grandmother made these regrets out of turkey feathers. We thought they looked real pretty, but I wouldn't wear 'em for anything to have folks s'pose they were real. I'll take 'em right out soon's I get home."

"You're a good girl, Hannah Mary," said Miss Penelope. She looked curiously at the girl, conscious of a sort of illumination about her face, and added, fervently, "I hope you'll be happy."

Half an hour later John Stetson was still saying good-bye to Hannah Mary at the gate. Neither of them had noticed the old tannery, or the smell of the four o'clocks as they passed the minister's, but now Hannah looked across the road and saw the lamp burning in the front room at Mrs. Baker's.

"O, John," she said, "I meant to tell you, Almiry said if you wanted to know why she didn't come to choir meeting you could ask her. Mebby you had better go over; she's sittin' up."

"I ain't frettin' 'bout Almiry's comin' and goin'," said John. "I've got the only girl I care about right here now, but I'm bleeged to Almiry for stayin' home to give me a chance."

"There goes grandmother, thumping for me to come in," said Hannah Mary, with a start. "I mustn't stay another minute. Why, John, you've got my regrets on your shoulder. I guess I didn't sew 'em very good."

A fresh cannonade and Hannah sped up the walk and let herself softly in at the door. She took off her hat and sat down to view it judicially, with a new sense of competence and mastery. Without knowing it she had entered upon that sovereignty with which love alone endows a woman.

"Hannah Mary, what are you doin' out there," demanded her grandmother.

Just fixin' my hat a little before I put it away," quavered Hannah Mary.

"You're takin' out them regrets?"

"They came out, grandmother. I guess they wa'nt sewed good," but in an instant love rose up to shame the cowardly evasion. She came into the bedroom shielding the flaring candle with her hand. A great tenderness swelled within her heart as she looked at this wreck of life and hope and ambition, and she said, gently:

"I've fixed it without 'em, grandmother, and I like it better. They were just as pretty as real ones, but after Miss Penelope told me about the birds in Florida, and how cruel it was, I should be ashamed, to have anybody think I'd be so wicked'—

The old lady glared at her without a word.

"And John Stetson says he's read in the 'Advocate' how they kill off singing birds by millions just to trim women's hats, and he thinks if women knew"—

"I don't see what difference it makes to us what John Stetson thinks," said the old, lady belligerently.

"It makes a great deal of difference to me, grandmother," said Hannah Mary, bravely.

"Shoh," said Mrs. Baxter, with a pleased twinkle of her black eye, 'you don't tell me John Stetson has made out to speak up. Well, of all things. Won't Lucindy Baker be mad! My, my! to think of her upsettin her own dish, by bein' so sot to have her own way. My my! Mebbe it'll learn her a lesson. You get some salt-risin," Hannah Mary, and put the beans a-soak 'fore you go to bed.'

Hannah Mary tinkled about the pantry, and old lady Baxter heard the faint click of the spoon on the yellow bowl, the soft gush of the water from the spout of the kettle, gentle, housewifely noises, but running through them all a slender thread of song, sometimes altogether lost, and then coming out clear and sweet like a little brook slipping along a meadow, and the dear old Pharisee turned contentedly on her pillow, her last thoughts serenely exultant over the downfall of her neighbor's hopes, and sank to sleep, at peace for once with herself and all the world.

"Circumstances Alter Cases."

In cases of dyspepsia, nervousness, catarrh, rheumatism, eruptions, etc., the circumstances may be altered by purifying and enriching the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Good appetite and good digestion, strong nerves and perfect health take the place of these diseases. Hood's Sarsaparilla is America's Greatest Medicine and the best that money can buy.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, sick headache.

—Leaders of Nova Scotia agriculture are pressing for a complete, up to date farmers' and mechanics' college. The school of horticulture is doing good work, but hardly covers the field. Of course, the whole matter is largely a question of finances, yet the farmers can usually get what they are sure they want.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

The Reconstructive Power
of Park's Perfect Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is greatly enhanced by its palatable and agreeable taste. The nauseating tendency of the oil in its crude state is entirely obviated, making the emulsion acceptable to the most delicate stomach. Children and invalids receive prompt and permanent benefit from its use.
For
COUGHS,
COLDS,
BRONCHITIS,
and the advanced stages of Lung troubles PARK'S PERFECT EMULSION is unsqualled. It not only relieves the more evident symptoms, but builds up the entire system, filling up the emaciated parts, making them robust and healthy. Without question the most perfect Emulsion you can obtain.
Price 50 cents per Bottle, of all Druggists.
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Ships Wrecked on Calm Days.

Many visitors to the coast are sorely puzzled when a boatman either refuses to put off from shore, or at most to go far from land, on a day when there is no sign of an approaching storm, and the water is only moved by a long and gently rolling swell, says *Pearson's Weekly*.

Argument is of no avail, and if the old salt is pushed for a reason he will only reply with some cryptogramic remark about "the ground sea," the questioner then retiring more bewildered than before.

It is hard to understand how such a gentle swell can presage danger, but to experienced eyes it gives a warning that must be heeded. All along the west and parts of the south coasts of England and Ireland, as well as the west coast of Scotland, uncounted tales are told of ships which on a perfectly calm day have been within a few hours first caught by a gentle roll of water and finally thrown on a rock-bound shore by the dreaded "ground sea."

To understand this curious marine phenomenon it must be borne in mind out on the Atlantic waves are often formed to a height of forty feet. Driven before a heavy gale these advance at a rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour. Travelling at such a rate they soon get out of the wind swept area, but even though, for them, the storm is past, they still roll on in fury, their undulations often being felt 500 miles from the point of their creation.

In the region of the storm, these waves are fierce, breaking billows, but as they get further away they settle down into long, rolling ridges, which travel onward in long, unbroken lines, perfectly parallel with each other.

Out on the open sea these ridges often stretch out for a distance of ever thirty miles, and as they travel in threes, each successive wave being larger than its predecessor, the sight is an opposing one.

The further they progress the smaller they become in height, but this is compensated for by the fact that their motion is communicated to the mass of water below, until the roll can be detected fully fifty feet under the surface. This gives them the name of "ground sea."

In this peculiarity their danger lies, for when a becalmed ship is caught in them her draught, the resisting power that enables her to ride out a storm, becomes the fulcrum which the liquid mass uses to hurl her onward to destruction.

On a calm day any sailing craft caught in the "ground sea," near a rocky shore is as good as lost unless a wind can spring up and enable her to beat out to sea. Many a ship has met this fate. The reason many more do not get lost is due to the gentle swell that so deceives a landsman and warns the sailor.

As the "ground sea" advances it pushes a certain amount of water before it. This also forms into ridges, like its parent, but of less height and approximately no depth.

The "false sea," as it is called, is little more than a rolling swell, but it gives a warning of from twenty minutes to two hours duration, enabling a ship to either run into port, get out to sea, or securely anchor; while at the seaside resorts the boatmen run close in shore to the surprise of the "trippers."

When it is remembered that a wave twenty feet high, which is often attained by the "ground sea," strikes with a force of one ton to the square inch the necessity for caution will be recognized.

All waves that come in parallel ridges, however, are not dangerous, there is a "wind billow" that is closely allied to the "ground sea" in appearance.

"Wind billows" are due to a heavy wind blowing but a few miles off the land, but as they have had but a comparatively short distance to travel, they have no depth. Consequently even a rowing boat is perfectly safe on them if properly handled.

These waves usually appear when there is a comparative calm near the shore, their great point of difference from the "ground sea" in appearance being that their unbroken lines are nearer and are all equi-distant, not traveling in threes.

Generally the "wind billows" do not break into foam, but occasionally this happens when they are coming in against the tide. Then it is hard to detect them from the ordinary waves, the product of a local wind storm. These always break into foam at their crest, the "white horses" of the marine poet.

Remembering these peculiarities of the various waves will save tourists considerable disappointment when wiser heads bid them keep to the land, for to them no apparent reason, while it may keep them from rushing into unknown danger. One other fact is also worthy of mention as it may prove of advantage should a boat drift out to sea with an inexperienced crew and no compass aboard.

Then, if a "ground sea" is "running," set your mind at ease for you can steer by it as—on the English—and Irish coasts, at least—it always comes from the northwest. By making due allowance for this, any point of the compass can be steered for.

—It seems odd that the long centuries of progress in human enlightenment and the great and continual advance in science have had so little effect on the individual that he is still born with the same savage, untrained nature, the same unmodified passions and instincts as the aboriginal man of the desert or wilderness, and that it is only his surroundings and the circumstances of his birth that change him and develop him into a refined, intelligent being or leave him an untutored savage. The child of the most intellectual couple in the universe if taken at his birth and placed in a family of ignorant, degraded beings would grow up not one whit better than his foster brothers and sisters, while the generations of culture which distinguished his forebears would leave no appreciable marks upon his character; that is, he would be no more likely to rise superior to his surroundings than would any one of his associates.

It is curious, too, that man alone seems unaffected by the development of his progenitors, and that the lower animals should retain the evidences of their pedigree under new and unfavorable conditions, while a human being, gifted presumably with a soul will exhibit no trait that entirely distinguishes him from his fellows. We must perforce, therefore, come to the unflattering conclusion that personally we have no individuality; that we are rough hewn by circumstances to fill a certain tiny space in the world's growth, not much more important than that of the coral insect that, dying, adds its grain to what has been accomplished by other similar atoms. And the only consoling thought connected with this supposition is that every small individuality, whether or not it becomes highly developed, helps in the building of the world of men, as the coral aids in founding a continent.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.