Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 28. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1900. NO. 38

Professional Cards.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
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Hours: 9 to 5.

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Graduate of University Maryland,
Will be in his office at Lawrencetown, the third and fourth weeks of each month, beginning February 1st, 1900.
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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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Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

N. E. CHUTE,
Licensed Auctioneer
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX,
Incorporated 1856.
Capital Authorized, - $1,500,000
Capital Paid-up, - 750,000
Rest, - - - - 387,500
DIRECTORS:
Wm. Robertson, President. Wm. Roche, Vice-President.
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Head Office, Halifax, N. S.
E. L. THORNE, General Manager.
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Bills of Exchange bought and sold.
Highest rate allowed for money on special deposit.
Savings Bank Department.
Interest at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent.
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Barrington Passage—C. Robertson, "
Bridgetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrows, manager.
Clarke's Harbor, sub. to Barrington Passage.
Dartmouth, N. S.—I. W. Allen, acting manager.
Glace Bay, N. S.—J. W. Ryan, manager.
Granville Ferry, N. S.—E. D. Arnaud, acting manager.
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Sydney, C. B.—H. W. Jubien, manager,
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Put up their Bread as it leaves the oven in
EDDY'S BREAD WRAPPERS!
Manufactured solely by
The E. B. EDDY Co.
LIMITED
HULL, Canada.

WANTED! WANTED!
5,000 Hides,
15,000 Pelts,
For which the highest prices will be paid, **Spot Cash.** Those having hides to sell will please bring them to the tannery.
MacKenzie, Crowe & Company.

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You will soon need a new stock of Commercial Stationery or some special order from the Printer. In the hour of your need don't forget that the
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is fully equipped for all kinds of Job Work. Work done promptly, neatly and tastefully. Nothing but good stock is used.

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Billheads, Letterheads,
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Booklets, Books,
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or any Special Order that may be required.
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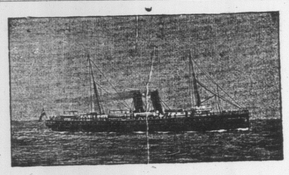
Weekly Monitor, Bridgetown, N. S.



THE YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO'Y, LTD.
On and after October 6th, this Company will make
Two Trips per week between Yarmouth and Boston as follows, viz:
Steamer "Boston" will leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evening; after arrival trains from Halifax.
LOCAL RATE: Yarmouth to Boston, $1.50. Return, $3.00.
Staterooms can be secured on application, at the old established rates.
For tickets, staterooms and other information, apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 126 Hollis St., North Street Depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast Railways.
For tickets, staterooms, etc., apply to
D. McPHERSON, Gen. Mgr. W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treas.
Yarmouth, N. S., October 1st, 1900.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!
To the People of Bridgetown and Vicinity:
Having purchased the Tailoring business formerly conducted by C. McLellan, we intend to conduct an
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.
ROGERSON & MARSHALL
Murdoch's Block, - Granville Street.

Bridgetown Boot and Shoe Store
FALL STOCK COMPLETE IN ALL LINES!
MEN'S LEG BOOTS, Grain and Wax.
MEN'S HEAVY GRAIN BELLOWS TONGUE. Five different lines to pick from.
WOMEN'S HEAVY GRAIN SKATING BOOTS. Six different lines.
BOOTS FOR WEAK ANKLES. I have got a line of Boots with stayed ankles for children with weak ankles
HALF SOLES AND TOP LIFTS, WOOL SOLES.
LEATHER AND RUBBER CEMENT.
RUBBER BOOTS for Men, Women, Boys and Children.
MURDOCH'S BLOCK, - E. A. COCHRAN.

Poetry.

The Best Day.

Some skies may be gloomy,
Some moments be sad,
But everywhere, always,
Some souls must be glad;
For true is the saying
Proclaimed by the seer,—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year."

Each day finds a hero,
Each day finds a saint,
Each day brings to some one
A joy without taint;
Though it may not be my turn
Of yours that is near,—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

The calendar sparkles
With days that have brought
Some prize that was hoped for,
Some good that was sought;
High deeds happen daily,
Wide truths grow more clear,
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

No sun ever rises
But brings joy behind,
No sorrow in fetters
The whole earth can bind;
How selfish our fretting
How narrow our fear,—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

How the Question Came Home.

In the dusk of a summer evening,
I rocked my child to rest,
Then sat and mused with my darling
Still folded to my breast.

His ringlets swept my shoulder,
His breath was on my cheek.
And I kissed his dimpled fingers
With love I could not speak.

A form came through the gateway,
And up the garden walk,
And my neighbor sat down as often
To have an evening talk.

She saw me caress my baby
With almost reverent touch,
And she shook her grey head gravely,
"You love that boy too much."

"That cannot be," I answered,
"While I love our Father more,
He smiles on a mother's rapture
O'er the baby that she bore."

For a while we both were silent
In the twilight deep and grey,
Then she said, "I believe that baby
Grows lovelier every day."

"And I suppose that the reason
I felt so drawn to him,
Is because he reminds me strangely
Of my own little baby, Jim."

My heart stood still a moment
With a horror I could not show,
While the trembling voice beside me
Went on in accents low.

"Just the same high, white forehead,
And ringlets of shining hair,
And smile of artless mischief
I have seen my Jamie wear.

"And I've sometimes thought—well, Mary,
The feeling perhaps you guess,
That my trouble would now be lighter
Had I loved my baby less:

My neighbor rose abruptly
And left me in the gloom,
But a sob of a broken spirit
Was echoing in the room.

And when the lamp was lighted
I knelt by baby's bed,
And wept o'er the noble forehead
And the ringlet crowned head.

For I thought of the bloated visage,
And the matted hair of him
Whom all the village children
Only knew as "Drunken Jim."

And my heart cried out: "O Father,
Spare me the bitter cup,
And destroy the liquor traffic
Before my boy grows up."

Select Literature.

The Town Clock's Capture.

Early one August afternoon, a well-dressed, businesslike-looking man, carrying a small leather hand-bag, walked up the principal street of the village of Graytown. In the basement of the big, old-fashioned country church which he approached a small door stood open. Turning from the sidewalk he entered this door.

Once out of sight from the street he ran hurriedly up a flight of stairs and then found himself in the vestibule, which was dusky and cool after the garish light outside. He looked in. One door of the audience-room was open. The sexton was sweeping the aisle, and coming toward him. He tried a door at the end of the vestibule, but this was locked. Steps echoing through the empty building told him that some one was coming in at the same door by which he had entered. The man hurriedly pulled at a small door in the wall. It opened into what seemed to be a tall, narrow closet, down through the middle of which a stout wire rope ran into a rough stone floor.

Cramped as these quarters were, the man crowded himself in, holding the leather bag close to his side, and pulling the door shut after him.

Not more than three or four seconds elapsed before a young man walked rapidly through the vestibule to the open door of the audience-room. "O Mr. Jackson," he called to the man sweeping, "may I go up and wind the clock? It's the day to wind it, I know."

"May you? Why certainly, if you want to," was the reply. "Here are the keys," and he slid the bunch of keys along the floor to the aisle.

The boy, Rodney Galvin, picked up the keys, unlocked the door at the end of the vestibule, and went clattering up a flight of stairs which the open door disclosed. By that time the sexton had reached the vestibule, and, whistling as he worked, began to sweep it.

Rodney Galvin so far, had been a disappointment to his family. His father was determined that he should be a business man, his mother had hoped that he would be a minister, but Rodney, so his father said wrathfully, cared only for "tinkering." He doctored all the disabled bicycles in town, and a broken watch or clock gave him joy. When he had been refused a position in the bank a month before and Harry Grant had been taken instead, Rodney's only regret was that he should not have an opportunity to investigate the time-lock on the bank safe. He watched for chances to wind the town clock, for he liked to study its works.

On this day he went with practiced tread up the dark stairs behind the gallery, along the narrow board walk laid across the beams in the garret floor, up another long flight of rude steps, and then he climbed the almost perpendicular ladder which led to the clock room.

Around him were the backs of four great dials, up to which the citizens of Greytown looked when they wished to set their watches. The works of the clock were in the middle of the room. Taking a big movable iron crank from the floor, Rodney fitted it up to the end of the arbor, or spindle, and began turning it to wind up the stout wire rope to which one of the clock-weights was fastened.

The town clock of Graytown is nearly as old as the church in which it is placed, but the people of the village cherish it, and would not think of having it replaced by one of more modern style. As a consequence the sexton of the church had to climb up to the clock room in the spire once every week, unless he could get some one to go for him, and wind up from the basement, to which they had spent the previous week in descending, the blocks of granite that served as clock-weights.

It seemed to Rodney this afternoon as if the machinery worked uncommonly hard, and after turning the crank a few times, he dropped it and went back downstairs.

"I think that pulley needs greasing," he said. "I never knew the old clock to wind so hard."

"I shouldn't wonder but what it does," was the sexton's answer. "I haven't got a bit of oil here, though," he added.

"I've got some down to the house that'll do," said the boy. "I'll go and get it."

"All right," said the sexton. "If I get through before you get back I'll leave the doors unlocked and the keys on the window sill."

"There isn't anything the matter with the weights, is there?" asked Rodney, opening the door which gave access to the shaft in which one of the clock weights ran from belfry to basement. There was nothing to be seen. The square block of stone which just filled the space had been wound up out of sight.

When he went out on the street Rodney found people wildly excited. The National Bank had been robbed. The teller was out of town, and while the cashier had been at dinner, Harry Grant, the clerk, been knocked senseless and the robbery effected. Seventeen thousand dollars in money and many valuable papers were gone.

Little Mary Glass reported having seen a strange man on the street with a leather hand bag. Harry Grant was still too stunned to talk coherently.

Rodney hurried on for the oil. He wanted to get back, wind the clock and lock the church, and then join in the search for the robber.

Oiling the pulley did not seem to make it work much easier. There was a small opening at the top of the shaft, through which the weight could be seen when it was raised into place. Watching this opening as he toiled at the crank, Rodney saw appearing, not the block of granite, but a man's head.

He dropped the the crank. If the machinery had not worked automatically man and weight might have fallen to the basement.

"How did you get in there?" Rodney gasped.

"No matter," said the man. "I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll help me to get out and say nothing about it."

"How did you get in there?" repeated Rodney.

When he had been down on the street he had heard the little girl who had seen the bank robber telling a group of excited people that the strange man had a smooth face and wore a brown Derby hat. This man had a smooth face and wore a brown Derby hat.

"You are the bank robber," said Rodney.

"You help me out and I'll make it two hundred," said the man.

"Are you the man that robbed the bank?"

"You get me out of this trap!"

The man kicked savagely against the inside of the shaft, and bracing himself as well as he could in the cramped space, tried to burst the walls apart. The joints creaked, but the strength of six men could not have broken out the planks of which the shaft was built.

"You better stop that wiggling in there," said Rodney. "The rope isn't any too solid through that rock. If you yank it out you and the rock will go down to the basement together. It's seventy-three feet down there."

The "wiggling" stopped, and the man's face appeared at the hole again. The opening was not more that eight inches square, and only the head of the captive was even with it, but a moment later the muzzle of a revolver came up into sight beside his face. Before the man could get his cramped arm and hand into aiming position Rodney, quick as a flash, knocked the catch out of a ratchet in the clock-works, and grasping the crank, turned it backward until he had lowered the prisoner far enough down the shaft so that he could do no harm.

Feeling sure that his prisoner was safe for the present, Rodney decided to go for help.

Some boys would have rushed from the church, shouting, "I've got him!" but Rodney walked carelessly down the street, with his hands in his pockets, and joined the outer edge of a crowd in front of the bank.

A hastily printed notice, on which the ink was not yet dry, announced that the bank would pay five hundred dollars for the capture of the robber, with his plunder. The town added another hundred dollars to the reward.

He left the group of excited men as quietly as he had come, and went to a tin shop near by. The proprietor was out, but Rodney knew him and the place well. He quickly found the things he wanted, and took them—a small portable furnace with a charcoal fire in it, a long-handled skillet used for melting lead and a handful of sulphur. Taking these with him to the vestibule, he locked the outside door and once more climbed the stairs into the steeple.

This time he went up one more ladder into the belfry itself. Here he untied the bell rope from the wheel and let it fall through the hole in the floor. He knew it would go clear through to the vestibule, and that he would find it on the floor there when he wanted it—a hundred feet of good pliable inch rope. Then he came down to the clock room again, and turning the crank backward, let the loaded weight slowly down toward the basement. Fortunately, every one on the streets had been too excited all that afternoon to notice that the town clock was varying from its usual regularity.

Rodney had wound the clock often enough to be able to tell by the number of coils of wire about the arbor pretty nearly when the weight had reached the vestibule door. When he thought it was nearly there, he left the clock room and hurried down the stairs. A cautious glance through the open door showed the weight slowly descending, and nearly all of it in sight.

Scooping the skillet full of live coals from the portable furnace, Rodney stood ready. The weight stopped just as the feet of the man standing on it came into sight. Then Rodney strewed the coals with sulphur and shoved the skillet into the shaft. A chorus of mingled coughs and cries followed.

Pulling out the skillet and tossing it into an empty coal hod, Rodney ran up the stairs and ladder faster than he had ever done in his life before, gave the crank in the clock room one more turn backward, and then ran back again. This time the weight was let down to where the robber's legs were visible. The leather bag had been dropped at his feet.

Passing the rope around the man's legs and making it into a slip-noose, Rodney dragged him out upon the floor, gasping and senseless. The boy did not know the risk he had run of killing the man by suffocation with sulphur fumes. He was sure the robber would revive—and, fortunately he did, but not until Rodney had bound him firmly with coil after coil of the bell rope.

When Rodney was sure his man was safe he did the coolest thing of all. He took the leather bag and carried it down to the bank, saying nothing to anybody on the way.

"Here's your money, I think, Mr. Hyde," he said to the cashier. "I've got the man up in the meeting-house."

Then there was a sensation which fairly eclipsed that of the robbery. Rodney Galvin had captured the burgler alone! It was incredible! His father looked at him in astonishment.

Rodney entered the Institute of Technology that fall, but best of all, he knew for the first time in his life that his father was proud of him; and he never will forget the warm feeling which came up in his throat when his father remarked to him, "You may amount to something, after all, my son!"

—*Max Bennett Thrasher, in Youth's Companion.*

Professor Tramp.

(Carrie Clarke Nottingham, in "Presbyterian Banner.")

Imogen was all alone when the unexpected guest arrived. Mamma had gone calling that afternoon and left Bridget to keep house. Bridget had hurried through her work with a great clatter and sputter, and then she said to Imogen, "It's me aunt's cousin's sister-in law that isn't expected to live the day, mavourneen, and it's mesilf, a near relative like, as ought to be seein' how she is. Don't ye mind my goin', darlint! Ye can jist set up and be a lady like yer maw, and whin I come home we'll make thim cookies we was a-talkin' 'bout. I'll be back in two shakes of a lamb's tail."

And Imogen had said very sweetly, "All right, Bridget; I'm sorry the poor lady's so sick," and Bridget went away.

But the lamb that Bridget knew, must have wriggled his tail much more slowly than any lamb that Imogen had ever seen or heard of, for the long hand of the clock had made half a century run and still the little girl was alone.

Suddenly a loud knock sounded at the kitchen door, and Imogen timidly responded. An unkempt stranger stood there. He stepped right in without being asked to do so.

"Can you give me something to eat, little girl?" he asked, as with ravenous eyes he looked about the savory smelling kitchen.

"Did mamma know that you were coming?" asked Imogen, in dismay.

"I can't say that she did," the man answered; and the cold truth of the statement seemed to choke him a trifle. He recovered speedily, however.

"Ye see I'm an old and intimate friend er yer paw's, and he told me to just drop in any time. See he, If my wife ain't ter home they's a little girl down there that'll look after yer all right. She's exactly like her mother, see he, and'll know jist what to do."

Exactly like her mother! Imogen had never dreamed of receiving a compliment like that. Of course, she knew that papa loved her very dearly; but was it possible that he thought her like the dear, stately, beautiful lady whom they all adored? She threw up her small shoulders and held up her dainty head. She knew mamma's gracious manner perfectly.

"Come this way, if you please," and with a pretty affectation of dignity she led him into the dining-room. She drew up papa's own chair, and placed him at the head of the table.

"The cook's out, so I can't get up a hot dinner. I wonder if you like cold turkey?" she said solicitously.

"Well, turkey ain't terrapin," answered the man critically. "But it's away ahead of schin' void: trot the gentleman in and introjuce us, honey," and he rubbed his hands together in a way that made Imogen think of the dreadful Fee Fo Fum giant.

The tiny hole that had made a place for itself in the toe of her left shoe trembled visibly; but the unexpected guest failed to notice the impression he was making, and Imogen went after the turkey. Her spirits rose while she was in the pantry. Surely papa's friends were all nice, and this man had said that he was one of papa's intimate friends.

He must be a professor was the reason he looked so queer. She remembered Professor Schlauerhausen very well. He had looked rather mussed up when he came, and after he and papa got into an argument about something that hardly anybody but professors know anything about, he grew so warm that his necktie came untied and his collar lay right down, as if it was tired. He ran his hands through his hair till it stood up in a way that made Imogen anxious. She wondered if he could ever get it down again. The next time he came she felt very sorry for him. Evidently he had ruined his hair on the first occasion, for it was still standing up.

The professor in the dining-room must know even more than Professor Schlauerhausen, for he wore no necktie at all, and his hair looked as if it had never been combed. Imogen wondered if all professors were so careless about their appearance. She hoped that brother Charlie would never be very learned. His hands were apt to be dirty most of the time now, and he was only in the second grade. If he knew a whole library what would they be like!

With this distressing thought uppermost in her mind, she lifted the heavy platter which held the turkey, and walked unsteadily with it into the dining room. The new professor held out his grimy paws, and helped her place it on the table.

"And half of it's gone!" he exclaimed, tragically, after feasting his eyes a moment on the half that remained.

"Yes, but he was a big, fat turkey, and mamma thought that the half that was left would be enough for another dinner for all of us," exclaimed Imogen, apologetically; "you must be very hungry." There was almost a note of reproof in this last comment.

"No, not so very," he spoke with deliberation, his words keeping time with the strokes of the carving knife with which he was rapidly shredding the toothsome flesh of an especially fine fowl. "I guess, maybe, there's enough for me—lately my appetite ain't been what it oughter be." And he scandalized Imogen by spearing a piece of turkey with the carving knife and putting it in his mouth.

"You'll cut yourself if you're not careful," she warned him, gravely.

"Well, perhaps a fork would do," the man assented, good-naturedly, and vigorously went to work on the feast before him.

"You forgot the cranberry sauce, my dear, and celery and pickles and olives and bread and butter," he murmured, with his mouth full; and Imogen obediently went to get them, adding a glass of mamma's best currant jelly of her own accord.

"Good girl," said this strange guest, approvingly, when he saw it. "I guess I'll just save that for tea," he added, holding it up to the light and looking through it admiringly. Then he thrust it into an inner pocket of his coat and resumed his attentions to the turkey.

Imogen was quite sure that they never had had any company before who felt so very much at home.

"There don't happen to be any oysters lying around loose, do there?" he asked, and again his remarks were punctuated with turkey and a piece of stuffing lodged in his beard.

Imogen thought somewhat critically that mamma never allowed her to talk with her mouth full; but then, one must excuse a great deal in a professor. And she gave a little sigh of pity for learning that could be so great.

"We was a-talkin' about oysters," suggested the man, as he noticed the dreamy look on the little girl's face.

"Oh, yes," and she started slightly, "there's a can of New York counts, but I can't open it."

"Oh, that's all right," said the man, cheerfully. "Just get me the can-opener and I'll liberate 'em."

"But mamma expects company this evening and got the oysters for them," explained Imogen, doubtfully.

"Don't you worry, she'd lots rather I'd have 'em; tell yer maw to give the other compan fruit salad. It's later and more stylish 'n oysters. Get me the can opener at once, my dear; I think they have been in confinement long enough." And Imogen brought him the can, the opener and a lemon.

"Them's fine!" he gurgled, as an especially fine one slid down his throat.

Imogen remembered distinctly Professor Schlauerhausen's odd way of talking. Mamma called it "broken English." She hardly thought this professor's English was exactly broken; but it was certainly cracked.

The bones of the turkey lay white and desolate on the desert he had made of that big platter. A crimson stain on a cut glass bowl suggested previous cranberries. A few crumbs marked the former site of a pile of bread. The oysters were no more, and of the lemon just the fragrance remained. From a mound of olive stones one could draw one's own inference of the past, and an empty dish spoke eloquently of pickels. For one impressive moment he gazed pensively at the ruin he had wrought. Then he heaved a vast sight.

"Got any dessert?" he murmured huskily.

"Only mince pie, plum pudding, fruit cake, oranges, nuts and raisins," answered Imogen, disconsolately, for she found the duty of hostess wearisome and discouraging.

"Them'll do," was the cheerful answer, and bravely the little lady carried out the soiled dishes and brought in the fresh dainties.

When these also disappeared in that mysterious and apparently elastic cavern which composed this strange guest's interior, he leaned back in his chair and looked at Imogen reflectively.

"How soon do you expect your maw?" he asked.

"It's most time for her to be here," answered Imogen; "and Bridget should have come back long ago."

The man started and rose hastily. "Tell the ladies I'm sorry that I can't stay and make their acquaintance," he said, critically examining his fork. "Plated," he muttered, half under his breath.

The same exclamation followed a quick scrutiny of the spoons. Then he caught sight of Imogen's own little souvenier that had been given to her on her first birthday. The bowl was lined with gold and imbedded in the handle gleamed a tiny diamond. He looked at it admiringly, then he raised his eyes. For just a moment, as he looked at his gentle little hostess, his coarse and evil face was illumined by something higher and better than had shone there before. Then it grew hard again, and he grasped the beautiful spoon firmly.

"I'll jest take this along with me as a mermento of this most happy occasion," he said with a groteque bow and leer.

Poor little Imogen! Her dearest treasure! But she wouldn't be stingy with papa's friend. Papa thought she was a little lady, and she was going to be one, even if it was hard. Papa should be proud of her when he came home. So with a quaint dignity and a brave but watery smile, she shook hands with the unloved professor, and bowed him out the back door, which he seemed to prefer to the front one. Then she threw herself in a forlorn little heap on the floor and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Bridget, scurrying down area way, caught sight of ragged coat-tails fluttering through the alley gate, and burst into the kitchen, a whirl of anxiety and remorse.

"Howly Moses and the suffering saints!" she screamed, catching up the child on the floor, "an' did he kill ye darlint?"

But Imogen was quite speechless with woe, and it took many an Irish term of endearment and a snatch of foreign lullaby from Bridget to calm her sufficient for a recital of of her experience.

"Shure, an' may the divil choke that tramp," exclaimed Bridget, indignantly. "It's bad luck he's brought upon us, and it's meself that should do penance for the same!"

She looked up to see Imogen's mother standing in the doorway, and hear her sternly asking what it all meant. Imogen and Bridget together told the story, and on her face the look of displeasure deepened as she heard.

"I ought to be discharged at wance," said Bridget, humbly.

"I think that is what I shall have to do," said the mother; but this only reopened the floodgate of Imogen's tears and she clung to Bridget as desperately as if no wrong had been done.

Papa, the court of last appeal, said, "Give Bridget another trial. She is very warm-hearted and loves Imogen, and now that she has seen the result of her wrong-doing, I believe will never be so faithless agin." So Bridget stayed.

"But, Bridget," said Imogen, doubtfully, "if your aunt's cousin's sister-in-law gets sick again when mamma's out what will become of me?"

"She never will," Bridget answered, solemnly; for there ain't no such woman. Besides, if there was, and she did, she needn't send for me, for I'll never leave ye again, me darlint," crossing herself piously; and Bridget kept her word.

Imogen did not long grieve over the lost spoon, for her sixth birthday came in a few days, and each member of the family gave her a beautiful spoon, making one for each year of the little lady's life. So she had half a dozen treasures to take the place of the one that was lost.

As for Professor Tramp, as the family called him, he never made his party call.

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Discovery of America.

NEW THEORY EDUCED BY THE DICOVERY OF VALUABLE RECORDS AT PEKIN—CHINESE LANDED HERE CENTURIES BEFORE COLUMBUS WAS BORN.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 14.—The Chicago *Times-Herald* publishes the following despatch from Washidgton:

"The archives of Pekin have given up a secret that may lead to the solution of a mystery that has balked every student of American archæology since the Western Hemisphere was first visited by Columbus. There has been found in the ancient Eastern capital records that prove conclusively that a landing was made on this continent by the Mongolians in the year 499 A. D., centuries before the Genoese admiral was born and before the acceptance of the theory that the earth is a globe led the wise men of Europe to seek a new world in the West.

"Students of early American history have found unmistakable evidence of Asiatic civilization among the forgotten inhabitants of the continent. They have followed these traces through the wonderful works left by the Aztecs and faintly through the predecessors of the race, the Toltecs. They have found what they believe to be proof that this Asiatic influence came to America from the north, successively through what is now California and Lower California, but beyond this there has been nothing but the vaguest speculation, which has given rise to theories as many and as various as the number and the imaginations of those engaged in the research.

"Not long ago it was announced in a despatch from Pekin that some of the officers of the army of the allies had dug up in the sacred city, records of great historic value that had been hidden away for ages by the Celestials. The direct interest these discoveries have for America is shewn through communications just received at the State Department. These come from Ma Twah Lin, a Chinese, and tell in such a way that the information cannot be doubted of the discovery of America by Chinese missionaries more than fifteen hundred years ago. Only meagre details of this great scientific fact have been received here, and what is in the possession of the department officials is being closely guarded. But enough is known to make sure the fact that the message from China sheds a clearer light on information that heretofore has been extremely hazy. It may bridge over a chasm of countless forgotten years—years that have had the sages of the world by the ears ever since the ancient works of extinct races were found in old Mexico.

The story is that five adventurous missionaries sailed from the eastern coast of China, crossing the Pacific and skirting the Fox Islands, and finally sighting the western coast of the American continent. They turned southward and proceeded along within sight of the shore until a landing was made in Mexico, opposite the Peninsula of Yucatan. Here a number of temples were erected in the name of their own God. There is little doubt that these same edifices are described by De Charny in his book, as 'Buddhist temples.' This interpretation of the Frenchman, while close to the mark, missed by a margin the real authorship of these evidences of an unknown civilization. It may not have been Budda, but probably it was Confucius, who inspired his zealous deciplis. This may also clear up the mystery surrounding the astonishing strides of the Aztecs in architecture and industrial arts.

"The supposition is that the Chinese who landed on our continent at that time instilled into the natives their wisdom in craft and the ruder arts to such an extent that there resulted a people of peculiarly high development. Be that as it may, the records found in Pekin will not be contradicted and must remain as prima facie evidence of the courage and thrift of the Chinaman."

Sore Throat

and hoarseness with their attendant dangers may be speedily averted and remedied by the use of Nerviline. Excellent to gargle with—ten times better than a mustard plaster and more convenient for the outside, and speedily allays inflamation. Nerviline cures because it is five times stronger than other remedies—penetrates the tissues instantly, soothes the pain, and cures simply because that's what it is made for. Druggists sell it.

Read this before You Write.

Never write poetry until you are at least 30, unless you fall in love, when it will come to you like the measles. You had better begin with stories—that is, if you have a leading idea and can invent situations. Do not attempt the novel until you have passed your fortieth year. A novel requires a knowledge of men and manners, a study of human character, and powers to create dialogue and invent surprises. I know that there have been instances when very young men have written clever poems and novels, but these were freaks of genius which do not often occur. Avoid attempts at humor. That mine has already been worked for more than it is worth, and the best of it seems to be labored. What the funny men do produce is not equal to the unintentional humor which is to be found in congressional speeches on the tariff, and in the old fashioned epitaphs in the country churchyards.—*Thomas Dunn English in Success.*

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