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BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

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Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums.
PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING, no matter whether deafness is caused by colds, fevers, or injuries to the natural drums. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. Music, conversation, and whisper heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book of proofs *free*. Address, F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway N. Y. 17y

Weekly Monitor.

TRUE WORDS are JEWELS

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1890. NO. 50.

"Ceres"
SUPERPHOSPHATE!
[THE COMPLETE FERTILIZER.]
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Chemical Fertilizer Works, Halifax, N. S,
We offer for the TWELFTH SEASON the above celebrated and reliable brand of Fertiliser.
THE OLD STANDARD! BUY NO OTHER!
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—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—
Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Strains.
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It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps and Chills.
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All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.25. Express and duty prepaid to any part of United States or Canada. ☞ Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.
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Commencing Tuesday, March 11th,
ONE of the Fine Steamers of this Line will leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland every TUESDAY and THURSDAY MORNING at 7.45 Eastern Standard Time. *Returning*, leaves Boston same days.
☞ Connection made by Bay Fundy S. S. Co.'s Steamer every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY from Annapolis.
Freight taken via St. John at about one-third (1-3) advance on Direct Rates.
☞ Fare from Bridgetown to Boston, 1st Class, $6.00; 2nd Class, $4.50.
For further information apply to
F. Crosskill, Agent, W. & A. R., Bridgetown.
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LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,
(ESTABLISHED 1880.)
N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.
THE CELEBRATED
Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,
—ALSO:—
FORCE PUMP,
with Hose attached if required.
We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.
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H. H. BANKS,
PRODUCE COMMISSION AGENT,
Parker Market Building,
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—ALL KINDS OF—
Farm Produce Sold on Commission.

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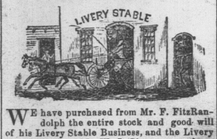
FOR SALE at the DRUG STORE.
CASTORIA, best Spirits Nitre, Sulphuric Acid, Enos Fruit Salt, Plasters, Tenberry, Tooth Powder, Pierce's Medicines, full line, Vaselines, full lines, Paine's Celery Compound, Riege's Food for infants, Lactated Food, Chloride Lime, Diamond and Electric Dyes, Insect Powders, Washing and Baking Soda, Copperas, Senna, Alum, Indigo, Nutmegs, Aniline Dyes, Puffs, Toilet Powder, Soap, Perfumeries, Lime Juice, Mack's Magnetic Medicines, Kendall's Spavin Cure, Burdock Blood Bitters, Standard Piano and Organ Instruction Books, Sheet Music and Blank Music Paper and Books.
L. E. MORSE, M D.
September, 1888.

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

Bath Brothers' Livery Stables
BRIDGETOWN.



WE have purchased from Mr. F. FitzRandolph the entire stock and good will of his Livery Stable Business, and the Livery Stable Stock of Mr. W. J. Glencross, and are therefore in a position to furnish the most Stylish Turnouts that can be desired.
Passengers conveyed to all parts of the country at Reasonable Rates.
TEAMS IN WAITING AT ALL TRAINS
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Special attention will be given to the wants of Commercial Men.
Livery Stable opposite Rink.
W. C. BATH. - - - H. S. BATH.

I took Cold, I took Sick, I took
SCOTT'S EMULSION
RESULT:
I take My Meals, I take My Rest,
AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING
FLESH ON MY BONES
AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK."
Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late ARTHUR RUMSEY, of Torbrook, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within six months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to.

SARAH EMMA RUMSEY,
FLETCHER WHEELOCK,
Administrators.
Torbrook, Nov. 12th, '89.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

Commonplace.

'A commonplace life,' we say, and we sigh:
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky,
Makes up the commonplace day;
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings;
But dark was the world, and sad our lot,
If the flowers faded, and the sun shone not;
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

Some Day.

'They'll all come back again,' she said,
That by-gone summer day,
The while we watched the goodly ships
Upon the placid bay.
'They sail so far, they sail so fast, upon their shining way.
But they will come again, I know, some day—some other day.'

Some day! So many a watcher sighs,
When wind-swept waters moan.
With tears pressed back, still strives to dream
Of the glad coming home.
Good ships sail on o'er angry waves, 'neath skies all tempest gray,
For quivering lips so bravely tell. 'They'll come again—some day!'

Some day! We say it o'er and o'er,
To cheat our hearts, the while
We send our cherished ventures forth,
Perchance with sob or smile;
And tides run out, and time runs on, our life ebbs fast away,
And yet with straining eyes we watch for that sweet myth—some day!

Full many a true and heart-sped bark
May harbor find no more,
But Hope her beacon-light will trim
For watchers on the shore;
And those who bide at home and those upon the watery way,
In toil or waiting, still repeat, 'Some day—some blessed day!'

—*Lucy R. Fleming.*

Select Literature.

Not Credible, But True.

What I have to say is not fiction, but fact. The heroine of my "strange story"—and no less true than strange—died many years ago. Most of her generation have followed her to the land, the inhabitants of which may or may not revisit ours in visible guise. The Lord of the quick and dead alone knows how this may be. There is no reason why I should not put into print what many of her contemporaries heard from her own lips, not only at the date of the mysterious occurrence that shadowed her life, but when a half century had softened the grisly outlines of the horror, and she could contemplate it in perepective, almost with calmness, although never without awe.

I, Nancy Barksdale, who write this, was a girl of 18 when, at the close of a May day fifty years agone, my father's carriage set me down at the door of my dear friend, Augusta Deane, in Cartersville, Va. Cartersville was then, and may be now, an uninteresting village, straggling leisurely along the banks of the St. James river, to which it owed its being and continued life. We had pitied Augusta Elliett, the belle of two Richmond seasons, not because she married Frank Deane, a promising young lawyer, but for having to live in the muddy, tame little town. The wedding had taken place in December, and this was my first visit to her new abode.

It was a small, white cottage, set back about twenty yards from the street, which differed in nothing from a country highway, except that there were more houses on and near it. I had just time to observe that the Deanes' cottage was a story and a half high, with dormer windows in the roof; that it was neat and newly painted; that the wicket gate in the front was overarched by a bower of honeysuckle, and the front porch overrun with a multiflora rose tree, now in affluent blossom, when Augusta ran out through the open door and down the gravel walk to the carriage.

She was a trifle thinner than when I had last seen her, but animated and joyous, with vivacity that did not abate while she attended me to her own chamber on the first floor, pouring out salutations, queries and interjections in her old frank, impetuous way.

"You must stay in here with me until Frank comes home,' she said, helping me to lay aside my traveling garb. 'He went to Richmond day before yesterday and may not get back before Saturday."

'Your first separation, isn't it?' asked I, struck with something not quite natural in her manner.

'Yes. He was obliged to go—on business,' adding the last word as it might be an afterthought.

While she spoke she was re-arranging some clothing hung in a press to make room for that I had laid off. Her hands wavered, and she kept her face turned from me.

With the slight (and insufferable) touch of superior scorn of a fancy-free-as-yet maiden for the sentimental feelings of 'young married folks,' I feigned to overlook her emotion. She might pine at heart for the absent mate, but she did me the justice to be sincerely delighted at my coming. 'I would content myself with that for the present, and tolerate a weakness peculiar to her position; so I made talk of city news and the journey, taking pains not to ask a question, until presently she showed me a sunny face that was the prettier and the sweeter for the mist, which was not quite dew, lingering upon her eyelashes. We supped *en tete-a-tete* and sat out on the porch until bedtime watching the moon rise and mount—the crystal white light driving back the shadows from the wet grass and ribbonlike graveled paths winding away into the shrubbery; enjoying the scent-freighted air throbbing and cooling before the river breeze, and talking, talking, as only girls who have been bosom friends from infancy can talk after nearly six months' separation. Augusta bore her part gallantly, and I quite forgot the passing cloud that had dimmed her eyes and shaken her voice.

When we were ready for bed the cloud returned and broke. I saw her kneeling form trembling from head to foot while she was saying her prayers, and heard a stifled sob. Arising, with averted face, she went to a bureau on the far side of the room, took a miniature from a drawer, kissed it twice and furtively slipped it under her pillow. When we had lain down and the light was out I knew, gentle and gradual as was the movement, that she drew the picture from its hiding place and pressed it to her bosom. Passing my hand caressingly over her cheek I felt that it was wet.

'Augusta!' I said, softly, 'cannot I comfort you? What is it, my poor dear? Surely you are not grieving over a sorrow that will be cured so soon as will Mr. Deane's absence?'

She clung to me in a wild storm of tears. She was but twenty, and had not had a secret from me in ten years; so I got this one.

Law business, imperative and not to be deferred, she said, had called Frank to Richmond. With all her sweetness of temper his wife had been a spoiled child in his father's house, and her husband had never crossed her. She especially desired that he should be at home while I was there, and could not be convinced that the the matter in hand could not be transacted as well by correspondence as in person. From pleading she passed to remonstrance, then to indignant protest. The result was that reef of horror to the newly wedded, the first quarrel. Frank told her that she was unreasonable and childish, and asked her how she expected him to make a living for herself and him if she kept him tied to her apron string.

'And I called him unfeeling and cruel and—brutal!' confessed the penitent, between her sobs. 'I have cried myself to sleep for two nights over it. If I could but see him for one minute—long enough to beg his pardon—I could let him go for six months, if necessary. If you had seen his face when I said that last wicked word! He turned as white as death, and bit his lips hard to keep back the bitter answer I deserved. How could I do it? How could I do it?'

It did seem inexcusable to me—a slightly priggish damsel, with a well formulated creed of wifely duty and deportment—but I lectured her mildly in consideration of her genuine distress.

'He has a generous heart,' I concluded. 'He will not bear a grudge, you may be sure, and his very soul is bound up in you.'

The neatly cut plaster did not draw the lips of the wound together. Indeed, it bled afresh.

'He never said an unkind word to me in his life, my suffering, patient, ill-used angel! And I wouldn't walk down to the boat with him, although I knew he was longing to ask me to do it. I didn't even go with him to the door, and when he kissed me good-by I just let him do it and stood like a dumb block while he walked out of the house—Oh, Nancy! so slowly and unwillingly! It wasn't a bit like his step. I didn't stir to go to the window, where I had always stood every morning to kiss my hand to him when he went down to the office. But I watched him from away back in the room where he couldn't see me, and saw him go down the path and stop under the honeysuckle at the gate to look up at the window. When he didn't see me his face turned absolutely dark—the most awful thing! And he rushed down the street with never a glance behind him. That was our first parting. We parted under a thunder cloud, Nancy! I have lived in the heart of it ever since. If you had not come I think I must have gone crazy, thinking and living it all over!'

My sympathy quieted her somewhat, I hope, but I am afraid the battered platitudes, of which, as is the case with most younglings of inexperience, I had great store, wrought more soporifically. Pausing for breath and a reply, at length, I discovered that she was asleep.

Chilled and chagrined, I laid her from my arms upon her own pillow. Something slid from her lax hand. It was her husband's miniature, glass and setting warmed by her passionate holding. I thrust it impatiently under her pillow. The cut was not dangerous, I reflected, with judicious fatuousness, when the patient could slumber under the surgeon's hands.

I was aroused in the morning by a shower of kisses upon my lips and eyelids. In the slow awakening from the slumbers of health and youth, I dreamed that I was walking through a vista of honeysuckles that bobbed dewily against my face, and opened laughing eyes upon Augusta's countenance. She wore a white gown, bound at the waist with a blue sash, Frank's favorite color; the honeysuckles were in her belt; the breath and fragrance and refreshment of the May morning were in and about her. I had overslept myself by a matter of two hours, and breakfast was ready. Augusta sat at the open window and chatted while I dressed.

'I am quite another creature to-day,' she said blithely. 'You have wrought a wonderful cure upon me, Dr. Nancy. I am going to follow your prescriptions, put useless regrets behind me, and behave like a rational Christian in future. I have been thinking, too, over the possibilities of Frank's getting back on Friday, instead of Saturday. I feel almost sure that he will be here to-morrow. This is Thursday, you know. I can imagine how he will thank you when he hears what good advice you gave me.'

Could I remind her that she had dropped asleep before I reached the 'application' of my homily? She was still chatting, when, fully dressed, I joined her at the window and put my arm about her. A white jasmine tacked along the window frame, cast graceful streamers from one side to the other. Smiling happily and roguishly, Augusta pulled down a spray bearing as many five-pointed flowers as leaves, coiled it rapidly into a wreath, and laid it on my head.

'And you shall wear a starry crown!' she chanted, gayly.

I think the gate latch clicked. I know we both looked out at the same instant.

Frank Deane was just entering the yard.

Have I said that he was a handsome man? I had always thought so, but never believed that he could be so royally beautiful as now, framed in the honeysuckled arch of the little gateway. His face was alight with happiness and love; his eyes eagerly sought the window, and, as a low exclamation of rapture escaped the figure beside me, he smiled, tossed his hand into the air as a glad greeting, and bounded quickly up the walk. Augusta flew into the hall to meet him. I, left alone for a moment, saw him, I solemnly aver, as he set his foot upon the lower step of the porch, the flash of the May sunshine upon his blonde head, uncovered in knightly reverence before his wife.

Then, a wild shriek of terrified anguish rang through every corner of the cottage. I reached Augusta as she reeled back, fainting. My arms—not her husband's—received her. The porch was vacant; so were the path and trellised gateway. The radiant presence that had glorified all three an instant before had passed in thin air when the wife sought to grasp it.

Frank Deane, as a few old Virginians still living will remember, died suddenly—it was said of heart disease—in Richmond, at the very hour and minute in which we believed that we saw him come in at the wicket gate.

Perhaps the Society of Psychical Research may announce the existence and define the operation of the law of mental influence which enabled the released spirit to project a simulacrum of his physical presence upon the imagination of her who loved him passionately, and longed inexpressibly for the assurance of his forgiving love.

'God let him come to lift the cloud,' the widow said to her dying day.

We dared not step, even with unsandaled feet, upon the sacred awfulness of that ground.

His love was so mighty that he made her believe she beheld him with her bodily eyes, say psychical savans, reverent in faith to what they cannot explain.

But what, then, was it that I saw?—*Marion Harland in New York Ledger.*

An Athletic Wife.

I see that some hypochondriac has written a letter to the papers protesting against the vigorous exercises now indulged in by young women, claiming that it gives them hands like those of hired men and partly destroys the beautiful outlines of their persons so deeply admired by men. He goes on to say that when a fellow wants a wife he doesn't look or ask for such accomplishment as the ability to ride a fiery horse, drive in a tack with a rifle ball, row a boat, or be a specialist in any acrobatic games. I used to reason in the same way, years ago.

When I was a young man I married a girl who still abides with me. She was the daughter of an athlete, and from him she inherited a love for such unwomanly practices as boxing, walking, and so on, much to my annoyance. I used to tell her she might be better employed reading her Bible; but she seemed to enjoy it, and I didn't want to be harsh. Well, one villainously cold winter I fell sick. I was stretched out on a bed, suffering the agonies of the ladies and gentlemen in the nether world, unable to move hand or foot.

On a memorable morning a rap came to the door and my wife responded. When the portal was swung ajar she was confronted by a big, raw-boned tramp, who looked as strong as a draught horse. He assured her with a choice collection of imported and domestic oaths that he wanted something to eat, and wanted it right off. Somewhat frightened at his manner, my wife endeavored to close the door, but he grasped her arm violently and prevented her. I was lying there like a corpse, unable to lift a hand, and you may imagine that my feelings were not boisterously hilarious. Well, what did she do?

Recovering from her scare, she wrenched her arm free and pasted that tramp in the mouth with the left. Before he could figure out what struck him he caught it right on his neck and went over like a falling church. He came up pretty groggy and mad all over, but she wasn't through with him. She just lammed that tramp around the eyes and neck until he made a sneak for the gate, looking as though he had been run through a cornshelter.

You bet I never said much more against athletic exercises to my wife after that, and I have no sympathy for anybody who does rant on that question. I have two able and accomplished daughters at home, and although they are as gentle and womanly as anybody's daughters, they can take care of themselves with more ease than can a great many broad shouldered men I know.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

THE BABY'S MOTHER.—It was on a Pennsylvania Railroad train, coming north from the city of Washington.

All the passengers but two in the sleeper had dozed off. The exceptions were a young man and a baby.

The former was willing to follow the example of the majority, but the latter objected in a loud voice. Its cries awoke the other passengers, and some pretty strong language was heard.

The young man got out of his berth and carried the baby up and down the car, trying to soothe it. But the baby was fretful, and its voice would not be stilled.

Finally a gray-headed man, who was evidently an old traveller, stuck his head out from behind the curtains and called to the man in a sharp voice:

'See here, sir, why don't you take that child to its mother. She will be able to manage it much better than you. It evidently wants its mother.'

'Yes, that's it,' echoed other irritated passengers.

The young man continued to pace up and down for a moment, then said in a quiet, strained voice:

'Its mother is in the baggage car.'

There was an instantaneous hush. The gray-headed man stuck his head out into the aisle. 'Let me take it a while,' he said, softly; 'perhaps I can quiet it.'

EVAPORATED VS. DRIED FRUIT.—The term 'evaporated' has become well established in our markets, for fruit prepared by artificial heat, as distinguished from that dried in the primitive way of exposure to the sun. Evaporated fruit being dried rapidly, has not time to become changed and partly soured, and being dried in the dark, remains beautifully white instead of turning brown like that exposed to the sun; besides these are the important advantages of freedom from dust, and the soiling by insects, birds, etc. The evaporated fruit presents a superior appearance and it brings a much higher price in the market than ordinary dried fruit.

A Pathetic Scene.

Recorder Price's court was the scene of an affecting incident, in the trial of Duliss Chrismann for assault on his brother William. The brothers had quarreled over William's desertion of his wife. William claimed he wasn't married to the woman, although he had had two children by her, because she was divorced and they were both Catholics. He testified that she kept a disorderly house in San Francisco, and wasn't a fit custodian for her children.

The woman wept and eagerly besought the judge not to believe his statements saying:

'I have raised my children as they should be brought up.'

'Well,' said his honor. 'I'll test it, madam,' and he turned to the little girl, not more than three years old, who was clinging to her mother, and said; 'You say your prayers.'

Then ensued a most touching scene. The little girl climbed from her chair, knelt on the floor, with policemen, judge and her father and mother around her, and folding her tiny hands and lifting her eyes to heaven, she made the grandest defence of her mother's word possible.

Slowly, but distinctly, this child, born with the stain of shame upon her and discarded by her father, lisped in childish accents the Lord's prayer. As she proceeded, utterly oblivious of her surroundings, rough men who had not heard a prayer for years bowed their heads, and many wept. Then the childish voice ended with 'God bless mamma and Uncle Duliss. Amen.'

The case was settled, and had William Chrismann sworn a thousand oaths that his wife was bad he would have been disbelieved. It was several minutes before any one spoke, and then the recorder fined the two brothers $15 each and dismissed them.—*Chicago Herald.*

TRADE MARK LAW.—The word 'trade mark' is not, as many people erroneously suppose confined to a registered trade mark, but includes that sense of the word. Trade mark has been defined by the United States supreme court to be just what Webster's Dictionary defines it, 'a distinguishing mark or device used by a manufacturer on his goods or labels, the legal right in which is recognized by law.' The act of congress of March 2nd, 1881, provided for registering trade marks of aliens, as well as citizens by causing to be recorded in the patent office a statement specifying name, domicile, location and citizenship of the party applying, the class of merchandise and the particular description of goods comprised in such class to which the particular trade mark has been appropriated; a description of the trade mark itself with fac-similes thereof, and statement of the mode in which the same is applied and affixed to goods, and the length of time during which the trade mark has been used. This application must be accompanied by proof of its veracity and the rights claimed. The certificate when issued remains in force for thirty years, and can be renewed. The government fee is $25. The manufacture, sale, offering for sale or dealing in any goods substantially of the same descriptive properties as those referred to in the registration of any trade mark or the affixing of a fraudulent trade mark is punishable by a fine not exceeding $1,000 or imprisonment not exceeding two years, or both. The same fine is imposed on those who fraudulently refill trade marked packages.—*American Analyst.*

SALARIES OF NEW YORK PASTORS.—The bishop of New York receives $5000. The bishop of the diocese of New York is paid $15,000. Dr. Rainsford of St. George's receives $10,000 a year. Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue church, draws a salary of $20,000. American bishops of Africa and India are paid $4000 and $3500 respectively. The Rev. Robert Collyer, of the Park avenue Unitarian church, receives $10,000. Dr. Parkhurst $8000 and Dr. C. C. Thompson $8000. T. DeWitt Talmage, whose influence is as great in New York as it is in Brooklyn, is paid $12,000. The last rector of St. Thomas' was paid $18,000. Dr. Brown, who fills the pulpit at present, gets $15,000. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Old Trinity, exercises a general supervision over the parish chapels, and gets a salary of $15,000 per annum. Dr. Greer, rector of St. Bartholomew's church, is paid $15,000 a year. He possesses private means and returns his entire salary to his church. Dr. Huntington of Grace church gets a salary of $1500 per annum, and he occupies a beautiful parsonage, rent free, next to his church, which is architecturally one of the handsomest residences in the city, and is certainly worth an extra $5000 a year to the pastor.—*Epoch.*

—In England and France the finger bowl, if used at all, is of diminutive size and is in Venetian or other rare colored glass, the beautiful opalescent hues being chosen. It is, however, dispensed with at fashionable dinners in some houses. For it is no longer considered desirable to have doylies since the finger bowl has gone out, and thus a large expense is saved, for these trifles got to be so very extraordinary that they became one of the most expensive items of the whole table furnishing. Now a substitute at some tables for the finger bowl is a large silver basin, which the servant passes to each guest with a beautifully wrought long napkin. The hostess first dips her finger in the receptacle and then passes it on to the guest of honor, and thence in regular rotation. This is in a measure returning to first principles, but is something new and has the merit of being graceful. A beautiful bowl of silver for this service is one of *repousee* work, and is not a simple luxury by any means.

—A physician of the Manhattan Hospital, New York, reports the case of a lady who has been a chronic invalid from insomnia, to relieve which hypodermic injections of morphine are given her each night on retiring—at least she supposes them to be of morphine, but in reality only clear, cold water is inserted. If the water is not inserted as usual the patient becomes nervous and irritable and spends the night tossing about or in fitful slumbers. If, on the other hand, the accustomed operation is performed, she enjoys a sound sleep, like a tired child.

—The only thing that beats a good wife is a bad husband.—*Life.*

"Second Wind."

Every boy who has run a mile knows what it is to gain a "second wind, though he may not be able to explain why one minute he is out of breath and the next feels as if he could run several miles. The explanation is this:

In ordinary breathing we use only a portion of our lungs, the cells at the extremity not being brought into play. This is the reason why those who are not 'in training,' and who try to run for any distance, soon begin to gasp, and unless they are courageous enough to persevere in spite of the choking sensation, are forced to stop; but if they will persevere the choking goes off, and the result is what is known as 'second wind.'

When the second wind is fully established, the runner does not become out of breath, but goes on running as long as his legs will carry him.

The fact is, that on starting, the farthest portions of the lungs are choked with air, and the remainder do not supply air enough to meet the increased circulation caused by exercise.

By degrees, however, the neglected cells come into play; and when the entire lung is in working order the circulation and respiration again balance each other, and the second wind is the result.

Now let the reader repeat his experiment of holding his breath against time; but first let him force out of his lungs every particle of air that he can expel, and then draw as deep a breath as his lungs will hold.

If this be repeated seventy or eighty times, by way of imitation of the whale, the experimenter will find he can hold his breath for a minute and a half without inconvenience.

Should he be a swimmer, he should always take this precaution before 'taking a header,' and he will find that he can swim for a considerable distance before he needs to rise for breath.

A TREE'S RECORD OF ITS LIFE.—It is not known to every one that a tree keeps a record within its stem of the character of each successive season since it began its growth. If a peach tree, for instance, be examined after it has been cut down, the ring of wood formed in each year will show by its amount whether the summer of that year was warm or dry, or otherwise favorable or adverse; and by the condition of the wood the character of the winter will be denoted. Severe early frost will leave a layer of soft, decaying wood; and later frosts will be indicated by a change of color, if nothing more.

If a summer has been so dry as to cause a total rest between the growth of June and September, the annual ring for that year will be a double one, and sometimes barely distinguishable as one, but liable to be taken, by a not very close observer, for two different years' growth.

At a late meeting of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, Sir Robert Christisun gave the results of measurements of large trees of different species, made annually on lines of girth marked permanently with paint. In the very unfavorable season of 1879, the deficiency in summer temperature was nearly 10 degrees. In seven oak trees of different species the deficiency in annual increase of girth was 10 per cent. In 11 other deciduous trees it was 42 per cent.; and in 17 pines it was 20 per cent., different species of the same family giving very nearly similar results.—*Vick's Monthly.*

—Not long ago a lady who had returned to this city from Bangkok, Siam, said that she found it exceedingly uncomfortable to walk abroad in the streets of that capital. The natives, and particularly the women, regarded her auburn hair as a curiosity worthy of the closest inspection, and they thronged about her as though she were a freak escaped from some Oriental dime museum.

A French lady, who was the first European female to visit the town of Nam-dinh, Tonkin, made a great sensation recently when she first appeared in public. The fair sex of the town gathered around, and their comments gave great entertainment to the Europeans who understood them. The ladies regarded the white woman's blue eyes as the height of ugliness. They could not understand the bustle at all, but finally decided that it was a natural deformity, which, however, excited a fire a pleasantries instead of commiseration, and when they saw the young woman take the arm of her husband and walk away, her conduct was regarded as simply scandalous, and there was a chorus of interjections exactly equivalent to our word shocking. Like Leigh Hunt's fish, they thought the sight of a man and woman on the street 'linked fin in fin' a most unseemly spectacle.

Miles of Various Nations.

The Irish mile is 2240 yards.
The Swiss mile is 9153 yards.
The Italian mile is 1766 yards.
The Scotch mile is 1984 yards.
The Tuscan mile is 1808 yards.
The German mile is 8106 yards.
The Arabian mile is 2143 yards.
The Turkish mile is 1826 yards.
The Flemish mile is 6869 yards.
The Vienna post mile of 8206 yards.
The Roman mile is 1628 or 2025 yards.
The Worst mile is 1167 or 1337 yards.
The Dutch and Prussian mile is 6480 yards.
The Swedish and Danish mile is 7341-5 yards.
The English and American mile is 1760 yards.

—Superstitious belief that human beings should sleep with their heads toward the north is now believed to be based upon a scientific principle. The French Academy of science has made experiments upon the body of a guillotined man, which go to prove that each human body is itself an electric battery, one electrode being represented by the head, and the other by the feet. The body of the subject upon which the experiments were made was taken immediately after death and placed upon a pivot free to move in any direction. After some vacillation the head portion turned toward the north, the pivot-board then remaining stationary. One of the professors turned it half way round, but it soon regained a position with the head piece to the north, and the same results were repeatedly obtained until organic movements ceased.

Two Men Testify.
Gentlemen,—One bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil cured me of lumbago after all else failed. PETER A. WATSON, Four Falls, N. Y.
"I used Yellow Oil for croup this winter, and must say I find no better remedy for it." FREDERICK BURKE, Four Falls, N. B.

The Wedding Ring.

(Jeweller.)

The transition of the custom of using a ring at marriages from barbarism and paganism into the Christian Church was quite as easy as the adoption of the forms of pagan worship. It was probably taken from the pagans of Italy as a part of the marriage ceremony. When the public betrothal finally became nearly obsolete, its evidence became the engagement ring, now used universally, while the use of a ring at weddings is now peculiar to certain church organizations.

The position of the ring on the hand has long been a matter of difference. In early times, by classical ancients, the betrothal ring was placed on the left hand, and on the finger next the least, under the impression that that particular finger was more closely connected with the heart than the others. In early English marriages, the 'Salisbury Manual' provided that the bridegroom was to receive the ring from the priest with the three principal fingers of his right hand; then holding the right hand of the bride with his own left hand, he was to say, 'With this ring I thee wed.'

He then placed the ring on her right thumb and said: 'In the name of the Father, then on the second finger and said, 'and Holy Ghost,' and finally on the fourth finger and said, 'Amen,' where he remained. Wearing the wedding ring on the thumb was not uncommon during the reign of the first and second Georges, in which position it is seen in contemporary portraits.

In the English church the use of a ring at a wedding ceremony is essential, it being required by the rubric. The kind, size or quality of the ring is not stipulated, and there are on record marriages in England in which bedcurtain rings, church keys and even a ring cut transversely from a finger of a kid glove have been used. So far as our investigation has entered into these curious but interesting facts we do not remember to have seen any case in which the ring of a church bell was used.

A CONVINCING TEST.—The fear of being buried alive is and always has been so widespread that the French Academy of Science, ten or fifteen years ago, offered a prize equal to eight thousand dollars, for the discovery of some means by which even the inexperienced might at once determine whether in a given case death had ensued or not. A physician obtained the prize. He had obtained the well-known phenomenon: If the hand of the suspected dead person is held toward a candle or other artificial light, with the fingers extended and one touching the other, and one looks through the spaces between the fingers toward the light, there appears a scarlet red color where the fingers touch each other, due to the blood still circulating, it shows itself through the tissues which have not yet congested. When life is entirely extinct the phenomena of scarlet spaces between the fingers at once ceases. The most extensive and thorough trials established the truth of his observation.

—Squire Smith Kennedy, of Kentucky, says that he has attended several hangings in his life. The most notable one was the hanging of a colored woman, a slave near the fair grounds. She was hanged for poisining a couple of her master's children. She sold her body to some medical students at Lexington for all the ginger bread she could eat while she was in jail awaiting for the execution. After the execution the students placed the body in a coffin, and swung it under a wagon and drove off to Lexington in hot haste—their horses in a fast trot—hoping to resuscitate the body with electricity. Just before arriving there the rope broke into halves and the corpse rolled out. They gathered it up and carried it into Lexington by hand power. As nothing more was heard of the woman, it is fair to presume that their experiment was a failure.

—The *Publishers' Weekly* says, that 'Ben-Hur' will outlast 'Robert Elsmere' in popularity is the judgment which Miss Ellen M. Coe has formed from her experience as Librarian of the New York Free Circulating Library. 'Ben-Hur' has now passed 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which headed the list of fiction in greatest demand. The recent report of the Maimonides Library in New York, gives the same testimony. 'Ben-Hur' heads the list of single volumes of fiction most sought after.

NOT WONDERFUL.—Several men were standing in the curio hall of a dime museum, discussing the Georgia blue man.

'Oh, he is simply wonderful!' said a woman who came up and joined in conversation. 'How on earth could he have turned so blue?'

'I don't see anything wonderful about it,' replied a sad-looking old fellow who stood near. 'Nothing wonderful about it. The fellow ran a country newspaper, that's all.'—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Why?
Why suffer a single moment, when you can get immediate relief from internal or external pains by the Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure. Nerviline has never been known to fail. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. You will find it just as recommended. Neuralgia, toothache, cramps, headache, and all similar complaints disappear as if by magic when Nerviline is used. Large bottles 25 cents. Test bottles 10 cents, at druggists and country dealers.

—In Westphalia recently a very curious race took place. It was between pigeons and several specimens of the common honey bee. The distance was three and a half miles. The bees were taken that far from their hive, rolled in flour to identify them, and let fly at the same moment with the pigeons. The bees won, the first one arriving home twenty-five seconds ahead of the pigeons.

—Bridgton, Me., has at least one absent minded citizen. He met with an accident and was confined to the house for several weeks, but forgot entirely that he had an accident policy which entitled him to $25 a week.

—A bride was on board ship, and the sea was rather rough. 'I feel so ill, my dear,' she said, 'and if I should die and they bury me here, you'll sometimes come and plant flowers on my grave, wont you?'

—Nellie Bly, the young newspaper woman who went around the world quicker than anybody ever did before, is telling about her trip on the lecture platform. Success to her!

—Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam will cure coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough and all bronchial and lung troubles. Price 25c. per bottle, or five for $1.00.

—The noblest characters are those who have steered the life-vessel through stormies seas. A bed of down never nurtured a great soldier yet.