ESTABLISHED 1873.

**The Weekly Monitor**

IS PUBLISHED

*Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.*

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

# Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 11. RIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1883. NO. 23.

**Job Work!**

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

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

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

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

## Weekly Monitor

**Advertising Rates.**

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

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

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

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

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

### A Proposal.

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

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

**SAVED HIM 1,800 DOLLARS.**

ADAMS, N. Y., Jan 30, 1882.

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

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

Very respectfully, E. S. LYMAN.

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

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

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

**KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.**

Colton, Cal., Oct 3rd, 1882.

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

**Kendall's Spavin Cure.**

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

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

**KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE**
**On Human Flesh.**

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

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

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

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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

ALMONT STALLION

**"GILBERT"**

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

Sired by Constellation, sire of Glenarm, fastest four year old in Me.; 1st dam, Belle Boyd, by Gen. Knox, sire of Lady Maud, 2.18¼, Camors, 2.19¾, and other fast trotters; 2nd dam, Lady Sanford, by Champion Jr., by Champion, by Almack, by Mambrino, by Imp. Messenger. Constellation by Almont, sire of Piedmont, 2.17¼, Fanny Witherspoon, 2.18¼, Aldine, 2.19¼, and seventeen others below 2.30; 1st dam, by son of Blood's Black Hawk; 2nd dam by Mambrino Chief, sire of Lady Thorne, 2.18¼, and other trotters. Almont, by Alex.'s Abdallah, sire of Goldsmith Maid, 2.14, Rosalind, 2.31¼, Thorndale, 2.22¾ (sire of Edwin Thorne, 2.16¼); 1st dam, by Mambrino Chief, 2nd dam, by Alex.'s Pilot, Jr., sire of the dam of Maud S., 2.10¼, Alex. Abdallah, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, Gen. Knox, by Vermont Hero, by Sherman Black Hawk, dam by Young Hambleton; 2nd dam by Harris' Hambletonian.

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

AND

Hambletonian-Clay

**Stallion "Wrangler"**

Sired by Hartford, 1st dam, Gypsy, by Godfrey's Patchen, sire of Hopeful, 2.14¼, Geo. H., 2.25, Lady Snell, 2.23¼, and other trotters; 2nd dam, Kate, by Walker horse of Vermont, by Woodbury Morgan, by Justin Morgan, Hartford, by Rysdyk, sire of Clingstone, 2.14, and others, Rysdyk, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, sire of 34 with record of 2·30 or better; Godfrey's Patchen by Geo. M. Patchen, sire of Lucy, 2.18¼, Geo. M. Patchen, by Cassius M. Clay, by Henry Clay, son of Andrew Jackson.

WRANGLER combines the Hambletonian and Clay blood, which has produced such as St. Julian, 2.11¼, Jerome Eddy, 2.16¼, Bodine, 2.16¼, &c. The Clay family stands second only to Hambletonian in 2.30 list.

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

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

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

A. R. WOODBURY,
WILMOT, ANNAPOLIS CO.

**MANHOOD**

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

We have recently published a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practise, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

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

Address,

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

**MUTUAL HEALTH**

AND

**Accident Association**

OF

**HARTFORD, CONN.**

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

ALL COLLECTIONS MADE BY REGULAR ASSESSMENTS.

For Certificates or Agency apply to

EDWIN J. H. MORSE,
*BERWICK, KINGS CO.*
General agent for N. S. and P. E. I.

**New Tailoring**

**ESTABLISHMENT**

**AT MIDDLETON.**

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

**A Fit Guaranteed Every Time**

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

JOHN F. GOODERE.

Middleton, N. S., April 30th, '83. n3

**WISDOM & FISH,**

Mill, Steamboat, and Railroad Supplies,

41 DOCK ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

Estimates furnished; Lowest Quotations given on Special Supplies. [n3

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

**THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,**

MANUFACTURERS OF

**Parlor and Church Organs.**

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

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

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

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,
Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

**PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS**

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

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

**DIPHTHERIA** CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

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

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

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now travelling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspn. fill to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 3 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

**MAKE HENS LAY**

SCHOONER

**"IVICA,"**

J. H. Longmire, Master,

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

**Bridgetown & St. John, N. B.**

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

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

NEW

**SPRING GOODS!**

NOW OPENING.

**NEW HATS, BONNETS,**

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

**LACE GOODS, HOSIERY,**

Trunks, Valises, Satchels, &c.

—ALSO—

A NEW ARTICLE IN

**Black Wool Serge,**

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

Balance of Spring Goods expected shortly.

MRS. L. C. WHEELOCK.

Lawrencetown, April 9th, 1883.

**Forest and Stream**

—AND—

**ROD AND GUN.**

**The American Sportsman's Journal**

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

**Gentlemen Sportsmen and their Families.**

TREATS OF

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

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

**Price, $4.00 a Year.**

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

For sale by newsdealers everywhere.

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

**DENTISTRY.**

**Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,**

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

**BRIDGETOWN,**

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

DR. S. F. WHITMAN.

Jan 2nd., 1882.

**Photograph Gallery**

THE subscriber, who has been for some time established in this town, has lately procured a first class set of Photograph, View and Copying Lenses, and is now prepared to execute all orders for work in his line in first class style and at short notice. VIEWS of dwellings, stores, streets, etc., a speciality, and orders from any part of the country attended to.

**Enlarging.**

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

Photographs and tinypes will receive best attention.

Pictures taken in any weather.

Charges reasonable.

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

OVER "MONITOR" OFFICE.

J. N. RICE.

Bridgetown, August 7th, 1884.

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

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS AND DEICRIPTION EXECUTED AT THE OFFICE OF THIS PAPER.

**The Subscriber**

HAS REPLENISHED

—HIS—

**HARDWARE**

DEPARTMENT,

in which will be found:—

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

**B. STARRATT.**

Paradise, Aug. 30th, 1882.

**G. L. COLBRAN**

Centre Clarence.

**T T T**

**EXCHANGE!**

The proprietor has just received a full and well assorted stock of

FANCY DRY GOODS.

Also, another consignment of that favorite Kaisow Congou Tea, Java Coffee, Sugar from the West Indies and Moncton refinery, Spruce Brooms, Pails, Washboards, American and Canadian Oils, all of which G. L. C. will sell low for cash, or prompt barter at the

**T. Exchange.**

Vital Questions!!

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always? And they will tell you unhesitatingly

'Some form of hops!'

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

'What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs, such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women?—

'And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically 'Buchu.'

Ask the same physicians

'What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, ague, &c.,' and they will tell you, 'Mandrake! or Dandelion!'

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a [concluded next week.]

## Poetry.

### Summer Going.

Swiftly summer speeds away,
On the blooming waits decay.

Ere the roses shed their snows,
Crickets tell us, 'Summer goes.'

Less of song makes morning known,
Nests are empty, nestlings flown.

Even while the lilies bloom,
Down the air some dead leaves come.

Daily seeds are ripening.
Harvests are in gathering.

Barns, with sweet, new hay heaped high
Robed the dished fields just by.

As in gladness lurks regret,
Autumn signals so are set.

All along west summer's way,
Prize her, prize her while we may.

### The Bottom Drawer.

In the best chamber of the house,
Shut up in dim, uncertain light,
There stood an antique chest of drawers,
Of foreign wood, with brasses bright.
One morn a woman, frail and gray,
Stepped, totteringly across the floor;
'Let in,' she said, 'the light of day;
Then, Jean, unlock the bottom drawer.'

The girl, in all youth's loveliness,
Knelt down with eager, curious face;
Perchance she dreamt of Indian silks,
Of jewels and of rare old lace;
But then the summer sunshine fell
Upon the treasures hoarded there,
tears rushed to her tender eyes;
Her heart was solemn as a prayer.

'Dear grandmamma!' she softly sighed,
Lifting a withered rose and palm;
But on the elder's face was naught
But sweet content and peaceful calm.
Leaning upon her staff she gazed
Upon the baby's half-worn shoe;
A little frock of finest lawn;
A hat with tiny bows of blue.

A ball made fifty years ago;
A little glove; a tasselled cap;
A half done long division sum;
The school-books fastened with a strap.
She touched them all with trembling lips;
'How much,' she said, 'the heart can bear!
Ah, Jean! I thought that I should die
The day that first I laid them there.

'But now it seems so good to know
That, throughout all these weary years,
Their hearts have been untouched by grief,
Their eyes have been unstained by tears!
Dear Jean, we see with clearer sight
When earthly life is almost o'er:
Those children wait me in the skies,
For whom I locked that sacred drawer.'

*—Continent.*

## Select Literature.

### Mrs. Fay's Bargain.

John Fay was leaving the breakfast table. He laid a roll of bills beside his wife's plate.

'The fifty dollars, Annie, I promised you for your new dress.'

'Fifty. Then you have really made it fifty? What a good John. I shall be able to save enough out of it to buy Aunt Maria a real nice New Year's present. There are very good cloaks, shaggy and warm, marked down to ten and twelve dollars at Morton & Brier's, and I am distressed Sunday after Sunday to see her walk into church in that old shawl. I could draw the pattern of it with my eyes shut, and I know that nothing but perversity keeps it from breaking away on her poor sharp shoulders.'

'Well, do as you please; only make the most you can of the money. Fifty dollars does not grow on every bush in these hard times, and I should hardly have felt able to give it to you but that Morton has been looking at one of our steam heaters for his store, though some parties down in Hartford offered him a discount. So buy the cloak of him by all means, if you get one.'

And John struggled into a three-year-old overcoat and hurried away.

Little Mrs. Fay turned the bills over and over in her hands. She had scarcely heard her husband's last words. It was enough that he could afford to give her the money and that it was hers to spend. He was her conscience in regard to money matters. With the intricacies of business she had nothing to do. Should she run around to Mrs. Jupe's at once and talk it over, and find out exactly how to send to New York for samples of dress goods?

The Jupes were stylish people who had recently removed into the neighborhood, having bought out the very large lawn and the very small cottage with a stable in the rear, which gave an air of elegance to the street of the pretty New England town where the Fays lived. Between Mrs. Jupe and little Mrs. Fay the most intimate relations had been established. They ran back and forth at all hours, a blind gate having been discovered at the foot of Mrs. Fay's tiny flower garden, which opened directly upon Mrs. Jupe's side lawn.

The latter had already advised in regard to the new dress. 'You will never think of buying it here,' she had said. 'Morton & Brier's dress goods are so common! Everybody in town dresses the same—like mourners at a funeral! Why not run down to New York and buy something made up? You will save it in your dressmaker's bill.'

Run down to New York! Mrs. Fay regarded a visit to that metropolis as the event of a lifetime—to be ardently desired, but scarcely to be hoped for. And as for a dressmaker, one day for such a functionary, for the purpose of basting and trying on, with three or four more from Susan Janes, who went out for seventy-five cents—and was thankful to get that these hard times—was the limit of her desires.

'Well, let me see; you might send down to any of the large retail stores for samples and order from there afterward. You know that they keep a clerk for nothing in the world but to put up samples.'

And Mrs. Fay had gone home filled with a desire to do this. To send to New York, to the envy of her less well-informed neighbors! To appear in a dress unlike anything displayed in the town! She was not ordinarily a vain woman, but Mrs. Fay's ambition took fire at this spark of a suggestion. But John's countenance assumed a doubtful expression when the plan was spread out before him.

'I don't know about that,' he said, slowly. 'Do as you would like to be done by,' is my motto, and how should I like it to have everybody in town run off to Hartford or New York to buy the goods I offer for sale? Patronize home institutions, Anna; spend your money where you make it, and help to build up your own town, I say. Why, the country is going to ruin for the same reason! Nothing in America will do for people, unless the maker is shrewd enough to brand it with a foreign mark. We spend all our time and strength in gathering dollars to be sent out of the country. And what do we get for them? A lot of French fripperies and manufactured articles which need only to stand side by side with our own to show their inferiority.'

'Yes, John, but—the dress! Exports and imports are matters to be settled by graver heads, or to settle themselves.'

'Buy at Morton & Brier's. They trade with me, and I should like to turn my money into their hands.'

'But their goods are so common, John. And we all dress alike—like mutes at a funeral.'

'Like what?' John Fay burst into a loud laugh. 'You are a dear little woman, Anna, but you never originated that remark. I don't believe I like the style,' he added, after a pause. 'But do as you please, dear.'

It was hard to say 'No' to his dear little wife.

'At least you can buy the cloak at Morton & Brier's; and be sure and make the money go as far as you can.'

'I will, John; it shall go as far as New York,' she replied, with a happy laugh, throwing her arms around his neck and giving him an enthusiastic hug.

She wrote her letter to New York at Mrs. Jupe's dictation, and the samples came in due time.

John turned them over quizzically. 'Couldn't you judge better of the color and quality to see them in a whole piece rather than in such a very small scrap as this?'

'Oh, what a silly John! Of course not, when I can examine them at my leisure now, what a saucy clerk to snatch them out of my hands or talk me into buying what I don't want at all.'

A long hour was spent in this inspection.

'Do you think it had better be mixed goods or plain?'

John was good natured. He laid down his newspaper to raise the bits of cloth again in his great hands. 'Do you call that mixed?' singling out a scrap of all knots and long, loose hairs, and vieing with Joseph's coat in colors, the latest fashion of woven ugliness.

'Yes, to be sure.'

'Well, then, dear, I should say, let us have plain.'

So she chose a soft, warm basket cloth in dull maroon. Six yards, eighteen dollars! But it was double width, and these new goods were expensive. The prices ran as high as five dollars a yard; three dollars was moderation. And there would be enough for a long sacque, and then—last consideration of a prudent mind—it would 'make over' admirably.

Then the silk—for this was to be a handsome suit—Mrs Jupe had said that silks were to be got at almost any price now. And not to be mean or buy a poor quality, Mrs. Fay had fixed her price at one dollar and a half a yard.

But a scrap at two dollars just matched her cloth. And, so most of the silks ranged at prices even higher, with the impetuosity which characterized the movements of the small woman who mildly ruled the Fay family, she decided upon this. Seven yards—no, eight—it was well to have a piece left, and there should be a bonnet to match. Eight it must be. She sent her order in haste, and then waited the result in excitement which held in it more and more of repentance as the days went by.

Early in the afternoon of the third an express wagon, a man and an enormous book appeared at her door. She ran to open it. She took the precious parcel which bore her name and placed it carefully within the sanctities of the parlor, while the man was fumbling for the bill.

'Thirty-four dollars, ma'am.'

She had the exact amount within reach for the last two days.

'Write your name just there.' And Mrs. Fay wrote her name where the black and purple finger pointed grimly—in characters a good deal like the trembling ones with which she had written, 'Yes, dear John,' two years before, in reply to a certain letter, which need not be further mentioned here.

'And a dollar for the express.'

'I—thought it was fifty cents.'

'Both ways ma'am, you know, C. O. D. No, she did not know; not at the moment certainly; but she slipped a fifty cent piece slily back into her pocket and paid him back the dollar he demanded.

She did not open the parcel at once. She sat down to do a sum in mental arithmetic. Thirty-five dollars from fifty dollars left fifteen dollars; and there were linings and trimmings, the dressmaker and Susan Jones to be provided for. And Aunt Maria's cloak! She had entirely forgotten the cloak! There was no impatience in the fingers that untied the strings as she prepared to inspect the new dress. She had lost her enthusiasm over it already.

Horror of horrors! Could that be her silk? as a broad ray of sunlight struck upon it. It was by no means of the same shade as the dress. Could the dealers made a mistake? But no; she compared a scrap of the sample which she had withheld. It was the same. Was it possible that it could appear so different in the piece?

But there was no help for it now, and with the reflection the last ray of pleasure in her new purchase vanished from her mind. Not even John's commendation could enliven her. 'Why, you're as pretty as a picture!' said he, the same night, when she twisted the soft woollen stuff about her figure and stood waiting under he gas-light for inspection. The silk she had prudently and thoughtfully banished from sight. The dull maroon hue had brightened to a rich crimson under the light.

'And did the money hold out?'

'Y-es.' But the reply came faintly, and Mrs. Jupe running in the next morning found her friend pouring over the 'supplement' to a fashion paper, her smooth forehead drawn into two dreadful wrinkles, while she studied with despairing eyes this sheet of lines and angles, bicycles and insane parallograms hopelessconfused and inextricably entangled.

'They are patterns!' said Mrs. Fay, as though she would have added, 'Could you ever believe it? I thought perhaps I might cut my dress myself and so economize.'

'Goodness, child! Did you ever do such a thing?'

'No; but people do.'

'They don't begin with a handsome suit, however. Do you want to spoil it—to ruin the whole dress, beside wasting the material and the money you have spent for it?'

The last was an argument, and Mrs Fay laid by her sheet of hieroglyphics with a sigh, and prepared to listen to reason as Mrs Jupe called it, by arranging to take the latter's dressmaker off her hands for one day, which Mrs. Jupe desired to spend out of town. Perhaps she would make up for this expense by cutting off three of Susan Jones' day.

The day and dressmaker came.

'It is a good heavy piece of silk,' said the latter, testing it between thumb and forefinger.

'It was. It weighed like lead upon Mrs. Fay's mind. The dressmaker laid it against the woollen goods, opened her lips, closed them again, prudently; but Mrs. Fay saw the movement. 'No; it did not match. Had not Mrs. Jupe already remarked it? And was not the maroon turned into purple by the proximity of the silk, as any one could see.

'I should have thought that you would have bought American silk. They usually offer it at Morton & Brier's to make up with these heavy goods. It wears so much better and costs less, you know, too, it costs to better advantage.'

'It came from New York,' said poor crestfallen Mrs. Fay. But there was no pride in her voice.

Miss Mudge was measuring it off from her nose to the ends of her fingers. 'Eight yards! That will never do—not if you take off three quarters for a bonnet and face the skirt. It will not trim it handsomely.

'I thought it a large pattern,' faltered Mrs. Fay.

'Well, yes—of American silk. But a couple of yards more will do; and you had better send for it at once. Perhaps you may as well say three while you are about it. A scrap is never out of place. This is a pretty basket cloth,' she went on diplomatically, for Mrs. Fay's face revealed her deep chagrin. 'I saw the same at Morton's; two dollars and a half, was it not?'

'Two dollars and a half! It was three. And it cannot be the same. I sent to New York for this.' Mrs. Fay could have cried with vexation.

'You sent to New York?' The dressmaker's sharp eyes measured Mrs. Fay and the plainly furnished bedroom where the cutting was going on with one keen, calculating glance. But she said nothing more. And Mrs. Fay sent to New York for three additional yards of silk. Her heart sank as she broke her last ten dollar bill to pay for this and the necessary linings and facings, buttons and cord, without which no feminine garment can be brought into existence. And Aunt Mary's cloak shrank more in its proportions until it entirely passed out of sight.

'I shall do the rest myself,' she said to Susan Jones, as the latter laid by her work at the end of the third day.

'Do you think you can? There was disappointment in Susan's faded eyes. 'That blind stitch is hard to do nicely if one is not used to it.'

Poor Susan! Even one more day would be something. It would earn the price of a New Year dinner. Work was not very easily found in these days, and she had depended upon at least a week's work here.

'I am sorry; and I know it isn't easy to do.' The tears were in Mrs. Fay's eyes; was she not worn out with it already? 'But indeed, Susan, I must do it.'

So Susan folded the waist neatly and laid it with lingering hands behind the skirts on Mrs. Fay's own bed, then donned her old, worn cloak and went away.

When the dress was at last finished and put on for John's inspection, the night before New Year, not even the warm, bright hue could bring a color to the pale, worn face of its wearer. But John did not notice it.

'Yes,' he said absently; 'it is very pretty, dear, and I am glad if you enjoy it—but it cost me more than I can well afford.'

A shiver ran all the way down little Mrs. Fay's spine. She could not ask what he meant. Was it Susan Jones? Was——

'I suppose you told somebody that you got it in New York. At any rate, Morton & Brier heard that my wife had been buying a fifty dollar dress in New York, and Morton said that two could play at that game. So he went down to Hartford and bought the steam heater he had been looking at for the store, and Brier ordered another for his house.'

'It was that dressmaker!' She must have told it. 'I always thought she looked like a spiteful thing, and I didn't ask her to our table,' gasped Mrs. Fay, growing whiter still.'

'Very likely; I only know I have lost their trade, which is a good deal in these times. But don't let it distress you, dear.' He was frightened at the expression of his wife's face. 'It's too late to mend it. Let us think of something else.' And he drew her down upon his knee. 'What have you got for Aunt Maria?'

'I have got her—I have made her—Mrs. Fay began, hysterically. 'Oh, John—I have got her a ginger jar!'

'A ginger jar!' No wonder John Fay stared.

'Don't laugh.' And Mrs. Fay proceeded further to astonish her husband by bursting into tears. 'It is decorated you know, and—and looks almost like Kioto, Mrs. Jupe says. I can't tell you, John—but—everything cost so much, and the silk was too narrow, and I had to get more, and there wasn't any more left for the cloak!—

'I see how it is,' said kind John, who knew more than she dreamed. He gathered her up in his arms and essayed to sooth the frightful sobs. 'We have learned a good lesson, though a hard one haven't we, little woman? We will patronize home institutions—at least until we can draw our income from abroad.'

The next day, John Fay took his old overcoat quietly to the tailor's and had it relound, countermanding his order for a new one, and Aunt Maria had her new cloak after all; and happening to meet Morton on the street who gave him the cold shoulder, he stopped him and told him the whole transaction since it was too late to benefit himself by the story. The truth had been only half told. The Hartford order had been threatened, not carried out, and the steam heaters were bought of John Fay himself.

Susan Jones was surprised by an invitation to dinner on New year's day. Of course she came and contrived to take a few needful stitches upon the new dress. That 'blind stitch' had been, indeed, very trying to the unskilled fingers. And the dinner was a happy affair—John even proposing a toast at its conclusion:—

'Our neighbors—let us do unto others as we would that others should do unto us.'

Dear, blundering John! Both Susan James and Aunt Maria took it to themselves, and thought it extremely appropriate, and drank it in cold water with tears of gratitude in their weak eyes. But John Fay and wife smiled another meaning across the table to each other.

—A summary of Mr. Judah P Benjamin's fee-book, make up year by year since 1867, when he left the Southern States and went to London, shows that he has in sixteen years received fees amounting to $699,044 78. In 1867 they amounted to a trifle more than $2,035; in 1882 to more than $63,900; and in 1880 his most profitable year, to $79,856.20. One of the most important cases was the Irish Fisheries suit, which paid him about $60,000. As to personal enjoyment, he says he experienced little of it in his profession. His sole object was to make money; and to that end almost every other person's consideration was sacrificed. He is now afflicted with an incurable heart disease, and realizes that it is likely to prove suddenly fatal at any moment.

—California's wheat crop for the present year is estimated to be worth $60,000,000. One-third of this will be retained in the State for home consumption and seed, and the rest will be exported to foreign countries. The wheat product of the other Pacific coast States and Territories will be worth $20,000,000 more, making the value of the total wheat crop of the Pacific coast $80,000,000, which is more than the entire value of all the precious metals mined in the United States during 1882. These figures show the monstrous folly of which the people of the Pacific coast were guilty in past years when they pinned their faith and their hopes of future prosperity upon their gold and silver mines, and, in a great measure, ignored and neglected their far more valuable agricultural resources.

—General Lord Alexander Russell, now in command of Her Majesty's forces in British North America, was one of the gallant heroes who formed the death parade on deck when the ill-fated "Birkenhead" went down. His Lordship, who was then an officer of the Rifle Brigade, swam ashore after the children and women were saved in the boats, but many of his noble comrades were drowned or devoured by sharks. This instance of perfect discipline in the face of death has reflected undying glory upon the British Army, and no braver action is recorded in history.—*Toronto Paper.*

TEN CENTS APIECE.—The liquor dealers of the County of Charlotte being desirous of having the Scott Act repealed in so far as that County is concerned, have clubbed together and subscribed $1,000 toward this end. In order to get the proper number of names to the petition for repeal, they have sent to St. George and other places, documents ready for signatures. The parties to whom they are sent, are paid ten cents for every name they can get appended to the petitions.—*St. John Sun.*

—Mrs. Ferrel, living near Wellesville, Ohio, was endowed with an unusually beautiful supply of hair.