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

CURE for the DEAF!
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 whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book of proofs *free*. Address, F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway N. Y. 17y

GREAT REDUCTION.
The whole Stock of
W. W. SAUNDERS'
will be sold at a Great Reduction during the Xmas Holidays, embracing the following well-selected lines:
DRY GOODS,
HOSIERY, a Specialty,
HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS, OVERBOOTS, RUBBERS AND LARIGANS, GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONERY, CANNED GOODS, ESSENCES, EXTRACTS, AND PATENT MEDICINES, large stock of LAMPS, GLASS, EARTHEN, STONE, TINWARE, HARDWARE, AND CUTLERY, AND A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF XMAS NOVELTIES
William Hart,
Assignee.

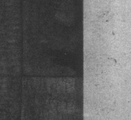
Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

CHEAP
—FOR:—
CASH!
FLOUR,
OATMEAL,
FEEDING FLOUR,
CORMEAL,
GROCERIES,
STOVES, PLOWS,
HORSE CLOTHING,
Harnesses made to Order.
REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.
N. H. PHINNEY.
Nov. 19th, 1888.

Farm for Sale
THE subscriber offers for sale that very nicely situated property in MIDDLETON, County of Annapolis, and Province of Nova Scotia, on the Post Road and in the immediate neighborhood of Railway Station, Telegraph Office, Post Office and Churches, consisting of about forty-five acres superior soil, a thriving young orchard of about one hundred and fifty Apple Trees of choice selected fruit, and conveniently divided into hay, tillage and pasture lands. Is well watered, has a commodious and thoroughly finished house, woodhouse, barn, stables etc., in good repair. Terms easy.
JONATHAN WOODBURY.

USE DEARBORN & COS
Absolutely Pure SPICES & CRTARTAR
See our guarantee on every package.
(Best is Cheapest)
Ask your Grocer for them

FOR SALE at the DRUG STORE.
CASTORIA, best Spirits Nitre, Sulphuric Acid, Enos Fruit Salt, Plasters, Teaberry, Tooth Powder, Pierce's Medicines, full line, Vasilines, 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. R. MORSE, M D.
September, 1888.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great medical work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No 4. Bulfinch St.

H. H. BANKS,
PRODUCE COMMISSION AGENT,
Parker Market Building,
Halifax, N. S.
—ALL KINDS OF—
Farm Produce Sold on Commission.

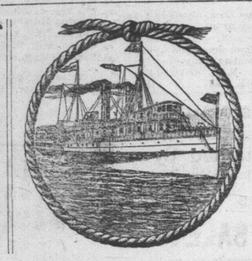
CARD.
W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - N. S.
Office in A. BEALS' STORE. 16tf

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1890. NO. 46.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
Established 1810.
—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.
AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.
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.
ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.
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 35 cts.; 6 bottles, $2.00. Express and duty prepaid to any part of United States or Canada. ☞ Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

International S. S. Co.
CHANGE - OF - TIME!
FOR BOSTON, FROM ST. JOHN.

Commencing Monday, Nov. 11th,
ONE of the Fine Steamers of this Line will leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland every MONDAY 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.
☞ The Direct Line from Annapolis to Boston is discontinued for the season.
Freight taken via St. John at about one-third (1-3) advance on Direct Rates.
For further information apply to
F. Crosskill, Agent, W. & A. R., Bridgetown.
R. A. Carder, Agent, Annapolis.
OR ANY AGENT OF THE W. & A. RAILWAY.

CHEERING!
The prospects for good crops of hay are good everywhere, and the subscriber has
JUST WHAT YOU WANT
to enable you to gather it in good order with ease and rapidity.
I AM JUST IN RECEIPT OF
3 CARLOADS,
CONSISTING OF
20 Two-Horse Mowers,
46 One-Horse Mowers,
75 Ithica Rakes.
All the Very Latest Improved.
The Mowers have the only perfect Floating Bar Tilt of any manufacture.
Prices within reach of all, and terms as good as can be given.
Exchange made for old machines.
A large quantity of EXTRA PIECES constantly in stock.
Illustrated Catalogue furnished *free* upon application.
All Machines Warranted. Apply to
A. C. VanBuskirk, Manufacturer's Agent,
Agricultural Warehouse, Kingston Station, N. S.
Or to the following Agents:—
GEO. L. MUNROE, Paradise.
S. D. R. RITCHIE, Annapolis.
ALEX. TURPLE, Granville Ferry.
JOHN I. NIXON, Margaretville.
ROBT. WILKINS, Phinney Mt.
A. B. ARMSTRONG, Nictaux.

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.

LOOK HERE FRIEND!
DO you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach? Sometimes a faint all-gone feeling in the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy? Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing?
If you suffer from any of these symptoms
USE SMITH'S CHAMOMILE PILLS.
Prepared only by
FRANK SMITH,
Apothecary,
St. Stephen, N. B.
Price, 25 cents; five boxes, $1. If not kept by your local dealers, we will send a box by mail on receipt of price. 1y

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.

LOCAL and TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED
to represent us. Exclusive territory. Unequalled facilities. Success assured. Highest percentage; or salary and expenses paid. Experience not necessary. Write for terms.
E. C. SELOVER & CO.,
NURSERYMEN, Geneva, N. Y.
Nov20 5m

Poetry.

A Song for a Boy I Love.

Keep ahead of the world, if you can, my boy,
'Tis the only sure way to succeed,
If you ere fall behind, 'twill be hard to get back,
To the spot where you once had the lead;
And there's no way to win in the battle of life,
So easy, so safe, and so sure,
As to have a few dollars ahead of your wants
For most of life's ills 'tis a cure.

But you never get dollars till first you get pence,
As from acorns the mighty oaks grow?
Work hard, and work ever, and save as you toil
No matter if progress seems slow?
Thus be true to yourself in the years of your youth,
And you'll rest without worry when old,
Save the pennies to-day, into silver they'll turn,
And the silver will grow into gold.

Let the fools try to tempt you to pleasures to-day,
That will take the small coin from your purse;
Store your brain in the hours they give to the world
With knowledge, you'll not be the worse;
For labor, and study, and saving in youth
Will give rest and content when you're old,
And the pennies to-day will be silver full soon,
And the silver will grow into gold.

Fair Italy lies on the Alps' farther side,
'Tis the place we have dreamed of alway,
But those Alps must be climbed by the stout limbs of youth
Ere by Tiber we pass age away;
So work, my brave boy, in the years of your strength,
If you want rest and plenty when old,—
Take care of the pennies, to silver they'll turn,
And the silver will grow into gold.

—*L. J. Beauchamp.*

Select Literature.

Up a Tree.

No one in Samomos could ever understand what pleasure Arthur Pervis and I found in taking long walks, or why we should do so, when we might just as well ride.

Everybody else, like most Californians, went on horseback which it was possible, and a stroll to the post office or along the beach was the utmost extent of pedestrianism.

But Arthur and I tramped the country in all directions, as we used to do at home, paying little attention to the mild suprise of the winter sojourners, who wondered at our eccentricity, and still less to the scornful astonishment of the natives, who can conceive but one reason why any one should go on foot—that he is too poor to buy or hire a horse.

One morning we started out on an expedition to the Hot Spring canyon, in the mountain some six miles from the town, intending to get our lunch at the hotel there and afterward to spend the rest of the day in climbing the mountains above, toward which we had always looked longingly during previous visits to this place.

Off we went at our customary road pace of four miles an hour, between the pepper tree hedges of the town, and out in the open country where green grass and growing crops made it hard to realize that the month was a winter one, and that our New England homes were smothered in snow, with the thermometer very likely down below zero.

In fact it might have been a little cooler without any objection from us, for the warm sun and breezeless air, soon worked their effects, and when we reached the little hotel, precisely an hour and a half after starting, our crimson faces, relieved and set off by yellow dust, gave us a startlingly Indianesque appearance, which our tremendous appetites at lunch did not by any means ill suit. However, after an hour or two we were ready for further operations—the more so since the sky having become overcast, it was much less warm than in the forenoon.

'Looks as if the fog might come in later,' said the hotel keeper as we set out. 'Keep an eye for it, boys.'

Arthur and I laughed. We were both from the Eastern Maine sea coast, where for days at a time you can't see across the street, so thick is the mist, and a light Californian fog did not strike us as very formidable.

'All right,' we replied. 'If we see a regular 'Eastport smotherer' heaving in sight we'll come back.'

And with another laugh, we began scrambling up the deep slope, leaving our host gazing doubtfully after us as long as he could see us,

I must say that a more deceitful mountain than that could not be found anywhere. It hadn't appeared very lofty when looked at it from below, but the longer we climbed the higher it seemed to grow, and there were so many ridges and gullies crossing its side that, what with going up one and down another, we must have gone nearly twice as far as if the acclivity had been smooth.

'This is more of a job than I thought,' puffed Arthur, while we were resting at the end of the first hour.

'I should say so,' assented I, looking up toward the top—or rather looking where I supposed it to be, for another of those provoking ridges barred the way and shut off every glimpse of what might be beyond.

'If we don't hurry,' continued Arthur, reluctantly rising from the boulder on which he had been sitting, 'I don't believe we shall get there in time, for it grows dark early, you know, and I wouldn't be caught up here after sunset for a good deal.'

'Same with me. The landlord says there are no end of gulches and precipices all around, and we might easily tumble in or off one. Yes, we must hurry.'

So off we started up the ridge, finding, on crossing it, that there were, as usual, more of the same kind yet to be passed, running in all directions and pretty thickly covered with chaparral and stunted trees—a mixture of rocks, brush and steep banks, anything but pleasant to contemplate for those who must either get through it or else turn back.

But neither of us being of the turning back kind, we plunged into the labyrinth, with the result that after a half hour's hard struggling, we simultaneously stopped and turned to each other in complete bewilderment.

'Arthur, I think we're lost.'

'And I'm sure of it, Sam.'

Well, that was just the state of the case. We hadn't the remotest idea where we were, nor which way to go.

Nothing was to be seen but sharp pinnacles or long ridges, divided by deep, narrow gorges, shut in with bushes, and generally obscure and confused.

Then, for the first time, we perceived that the sky was covered with driving gray scuds, flying so low as to almost touch the tree-tops.

'We're done for,' said Arthur, resignedly. The fog's coming, and in half an hour we might be blind, for all the good our eyes will do us.'

'Oh, not so bad as that,' said I. 'These fogs are nothing to what we've been used to.'

'Perhaps not; but you'll find that this one will be enough and to spare, down here in these gulches, with night coming on, besides.'

There was something in that—a great deal too much, in fact—and the question arose, what were we going to do?

'We must go down and get as far as we can before we have to stop. Then we must wait till we can see again.'

'Which may not be till to-morrow morning.'

'We can't help that. Let's go back towards the base.'

'But which way is that?'

'Don't know. Come on.'

And, with this unpromising speech, Arthur led the way in the direction we had come, hoping to be able to trace our course.

I followed, though without any great confidence in his success, for we had become very thoroughly bewildered before being willing to acknowledge it, and might have travelled in circles ever since getting into the broken ground.

We had not gone far before the streamers of vapor began floating around us like wreaths of steam. They grew longer and more numerous, until without knowing when or how it happened, we found ourselves buried in fog. And it was growing dark, too.

Arthur finally stopped and said, decidedly:

'Sam, it's perfect foolishness to keep on in this way. We don't know where we're going. We're only tiring ourselves out, and the first thing we know we may pitch head first off some precipice. Let's stop and wait for morning.'

I was obliged to admit that he was right. Between darkness and fog we could not see where we placed our feet, and all about was as black as a closed cellar.

'These rocks won't make a very soft bed,' I remarked, after accepting Arthur's proposition.

'No, they won't; and I don't think it's safe to sleep on the ground. There are California lions around these mountains, and I've heard the rattlesnakes are not very scarce, either. We must find a good tree and get into that.'

Finding even so large an object as a tree is not the easiest task in the world, when one can't see anything whatever, and we groped about unsuccessfully until we began to think that we should have to take our chances of California lions, rattlesnakes and any other dangers the mountains might afford. But just then I came in collision with something round and hard that gave me a severe bump on the nose.

'I've found one, Arthur!' I exclaimed.

'Come along slowly till you touch me. I'm standing against it.'

He did so, and then assisted me to climb the invisible tree.

It was twisted and distorted, like all mountain trees exposed to high winds, extending out at an angle from the great rock from which its roots found nourishment, so that its inclined trunk and heavy branches made by no means the worst of resting places.

We stowed ourselves away in the first and second forks, glad enough to rest after our hard day's tramping.

Supposing the time to be near eight o'clock, we should have to stay there for some eight or nine hours till sunrise, and the night air, combined with the fog, was cold and damp.

But, on the other hand, we found a few biscuits in our pockets, and our coats were heavy. We were not so badly situated after all.

Then, too, the morning would probably be clear, and with the sun for a guide we could certainly find our way.

'Oh, we can stand this!' we agreed, cheerily. 'It'll be a long night, but that's the worst of it. It'll do us no harm, and will teach us to carry compasses the next time we go mountaineering.'

In this frame of mind we prepared to tough it out. It was a long night and a most uncomfortable one.

At first we could not get to sleep, try as we would, and we talked and told stories for hours. Then we began to feel drowsy, and settled ourselves as well as we could to take a nap.

But the hardness of the rough wood and the frequent aches and cramps which ran through us made sleeping difficult, and even dangerous, for both of us came within an ace of falling out of the tree several times during the night.

Once Arthur, who was above, slipped and fell directly upon me, carrying me with him, and we both slipped some feet down the trunk before we could stop.

'Whew! that was a close shave,' panted he, pulling himself back again.

'It's lucky that this tree doesn't stand up straight,' said I. We'd have been plumped down on those hard rocks if it did.'

'Well, it isn't very far to the ground, fortunately,' answered he. 'We're not up more than ten or twelve feet, I should say.'

After this we kept broad awake and passed the tedious hours somehow or other, but they were the longest I ever remember to have spent.

It seemed to us that the night would never be over, and we were wondering whether the world hadn't stopped turning on its axis, when Arthur suddenly exclaimed:

'Why, I can see you, Sam!'

And looking up I could just descry his figure and the shapes of the branches near him.

Hurrah! It was really morning at last.

The light grew rapidly stronger, and overhead the fog was breaking up. Stripes of dark blue showed through the clouds, and we were now able to see quite a stretch of the ground over which we had come.

'Curious that it clears away faster on one side than on the other,' remarked Arthur. 'I can't see a thing under us, while all out the other way the rocks show as plainly as can be.'

I looked down and saw nothing but fog beneath and further out.

'It is queer,' I said. 'I never saw fog cling to the ground so before in my life, still less only in one place.'

Just then the sun broke through the vapors and flooded us with its brilliancy. I was looking up to get my bearings from it, when a sort of gasp from Arthur caused me to glance at him, first in surprise and then in alarm. He was clutching the trunk with both hands, and gazing downward with staring eyes, open mouthed and pale faced, a perfect statue of terror.

Hastily following the direction of his look, I caught one glimpse of what he saw, and instantly hugged the nearest branch like a madman.

Beneath me was an empty gulf, going down, down, till the tree tops at the bottom looked like shrubs, and through the thinning fog I saw that our tree grew out of the very edge of a sheer precipice hundreds of feet high, over which it hung like the arm of a crane.

Do you wonder that we were frightened, or that for some minutes we clung there, trying to steady our swimming heads and brace our trembling nerves after the sudden shock of that sight?

What an ordeal that was getting off our perilous perch, moving an inch a time, sliding, holding on, and finally making a last plunge to the safety of the firm edge! We lay there half an hour before we felt able to move again.

'Think how near I came to walking right off the edge!' I kept repeating, over and over again.

'And then that time when we almost fell out the tree together,' Arthur said, shuddering. 'Suppose we'd taken a fancy to jump down in the night!'

We safely descended the mountain, much to the relief of the landlord, who was about sending men to search for us, and drove back to town; but it was long before we cared to dwell upon the remembrance of that unconscious, careless and frightfully dangerous night we had passed up a tree.—*Manly H. Pike in Golden Days.*

My Narrow Escape.

I never told anybody how very, very near I was to death that night, just a year ago; but as I can now look back and calmly recall each thought, each word, each act, I think I will write it down as a warning to all who may find themselves similarly circumstanced, hoping, with all my heart, that the number may be few.

In the first place, my name is Frederick Putnam. I am, and have been for the last ten years, the foreman and book-keeper of the large lumbering establishment of William Winston and Co., and hope to be for another decade, unless something better turns up.

Mr. Winston is the resident partner and manager of the manufacturing part of the business. The other members of the firm, of which there are two, live in the city, at the foot of the lake, and attend to the sales of lumber, which we send them by vessels.

This is by far the largest share of what the mill cuts, although the amount of our sales directly from the mill, to supply the country to the west of us, is quite large.

Well, one cold December evening, just as I was preparing for home, I heard footsteps on the creaking snow outside, and presently the office door flew open, as though someone in haste had given it a push, admitting a tall, stout, well-dressed man, with a small traveling bag in one hand, and a shawl thrown over the other arm.

I was alone—Mr. Winston having gone to the house some half an hour before, locking the safe, in which we kept our books and papers, and taking the key with him as usual.

I had already closed the damper to the stove, put on my overcoat, and was just in the act of turning down the lamp—but, of course, I waited.

'Good evening, sir,' said the man, bustling up to the stove, and kicking the damper open with his right foot. 'Has Winston gone to the house?'

I answered that he had.

'When? I was afraid of it.' He drew out his watch—a very fine one, I thought. 'I shall not have time to go up,' he said. 'The train is due in fifteen minutes.'

'Is there anything I can do?' I asked.

'I wanted to leave some money with Winston. I intended to stop in town a day or two, but I have just got a dispatch that calls me home.'

'What name, sir?'

'Anderson, of Andersonville.'

I knew him then, though I had seen him but once before. He had been one of our best customers. I said had been, for the reason that during the past year his payments had not been so prompt. In fact, he was considerably behind, and Winston had that very day told me to write to him, and 'punch him up a little,' as he expressed it. The letter was then in the breast pocket of my overcoat.

'You can leave the money with me, sir, and I will give you a receipt.'

He seemed to hesitate, which nettled me somewhat. I have never blamed any one since, however.

'How much is my bill?' he asked, eying me sharply.

I answered promptly, for I had struck the balance not more than half an hour before,—

'Eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-five cents.'

'Humph! less than I supposed. Write out a receipt for that amount.'

He left the stove, and came and looked over my shoulder while I wrote.

'It is all right, Mr. Putnam. I know you now. You've been with Winston a long time. I can tell your signature anywhere.'

He drew from an inside pocket a large black wallet very round and full, and counting out eleven different piles of bank-notes, he told me to run them over. It was a short and easy task, for each pile contained just ten one hundred dollar bills. The balance was in fives, tens and twenties, and it took more time to count them; but at last we got it so that both were satisfied.

At this moment we heard the whistle for the station. Anderson sprung for his traveling bag, and giving me a hasty handshake was off on the run. I closed the door, and counted the money over again. Finding it all right I wrapped a piece of newspaper around it, and slipped it into my overcoat pocket. I did not feel quite easy to have so much money about me, but as Winston's house was at least a mile distant, I concluded to keep it until morning when I could deposit it in the bank.

I closed the damper again, drew on my gloves, took the office key from the nail just over the door, and stepped up to put out the light. As I did so, I saw a bit of paper on the floor, which, on picking up, I saw was the receipt I wrote for Mr. Anderson. He had dropped it in his hurry. I put it in my pocket, and thought no more about it, only that I would mail it to him. I would have done it then, but as the last mail for that day had gone out on the train which took Mr. Anderson, I could do it just as well in the morning.

Then, too, I was in something of a hurry that night, for I had an appointment; and I may as well state here that it was with a young lady, who, I hoped, would be my wife before many months elapsed.

I hastened to my boarding-place, ate my supper, and then went over to Mr. Warners, wearing the overcoat with the money in it, as I did not feel easy about leaving it in my room. Carrie was at home, of course, as she was expecting me, and, leaving my coat and hat in the hall, I went into the parlor.

I do not think a repetition would be very interesting, so I will pass over it, merely remarking that nothing occurred to disturb me until I arose to take my leave.

Carrie went into the entry for my coat and hat.

'Why, Fred, you certainly did not venture out on such a night as this without an overcoat?'

'No coat?' I exclaimed, in a dazed sort of a way—for the thought of the money, flashing upon me so suddenly, had almost stunned me.

The next moment I tore past her like a madman, as I was. The coat was gone!

Then I was unnerved. I grasped at the stairrail, and caught it just in time to support myself. Carrie came running out, her face turning pale with alarm.

'Oh, Fred! are you sick? Let me call mother and the doctor. You are as white as a sheet.'

'No, no, Carrie!' I entreated. 'There, I am better now.'

And I was better. I was strong, all at once — desperately strong. And what brought about this change? The simple receipt which I had in my pocket. Anderson had nothing to show that the money had been paid, and was not my unaided word as good as his?

I was foolish enough to believe that I could brave it through, and I grew confident and quite easy at once.

'There, Carrie, I am much better now. The room was too warm, I guess. So some sneak-thief has dodged in and stolen my coat! Well, let it go! It was only an old one, and I'll have a better one!'

'But was there nothing in your pockets?' asked Carrie.

It is strange how suspicious guilt will make us. I really thought that Carrie suspected me, and an angry reply was on the end of my tongue. I suppressed it, however, and uttered a falsehood instead.

'Nothing of consequence, Carrie. A good pair of gloves and some other trifling notions.'

'I am glad it is no worse, Fred. Now, if you will wait just a moment, I will get you one of father's coats to wear home.'

Thus equipped I left her.

You may guess that my slumbers that night were not very sound, nor very refreshing. I never passed a more miserable night, and in the morning my haggard looks were the subject of remark.

'Why, Fred, you look as though you had met a legion of ghosts last night,' Winston said. 'What is the matter?'

'I had a bad night of it,' I answered, with a sickly smile.

'And you'll have another, if you're not careful. You had better keep quiet today. By-the-way, did you write to Anderson?'

I do not know how I managed to reply, for the question set me to shivering from head to foot, and I was so weak that I could scarcely sit in my chair. I must have answered in the affirmative, however, for he said,—

'Then we may look for something from him to-morrow, or next day?' Immediately after he added, 'Why, Fred, you shiver as though you had the ague, and you are sweating like a butcher! You're sick, man. Come! Jump into my sleigh, and I'll take you home.'

I was glad of the chance to get away, and reaching my room, I locked myself in.

Winston sent a doctor round, but I refused to see him. Then he came himself, but I would not open the door. The landlady came, then some of my fellow-boarders, but I turned them all away.

Ah! Those were terrible hours that I passed and the night coming on brought me no relief. Can you not guess what I was meditating? Coward that I was, I had at last resolved upon self-destruction.

I commenced my preparations with the same calmness and deliberation that I would have used in the most common transaction. I wrote a short explanation for Carrie, another for Mr. Winston, a third for my poor mother, and I sealed them all, in the fourth envelope I enclosed the receipt to Mr. Anderson.

All this accomplished, I went to my secretary and took out the weapon of death. It was simply a revolver, small and insignificant enough in appearance, but all sufficient. Having examined the cartridges to make sure that there would be no failure, I sat down before the fire, and placed the cold muzzle to my forehead.

In another second I should have been lifeless, but just as my finger began to press the trigger there came a tap on my door. It startled me, and hastily concealing my weapon, I called out that I could admit no one.

'Not me, Fred?'

I knew Carrie's voice, and a yearning to look on her loved face got the mastery of me. Quietly slipping the tell-tale letters, which I had left on the table, into my pocket, I opened the door.

'Oh, Fred! you are real sick,' exclaimed Carrie, the moment the light fell on my face. 'Why did you not send for me! Aren't you better?'

'Worse,' I answered, huskily; 'but, Carrie—good Heavens!'

As I uttered this exclamation I started back, and then forward; and then—I hardly know what, for, hanging across Carrie's arm, was my overcoat!

Recovering from my astonishment, I snatched it from her, and thrust my hand into the pocket. I drew out eleven thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-five cents.

You have heard about, and perhaps seen, the singular capers of a madman, or the wild antics of those crazed with rum, or the grotesque dancing of savages. Well, judging from what Carrie told me, and from the appearance of my apartment after it was all over, I am led to believe that, were it possible to concentrate the three above-mentioned species of demons into one, their capering and dancing would appear tame in comparison with mine that night.

But I cooled down after a while, and just in time to save Carrie's head a thump from the chair or the washstand, which I had selected as partners in my crazy waltz.

Then I asked for an explanation. It was the simplest thing imaginable. I do not know why I had not thought of it before. It was simply a blunder of Carrie's father. He had mistaken my coat for his own, and worn it down town, never dreaming that a small fortune was lying idly in one of the pockets.

Well, I didn't have the brain fever over the affair, but I was the next door to it. I made a clean breast of the whole thing excepting my attempt, or, rather, my resolve, at self-destruction. No one ever guessed that part of it, and I tell it to-day for the first time.

I sent Mr. Anderson his receipt, handed over the money to Mr. Winston, and went on with my duties, a wiser and better man, I hope. And to-morrow, God willing, I shall lead Carrie to the altar.

ORIGIN OF SOME WORDS.—The phrase 'to go on a bender' is not an Americanism, as is generally supposed. In Allan Ramsay's time 'bend' meant a drink, and 'to go on a bender' was equivalent to going on a drunk. Under the changes of language, or rather the meaning of words, some of the legal phrases suggest tautology. To 'give and bequeath,' for instance, is considered surplusage. In old English the word 'quethe' meant to speak or declare, and to say 'I give and declare' relieves the sentence of tautology. When, as Americans, we use the word *cute* in the sense of 'clever or sharp,' we keep within the legitimate, which cannot be said when we use it instead of *pretty*. When old Mr. Pray exhorts the 'sistren' (sisters) we consider him lacking in education. It is as legitimate a word as 'brethern,' and both words date back to the time of Chaucer, who called the fates 'the fatal sistren.' If it is proper to say any*how* and any*where*, why is it not proper to say any*when*? The others merely survived it, for Mackay quotes the expression, 'I will talk the matter over with you anywhere and anywhen.' 'Craft' and 'cunning' at one time stood for 'skill' and 'ability.' The word 'botch,' applied to a bad workman or his work, is from the word 'bauch,' meaning indifferent. 'Putting the cart before the horse,' a common expression for beginning to do a thing at the wrong end, was in use as early as 1533. The annual fair in the Isle of Ely was called St. Audrey's fair, and much ordinary but showy lace was sold to the country lasses. St. Audrey's lace soon became proverbial, and from that cause *taudry*, a corruption of St. Audrey, was established as a common expression to denote not only cheap lace, but any other part of female dress which was more gaudy in appearance than warranted by its quality or value. We now spell the word 'tawdry' and use it in the same sense. The salutation 'How do you do?' sounds like an awkward and redundant sentence, and yet its origin was a sensible one. *Dow* in old English, pronounced *do*, means 'to be able,' 'to thrive,' 'to prosper.' It should not suggest redundancy, for it is equivalent to saying 'How do you *thrive*?' To 'bully,' meaning to worry or torment in a swaggering manner, is said to have been derived from the noisy way in which drovers take bullocks to market. 'Vamose,' a slang expression which came into use after the Mexican war, is the Spanish *vamos*, 'let us go.' Bogus is a corruption of Borgese, the name of a man who at one time flooded the West and Southwest with counterfeit money. Bother is said to have been first used by a sergent, who cried out to two incessant talkers, one at each ear, 'Don't both ear me.'

My Toothache
Is an exclamation heard every hour in the day. Toothache is the most common ailment of young and old, and in the aggregate inflicts more suffering than perhaps any other single complaint. A one minute cure is just what every person desires to possess. Nerviline—nerve pain cure—acts almost instantly in relieving the agony, and as a sample bottle affords a quantity sufficient for 100 applications, 10 cents fills the bill. Polson's Nerviline is the only positive remedy for toothache and all nerve pains. Sold by druggists and all dealers in medicine.

—'Why should you thank a servant?' asked a father, who was fond of the Socratic method of teaching and loved to question his little son until the lad reached wise conclusions by his own wit. 'They are paid for what they do. Do you owe them anything but money?'

'I owe them money,' said the lad, somewhat perplexed in expressing what he really felt, 'and I thank them because—because I owe it to myself to be polite.'

He had learned the meaning of the old grand motto, 'Noblesse oblige.'

Swimming Niagara
Is an easy way to end life, and suffering dyspepsia to exist is an easy way to make it miserable. Taking Burdock Blood Bitters is an easy way to cure dyspepsia and it never fails to thoroughly tone and strengthen the entire system at the same time.

NEW Xmas Goods,
Splendid Assortment
—AT—
CENTRAL BOOK STORE
DOLLS OF ALL KINDS AND SIZES, TOYS, ETC, ETC.
Fancy Goods,
IN PLUSH AND LEATHER.
B. J. Elderkin.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.