Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 19. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4. 1891. NO. 31.

Professional Cards.

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

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

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - N. S.
Office.—"Dr. Gunter" building.

L. G. deBLOIS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, - - N. S.

G. BARNABY, M.D.
(GRADUATE OF HARVARD, 1872.)
Physician and Surgeon.
Office and residence in the house formerly owned and occupied by Dr. L. G. deBlois.
Special attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.
Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 3m

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. J. Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

THE
GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL
(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)
BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA,
STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable. Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge.
G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29

BRIDGETOWN
MARBLE WORKS
THOMAS DEARNESS
Importer of Marble
and manufacturer of
Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.
Also Monuments in Red Granite, Gray Granite, and Freestone.
Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.
N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice. T. D.
Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

$6000.00 a year is being made by John Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time or spare moments only to the work. All is new, and we pay MORE for the work. We start you, furnishing everything. COSTLY OUTFIT, SPECIALLY REMARKABLE PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

PALFREY'S CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.
THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29ly

ENGINE FOR SALE!
THE subscriber offers for sale, at a bargain, a
4 HORSE POWER PORTABLE ENGINE,
well adapted for Threshing or any kind of Light Sawing. Though second-hand, it is in perfect repair. For particulars address
CHAS. S. BALCOM,
Centre Clarence.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT!
NOTICE is hereby given that by Deed of Assignment, duly executed and dated the 24th day of September, A. D. 1891, MILLEDGE C. MARSHALL, of Clarence, in the County of Annapolis and Province of Nova Scotia, conveyed to me, for the benefit of creditors, all his real and personal property.
The Deed has been duly recorded in the Registry office, Bridgetown, and a copy of the same now lies at my residence, on the Leonard Road, in Clarence aforesaid, where it can be inspected by all interested.
Dated at Clarence this 24th day of September, A. D. 1891.
JOHNSTON W. OAKES.
25 5i Assignee.

Farm For Sale!
TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to noon on the FIRST OF MARCH, 1892, for the purchase of the farm formerly owned and occupied by Lewis E. Landers, situate at Nictaux, in the County of Annapolis.
The said farm is most desirably situated, and well adapted to the culture and growth of Small Fruit. The buildings are in an excellent state of repair. The place is well situated in reference to churches, schools, railways and post office. Full particulars can be had on application to the undersigned.
ROBERT I. PHINNEY,
Assignee Estate
LEWIS E. LANDERS.
P. S. If the above place is not sold at private sale on or before the 1st of March, 1892, the same will be offered at Public Auction.
Middleton, Sept. 19th, 1891. 25 4

A. W. MOORE,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Painter, Grainer and Decorator.
Fresco Painting in all Branches.
Paper Hanging, Kalsomine, Marbleine, Whitewashing, Coloring, Etc., specialties.
Ceilings thoroughly whitened and cleaned without injury to Furniture or Carpets.
Estimates given. All jobbing punctually attended to.

Frank E. Vidito,
DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALTED BEEF, LAMB, PORK, BACON AND VEGETABLES.
THE subscriber has lately established business in the premises known as the PAYSON PROPERTY, first door east of the Post Office, where he intends to conduct the Meat and Provision Business in the best style, and so as to meet the requirements of the trade in all particulars. By strict attention and by dressing the best of stock, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage.
My team will run to Round Hill and Granville weekly.
Bridgetown, June 10th, 1890. 10 1y

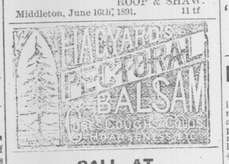
BURDOCK
Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.
BLOOD
CURES
DYSPEPSIA. BILIOUSNESS. CONSTIPATION. HEADACHE. SALT RHEUM. SCROFULA. HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH. DIZZINESS. DROPSY. RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES
BITTERS

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and now have employment at my business, many who are making from $3000 to $5000 a year. It is New and SOLID. Will bear investigation. Costly outfit and Valuable Information FREE. Address at once and prove all for yourselves. E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

MUNN & Co. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for **PATENTS**
A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.
Feb. 11th. 1y

Executors' Notice.
ALL persons having dead demands against the estate of JAMES G. CHARLTON, late of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to
JOHN H. CHARLTON, } *Executors.*
HENRY S. CHARLTON,
Lawrencetown, March 31st, 1891. tf

UNDERTAKING.
Messrs. ROOP & SHAW
MIDDLETON, N. S.
Beg to announce to the public that they intend carrying on the Undertaking Business at Middleton, and have now in stock a varied and comprehensive line of
Caskets, Coffins, Trimmings,
AND ALL OTHER FURNISHINGS.
Parties requiring their services can rest assured of prompt and satisfactory attention, at most reasonable charges.
ROOP & SHAW.
Middleton, June 16th, 1891. 11 tf



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CENTRAL
Book Store
FOR
Tangle-Foot Sticky Fly Paper.
SURE TO CATCH 'EM.
A large supply of *PLAIN and FANCY* **STATIONERY** just opened, in fashionable *KEMP and IMPERIAL* Kent Linen.
B. J. ELDERKIN.
Bridgetown, August 12th, 1891. 19

CHILDREN LIKE IT.
LIKE WHAT?
ESTEY'S
EMULSION
OF
Cod Liver Oil
Old and young take it for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all Lung diseases.
PALATABLE AS MILK. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST.

MONEY TO LOAN.
NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained and forms of application therefor and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
20 6m *Agent at Annapolis.*

NOTICE.
The packet schooner **TEMPLE BAR** will ply as usual between this port and St. John, N. B.
LIME and SALT
constantly kept for sale.
J. H. LONGMIRE, Master.
ALSO—Schooner **NANCY ANNA**, W. R. LONGMIRE, Master, will run on same route.
When schooners are not in port, apply to
Capt. P. NICHOLSON, Bridgetown, N. S.
1 50 tf

Dr. J. WOODBURY'S
DINNER PILLS
are not offered to the public as a remedy for all Diseases, but for every form of
INDIGESTION,
and the innumerable train of early distressing symptoms arising therefrom, these Pills are decidedly **the most infallible remedy ever offered to the public.**
For the removal of DYSPEPSIA in all its forms, CHRONIC DISEASES OF THE LIVER, PILES, JAUNDICE, IRREGULAR ACTION OF THE HEART, etc., these Pills are emphatically
THE REMEDY.
Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.
PREPARED ONLY BY
F. L. SHAFFNER, Middleton Annapolis Co., N. S.

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO
JOB WORK
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
We have increased facilities for turning out
FINE WORK
—such as—
NOTE HEADS, LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, MEMO. HEADS, BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS.
POSTERS, DODGERS, PROGRAMMES, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, TICKETS, ENVELOPES, ETC., ETC.
Choice Lines of
WEDDING STATIONERY
always on hand.
Estimates Furnished, Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Orders from any part of the Country will receive prompt attention.
Address,
"MONITOR" OFFICE,
Bridgetown, N. S.

PIANO & ORGAN TUNING.
I am devoting my time to tuning and repairing Pianos and Organs and any orders sent to me at Truro will receive my attention in my annual turn through the province. Intending purchasers will do well to communicate with me before purchasing elsewhere, as I am willing to order for small commission.
4 tf G. O. GATES, Truro, N. S.

HAGYARDS
YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM.

FREEMAN'S
WORM POWDERS.
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults

BRIDGETOWN GROCERY.
JUST RECEIVED:
TEAS AND COFFEES, UNEQUALLED FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOR.
SPICES, Warranted Pure.
CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
BISCUITS, Fresh from the Manufactory,
SYRUPS of all kinds,
SUGARS, MOLASSES, PORK, BEANS, TOBACCOS, PICKLES.
FRUIT: ORANGES, LEMONS, and BANANAS.
AT LOWEST CASH PRICE.
GEO. H. DIXON.

Established 1873.
THE WEEKLY MONITOR.
ISSUED ON WEDNESDAY,
At Bridgetown, Annapolis Co., N. S.
M. K. PIPER, Proprietor and Publisher.
TERMS $1.50 per annum, if paid within three months; if not, $2.00.
ADVERTISING RATES.
One square, (1½ inches), one insertion.....$1.00
Twenty-five cents each continuation.
One square, one year.....$10.00
Two squares, one year.....15.00
A liberal discount to regular advertisers, and full information given on application.
Advertisers are respectfully requested to hand in their matter as early in the week as possible.
Copy for changes, to secure insertion, must be in our hands not later than TUESDAY NOON.
JOB PRINTING
of all kinds, plain and fancy, executed at short notice. Neat work, good paper, and reasonable prices. Pamphlets for lodges, societies, and catalogues, put up in any style required.
News items from all parts of the County respectfully solicited.
Births, deaths and marriages inserted free of charge.
Address all business letters or correspondence to "MONITOR" Office, or
R. S. McCORMICK, Manager.

Poetry.

Thanksgiving Hymn.

WILL CARLETON.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day, and the stars of the night;
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,
And blessings that march down the pathway of time.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is drear—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;
For never in blindness, and never in vain,
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank Thee, O Father, for song and for feast—
The harvest that glowed and the wealth that increased;
For never a blessing encompassed earth's child,
But Thou in Thy mercy looked downward and smiled.

We thank Thee, O Father of all the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,
And all the soul helps that sad souls understand.

We thank Thee, O Father, for days yet to be—
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee—
That all our eternity form, through Thy love,
One Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above!

The Dressed Turkey.

One of the parish sent one morn—
A farmer kind and able—
A nice fat turkey, raised on corn,
To grace the pastor's table.

The farmer's lad went with the fowl,
And thus addressed the pastor:
"Dear me, if I ain't tired! Here is
A gobbler from my master."

The pastor said: "Thou shouldst not thus
Present the fowl to me;
Come, take my chair, and for me act,
And I will act for thee."

The preacher's chair received the boy,
The fowl the pastor took—
Went out with it and then came in
With pleasant smile and look.

And to his young *pro tem*, he said:
"Dear sir, my honored master
Presents this turkey, and his best
Respects to you, his pastor."

"Good!" said the boy; "your master is
A gentleman and scholar!
My thanks to him, and for yourself,
Here is half a dollar!"

The pastor felt around his mouth
A most peculiar twitching:
And to the gobbler holding fast,
He "bolted" for the kitchen.

He gave the turkey to the cook,
And came back in a minute,
Then took the youngster's hand and left
A half a dollar in it.

Select Literature.

Linda's Responsibility.

A Thanksgiving Story Founded on Facts.

"Now, Linda, remember, I trust those turkeys entirely to you, and you're responsible for 'em," said Nathan Holway, as he stood at the barn-yard gate one November morning, his gun at his shoulder, and a rough canvas game-bag hanging at his side.

Linda was milking the old red cow, and she paused as Nathan spoke, and glanced up at him, a weary look on her youthful face.

"Goodness, Nat, how you do go on about those turkeys! You really scare me, givin' me so many directions about 'em. You'll be gone only three days. What can happen to 'em in that time."

"Well, I don't know," and Nathan looked reflectively at his smiling sister. "You might get careless 'bout fastenin' 'em up, or forget to feed 'em."

"I hope I'm old enough to know how to take care of a few turkeys," and Linda tossed her head. "You needn't fret. Everyone of the nineteen will be waiting for you when you get back Tuesday night. Mr. Barlow is comin' for 'em Wednesday, isn't he?"

"Yes, he said he'd be along by seven o'clock so as to get up by daybreak to kill 'em. I do *hope* you'll take good care of 'em, Linda."

"Oh, go 'long, Nathan; you're real foolish about those turkeys. One would think they were your own flesh 'n' blood."

"You won't say I'm foolish when you see me getting ten cents a pound for 'em, feathers 'n' all," rejoined Nathan. "It's because so much depends upon those turkeys that I tell you so often not to forget to take care of 'em while I'm gone."

"Well, I *am* going to take care of 'em," said Linda. "You needn't worry one bit. And now don't say 'turkey' to me again, or I'll throw something at you," and she bent her head against the cow's side and resumed her milking with redoubled energy.

Nathan laughed, and went off whistling, but not entirely easy concerning his cherished turkeys. Linda was always ready enough to do a favor, but she was proverbially careless, and it was giving her a great responsibility to put her in charge of that great coop-full of turkeys.

But Nathan could see no help for it, for he could not miss his hunting expedition to Bald Mountain. For several years he had made a practice of going to the mountain every November, just before Thanksgiving, to spend three or four days with an old hunter who lived there, and who put him in the way of killing all the game he could carry home. Nathan was an enthusiastic sportsman, and looked forward all the year to his annual visit to old Joe. They often found deer, and once they had actually come within an ace of killing a black bear, and were resolved that sooner or later Bruin should fall a victim to their keen markmanship, for that he still haunted the mountain, they were well convinced.

"We may come across the old black rascal this time," mused Nathan as he trudged along over the snow-covered fields after leaving Linda. "We'll have a hunt for him, anyway. And if Linda only takes good care of my turkeys I'm sure of making more money this Thanksgiving than ever before, and I'll have that horse, sure."

The house which the Holway family called home was a rough, unpainted building of six rooms and a "lean-to." It stood in a large, ill-kept yard, and was enclosed by a rail fence, a pair of bars in front doing duty as a gate. Back of the house was a garden, and back of that were fields of stubble, over which Nathan plodded all through the spring and summer. Beyond this was a pasture, full of rocks and bushes, in which some lean cattle grazed; and then came a belt of woods, where beech and birch, oak and maple trees grew thick and close.

Nathan was a boy "with a head on his shoulders," as his mother often remarked proudly, and he had a great ambition to "live like other folks." But he found it hard work to get along, weighted with the support of a mother and three sisters; and they were all very familiar with the howling of the wolf at the door.

Linda was the only one of the girls old enough to help much, and she and Nathan had long talks about the best way to make the farm pay. It was not mortgaged. There was solid comfort in that. And whatever they made off of it was their own.

"What we need is a horse," said Nathan. "It's awfully expensive hiring all the time."

And a horse he determined to have. He looked upon it as the first step toward respectability. With a horse of his own, he felt sure he could make the farm pay, and then would come other things that were wanted. He had proposed to sell the six cows in order to buy a horse; but his mother and Linda opposed this so strenuously that he gave it up. The milk was taken to town regularly every morning by Mr. Barlow, and gave them an income of a dollar and a half a day, and naturally they were loth to agree to a proposition that would take this sum from them.

So Nathan concluded to go into turkeys. He bought half a dozen full-grown turkeys to start with in the early spring, and fully expected to reap a rich reward. But he did not make any calculation as to probable losses, and instead of having forty or fifty young turkeys by Thanksgiving, he had only nineteen, all told. Of these he expected to sell thirteen, which would give him about fifteen dollars, which, added to the thirty dollars he had on hand, and the proceeds of the sale of the venison and birds he would bring from Bald Mountain, would make enough to pay the first instalment on a stout horse which Farmer Hildred had offered to let him have for one hundred dollars.

"And with that horse in the barn we're sure of a good living," he said to Linda, when they talked the matter over.

So it was not strange that he was anxious about the turkeys, and that he thoughs he had invested Linda with a great responsibility in putting her in charge of them.

But Linda regarded the responsibility very lightly.

"As if anything *could* happen to those turkeys!" she thought, as her brother left her, and she finished milking. "Nat's got turkey on the brain.'

The turkey coop was a large, rough affair, which Nathan had built himself, and stood on a little knoll at the edge of the belt of woods back of the barn.

"I don't see what possessed Nat to build that coop so far from the house," grumbled Linda when she came in from feeding the turkeys, the evening of the day her brother left. "It's a real journey to that wood, and how I'm going to get to it if a heavy fall of snow comes I'm sure I don't know."

The snow came that night, and lay a foot deep on the ground when Linda looked from the window the next morning.

"You'd better put on Nat's high rubber boots when you go to feed the turkeys, Linda," said her mother. "You'll get your feet wet wearing only those old shoes."

"Bother the turkeys!" rejoined Linda. "I wish Nat would come home 'n' take care of 'em himself. It's no fun going out in this snow."

But she mixed up a pan of corn meal, put on the big boots, tied a shawl about her head and shoulders, and went out to attend to her troublesome charges at once.

She fed again at night; but Monday morning she forgot all about them. It was wash day, and she was very busy, and so was every one else. No one thought of the turkeys until late in the afternoon, when it began to snow again. Then little Hester suddenly reminded Linda of her charge.

"If it snows much more you can't go to the turkey coop, Linda," she said. "The turkeys 'll have to starve."

"Oh, those turkeys!" cried Linda, catching her shawl from a peg, and running into the pantry for some corn. "If Nat finds out I forgot 'em, he'll never forgive me," and out she went into the fast-falling snow, the pan of corn under her arm, and her old shawl streaming in the wind.

Little Hester climbed upon a chair by the kitchen window to watch for her sister's return.

"There she comes!" she announced presently, "and she's brin'in' back the corn."

"Something must have happened," said Mrs. Holway, hurrying to open the door.

Something had happened. Linda came in with wild, anxious eyes, and very pale cheeks. "The turkeys are gone!" she cried. "Yes, the whole nineteen." Somehow or other they got the door open, and they're gone. Oh, what *will* Nat say?" and the tears rose to her eyes, and stood there thickly.

"You couldn't have fastened the door after you fed them last night," said Mrs. Holway.

"I suppose not," answered Linda dejectedly; "And yet I meant to be so careful. O, mother, what *shall* I do?"

"Go to look for them," said her mother. "Perhaps you can track them. They've taken to the woods, of course."

"If they've met any wild turkeys you'll *never* get 'em back," said Maggie, who was a year younger than Linda. "Don't you remember what Mr. Barlow told us about losing his turkeys?" The wild turkeys keep 'em, he said."

"I *must* get them back," said Linda. "Nat would never get over it if he should come home and find that coop empty."

Maggie offered to help her in the hunt, and they started out at once. But the fresh snow had covered up the turkeys' tracks, and after spending two hours roaming about in the woods, the girls returned, wet, tired, and utterly discouraged.

A more wretched girl than Linda, it would have been hard to find. The thought of her brother's return on the morrow, made her fairly sick. She did not dare hope for a moment that the turkeys would come back, but nevertheless went to the coop half a dozen times before nightfall to see if they *had* come. But though she found some rabbit tracks, there were no signs that the turkeys had been there.

She slept very little that night, and when she came down stairs Tuesday morning she was pale and haggard.

"You mustn't stop eating just because those turkeys are gone, Linda," said her mother, when at breakfast the girl sat with her plate empty before her. "Take some hot cakes, now; they're real good this mornin'."

Linda shook her head dismally, and two tears rose to her eyes and plashed down on the empty plate.

"I *can't* eat," she said. "I'm almost sick. Oh, if I'd only never taken the responsibility of those turkeys! What *will* Nat say to me?"

"He's sure to feel awful bad," said Maggie. "I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything."

"Come, now, don't talk like that," said Mrs. Holway. "Lindy feels bad 'nough as 'tis."

That was a long day to Linda,—the longest, most unhappy day she could remember. She went to the turkey coop at noon, and scattered some corn there, but with no hope that anything but the rabbits would eat it

Nat was expected home before dark, but at six o'clock he had not come, and supper was eaten without him.

"He'll be along soon, I guess," said Mrs. Holway. "I'll keep something hot for him."

Linda sat by the window looking out on the snow-covered ground, her face pressed against the cool pane, and let her mother and Maggie clear the table and put away the dishes. She didn't feel able to help.

All at once she started up, and took the lantern from the shelf over the sink.

"I'm going out to the coop just once more," she said. "It's no use, I know—of course the turkeys won't be there. But it will be some satisfaction, and I can't sit here. My head aches as if it would split."

She lighted the lantern, but the wind was blowing a gale, and as the glass of the lantern was cracked the light flickered a moment and went out, almost before she had closed the kitchen door behind her. But she did not go back, for the stars were shining, and she could see her way very clearly.

She tried to think as she went along in what words she would tell Nathan of his loss, but finding none, could only hope she would have time to get back to the house and go to bed before he came. Then her mother could tell him, and she need not meet him until the next morning.

As she neared the turkey coop she heard a rustling sound inside, and stopped short, her heart beating almost to suffocation. Then a distinct *gobble* sounded on the air.

For a moment her joy was so great that she could not move. Then with one bound she was at the door of the coop, and had shut it and fastened it, in less time than it takes to tell it.

"They've come back!" she gasped, as she dashed into the kitchen. And then she threw herself down on her patchwork-covered lounge, and cried as she had seldom cried before.

"You've got something to be thankful for now, Lindy," said little Hester.

"Thankful! That's no word for it," cried Linda, when she could trust herself to speak.

Nathan had not come at eight o'clock, and the whole family returned, leaving the kitchen door unlocked that he might be able to get in if he came late. But Linda was hardly in bed when she heard him creeping up the stairs, and the next moment he rapped softly at her door.

"Are you awake, Linda?" he asked in a loud whisper. "How are my turkeys? All right?"

"And how glad Linda was to be able to say "Yes," and then sink to sleep with an easy conscience.

She was awakened at daylight the next morning, however, by the sound of her brother's voice in the kitchen below, raised in tones of the most intense excitement.

Those turkeys! There was something wrong with them, after all. Cold and trembling with vague apprehensions of evil, Linda sprang up and hurried on her clothes. She was so weak when she went down stairs, that she had to cling to the balusters for support, and she looked pale and frightened as she pushed open the kitchen door.

She expected to find Nathan looking the picture of woe, and when he turned toward her a face fairly radiant with joy, she looked at him wonderingly.

"There's nothing wrong, I hope, Nat," she said, in a voice that faltered a little.

"Wrong!" shouted Nat, in a state of wild exultation; "no, everything's all right. How glad I was to shoot a wild turkey up on the mountain! And then to come home and find my own sister had caged over twenty! Packed in like sardines, they are! How did you manage it, Lindy? Mother declares you never told her a word about it."

"I—I don't understand," stammered Linda.

"You don't mean to say that you didn't know that there are more than twenty wild turkeys in the coop!" cried Nat, amazed.

And then gradually poor, bewildered Linda was made to understand that when the nineteen hungry turkeys had returned the previous evening, they had brought with them about the same number of wild guests as hungry as themselves, and that she had closed the door on the whole tribe just in the nick of time.

There they all were, large and fat and round, and gobbling wildly for their release.

But the release did not come in exactly the way that would have been most acceptable to them, for Nathan knew their value too well, and an hour later they were all lying in a heap in Mr. Barlow's wagon, on the way to the market town ten miles distant.

"I'll leave you in charge of my turkeys again next year, Lindy," said Nat, as he stood by his sister's side, and watched the wagon roll away.

"Never," said Linda, emphatically, "I've had enough of taking care of turkeys to last me a lifetime!"—*Florence B. Hallowell, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

Is the World Growing Better?

This very common and very important question is often answered doubtingly and sometimes in despair, but we reply clearly and confidently, yes, it is! True, the daily papers bring us such a crowd of records of crime, that the mass seems overpowering, and we hastily conclude society is going straight to ruin. But we forget that when we were young each paper reported only the crimes in its own region, and not all of those. Now the entire country is threaded with wires, and the papers bring the records of crime from every direction, thousands of miles away. By this accumulation, while the ratio of crime may be less, it seems more.

Then, too, the population of our country is twice what it was a few years ago, and if the aggregate of crime were only doubled, it would appear to be trebled. Besides, our community is infiltrated with a low foreign population, which, making only a small fraction of entire people, yet gives us a large fraction of the total crime. Every reader notices how large a share of the arrests for crime is in foreign names, and all the police records, confirm the conviction.

But, making ample allowance for these abatements, the query still comes up, is the standard of public morals any higher than formerly? Is the world any better than it was? Contrast almost any tests in the earlier part of this century with our own day. In England compare the vice and profligacy of the court and the people with the purer morals of the present time. Characters were then popular that would now be infamous.

Then cards and *fox* hunting were the milder offences of the clergy, and a quiet game of baccarat by a prince would never have attracted public comment. Within this century and on British soil an English wife has been sold at auction with a rope around her neck. How utterly impossible now!

The relation of laws to crime has been mitigated. Up to the time of Victoria, criminals tried for burglary and murder were not allowed counsel, and had to defend themselves as best they could against trained always lawyers using every artifice to convict them. Could that be done now? So as to the mitigation of the English work laws, by which young children were lashed for sleep and neglect in their thirteen hours of work in coal mines. This century has seen slavery abolished throughout the world.

Like or greater progress of morals has never been shown in our own country. We have seen the tortures of war mitigated as never before. In our own civil war the enemy's wounded were cared for like our own, and prisoners of war were treated with humanity, always excepting the brutal horrors of Andersonville. The reform in the management of our states prisons and in the care of the insane has been marvellous. All these show that the public heart has a keener sense of wrong done and of duty. The amount of drunkenness is less for the number of people than before, and the efforts to further temperance have never been so vigorous. Statistics show that the ratio of poverty, crime and intemperance is steadily decreasing.

One point is specially worthy of notice, that there is no form of vice or crime, but the spirit of the age rises at once to efforts for its reform. So we are often misled into thinking that crime is on the increase, whereas the general level of society morals has been so much raised, that now vice and crime are more prominent than ever before. Official vices in high places are not tolerated to-day as they once were. A conspicuous bad man must get down and out, and this was never so true as to-day. So let us be thankful we are living in an age whose course, spite of drawbacks many and severe, is yet slowly but steadily an evolution upwards.

—Barns was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a wealthy merchant belonging to the town had the misfortune to fall into the harbor. He was no swimmer; and his death would have been inevitable, had not a sailor plunged in at the risk of his own life, and rescued him from his dangerous situation. The merchant upon recovering a little from his fright, put his hand into his pocket, and presented the sailor with a shilling. The crowd, who were by this time collected, loudly protested against the insignificance of the sum; but Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamor. "For," said he, "the gentleman is, of course, the best judge of the value of his own life."

The Czar of Russia.

The Czar of Russia probably has his own troubles as well as we commoner mortals. Where we have the advantage in such troubles as dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, bad blood and the like is in being able to procure easily a perfect remedy in Burdock Blood Bitters, nature's grand restorative tonic and purifier.

A Phenomenal River.

The St. Lawrence is a phenomenon among rivers. No other river is fed by such gigantic lakes; no other river is so independent of the elements. It despises alike rain, snow and sunshine. Ice and wind may be said to be the only thing that effects its mighty flow.

Something almost as phenomenal as the St. Lawrence itself is the fact that there is so little generally known about it. It might safely be affirmed that not one per cent. of the American public are aware of the fact that among all the great rivers of the world the St. Lawrence is the only absolutely floodless one.

Such, however, is the case. The St. Lawrence despises rain and sunshine. Its greatest variation caused by drought or rain hardly ever exceeds a foot or fourteen inches.

The cause of this almost everlasting sameness of volume is easily understood. The St. Lawrence is fed by the mightiest bodies of fresh water on earth.

Vast as is the volume of water it pours into the ocean, any one who has traversed all the immense lakes that feed it, and for the surplus water of which it is the only channel to the sea, wonder that is not even more gigantic than it is.

Not one drop of the water of the five great lakes finds its way to the ocean save through this gigantic, extraordinary and wonderously beautiful river. No wonder, then, that it should despise the rain and defy the sunshine.

Self-Supporting.

It is pleasant and hopeful to note that so many of the young women of America are learning to value the mental powers and the education that will make it possible for them to support themselves if the necessity for doing so should arise. The daughters of comparatively wealthy men are not infrequently found assisting their fathers in the office or counting-room as typewriters or accountants.

Many so-called fashionable ladies make their own dresses and hats, we are told, having gone through a regular course of instruct on in the art of millinery and dressmaking. An instance recently came to the notice of the writer that has in it a lesson for women who give no thought to the state of dependence to which they would be reduced if their parents or husbands should die, leaving them unprovided for.

A lady who had a beautiful home and three little children and whose husband was supposed to be comparatively wealthy, one day found herself a widow and almost penniless, her husband having been engaged in unfortunate speculations just before his death.

The lady's friends were profuse in their offers of sympathies, while wondering "what in the world she would do now."

She knew just what she would do. Within a month she had opened a millinery establishment that at once became very popular and profitable, for the bonnets she had worn in the past had been such models of elegance that her fashionable friends were glad to take advantage of her good taste. They never dreamed that she had privately given herself a very good business education.

She was successful from the first, and the praises she received for her cleverness and good-sense would have turned the head of a less sensible woman.—*Youth's Companion.*

What a Great Matter a Little Fire Kindleth.

About fifty years ago a lady, passing hurriedly down one of the crowded thoroughfares of New York, caught sight of a deformed, starved-looking boy selling flowers. His limbs were shrunken, but his head was large, and the protruding forehead and brilliant eyes told of a strong, keen intellect. She stopped to question him, and found that he had been to school for one or three years, but at his father's death had been compelled to begin at once to earn his own living.

His new friend did not content herself with a few words of pity. She found some light remunerative work for him, entered him at a night school, and after a year or two, finding him worthy, procured for him a free-school scholarship in a Western college.

He became one of the most useful ministers in his denomination, laboring zealously among the poor and greatly respected class to which in himself had belonged.

The records of every profession and trade are full of the histories of men who have been started in the road to usefulness by a little timely encouragement and help. Sympathy is a good thing, but a little efficient practical help is better.

THE LONG-LIVED JEW.—The life of a Jew in London is, on an average, twice as long as that of a Gentile. Dr. B. W. Richardson says that the Jews present an exceptional endurance against disease. Virchow declares that the Jewish race has at all times been distinguished by great tenacity of life. Hoffman and Bernoulli have proved that Jewish lives are, on an average, nearly 50 per cent. more valuable than those of any other known people. They escape great epidemics more readily than the other races with whom they live. Notable examples of this were seen in the "black death" in 1348, and in the numerous epidemics of cholera, which is so rare among Jews that the very fact of its occurrence has been doubted. Suicide, also, is only one-fourth as frequent among Jews as Gentiles. Consumption and the tubercular diseases in general, while not entirely unknown, are admitted by all authorities to be extremely rare.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

—A country man went to Chicago, his wife and daughters accompanying him. The party passed the day of their visit in seeing the sights. Among the sights was an elevator. One of the daughters was first to discover the elevator moving silently up and down, receiving and discharging its passengers. She pulled her father's coat sleeve to direct his attention to the wonderful thing, and, in words that were heard by every one in the room, she asked, "What's that, pa,—that funny thing going up and down, with sofys in it?" The father gave the elevator a long, calm, deliberate stare, and exclaimed, with joy, "My sakes alive! it's a telephone,—the first I ever see!"

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

—For scrofula in every form Hood's Sarsaparilla is a radical, reliable remedy. It has an unequalled record of cures.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.