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The Weekly Monitor

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H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

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Weekly Monitor

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FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.

IT is a most agreeable dressing, which is at once harmless and effectual, for preserving the hair. It restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray, light, and red hair, to a rich brown, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use thin hair is thickened, and baldness often though not always cured. It checks falling of the hair immediately, and causes a new growth in all cases where the glands are not decayed; while to brashy, weak, or otherwise diseased hair, it imparts vitality and strength, and renders it pliable.

The VIGOR cleanses the scalp, cures and prevents the formation of dandruff; and, by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing properties, it heals most if not all of the humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under which conditions diseases of the scalp and hair are impossible.

As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair

The VIGOR is incomparable. It is colorless, contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil white cambric. It imparts an agreeable and lasting perfume, and as an article for the toilet it is economical and unsurpassed in its excellence.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

HELLO!

AGENTS can make more money selling our new

TELEPHONES!

than in any other business. Send $4 for sample pair and wire to put up and exhibit. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Large profits.

Address,

U. S. TELEPHONE CO.,
123 S. Clarke St., Chicago, Ill.

Subscribe for The Monitor

KEEP YOUR MONEY AT HOME, BY PATRONIZING A LOCAL INDUSTRY, AND STOP TAKING DOLLAR WEEKLIES THAT CONTAIN ONLY GENERAL MATTER, WHILE THE MONITOR LABORS FOR YOUR BENEFIT IN EVERY WAY.

ONLY $1.50 PER YEAR.

Ready - Made CLOTHING!

BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of

Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers.

All a

Splendid Assortment of

FALL SUITS

Pants and Vests. Also,

1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes.
Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very LOW FOR CASH,

BEALES & DODGE.

Middleton, Nov .. '78

MONCTON Refined Sugars.

ALL orders for the above received on or before the

LAST DAY OF MAY,

will be filled and delivered the

FIRST WEEK IN JUNE,

—BY—

W. B. TROOP.

Granville, May 23rd, 1881.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 29 King St., West Toronto, W. W. Butcher, Manager, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.

$2 Watches. Stem Winders $2.50. White Metal Hunting Case $5. Imitation gold $6. Solid gold $12. Cheapest and best for use or speculative purposes. Valuable catalog to free. Thompson & Co. 112 Nassau St. N.Y.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

—(0:0)—

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

A careful examination of the insurments 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

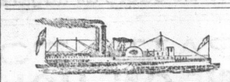
FULLY WARRANTED.

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.



THREE TRIPS A WEEK.

Steamer "EMPRESS."

Between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting at Digby with the Western Counties Railway for and from WEYMOUTH, YARMOUTH, &c., and at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, for and from KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX, and intermediate stations; also, with the Stage for Liverpool. And at St. John with the International Steamship Co., and the Provincial and New England All Rail Line for Portland, Boston, and other points in the United States and Upper Canada.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, June 6th and until further notice, the splendid, fast, and staunch sea-going Steamer EMPRESS, will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, St. John on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at EIGHT O'CLOCK, Returning will leave Annapolis for Digby and St. John, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY afternoons after arrival of Express Train from Halifax.

Fare—Annapolis to Digby.....75c.
" St. John.....$2.00
Fare Digby to St. John.....$1.50

The splendid Steamer of the Intercolonial Steamship Co. leave St. John on Monday Wednesday and Friday Mornings, at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston, thus forming connection with "Empress" each way every trip.

Express Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John at 8.15 a. m. and 9 p. m. every day, excepting Saturday night and Sunday morning.

Through Tickets from Annapolis, Digby and all Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis and Western Counties Railways, to Boston and Portland, issued at special reduced rates.

Baggage Checked Through. Low Rates Freight.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents of that Company; also from S. BRIGNELL, Esq., General Superintendant, and the several Station Agents of the Western Counties Railway, and of

R. B. HUMPHREY, GENERAL AGENT.
45 Dock St., St. John.
E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

☞ By request Return Tickets, at One Fare, will be issued from Annapolis and Digby, respectively, to St. John, on Saturdays, good to return on Monday following. These tickets to be confined exclusively to these days, and not to be transferable.

St. John, N. B., June 1st, 1881.

Books, - - Stationery.

Buckley & Allen,

OFFER during the Autumn Season, at low prises a large stock of STAPLE STATIONERY, and School supplies. Fancy Stationery, and Stationers' Sundries. Novelties in Ink Stands and Paper Knives. Special inducements to purchasers of Photograph, Autograph and Scrap Albums. An immense variety of Bibles, Church Services and Prayer Books. All the Seaside, Franklin Square and Standard Libraries. Complete supply of the Poets, large assortment of Miscellaneous and Standard Books. Call and inspect for yourselves, Don t forget the address

BUCKLEY & ALLEN.
124 Granville St., Halifax.

GREAT BARGAIN!

THE Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT or private Contract,

His Beautiful Residence at

LOWER MIDDLETON.

The House contains 11 rooms, all in thorough repair, Good Stabling for 3 or 4 Horses, Carriage House and Wood House. The grounds consists of 2 acres in a high state of cultivation with a very fine orchard of 100 or more superior trees, (choice varieties of fruit) nearly all which are in bearing, some trees producing yearly 3 Barrels or more. The Guarden is also well stocked with a good variety of Fruit trees. The situation is convenient to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very healthy.

ALSO, Small Farm, situate in NORTH WILLIAMSTON, about two miles from Lawrencetown Railway Station. The House contains 6 Rooms, the ground flat only being finished. Good Barn, and a number of useful and necessary outbuildings. The Farm consists of about 70 acres, 30 of which are in hay and under cultivation. A good Orchard, in bearing, producing yearly 25 to 30 barrels, and with care will soon increase to 100 or more barrels. Cuts about 14 tons Hay yearly, with a superior chance to increase largely at a very small outlay. Location public, healthy, convenient and desirable particularly to a person with moderate means. Possession at once if desired. Terms for both places easy.

EDWARD H. PHINNEY.
Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

BRIDGETOWN Drug Store!

THE subscriber has removed the Bridgetown DRUG STORE to

QUEEN STREET,

where you may find Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Fancy and Toilet articles, Sponges, Brushes, and perfumery. Stationery, &c., Choice Tobacco, Cigars and Confectionery.

Physician's Prescriptions carefully compounded, and orders answered with care and dispatch. Terms Cash.

J. DENNISON.
n8 3m

Encyclopedia Britannica.

Subscriptions will be taken at this office. Payments are made very easy and extend over a period of five or six years, enabling a person of very moderate means to secure this invaluable work.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

SEPTEMBER BULLETIN!

Good News for the Blind!

AT THE BRIDGETOWN JEWELRY STORE, Post Office building, you can purchase a pair of

Steel Bowed Spectacles,

such as are sold by pedlars, for $2.50, at the very low figure of

$1.00,

and get a twenty-five cent case thrown in. Call and see for yourself.

☞ Can fit anybody—old or young.

J. E. Sancton

BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

THE subscribers are still importing and manufacturing

Monuments & Gravestones

Of ITALIAN and AMERICAN Marble.

ALSO:

Granite and Freestone Monuments.

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad

☞ Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work.

DANIEL FALCONER. OLDHAM WHITMAN

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs. Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

CARD.

Edmund Bent

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Sales attended to promptly in any part of the County. Consignments solicited. Prompt returns made.

Bridgetown, N. S., May, 1880. n5tf

$72 a week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Agusta, Maine.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN order to meet the demands of our numerous customers, we beg to announce that, we have added to our extensive

Slipper and Larrigan Factory

the necessary Machinery for the Manufacture of

Men's, Women's, Misses', & Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

in all the leading styles.

By continuing, as in the past, to use first quality of material, we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage in our new branch of business, as well as a continuance of public favor in our old business.

Vincent & McFate,
240 Union Street, St. John, N. B

Rubber Bucket

PUMPS

THE subscribers wish to announce to the public that they have ordered a large stock, and are prepared to fill orders with promptness.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Parties can be supplied with pumps complete, or in parts to suit by addressing

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO.

LAWRENCETOWN, A C,

Poetry.

The Gathering of the Clans.

From many a strath and moor they come,
that's fanned by Norland's breeze,
From where the wild Atlantic breaks upon
the Hebrides;
From Fifeshire, where the golfers play beside the foaming Forth;
From Sutherlandshire, where the winds
come howling from the North:
From Perthshire and from Lanarkshire the
gallant troops will press,
And Aberdeen will fraternize with lads
from Inverness.

They gather at the Queen's command
where Arthur's seat looks down,
A *couchant* lion keeping watch o'er all the
ancient town;
They show that Scottish faith is leal, and
Scottish hearts as bold,
As when, beneath St. Andrew's Cross, they
warred with us of old.
But lo! the ancient feuds are o'er, the
Scotch and English ride
Together, 'neath one banner now, to battle
side by side!

—*Punch.*

Select Literature.

Just for a Lark.

A LOVE STORY OF OLD ORCHARD BEACH.

A large, light, airy trimming hall in the straw works of Cushing & Co., Milford, Mass., where fifty nimble-fingered girls sat trimming hats in black, white and fancy straws, which are piled up before each on the long, low desks.

Half of the girls are natives of Milford. Pretty, ladylike and well dressed, they have little of the air or manner of the traditional shop girl. Most of them have pleasant homes, but prefer to earn their own spending money.

Lottie Richards, a high school graduate six months ago, pretty, piquant and mischief-loving, comes from the office with a dozen dainty white lace hats labeled 'Artist,' and takes her seat amid the clique of which she is an important factor.

'Aren't these lovely, nobby, something like artist's hats? Those rough and ready ones in yellow and brown straw that we trimmed yesterday were horrors. I should think they would give an artist the nightmare to look at them, much less wear them.'

'Oh, my! they are too sweet for anything!' exclaimed Eva Moore, perching one on her brown head. 'The artist who wears this ought to be tall and handsome, with long, flowing hair, soft, dreamy eyes, a love of a mustache and white, slender hands.'

'If he's much of an artist he'll have hard work to keep them white,' laughed Julia Banks, who has daubed some in crayon and water colors.

'Mr. Harley was just such a person,' said Lottie. 'You know I told you about him when I came back from Old Orchard last summer. I never could bear him, he was such a foppish, conceited thing.'

'Wouldn't it be funny if you should meet one of these hats down there this summer,' laughed Julia.

'You ought to put a private mark on some of them, so that if you ever saw one you could claim it,' suggested Ella.

'And its owner, too,' supplemented Julia.

'Tell me something to put on, and I declare I'll do it,' Lottie said, entering fairly into the sport of the thing.

'Write something and put it inside the lining,' suggested Dora Swift.

'Yes, do, do!' chorused the rest.

'Splendid, girls! What shall it be? exclaimed Lottie, as she adjusted the purple satin tip which bore 'Artist' in golden capitals, and commenced sewing down the soft silk lining.

'Poetry,' said Ella.

'Say that you want the owner of the hat for a husband, and sign your name to it,' said Dora Swift, with girlish audacity.

'Yes, do!' exclaimed the others. 'You may lay the foundation of a capital adventure.'

'I will,' said Lottie, the spirit of mischief taking dossession of her. On a small square of white paper she wrote in pencil:

'If the owner hereafter of this hat is good looking, agreeable, intellectual and has small feet and hands, the trimmer of said hat, Lottie Richards, would like to have him for a husband.

L. R. M.——, Mass.'

'There, girls,' as it was passed around from one to another, 'that is rather strong, I think, but here goes,' Lottie said gaily, as after banding her hat she laid the paper smoothly between the satin tip and the crown and sewed down the lining neatly.

'You must do that one extra nice,' said Ella.

'Yes; your destiny will hang upon that hat,' said Dora, in mock, solemn tones.

'I hope I'll have some fun out of it, anyway,' said Lottie. 'If I get into trouble it will be your fault, girls, for I should never have thought of it but for you.'

'What trouble can you get in?' asked Ella, arching her eyebrows.

'She has given her address, perhaps he'll come here to find her,' said Dora.

'Wouldn't it be fun if he should?' exclaimed Julia. 'But how is anyone to find it, hid away in there?'

'Oh, we must trust to luck for the lining to get tore out some way, laughed Ella.

The little matter settled, the girls hurried to make up the lost time. Lottie's nimble fingers grew faster, and a dainty flush stole into her fair cheek as she thought of the little flatteries and compliments of which she was the recipient last summer, and how she must earn lots of money to buy things to make herself look pretty the coming season in the eye of the summer guests who boarded in her aunt's cosy home at Old Orchard.

We give an extract from a letter written by Lottie to Ella three months later:

'Don't you think, Ella, a gentleman came yesterday and took aunt's front chamber, two flights up; and if he didn't come out to-day in a white lace hat just like those we trimmed last spring—even to the purple satin tips and pink lining! My fingers are itching to get at it; but of course it is absurd to think that, among the thousands of hats sold, he should buy the one with my silly note in it. He has the keenest pair of blue eyes I ever saw—not a bit dreamy, like the ideal artist who was to wear it, and he's awfully old—thirty at least; so, of course, I couldn't fall in love with him. Aunt thinks he's handsome. I don't. He goes sketching every day, and has some lovely pictures in his room.

* * * * * * *

'Well, how do you like them?'

Lottie darted a startled, guilty glance at Carl Clayton as he come softly up the carpeted stairway and caught her standing peeping through his half open door at the pictures placed around the room in different positions. Bold marine sketches, most of them green, white capped waves, amid which fearless bathers plunged, dark tempests and tossing ships, golden sunsets over a mirror-like sea.

'You need not feel so shy,' he said, giving her a queer glance from beneath that Artist hat that had been tormenting her for weeks. 'I like to have my sketches admired. Please step inside; I have a particular one to show you.'

Lottie followed him shily as he threw the door wide open, but somehow she could not meet the keen, blue eyes that always made the heart flutter, why she did not understand. From a remote corner he took a large mounted canvas and held it before her a moment, with his eyes fixed upon her face, then turned it round suddenly. There was her own face, sweet and lovely, with brown hair rippling over the low white neck a dainty flush upon the soft oval cheek.

The dainty flush deepened until a crimson tide overspread her face. The first swift, pleasurable surprise that brightened her soft brown eyes made Carl Clayton's heart leap with delight. Her face was a study.

'Oh, Mr. Clayton! she faltered in sweet, girlish confusion. 'I—I—did not think you—you had painted me.'

'But I have, you see.' Then their eyes met a moment, but something in his made her want to get away from him. She murmured something about her aunt wanting her, and then stole off to her room.

'What a little fool I am! How my cheeks burn, and my heart is all in a flutter,' she thought. 'I wonder how he came to paint my picture, I wonder if I ever looked as well as that,' glancing in the mirror, which gave an affirmative answer.

But he did not find it so easy a matter. He asked her to talk with him, but she had some pretext for refusing. She made a point of evading him everywhere, and never again ventured near his door.

He watched his chance one day when she went out for a lonely ramble along the shore. She grew tired after a while and climbed to a seat on some rocks, where she could look out on the billowy waters, reflecting the afternoon sunlight. He had followed at a safe distance, and now come upon her suddenly.

'Why, Mr. Clayton,' she said in a surprise, raising to her feet, while the blood rushed to her face.

He placed his hand on her shoulder and gently forced her back to her seat, taking his place beside her.

'What made you avoid me, Lottie? He put his hand beneath her chin and compelled her eyes to meet his only for a moment. They travelled up the brim of the artist's hat, then fluttered and fell again.

'Lottie, I love you. Won't you be my little wife?' in a tone that sent a thousand eddying pulsations over her.

But who of womankind is too unsophisticated for coquetry? It comes by intuition to all of Eve's daughters.

She lifted her eyes to his, brimful of laughter. 'I do not love you,' she said, and snatching her hand away from his she sprang off the rock and was away before he could recover from his surprise.

Before long he followed the same path home with a curious expression in his deep handsome eyes.

She did not appear at the table until he had left it, for the next two days. On the third afternoon as he was stepping down the front stairway, he caught a glimpse of her gliding into the cold, darkened parlor. Ten minutes later he opened the door softly and closed it after him. She started up from the sofa with a little cry as she saw who had cornered her.

He sat down beside her and took both her hands in his with a firm grasp. Lottie tried to free them but she felt her strength going. She began to realize that she was to be mastered at last.

He waited till she was quiet, then said: 'Lottie, I want an answer to the question I asked you three days ago.'

'Didn't I answer you?' she asked, making a last effort to be heroic, though there was a suspicious tremor in her voice.

'You don't mean it?

'I did,' she presisted.

'Be careful; don't prevaricate. Didn't you write me that you wanted me for a husband?

The sudden glance, half shamed, half audacious, wholly surprised, that she flashed upon him was laughable.

He drew a paper from his vest pocket and unfolded it. Sure enough, there was her note turned up as unexpectedly as a lucky lottery ticket.

'Didn't you write this?'

'Yes; but I put in an 'if,' didn't I?' he asked, archly. 'If he is good looking and agreeable, etc.'

'Well, don't I answer the description?' he asked, quizzically.

She looked up at him. He caught the gleam of tender love light in her eyes struggling with the coquettish mischief that sparkled there. Without another word he drew her within his arms and kissed her lips.

The action sealed her fate. She had fought bravely against his strange magnetic influence from the first, but he had conquered her.

'How did you happen to find the paper? she said softly.

'I was examining the hat rather closely and detected it through the lace.'

'Didn't you think it was a very bold thing to do?' she questioned, hiding her head against her breast.

'I knew it was a girlish freak. I did not feel sure you and the writer were identical until I asked your aunt if you trimmed hats in M. I came here to study the ocean and its various moods, but the discovery of the note led me to study the face of the girl who had done such an audacious thing,' he concluded, drawing her closer to him.

* * * * * * *

'I thought he was awfully old and not a bit handsome,' when Lottie paid a visit to her late companions.

'I think he's just perfect,' said Lottie, 'but I tried awfully hard at first to keep from loving him.'

'Didn't I suggest that your destiny might hang upon that?' said Dora.

'It was so funny that he got it, wasn't it?' remarked Julia.

And Lottie thought it was.

A Drink of Water.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY OLIVER THORNE MILLER.

'Papa, I want a drink of water now,' said Maud. 'I can't wait half an hour.'

For answer, papa closed his book, and said quietly.

'Maudie, let us play 'supposing' a while.'

This was a favorite game, and Maud hesitated only a moment, while the scowling wrinkles went out of her forehead, when she said heartily, 'O yes! let's.'

'Well; supposing,' began papa as soon as Maud was comfortably seated on his knee, 'supposing we lived in Egypt, where palm trees grow and it seldom rains; and I wore a turban, and a robe hanging down to my feet, and smoked a pipe with a long tube; and supposing that mamma sat on a cushion on the floor, and never went out of the house till she wrapped up in a thick vail so that you couldn't see anything of her but her eyes; and supposing you never went to school or learned to read, but ran around the house barefooted, and had half a dozen black slaves to fan you and wait on you;—then what would you do if you wanted a drink of water?'

'Order a slave to get it, I suppose,' said Maud.

'But supposing it wasn't time for the water-carrier to come—for you could only get it from a carrier, and after you had waited a long time, and he did come, he carried only a bag, made by taking the skin off of a goat, and sewing up the legs.

'Faugh!' said Maud, 'water out of a bag would be horrid!'

'Well, then, you'd have to wait till another carrier came, who carried an earthen jar, with the water perfumed with orange flowers, and perhaps a sprig of orange sticking out of the mouth.'

'But I should think that would be most as bad as the other,' said Maud.

'It would not be very cold, certainly, and if you couldn't drink it you would have to do without,' said papa. 'There are very few countries where one can get fresh, sweet water by turning a screw.

'But supposing,' said Maud, 'that we didn't live in dry old Egypt, but in—in.'—

'In the Island of Bermuda, for instance,' said papa, when she hesitated, 'Where you said the other day you wanted to go; where the magnolias nearly cover the houses; where there is not a stream nor a well on the Island, and every drop of water they have to drink or use is caught on the roofs of the houses. You'd have to take your drink out of a cistern.'

'Cistern water is dreadful,' said Maud. 'I don't see how they can drink it! It must be awful dirty, too.'

'The roofs are covered with white plaster on purpose to be sweet and clean, but I dare say it is not so nice as we like it. But it we lived in Constantinople'—went on papa—'the beautiful city that travellers tell so much about, you'd have to buy your drink of water. And since you are so notional about it, I think none would suit you except that brought from a particular spring sixty or seventy miles away, which is brought in a steamer, and sold in a shop like other foreign luxuries'

'How funny to buy a drink of water!' said Maud.

'Many people have to buy water,' said papa. 'In the Himalayas the carriers bring the precious stuff in joints of bamboo—great things nearly a foot through, and as tall as the man himself.

He binds two of these water buckets together and carries them on his back, and in Venice—the wonderful city in the sea, where the streets are canals, and they step from the house door into a boat—in Venice, water is brought every day fresh in a vessel, and served out from a tank, and no one can get a drop except at certain hours of the day.

'How queer!' said Maud. 'I thought there was plenty of water everywhere.'

'O no,' said papa, 'I haven't told you the worst. Supposing you were travelling in dry, parched-up Africa; then indeed you might have trouble to get a drink of water. But even there Nature has hidden away plenty of water by the cupful; the only think is to know how to find it.'

'What do you mean, papa?' asked Maud, for she began to think papa was joking.

'I mean what I say. Suppose you were travelling in that hot country, and the water was all gone, your guide would begin to look carefully about him, and when he saw a certain small stem, about as big as a slate pencil, he would throw down everything and begin to dig. Perhaps you would laugh at him, but in a moment he would bring up a cup of delicious cool water, and you would drink and be thankful.'

'Now papa, I must know you're making fun of me.'

'Indeed, I am not. The cup is the root of the plant; it is as big as a baby's head, and full of water, and being under ground is always cool and nice. Perhaps instead of this plant, he would find a small common-looking vine. He would first strike the ground around it, till it gave a peculiar sound, and then he would dig a foot or two down, in a circle round the plant, and bring out several cups of water. Or, if you were among the Caffres of Africa you would get your water from a watermelon; not only you and all the people, but the very animals too.'

'I should like that best,' said Maud.

'If all these ways failed,' papa continued, 'Your guide would look about for a Vegetable Ivory tree, and if the nuts were green, everyone would be full of water, and you would pick your cup of water from a tree. If, however, they were half-ripe, the fluid would be thicker, and if fully ripe you would find it solid and white.'

'But suppose he couldn't find any of these plants, what then?' asked Maud.

'Well,' said papa, reflecting, 'he would look out for a great Baobab tree which grows sometimes to be thirty feet through the trunk. They often become hollow, by age and decay, and in the rainy season they are filled up with water. The shade of the tree above keeps the water fresh and nice for a long time, as you might drink cistern water in Africa, and probably you would pay for it, too.'

'But how could we get it out?'

'At some of these trees it is drawn out in leather buckets, and in some a hole is bored through from the outside, so that it will spout out when wanted.'

'Ugh! I shouldn't like that!' said Maud.

'You might think it delicious—if you were thirsty enough,' said papa. 'But let us leave Africa; suppose we were in Madagascar. There we should look about for another tree, the Traveller's Tree, which has a cup of water at the bottom of every leaf.'

'That's very queer,' said Maud.

'Queer, perhaps, but true,' said papa. 'The tree looks like a huge green fan stuck up in the ground. There are no branches, and the great leaves, ten or fifteen feet long, stand out around the trunk like the sticks of a palm leaf fan. Where each leaf joins the body of the tree is a sort of cup which catches the water when it rains, and holds it a long time. We should only have to pierce a hole through one of the leaf stalks, and the water would spout out. But if one could not find any Traveller's Tree, one might look for a vine called the Water Withe. It looks something like a grape-vine, and has a stem as big as my wrist, which hangs in festoons from one tree to another. To get a delicious drink, one needs only to cut out a piece of the stem; if it is a yard long it will yield two full goblets of water.'

'The prettiest water cups in the world,' went on papa, 'grow in Borneo; the island I read you about, where the houses are set up on stilts, and the bridges and walks made of slippery bamboo stems.'

'Oh yes! I remember,' said Maud, 'and where the baby Miss lived.'

'Yes; the water cups there are in the shape of elegant pitchers and vases, and they grow on the ends of the leaves of graceful vines. They are of all shapes and sizes, from some that hold only a pint, to others that require two quarts to fill them. Some festoon themselves over trees, and hang their beautiful cups from all sides; while others lie on the ground, and hold up their gay little pitchers in a circle around the stem.'

'How odd they must look, papa!' broke in Maud; 'are they green, like the leaves?'

'O no! they are of the gayest colors, like flowers. Some are pea-green and purple, some are green and red, and others are flesh colored. One kind is bright crimson, and another is deep purple. The smallest is about three inches high.'

'O how cunning!' exclaimed Maud.

'And the largest more than twenty inches,' added papa, 'and nearly every one has a pretty cover which closes, it is said when the pitcher is full.

'Do they hold good water?' asked Maud, 'I should think it would be warm.'

'It is warm, and insects get into it, but travellers say that the taste is not unpleasant. But now supposing we take a big ship and sail away from this island; we will turn our prow to the rising sun, and keep close to the equator all the time. Let me see—where do you suppose we'll come out?'

Maud jumped down and run to the big atlas, which she opened at the map of the world. Looking at the map was always part of the "supposing" game.

'Here's Borneo,' she cried, putting her plump forefinger on it, and nearly covering up the unfortunate island altogether. 'I found it yesterday, you know. But we can't sail east, papa, we'll run against another island.

'Supposing we sail around that, and go dodging around among all these islands?'

'What a lot of them!' said Maud. 'I shouldn't think we could help hitting some of them in our big ship.'

'They're not so near together on the ocean as they are on the map,' said papa, smiling. 'But go on. Where do we strike land that it isn't so easy to sail around?'

'South America!' shouted Maud eagerly, 'almost exactly at Quito.'

'Well; supposing we leave our ship and go back into the country, where it is so rocky that hardly a green thing is seen, and not a stream or a spring to be found; what would you do there for a drink of water?'

'I s'pose I'd go without,' said Maud, 'I don't suppose any water-cups grow there.'

'They do, though; in the shape of the only plant that could flourish in such a place—the cactus.'

'Like those in the green house?' asked Maud, with interest, 'ugly prickly things,' said papa. 'Many of them are full of water. One especially—the Melo Cactus—is round in shape, and a big though as a dining plate. It is covered with sharp thorns, and an ugly thing to handle, but it is a treasure in that country; it is more than a cup, it is a big bowl of water. The natives prize it very highly, and even the animals are said to break it open carefully with their hoofs, and drink the contents. But perhaps by this time you're tired of water, and would prefer a glass of milk.'

'O yes! I should!' answered Maud.

'Well, then, we would have to hunt up a Cow-Tree.'

'A what?' cried Maud.

'A Cow-Tree, which gives milk, went on papa, while Maud's eyes grew bigger and bigger.

'You only need to stick a knife into the trunk, to get a stream of beautiful white milk, almost exactly like that which you drink every day, only with a pleasant odor.'

'I should be afraid to drink it,' said Maud.

'You need have no fear,' said papa. 'The natives drink it all the time, and it is entirely harmless. There are several water plants in this country. One is a vine something like the Water Withe, only it is like a running brook inside the stem, and you have to hurry your drink, or it would all run out of the ground. Another supply of water is to be found in the roots of a certain forest tree which grows there. In fact, Maudie, there's hardly a place in the world where the precious fluid is not to be found by those who know who know how to look for it, though you'll never be able to go and see for yourself, till you learn to wait half an hour for your drink of water.'—*N. Y. Examiner.*

Half Man, Half Devil.

THE PAST FULL OF BLOOD, THE FUTURE ONE LONG, UNBROKEN MIDNIGHT.

'This cell,' said the warden to a Detroit Free Press reporter in a visit to the Michigan State Prison, 'belongs to one of the oldest lifers in the prison. I believe he has been here nigh on to thirty years, and he bids fair to last for twenty more. He is a very singular man.'

'His crime was murder, of course?' Yes, and a strange murder. He was then a young man of twenty-two, rather quiet, if not morose, and no one had ever heard him use an oath or seen him display even the smallest vice. Had he stolen an ax, his friends would have been amazed. What could their feelings have been, then, when he was charged with murder? One night, with no earthly excuse for offence, he got out of bed, walked three miles to the house of a friend and called him out and stabbed him to the heart. He then retraced his steps to his home, and returned to bed and slept soundly until morning, the bloody knife lying on a chair by his bedside. He made no effort to conceal his crime, and when arrested had no excuse for it. From the day the constable put hands on him up to this hour he has not spoken except when forced to. I have several times had to threaten him with the strap to make him answer my questions.'

'Does he mate with any one?' 'No, he comes and goes as if alone in this great prison, I cannot imagine what inducement could be held out to make him address a question to a prisoner. He shuns all of us as if we were poison. During all the years he has been here he has never asked a favor.'

'Is he ever sick?' 'Once in a great while, but he never complains. He would die in his tracks before he would ask to see the doctor. He has fainted away at his work-bench, and cried out in the delirium of fever, but he has never complained.'

'What do the prisoners say about him?' 'They fear him. I have been told twenty different times that he would some day rebel, and that he would have to be shot before he could be disarmed. I can't say that he is plotting, but we keep a sharp eye on him. He has the eye of a perfect devil, and he will look at you in a way to make your flesh crawl.'

'Can he be insane?' 'No; a dozen different doctors are agreed that he is as sound as any man. He is simply a born devil. He was never known to laugh or cry. His old mother used to come here in years gone by, before she died, and she said she had never seen a smile on his cheeks, not even during his babyhood. He is a hater. He hates himself. He hates everything living or dead.'

'Has he any relatives?' 'Not that we know of. His father was dead before the murder. He had a mother and brother, but when he had been here about five years the poor old woman went to her grave. If a man has any heart in him a mother's love and tears can touch it. She used to come here and wring her hand and weep and sob and pray, and this fiend sat as unmoved as a rock, even refusing to answer one of her questions. She was old and wrinkled and heart-broken the last time she came. She told him that it was her last visit, and that she had only a few weeks to live, and the murderer turned his back on her. The brother died several years ago in Illinois, and now the man is alone on earth. No one asks after him—nobody thinks of him. He is

BURIED ALIVE.'

'He never writes to any one?' 'Never. He has not had a pen in his hand since entering his prison. Most of the prisoners manage to keep posted on outside affairs, but this man neither knows nor cares to know. I don't believe he knew of the war, long as it lasted. He won't talk; he can't or won't read; he won't permit a prisoner to talk to him, and as a consequence he hears no more of the world's doings than if he were in his grave. It must be a horrible feeling for a man to live this way, and yet he seems to enjoy it. One day is the same as another to him. One night is no blacker than another. Weeks pass and bring no change. Years come and go and his routine is the same. The past is full of blood—the future is a long, unbroken midnight. I have wondered that he did not commit suicide.

'Has he never tried to escape?' 'Never, and that is why we fear him. Three different times since he came here he has had good opportunities to take French leave, but he has refused to go. It wasn't because he feared recapture and punishment, for any of them will take the one chance in a hundred on that. It was because he hated the world worse than his prison. Give him another chance to-day and he would also refuse it. As I told you he is a strange case. He is half man half devil. Each year he is growing more like a fiend, and every time I look into his eye I think it has a more Satanic gleam.

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