ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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

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

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

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

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

DENTISTRY.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

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

BRIDGETOWN,

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

DR. S. F. WHITMAN.

Jan 2nd., 1882.

A Proposal.

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

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

From

COL. L. T. FOSTER.

Youngstown, Ohio, May 15th, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Gents:—I had a very valuable Hambletonian colt that I prized very highly, he had a large bone spavin on one joint and a small one on the other which made him very lame. I had him under the charge of two veterinary surgeons which failed to cure him. I was one day reading the advertisement of Kendall's Spavin Cure in the Chicago Express. I determined at once to try it and got our druggists here to send for it, they ordered three bottles; I took them all and thought I would give it a thorough trial, I used it according to directions and the fourth day the colt ceased to be lame and the lumps have disappeared. I used but one bottle and the colt's limbs are as free from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the state. He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles who are now using it.

Very respectfully, L. T. FOSTER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Fremont, Ohio, Jan. 25th, 1881.

DR B. J. KENDALL & CO., Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for benefits and profits which I have derived from your invaluable and far famed Spavin Cures. My cousin and I had a val a be stallion worth $4000 which had a very bad spavin, and was pronounced by four eminent Veterinary Surgeons beyond any cure, and that the horse was done for ever. As a last resort I advised my cousin to try a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure. It had a magical effect, the third bottle cured it and the horse is as well as ever. Dr. Dick of Edinburgh, the eminent veterinary surgeon, was an uncle of mine, and I take great pleasure in resisting his profession. Yours truly, JAMES A. WILSON, Civil Engineer.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

Waterville, Jan. 11th, 1881.

B. J. KENDALL & Co, Gents:—Having got a horse book of you by mail a year ago, the contents of which persuaded me to try Kendall's Spavin Cure on the hind legs of a mare which was badly swollen and would not be reduced by any other remedy. I got two bottles of Kendall's Spavin Cure of Preston & Ludduth, Druggists of Waseca, which completely cured my horse. About five years ago I had a three year old colt sweenied very badly. I used your remedy as given in your book without toweling. And I can't say to your credit that the colt is entirely cured which is a surprise not only to myself but also to my neighbors. You send me the book for the trifling sum of 25 cents and I could not get another alike to it I would not take twenty-five dollars for it. Yours truly,

GEO. MATHEWS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

West Enosburgh, Vt., Feb. 15th, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., *Gents*:—Several months ago I injured my knee joint which caused an enlargement to grow the size of a large walnut and caused me very severe pain at the time for four or five weeks, when I began to use Kendall's Spavin Cure with the most satisfactory results. It has entirely removed the enlargement and stopped the lameness and pain. I have long known it to be excellent for horses but now I know it to be the best liniment for human flesh that I am acquainted with.

Yours truly, T. P. LAWRENCE.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

is sure in its effects, and in its action it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep seated pain or to remove any bony growth or other enlargements, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callous, strained tendons and any lameness, and all external diseases of the joints or limbs, or for that matter in man and for any purpose for which a liniment is used for pain it is unsurpassed. It is no known to be the best liniment for man ever sed, acting mild and yet certain. It is effect.

Send address for illustrated Circular which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. Ens. Kendall has ever met with such a unalloyed success from our knowledge, for beast as well as man.

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

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 11. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1883. NO. 19.

Job Work!

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

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

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

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

ALMONT STALLION

"GILBERT"

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

Sired by Constellation, sire of Glenarm, fastest four year old in Me.; 1st dam, Belle Boyd, by Gen. Knox, sire of Lady Maud, 2.18¼, Camors, 2.19¼, and other fast trotters; 2nd dam, Lady Sanford, by Champion Jr., by Champion, by Almack, by Mambrino, by Imp. Messenger. Constellation by Almont, sire of Piedmont, 2.17¼, Fanny Witherspoon, 2.18¼, Aldine, 2.19¼, and seventeen others below 2.30; 1st dam, by son of Blood's Black Hawk; 2nd dam by Mambrino Chief, sire of Lady Thorne, 2.18¼, and other trotters. Almont, by Alex.'s Abdallah, sire of Goldsmith Maid, 2.14, Rosalind, 2.21¼, Thornedale, 2.22¼, (sire of Edwin Thorne, 2.16¼); 1st dam, by Mambrino Chief, 2nd dam, by Alex.'s Pilot, Jr., sire of the dam of Maid S., 1.10¼, Alex. Abdallah, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, Gen. Knox, by Vermont Hero, by Sherman Black Hawk, dam by Young Hambleton; 2nd dam by Harris' Hambletonian.

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

AND

Hambletonian - Clay

Stallion "Wrangler"

Sired by Hartford, 1st dam, Gypsy, by Godfrey's Patchen, sire of Hopeful, 2.14¼, Geo. H., 2.25, Lady Snell, 2.23¼, and other trotters; 2nd dam, Kate, by Walker horse of Vermont, by Woodbury Morgan, by Justin Morgan, Hartford, by Rysdyk, sire of Clingstone, 2.14, and others, Rysdyk, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, sire of 34 with record of 2.30 or better; Godfrey's Patchen by Gen. M. Patchen, sire of Lucy, 2.13¼; Gen. M. Patchen, by Cassius M. Clay, by Henry Clay, son of Andrew Jackson.

WRANGLER combines the Hambletonian and Clay blood, which has produced such as St. Julian, 2.11¼, Jerome Eddy, 2.16¼, Bodine, 2.19¼, &c. The Clay family stands second only to Hambletonian in 2.30 list.

The above stallions, which are the two only Hambletonian stallions in Annapolis Co., will stand at the stable of the subscriber, during the season of 1883, at the following terms:—GILBERT, $10.00 for the season; WRANGLER, $8.00 for the season.

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

A. R. WOODBURY,
WILMOT, ANNAPOLIS CO.

BRIDGETOWN

Book Store!

THE subscriber has opened a General Book Store one door east of Mr. John Lockett's, where will be kept

LATEST PERIODICALS OF THE DAY
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY OF ALL KINDS,

and all articles usually found in a well appointed Book Store.

Daily papers will also be on sale.

MRS. WM. McLEAN.
Bridgetown, May 16th, '83. n5tf

Apples!

John S. Townsend,
110 CANNON ST.,
LONDON.

CONSIGNMENTS of apples to their care receive the best attention, and proceeds are remitted immediately after sale.

Shippers are recommended to mail their Bills of Lading as promptly as possible to the above address.

dec 26—1y

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

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

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

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

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

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.

Post Office Box, 450.

100 MEN WANTED

To Begin Sales at once for Fall Delivery for the

Fonthill Nurseries.

The largest in the Dominion. Head office, Toronto, Ont.

GOOD SALARIES AND STEADY EMPLOYMENT TO RELIABLE AND SUCCESSFUL MEN.

Send references and Photo with application. Address

STONE & WELLINGTON,
MONTREAL, P. Q.

J. W. BEALL, 54 Course Street, Agent.
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WISDOM & FISH,

Mill, Steamboat, and Railroad Supplies,

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

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

Engines furnished. Lowest Quotations given on Special Supplies. 1o5

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THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

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

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

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

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with

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

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

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

DIPHTHERIA

CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

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

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

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

MAKE HENS LAY

SCHOONER

"IVICA,"

J. H. Longmire, Master,

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

Bridgetown & St. John, N. B.

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

LIME. Best of GREENHEAD Lime always on hand at vessel, or out of store. Apply on board vessel or to MAS. LONGMIRE, Bridgetown. n34tf

NEW

SPRING GOODS!

NOW OPENING.

NEW HATS, BONNETS,

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

LACE GOODS, HOSIERY,

Trunks, Valises, Satchels, &c.

—ALSO—

A NEW ARTICLE IN

Black Wool Serge,

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

Balance of Spring Goods expected shortly.

MRS. L. C. WHEELOCK.
Lawrencetown, April 9th, 1883.

Forest and Stream

—AND—

ROD AND GUN.

The American Sportsman's Journal

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

Gentlemen Sportsmen and their Families.

TREATS OF

Natural History, Shooting, Yachting and Canoeing, Fishculture, the Kennel, Fishing, the Rifle,

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

Price, $4.00 a Year.

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

For sale by newsdealers everywhere.

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

MACHINERY

RARE CHANCE!

SEALED tenders will be received up to

September the 10th,

for the entire Plant, Machinery, &c., of the

Truro Boot & Shoe Company!

Tenders may be for the whole or in parts. Apply for Catalogue to

GATES' ORGAN & PIANO CO.
Truro, N. S.

Sep., 5th 1882.—tf

Photograph Gallery

THE subscriber, who has been for some time established in this town, has lately procured a first class set of Photograph View and Copying Lenses, and is now prepared to execute all orders for work in his line, in first class style and at short notice.

VIEWS of dwellings, stores, streets, etc., supplied, and orders from any part of the country attended to.

Enlarging

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

Photographs and tintypes will receive best attention.

Pictures taken in any weather.

All Charges reasonable.

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

OVER "MONITOR" OFFICE.

J. N. RICE.

Bridgetown, August 7th. 1884.

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

The Subscriber

HAS REPLENISHED

HIS

HARDWARE

DEPARTMENT,

in which will be found:—

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

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, Aug. 30th, 1882.

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the iodides of Potassium and Iron,—all powerful, blood-making, blood-cleansing and life-sustaining—and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Lives Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of waning vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick.

For sale by all druggists.

G. L. COLBRAN

Centre Clarence.

T T T

EXCHANGE!

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

FANCY DRY GOODS.

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

T. Exchange.

Vital Questions!!

Ask the most eminent physician

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

And they will tell you unhesitatingly

"Some form of hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

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

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

'Ask the same physicians

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

Mandrake! or Dandelion!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable

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

Poetry.

Nearer Home.

Heaven is my fatherland
Heaven is my home.

O'er the hills the sun is setting,
And the eve is drawing on;
Slowly drops the gentle twilight,
For another day is gone.
Gone for ayo—its race is over,
Soon the darker shades will come,
Still 'tis sweet to know at even
We are one day nearer home.

'One day nearer,' sings the mariner,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his life-boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture,
'I am one day nearer home.'

Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim
Hails the setting of the sun;
For his goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearly done.
Thus we feel, when o'er life's desert,
Heart and sandal sore we roam;
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

Nearer home! yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high—
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky;
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hung in the dome;
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.

Select Literature.

Mr. Woodbridge's Investment.

The fiery crimson of the stormy November sunset was staining all the hills with its lurid glare; the wind, murmuring restlessly among the dead leaves that lay heaped over the wood paths, seemed to moan with almost human voice. But the autumnal melancholy without only served to brighten the cheerfulness of the roaring wood fire, whose ruddy glow danced and quivered over the rough rafters of Farmer Woodbridge's spacious old kitchen, sparkling on the polished service of platter, and glimmering and sending a long stream of radiance through the uncurtained windows, out on the darkened road.

'Yes, as I was sayin' afore,' observed the old farmer, rubbing his toil-hardened hands together, and gazing thoughtfully into the fire, 'It's been a capital harvest this year. I would ask for no better. So wife, you just pick out some o' them yalley pippin apples, and put them into little Jessie's basket when she calls after it.

'Won't the little red uns do as well? I calculated to keep them pippins for the market. Squire Benson says they are worth——'

'I don't keer what they're worth,' interrupted the farmer, as his helpmate, a spare, angular woman, with a face powed with innumerable lines of care, fingered the yellow-cheeked apples dubiously. 'I tell you what it is, Ketury, folks never lost anything by doing a kind thing. I never could make you believe that, unless the pay came right in, in hard cash. Now here's Jessie Morton, as likely a young gal as ever breathed, teaching school day in and out, and her marm sewin' to hum, carnin' a livin' by the hardest work, born ladies both on 'em. Don't you s'pose these apples 'll be worth more to them, if you'd give 'em with a kind word, than they would be to that pesky tight-fisted agent up to Hardwiche Hall, if he gave a dollar a bushel?'

'Charity begins to hum,' said Keturah, jerking out her supper-table, with an odd twist of the face, 'Not but what Jessie's well enough—but you'd a plaguy sight better be scratchin' your pennies together to pay up that mortgage, if you don't wan't the Hardwiche agent foreclosing on you. And them pippins is just good as so much money. There may be, anyhow, in the basket—one of your investments, I guess.'

'One of my investments, then, if you like to call it so, Ketury,' said the farmer with a good-humored laugh, banishing the annoying expression which had overspread his face when she alluded to the mortgage. 'Come long in Jessie, my gal,' he added, cheerily, as a light touch sounded on the door latch. 'Here's the basket, all right, and some of them golden pippins tucked into it. Maybe they'll tempt your mother's appetite.'

Jessie Morton was a slender graceful girl, of about seventeen, with satin smooth band of chestnut hair, parted above a low, sunny forehead, large liquid eyes, and cheeks which Farmer Woodbridge always declared 'set him to thinking of them velvet Jarsey peaches that grew on the tree down on the south medder!' She took up, the basket with a graceful smile that went to the flinty heart of Mrs. Keturah.

'O, Mr. Woodbridge, how kind you always are to us! If I were only rich—if I only could make some return.

'Don't you say a word about that are,' said the farmer, rubbing his nose very hard. 'Just you run home as fast as ever you can put; for it is getting most dark, and the November wind ain't no ways healthy, as I put around. And I say, Jessie, if it rains to-morrow, so you can't get to school handy, just you stop here, and I'll give you a lift in my wagyin.'

'Dear old Mr. Woodbridge,' soliloquized Jessie Morton to herself, as her light steps pattered along on the fallen leaves, 'how many, many times I have had cause to thank his generous heart. And to think that he should be so distressed about the mortgage by the agent at Hardwiche Hall!'

She paused a moment to look up to where the stately roofs and gables of the Hall rose darkly outlined against the crimson sky. On a commanding height, and nearly hidden in trees, many of which still retained their brilliant autumn foliage, it seemed almost like an old baronial castle.

'There it stands,' she mused, 'shut up and silent, year after year, its magnificent rooms untenanted; the flowers blossoming ungathered in its conversatories. Since Mrs. Hardwiche died—twenty years since, mamma says—the family have been away, and now the only surviving heir is traveling, no one knows where. I wonder if he knows how grasping and cruel his agent is? Oh, dear,' she added softly, 'money does not always come where it is most needed. If I were the mistress of Hardwiche Hall!'

She started with a slight scream the next instant, as a tall figure rose up from a mossy border by the road side, directly in front of her.

'Pardon me' said a voice that instantly re-assured her, for it was too gentle to come from any but a gentleman; 'but I am not certain but I have lost my way. Is this the Eden road? I was waiting for someone to direct me?'

'This is the Eden road,' said Jessie, all unconscious that the last gleams of the fading sunset were lighting up her face with almost angelic beauty, as she stood there among the fallen leaves.

'And can you tell me the shortest foot-path to Hardwiche Hall? I have not been in this neighborhood since I was a little child, and I am completely at fault.'

Jessie hesitated a moment. 'I could show you better than tell you, for it is rather a complicated road,' she said, and if you will accept my services as guide it will not be much out of my way.'

'I shall feel very much honored,' said the stranger. 'Meanwhile let me carry your basket.'

I was a wild and lovely walk, winding among moss garlanded trees and hollows, sweet with aromatic incense of dying leaves. Jessie could not help admiring the chivalric manners and polished courtesy of her companion, and was pleased with the blooming loveliness and girlish dignity of the young guide. A few adroit questions respecting Hardwiche Hall and its neighborhood sufficed to draw forth a spirited abstract of Hardwiche agent, and the impositions he was wont to practice upon the tenants and neighbors, as well as an arch description of most of the 'characters' thereabouts. Then he continued to learn all about Jessie's little school, and her ailing mother, and he smiled to himself, in the twilight, to observe the pride of her uncle, when she alluded to the high position from which unforseen reverses had compelled her mother to descend.

'There,' she said, suddenly pausing with a feeling as if she had been almost too communicative, 'if we could only cross yonder lawn, the gates are close by, but we shall have to go a quarter of a mile round.'

'Why?' asked the stranger.

'Mr. Talcott will not allow travellers to cross here—he says it is private property.'

'I fancy I shall dare Mr. Talcott's wrath,' said the gentleman, laughing, as he pushed open the wire gate that defended the forbidden space. 'It is perfectly absurd to make people go a quarter of a mile out of their way for a mere whim.'

They had scarcely entered the enclosure when they met an unlooked for obstacle, Talcott himself, who was prowling over the grounds on the *qui vivi* for tres passers.

'Hello, there!' growled he; 'just turn back if you please. This isn't the public thoroughfare.'

The stranger held Jessie's arm under his own a little tighter as if to repress her evident inclination to 'beat a retreat.' He was disposed to maintain his position.

'I don't see any reasonable cause why we should not go ahead,' he said perthaciously. 'There is a path here, and I suppose it was made for people to walk on.'

'Not for you,' said the agent, contemptuously, 'so go back with you as fast as you can!'

'Is it possible that people are made to travel a circuitous and unpleasant route, for no other reason than your caprice, sir?' asked the gentleman, looking down upon the little man, from the altitude of his six feet, with a kind of laughing scorn. 'Did it ever occur to you, my friend, that others have rights and convenience as well as yourself?'

'Can't help their rights—nothing to me,' snarled the agent, planting himself obstinately in the path. 'I forbid all passing here!'

'But I suppose Everard Hardwiche may have the privilege of crossing his own land,' persisted the stranger, still preserving the half contemptuous smile that had from the beginning made the agent so uncomfortable.

Talcott grew not exactly pale, but yellow with consternation.

'Mr. Hardwiche—sir, I did not know, we did not expect—

'No—I know you didn't, my good man. Be so kind as to step aside, and to allow me to pass with the lady. Miss Jessie, don't forget that I need your services a few moments yet. Nay, do not shrink away from me—are we not to be very good friends?'

'The prettiest girl I ever saw in my life,' was his internal comment, as he at length parted from her at the gate where burning bushes and dark green ivy were trained together with all a woman's taste.

'The Christmas snow lay white and deep on the farmhouse eaves—the Christmas logs crackled on the hearth where Mr. Woodbridge still sat a dreamily into the glowing cinders, and Mrs. Keturah's knitting needles clicked with electric speed.

'That most,ace bothers me—it bothers me,' he murmured almost plaintively. 'Well, I s'pose it ain't no use frettin', but I thought to live and die in the old place my father did before me. The Lord's will be done though. Somehow things hain't prospering with me—I don't seem to get along.'

'You'd ha' got along well enough, I guess,' responded Keturah, who balanced to that class of people known as Job's comforters, 'if you'd only looked after your p's and p's as I told you. You always was too free-handed, and, now, you see what it's broit ye too!'

'Well, well, Keturah, we never did think alike on some things,' returned the old man. 'Let's talk about a pleasanter subject. What do you think about our schoolmarm's marrying young Mr. Hardwiche to-morrow? Didn't I always tell you that Jessie Morton was born to be a lady? I may be unlucky myself, but anyhow, I'm glad to hear of little Jessie's luck.'

'You'd a great deal better keep your sympathy for yourself,' growled Keturah—'What's other folk's luck to you, I'd like to know?—There's some one knocking at the door—see who 'tis!'

It was a little note, brought by one of the school-boys, under Jessie's care. 'Where's my glasses? I can't see as I could once. Shove the candle this way, will you, Keturah.' And, fitting his brass bowed spectacles upon his nose, the old man unfolded the note and read, in Jessie's delicate chirography.

'Do not let that mortgage disturb your Christmas Day, to-morrow, dear father Woodbridge. It will never haunt your hearthstone again. Mr. Hardwiche will send you the papers soon to destroy. I have not forgotten those 'golden pippins,' nor all the other kindnesses.'

'Aha, wife!' said the old man, smiling and trying to brush away, unseen, the big tears that would come, 'what do you think of my luck-minute now?'

Keturah's reply was neither elegant, nor strictly speaking, grammatical, but it was significant. She said simply:

'Well, I never.'

The Whistler.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.
Tho' father and mither a' should gae mad;
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

Some years ago at a Boston theatre, during one of the tedious waits when the orchestra had finished its selection and everybody had expressed a criticism on the play, there came one of those dead lulls during which five minutes seems an age, and just at that moment some one in the second gallery began to whistle "Home Sweet Home." The low, clear notes were as musical as the strains of a flute, and they pierced the air with their homesick melody and touched every heart. All heads turned to look up, but it was impossible to distinguish the whistler of the sweet strains among the very ordinary looking people there until a policeman appeared and churlishly silenced him and then it was seen to be a sickly looking, poorly-dressed man who had entranced every ear with his plaintive, tender melody and left a memory in every heart. Nowadays whistling is almost one of the lost arts. "For goodness sake stop that dreadful whistling,' says some distracted mother to her noisy offspring. She does not consider that whistling is a safety-valve to the boy's feelings, a relief to the pent-up Utica of his powers, and one of the few accomplishments natural to the genus boy.

'The school-boy with his satchel in his hand
Whistling along to keep his courage up.'

It is a fact that there are boys who can not whistle. They will go through the motions, but only succeed in making a frightful face, and no noise, while others can cut the air with a sharp, shrill, long drawn inspiration, that will startle a sleepy dog half a dozen blocks in the distance, and bring all the other boys out like rats to meet at one given point. Send a boy on an errand and ten to one he will whistle all the way there, and all the way back, giving every conceivable note that the human whistle is capable of. Ordinarily people do not notice this infection in the air in the shape of free concerts, but stop a few moments some days on a busy corner and listen to the whistling boy. You don't hear any whistling—you are disappointed; but wait when it comes.

'There's a land that is fairer than day.'

You can't describe a whistle any more than you can a kiss; both are labial performances that lose much in description. But look at the boy that is whistling that sweet and saintly tune; he has a boot-black's kit, has a face as shrewd as a ferret's, and is testing a lead nickel and speculating as to the best way he can run it out again. He is followed in a little while by a tired looking messenger who is giving Peck's-bad-boy for all it is worth; and then you are almost set to dancing when St. Patrick's Day in the morning comes rollicking down the street, with snatches of opera, Baby Mine, The Wearing of the Green, and more fashionable snatches from the latest operas. The sweetest whistler in Detroit is a colored boy who is fine parade from a wheelbarrow of clothes which he is taking home to his mother to wash. There was never anything set to music that he can not produce in perfect time and with every note clear and distinct. One day he whistles negro melodies; another it is all church music. Then he gives medleys and there is a singularly plaintive, almost painful sweetness to its tones. It is said that bad boys do not whistle; they are secretive and quiet.

There is a story of a woman who was left alone in a temporary home in the prairie with her little family while her husband went to a distant town after provisions. She describes in heroic verse her fear of the red man and how she sat late at night by her window and was terrified by the approach of footsteps.

'Then I knelt until late in the evening,
And scarcely an inch had I stirred,
When suddenly far in the distance
A sound as of whistling I heard.
I started up dreadfully frightened
For fear it 'twas an Indian's call,
And then very soon I remembered
The red man never whistles at all.'

It was a neighbor's boy coming to protect her, who had whistled to let her know of his approach, and she concludes by saying:

'So now, my dear friend, do you wonder,
Since such a good reason I've given,
Why I say I don't care for the music
Unless there is whistling in Heaven?
Yes, often I've said so in earnest,
And now what I've said I repeat,
That unless there's a boy there a whistling
The music will not be complete.'

Boys sent out after dark are said to easy method of removing warts. They whistle to keep their courage up. They become black and soon fall off.

also whistle as a signal to other boys, and now a popular genius has developed the use of it as a profession.

'For Heaven's sake stop that whistling,' said the grocer man, to the bad boy. 'There is no sense in such whistling. What do you whistle funny way?

'I am practicing my profession,' said the bad boy. 'I have always been a good whistler, and I have decided to turn my talent to account. I am going to hire an office and put out a sign: 'Boys Furnished to Whistle for Lost Dogs.' You see there are lost dogs every day, and any man would give half a dollar to a boy to find his dog. I can hire out to whistle for dogs, and can go around whistling and enjoying myself and make money. Don't you think it is a good scheme?' asked the boy of the grocerymen.

A lady who suspected her servant of drinking the cider when she sent him into the cellar, commanded him to whistle all the time he was absent.

Sailors whistle for a fair wind. The sportsman whistles to his hound.

He cast off his friends as a hunt smith's pack
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.

It is not considered in good taste for girls to whistle, and there are very few who can do it even tolerably well, perhaps because they are under the spell of that prediction in doggerel which some secular St. Paul promulgated for the sex:

Whistling girls and crowing hens
Always come to some bad end.

A girl is usually too volatile to whistle; she puckers her rosy mouth, shuts both eyes, screws up her face, and just as she gets ready to whistle goes off into a fit of laughter, and spoils it all. But once in a while some demur little maiden will whistle, and it is positively much more frequent in nature than a hen that crows.

'But oh, the whistling girl I've met,
As little is she as any bird;
And from her lips morn, noon and eve,
The merriest of trills are heard.

'From task to task with lithesome step
She hastens whistling as she goes;
And her deft hands chorus what they touch,
And order from disorder grows.'

There is something pathetic in a whistled tune; the business man sitting up at night trying to make his ledgers balance, hears some late pedestrian, boy or man, whistle the "Last Rose of Summer" or "Bonnie Doon," and straightway the pen drops from his tired hand, the bewildering figures disappear, and in their place he sees home and the mother who lived there, and he catches the song of the robins in the old orchard and the scent of the sweet briar that grew by the door.

'Away, away, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born.'

He is at home again, and as the unknown whistler passes on and the tender, wandering air dies away, the eyes of the listener are dim with tears,

'And his heart is filled with a longing pain
To be a whistling boy again.'

Detroit Post and Tribune.

EATING LEMONS.—A good deal has been said through the papers lately about the healthfulness of lemons. The latest advice as to how to use them so that they will do the most good runs as follows:

Most people know the benefit of a lemon before breakfast, but few know how it is more than doubled by taking another at night, also. The way to get the