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COMPARTMENTS OF DENTISTRY.

DR. S. F. WHITMAN, Dentist. WOULD respectfully inform his friends in Annapolis County, that he has returned from Kings County, and will be at his office in BRIDGETOWN for a few weeks.

MECHANICAL AND OPERATIVE DENTISTRY.

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Select Literature. A Stormy Wooing.

Charles Van Anden stood on the quarter-deck of one of the steamers that ply between New York and Havana, and gazed at the feelings of horror and indignation at the public that were being enacted at the vessel's side.

He was second mate of the Duchess, and this was his first voyage on her. The steamer, as he had seen when a day out of port, was unworthy, and the owners had put her in charge of an incompetent captain, and an unfortunade crew had been shipped.

A storm had come up, off the Jersey coast, and the captain had from the first shown indifference and willful disregard of danger, in heading directly for land, when, with plenty of sea-room, he might have run before the gale to the southwest.

Van Anden did not know what he should do, and the captain had just ascertained that the Duchess was insured for more than her value; but he did not know that the captain acted unwisely.

He ventured to remonstrate, but Captain Butler replied with a brutal oath, and an admonition to mind his own business, that almost Van Anden.

He devoted himself to keeping the crew at work promptly, and feeling free from responsibility, watched the approaching danger with a clear conscience but a heavy heart.

There were eleven passengers on board three of whom were ladies, and he trembled for their safety.

For himself he did not care much. He had little to live for, and although he was not romantic, and had no foolish desire for death, yet he had schooled himself to expect it at any time in the discharge of his duties as a sailor.

It seemed as though death was staring him in the face. The steamer had sprung a leak, the men had abandoned the pumps, and there were breakers ahead.

At this juncture Captain Butler showed the white flag. Careless of his passengers, he had called the crew to the fore, and had given orders to launch the boat.

Enough of the crew to take into a small boat in such a sea, but it was equally dangerous to stay on the steamer, and the crew gathered around him, wild with self terror.

In a moment the boat was loosened from its fastenings and the cowardly captain was the first to jump into the sea.

Van Anden, seeing the action to be followed him, and instantly pushed away, leaving the steamer to her fate, and going to meet an almost equally certain death.

Van Anden stood with a smug on his lip, watching the proceeding. He could not interfere with the captain's doings, although there had been little discipline on deck for the few minutes that had just passed.

But saw the captain had deserted the ship, and the command devolved upon the first officer, whom he knew to be a brave man, although not a skilful seaman.

Where is Mr. Dyer? he shouted to a sailor who was left behind in the rush that was made for the long boat.

Washed overboard, sir, said the man. The command then devolved upon him.

He looked around with a fresh sense of responsibility. There was yet one chance of saving the passengers, and one of those passengers was a woman he would have died to save, even under other circumstances.

This was Mrs. Danforth. She was a magnificent beauty, and as Van Anden had long known by report, was an independent woman, living her life in profusion.

She was a fine specimen of the race, and her life had been a life of enjoyment and pleasure.

She had been married to a man who had died, and she had been left with a large fortune, which she had spent in a life of pleasure.

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Original Sketches. Bert Kendall.

Bert had several good customers in the thriving little town of Nova Scotia, but there were several dealers in the place, with whom he had not done business, chiefly because it was his custom to select only the best and most reliable of them, and leave those of whom he had not a first-rate report severely alone.

One of his visits, while taking an order from one of his old customers (Mr. F.), happened to make inquiry about a dealer whose store was on the opposite side of the street, Mr. Ames.

Oh, said Mr. F., he had been doing pretty well lately, and is able to pay for all he will buy, but you could not get an order out of him.

Because some years ago he gave a Yankee an order for goods and got badly scolded, and he says he'll never buy anything more in the United States.

Oh, palaw! said Bert, I could get one. I'll bet a dollar you can't.

Done. What sort of a dollar follow it?

He is a queer fish, I can tell you; very strict old Presbyterian, great son of Temperance, and all that sort of thing.

I'll win my dollar, anyhow. How is my family?

You bet he has, said Mr. F., three tipsy girls.

All right, said Bert, I'll go over and see him. And he went. When he entered the store the old gentleman stepped out from behind his desk, and looking over his spectacles, eyed Bert rather suspiciously.

Good morning, returned Mr. Ames.

Good morning, returned Mr. Ames. Do you deal in American goods of any sort?

I am sorry to hear that, the Americans compete very successfully with England in many manufactures now.

That's so, but I purchased once from an American agent and I got so badly cheated that I decided never to give an order to one again.

That if unusual, said Bert, I never had any complaints from any of my customers, but if you were taken in once, I could tell you some of the reasons.

How do you find business? Mr. A. inquired.

Very good this trip. Indeed I never can complain, my business is steadily increasing.

Seems to me you don't talk like an American.

I am not, said Bert, I was brought up in Halifax.

Oh! indeed.

Is there any hotel here where they don't sell liquor?

No, unfortunately there is not. If we could stop the rum traffic, the country would be better off.

Yes, sir, said Bert, that is true, and I am in hopes we will yet see the day when it will be impossible to purchase a glass of rum at any price.

(Bert did not drink rum, he preferred brandy.)

These are my sentiments exactly, said Mr. Ames.

Well, sir, said Bert, the temperance people here ought to subscribe enough money to put up a temperance hotel, if they would do so, I might give a trifling amount myself.

The Weekly Monitor

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

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

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one, I think I will give you a small order if you would care to have it.

Certainly sir, I think I can give you good satisfaction, and I will feel obliged to you who for your kindness, I think I never enjoyed an evening better than I did last evening with your amiable family.

I will call on you again before I leave town, with whom he had not done business, chiefly because it was his custom to select only the best and most reliable of them, and leave those of whom he had not a first-rate report severely alone.

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