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.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 10. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1882. NO. 25.

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.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00; twelve months $10.00.

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

DIPHTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Dont delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

Books, - - Stationery.

Buckley & Allen,

OFFER during the Autumn Season, at low prices 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 Sensible, 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.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

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. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps.

I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

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 call.

DR. S. F. WHITMAN.

Jan 2nd., 1882.

HATHEWAY LINE.

Direct Between
BOSTON & NOVA SCOTIA
NO TRANSFERS.

Via the staunch sea-going HUNTER, and the all steel Steamship SECRET, in connection with the W. & A. Railway from Halifax, and the W. C. Railway from Yarmouth, and Stage connection with Liverpool.

Until further notice Steamer Hunter will leave Annapolis on Monday afternoon after arrival of Express train from Halifax for Boston direct. Returning, will leave Foster's Wharf, Boston, on Thursday afternoon.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis on Wednesday after arrival of Express train from Halifax, for Boston direct—landing her passengers in Boston in 26 and 28 hours from Nova Scotia. Returning, leaves Boston on Monday morning.

Close connections made with all Railways and Steamers for West and North West. First class accommodation.

Low Fares and Cheap Freights.

Free of Boston Wharfage.

For further particulars apply to Station Agents on the W. & A. R. and W. C. Railways, or to John Walsh, Digby.

Hatheway & Co.,
22 Central Wharf, Boston.

F. W. HATHEWAY, Agent, Annapolis.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED
First-Class Route
BETWEEN
Nova Scotia and the United States
Via the Splendid
STEAMER "EMPRESS,"
Between St. John Digby and Annapolis.
And thence to PORTLAND and BOSTON via the splendid Steamers of the
International Steamship Company.

Superior Accommodation with Fares as Low as by any other Route.

Special Reduced Rates of Fare.

	1st Class Limited to Continuous Passage.	1st Class to Portland.	1st Class Unlimited to Boston.
Windsor to Boston Portland,	$6.50	$8.00	$8.50
Kentville to Boston or Portland,	6.00	7.25	7.70
Annapolis to Boston or Portland,	5.00	5.70	6.20

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

STEAMER "EMPRESS"

Leaves Annapolis on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY afternoons

After arrival of Windsor & Annapolis Railway Express Train from Halifax, Windsor, &c., and will leave Digby after arrival of Express Train, Western Counties' Railway, from Yarmouth, Weymouth, &c., for St. John, where passengers bound West or South can take one of the splendid Steamers of the International Steamship Co., which leave Red's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents of that Company; C. R. BARRY, 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, of also from J. BRIGNELL, 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.

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS AND DEICRIPTION EXECUTED AT THE OFFICE OF THIS PAPER.

JUST RECEIVED PER Steamship "SECRET."

Two Bales American Cotton Warp,

AND A VARIED ASSORTMENT OF

LATEST FANCY DRY GOODS, HOOP SKIRTS, BUSTLES, &C.

I also beg to announce that my

FALL Importations of DRY GOODS,

Comprising Full and Complete Lines in Every Department are now open and ready for inspection.

Extra Inducements and Low Prices Leading Features,

J. W. Beckwith.

Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1882.

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 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.

Something Worth Knowing!

IF YOU WANT TO GET GOOD VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY BUY AT THE

Cheap Cash Store.

Middleton Corner.

Where you will find a New and well assorted Stock of

DRY GOODS,

In great Variety.

LINEN LAP ROBES, Very Cheap.

Tapestry Carpeting from 55c

HEMP AND JUTE CARPETING.

BOOTS & SHOES, very low.

GROCERIES. CROCKERYWARE, TINWARE, &C

Timothy, Clover and Garden Seeds.

☞ A FIRST-CLASS MILLINER, in the Establishment.

WANTED—Socks, Yarn, Eggs, Homespun, Butter, &c., for which the highest market price will be paid.

S. L. FREEMAN & CO.

Middleton, May 10th, 1882.

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or a disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use KIDNEY-WORT at once (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action to all the organs.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weakness, KIDNEY-WORT is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power. (45).

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

Act at the same time on KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOWELS.

KIDNEY-WORT

New Store,

New Goods.

MIDDLETON STATION.

THE subscriber having just completed the enlargement of his premises respectfully invites the inspection of his new and varied stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes,

Especial attention is invited to one of the LARGEST STOCKS of Boots and Shoes to be found outside of the Cities, and at prices that defy competition. Ladies' and Misses' Fine KID BOOTS and SLIPPERS a specialty.

Ladies' and Mens' Overshoes and Rubbers.

Also, Crockery, Tinware, and everything found in a well stocked country store.

Always on hand, Flour, Meal, Lime, Salt, etc., at prices as Low as the Lowest.

It is not my intention to advertise impossible prices, but a comparison of prices is cordially invited. Close cash buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a call.

WANTED—100 doz. Good Home-knit Socks, at 25c. per pair; good double and twisted Yarn, at 60c. per lb.; Cloth, butter, eggs, at the highest market rate — also, Lumber, Shingles, cordwood, etc.

J. H. CHUTE.

Jany. 16th, 1882. n40tf

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now travelling 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 one teaspoonful to one pint food.

Sold everywhere or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

W. B. Almon Ritchie

BARRISTER, &C.,

Annapolis, - - N. S.

n13 3m

ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT?

We, call your attention to the

Averill Paint

—FOR—

House Painting.

Remember it is a pure Linseed Oil and Lead Paint, combined with ingredients to render it glossy and hard.

See testimonial of a practical painter of 16 years' experience:—

I have used the Averill Paint and am fully satisfied that it is far superior to lead and oil mixed in the old way. It gives a heavy body and high gloss, and I am confident that it will prove far more durable. One gallon of it will cover as much surface on an exposed building as one and a half gallons of lead and oil. I consider it as cheap if not cheaper than the best lead. I cheerfully recommend it to the public as a first class article.

W. WHINARD,
Painter.

S. N. JACKSON,
Clarence, Agent.

N. B.—The subscriber keeps constantly on hand a general stock of GOODS; to be for cash or prompt barter. may28

Middleton Hotel,

MIDDLETON, ANNAPOLIS CO., N. S.

C. C. DODGE, Proprietor.

THE Subscriber wishes respectfully to say to the general public that the old well known Middleton Hotel still stands on the old site, and its proprietor is still on the acting side, "hale and hearty."

He thanks the public (travelling and local) for past patronage, and with confidence solicits a continuance of their favors.

No exertion shall be spared (in the future as in the past) by the Proprietor, to make his house a pleasant and agreeable home for all who may take up their abode at his house, permanently or temporally.

A COMFORTABLE CONVEYANCE will attend all trains to convey passengers to and fro.

Good Stabling,

and a respectful, attentive hostler always at call.

☞ Charges Very Moderate.

C. C. DODGE.

Middleton, March 27th, 1882. 1y

THE "PERFECT" SPRING BED!

The only reliable bed in the market.

A new supply of the above just received and for sale by

THOS. KELLY, Sole agent.

Bridgetown, June 28th, 1882.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of Harris Harding Morse, late of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to within six months from date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

MARGARET E. MORSE,
J. L. MORSE,
L. S. MORSE,
Executors.

Dated May 31st, 1882. 6m

Flour and Meal.

THE Subscriber has a large consignment of FLOUR, CORN MEAL and OAT MEAL which he offers for sale at

LOW RATES,

EITHER

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE, SUCH AS WOOD, BUTTER, EGGS, RYE-STRW, BEANS, POTATOES, ETC.

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, January 5th, 1882.

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

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., a specialty, 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 must be either a good tintype or photograph.

Photographs and tintypes will receive best attention.

Pictures taken in any weather.

☞ Charges reasonable.

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

OVER "MONITOR" OFFICE.

J. N. RICE.

Bridgetown, August 7th, 1878.

Miss E. M. Bonnett

WILL be prepared by the middle of May to give instructions on the

PIANOFORTE AND ORGAN,

to those who may desire them.

Bridgetown, May 1st, 1882.

BILLHEADS EXECUTED IN THE BEST STYLES AT THIS OFFICE. GIVE US A TRIAL.

JOB WORK of every description executed at the office of this paper. NO SLOP WORK DONE.

A PROLIFIC SOURCE OF DISEASE.—A trifling indiscretion in diet may lay the foundation of confirmed dyspepsia, and there is no fact in medical science more positively ascertained or more authoritatively asserted than that dyspepsia is the parent of a host of bodily ills, not the least of which is contamination of the blood and the maladies of which that is the direct consequence. Their original cause is, however, thoroughly eradicated from the system by Norrbor & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, a medicine which only requires regularity and persistence in its use to cure dyspepsia and the many ills that arise from it. No deleterious mineral ingredient is contained in it, and though its action is thorough in cases of costiveness, it never produces griping pains in the abdominal region, or weakens the bowels like a powerful purgative. It invigorates the system through the medium of the increased digestive and assimilative activity which it promotes, and is also a most efficient remedy for kidney complaints, scrofulous and all disease of the blood, female weakness, &c., &c. Price $1.00. Sample Bottle, 10 cents. Ask for Norrbor & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a *fac-simile* of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.

Poetry.

"The Haven Where They Would Be."

I know a grave.
Half hidden in the sombre yew-trees shade,
Where sunbeams never play
With golden arrows; only grasses wave
In melancholy rhythm. Let me stay;
Angels have built with me when I have prayed.

'Tis nearly Home,
The space of time 'twixt Heaven and the sod
Is not so hard to span.
Life's inner working is as one great tome
Which death unseals. The noblest thoughts of man
Have much of the divinity of God.

I know a grave,
O'er which no restless mourners weep and wail,
Only an aged form
Doth bend in meek submissiveness and crave
A rest there too. The grief that like a storm
Still shrieks and raves, but little can avail.

I have no tear.
Those steps that falter in life's beaten track,
Those furrowed time-worn cheeks,
Those trembling hands which grasp the rew, have here
But little left to prize. True sorrow speaks
In that we would not wish our darlings back.

Are we not glad
That they who in this life did labor well
Have reached the goal?
We never shall win the crown by being sad;
There is a cross to bear, a task for all:
There is a stubbornness of Self to quell.

And griefs are sent
To mellow earthly crude harmonies and tears
Are rained from weary eyes
To freshen faith that is too often bent;
To water that pure germ whose flowers shall rise,
And blossom in God's garden, through all years.

Select Literature.

Put Yourself in Her Place.

The long summer day had crept slowly away, and it was nearly five o'clock. The hours at the railway station were marked as by some gigantic clock that told the laggard minutes by screaming whistle and clanging bell. The 4.30 accommodation had gone east, the western express, due there at 4.45, had thundered through the village, gone over the great viaduct, and disappeared round the vast curve beyond.

So one counted the hours by the trains, Lydia by name, a girl of the best New England type, quiet, and yet with an immense capacity for doing and daring should love and the occasion demand. The local freight would come next and then—then she would not see him again. She laid aside her work, put some split-zephyr vanity upon her head and went out toward the railroad. As she approached the station she saw her brother, the station master, opening the local freight house on the side of the track. By this she knew the local freight would stop this time. Her heart beat the faster and she quickened her step.

On reaching the passenger station where the village street crossed the railway, she looked up and down the line and then crossed over and turned to the left and walked beside the track toward the freight house.

To understand all that took place on this occasion, and fully appreciate her consummate skill in controlling the events so quickly to crowd upon her, we must study the construction of the road at this point. The main line for more than a mile to the right, or toward the east, was perfectly straight and comparatively level. To the left or west, it crossed a deep valley by a lofty stone viaduct and beyond the valley it curved toward the north and mounted the hill by a long grade. Just east of the station a branch road entered the main line and there was, as might be supposed a crossed over-switch. Beyond the passenger, station, on the west, was a small siding ending in a small freight shed and coal yard. At this point there was also another cross-over switch.

Lydia walked on past the freight house and crossed the side track, found a large flat rock beside the way, and there, under the shade of an ancient apple, she sat down to wait till her lover should come.

He comes! she heard the three long whistles far down the line, and a bright blush mounted to her face. The train would stop. That was the signal for the station master. Her brother came out of the freight house, spoke pleasantly to her, and then walked on towards the switch at the head of the siding.

Suddenly the main line track before her began to sing in sharp metallic murmurs. The train had entered that section of the road and he was near. Then there came the sound of escaping steam. The engine was slowing down, and the steam, no longer employed, was bursting with a loud roar from the safety valve as if impatient of delay.

With a jar that shook the ground the immense freight engine rolled past her, and the engineer, leaning out of the window, nodded to her as he slid past. Then the cars in long procession came into sight and moved past with slowly decreasing speed. Four brakesman busy at the brakes went past, and still he came not. At last, the rear car appeared, and a young man swung himself down from the iron ladder on the car and sprang to the ground at her feet.

A sooty man, clad in blue canvass, now black with smoke and dust. Only a brakeman! No; a trifle better—the conductor of the freight train. A year ago he had been glad to take the place of a brakeman, and he had already been promoted. Love did it. He had met and lovey Lydia in the day of his foolish idleness, and she had insisted that he should do some manly work or she could not—yes, she could and did love him; but he must show himself worthy of her love. Already he had advanced, and she was well well pleased with his progress, and they had become engaged.

A grimy, dusty man, in unlovely garments, but, in her eyes, he was a man made for better things. As he stood beside her one could see in his clear eyes and sensible face that he had stuff in him worthy of her love.

It becomes us not to linger while they talk together beside the track. The train moved slower and slower, till finally the last car stopped just beyond the switch. The iron horse was moved on, the station master signalled with his arms in curious fashion, and each of the four brakesman repeated the motion in turn. White puffs of steam rose high in the air from the farther end of the train, and the last car backed down, turned aside, and entered the siding. The station master left the switch and came hastily toward the lovers.

'Good day, Alfred. Light freight today, only one car—by the way, the brake chain is broken, and you had better drop the car at the repair shop. The freight can be thrown out without leaving the car.'

So saying, the station master went on into the freight house, followed by the rattling and rumbling cars. They gradually lost their speed and then came to a stop with the end of the train lost in the dark cavern of the freight house.

There was a shout from the building, and then one of the brakemen began to move his arms as a signal to go on. Again the white puffs of steam shot up in the distance and with a jar and quiver the train started again.

Car after car rolled past them. There were hurried whispers, a warm hand shake and perhaps a kiss, and then the young man swung forward, grasped the ladder on the last car, climbed quickly to the top and sat down. She stood gazing after him as he was drawn away from her, and smiled and waved farewell to him with her handkerchief.

'Here Lydia, you must help me.'

It was her brother who stood beside her, a bunch of keys in his hand.

'The passenger train follows this at once; and I must go the station. Will you please close the switch after them?'

She took the keys mechanically, and then turned to gaze after her lover seated on the last car of the retreating train. It had passed out of the switch and was crossing the great viaduct and moving more and more swiftly away.

To close and lock the switch was neither difficult nor dangerous, and she quietly walked on to the end of the siding till she came to the switch post. Here she leaned against the wooden frame for a little space, shading her eyes from the sun with her hand, and watching the train. It had run around the valley and was turning into the great curve that crept upward in a long grade over the hill beyond.

It was now a mile away and she could no longer distinguish any one on the cars. She turned slowly away, seized the iron bar of the switch and easily threw it over into place so as to leave the main line open for the next train.

She looked back down the road and saw that the train had entered the line from the branch and was just pulling up at the station to discharge passengers. It may seem surprising that a passenger train should be allowed to follow a freight train so closely.

Bad engineering as this arrangement was, it was not so bad as it seemed, for this passenger train did not follow the freight except for three miles, when it reached the end of its trip and was turned off into a siding.

She turned once more to look after the retreating freight train. It was in full view, climbing the grade on the great curve.

Suddenly she put up both hands to shade her eyes, and leaned forward on the switch-frame. What has happened. Two tiny puffs of steam rose from the engine. It was a signal to stop.

Ah! the train has parted! Faint and far away came the short, sharp danger whistle. A single car had broken loose from the train, and had been left behind. It was standing alone on the track.

No. It was moving backward. It was beginning to roll down grade. It was moving faster and faster. There was a man upon it—her lover.

Involuntarily she spread out her arms and let them fall to her side three or four times in succession—the signal to put on the brake.

'How foolish? He cannot see me, and—' she leaned against the switch frame and shook with fear and agony.

The brake was broken.

Swift and swifter came the disabled car. It was coming down the track gaining speed at every rod.

She sprang to the middle of the track and tried to shout to the engineer of the train at the station. She made the motions to back down out of danger. Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and her cry became an inarticulate moan.

Onward came the car. She could see her lover upon it frantically waving his hands from right to left. What did it mean? Her brain seemed to be on fire. She could do nothing but gaze on the advancing car in dumb horror.

Ah! The passengers! Could she not save them?

With a violent wrench she opened the switch again and stood holding the bar in both hands. Better so—better one life lost than a dozen. Her feet seemed bolted to the ground. She must stay and see him killed, and by her hand. The rails began to murmur with the tread of the advancing car, now rushing furiously on to destruction.

Ah! Why had she not thought of it before? The cross-over switch! Could she reach it in time she might save him. She snatched the key from the switch and ran with frantic speed up the line. She never knew how she opened the switch.

With moans and cries she threw herself across the line and began to run down the other side. Could she reach that switch before the car? Its roaring rang in her ears. Panting with almost bursting bosom she reached the switch, opened it, and stood clinging to it as the car came thundering over the viaduct.

She looked up at her lover upon the car. He had seen and understood the change in the switches. His car, helpless though it was, would cross over to the down track and roll harmlessly along the level line till its force was spent. He was saved and by her ready wit and skill. The passengers in the train were also saved.

Great Heavens! what's that? The express! The down express was coming.

All was in vain. He was lost. She saw him throw up his arms in despair. The very plan she had devised to save him would be his destruction. Better far to have thrown him off upon the siding as she had intended. Now he would meet a more dreadful death, and the destruction would include scores of lives instead of a dozen.

All this flashed through her mind like lightning. She felt her knees give way beneath her, and she clung to the switch in despair.

Hark! The whistle on the express.

They had seen the imminent collision and were doing their best to avert it.

She, too must do something. With a bound she sprang to the next switch, tore it open and stood panting and moaning beside it with the bar in her hand. She must save the train even if she buried her lover under the splintered wreck of the car.

Onward came the car, thundering over the viaduct just ahead of the train. It turned quickly at the switch, rushed past her and crossed over into the siding. He had one look at her upturned face. It was full of love and helpless misery. She was sending him to certain destruction—to save the express train.

The instant the car passed she closed the switch and sprang back again to the other switch and closed it, just in time to see the express train sweep past in safety.

In an instant the helpless car ran into the freight house with an awful splintering crash. The express pulled up opposite the station. And in a moment a crowd of people ran shouting and frantic up the line. Some of them had seen the whole performance and knew what it meant, but for the majority of them it was a tragic mystery.

They found Lydia upon the ground by the switch, and still with the key clutched in her hand. What had she done? What had happened to her?

She could not answer. Nature had mercifully taken away her senses. They took her up tenderly and carried her to the station, and laid her upon a seat in the waiting room. The passengers of the two trains crowded the room an offered every aid, for, in some vague manner they began to understand that she was the creditor to the value of their lives. She had paid for their safety with costly sacrifice.

The freight train backed down to the cross-over switch, and the engineers of the three trains met and began to examine the position of the switches. A number of men also came from the express train, and among them was one who seemed in authority.

He, too, examined the line carefully and the engineers explained the matter to him, and listened to his remarks with becoming deference.

The little room in the station was packed with people, idlers and others, and they could with difficulty bring him in.

'No,' said one of the ladies who was trying to restore the girl. 'It may be too great a shock for her. She must not see him yet.'

'Make way there, gentleman. The superintendent of the road is here.'

The crowd moved slightly, and the superintendent advanced into the room. He took of his hat and spoke quietly to the people near, and then he stooped quietly over the unconscious girl and softly kissed her like a father.

'She saved all our lives and I am afraid she thinks she paid dearly for them.'

Suddenly she opened her eyes and sat up bewildered.

'Where is he? Is he much hurt? Oh perhaps he is—'

'Let me alone, I tell you,' cried a big bold voice in the crowd. 'I must go to her.'

He escaped from those who would detain him, and in a moment was beside her.

Some of the people laughed in foolish joy, others cried. The more delicate and sensible were silent, for the meeting was not for words or description.

After a slight pause the superintendent said to the young man:

'I congratulate you, sir. You were on the car?'

'Yes, sir. I was on the car and saved myself at the last moment by jumping off. I landed on a pile of fine coal and got a rough tumble—and that was all. The car is a heap of splinters.'

Then the superintendent called the young man nearer to him and spoke to him privately, and presently they both shook hands as if greatly pleased over something. The young man sat down beside the girl and whispered in her ear:

'I've got the place, Lydia. We're all right now.'

Then the bells rang, and the people began to disperse toward their trains. As they departed, a small creature—probably a stockholder—objected to the proceedings and remarked to the superintendent, that it was not best to give fat offices to brakemen for doing nothing.

'Precisely,' said the superintendent. 'But the woman did something, and if you wish to know the full measure of her splendid deed, go put yourself in her place.'

The Poisonous Mushroom.

Professor Poufick, of Breslau, has lately made experiments on the common mushroom, of which the following are the practical results: All common mushrooms are poisonous, but cooking deprives them in a greater or lesser degree of their poisonous qualities. The repeated washing with cold water, which they usually undergo to clean them takes away a portion of the poison, and boiling does the rest; but the water in which they have been boiled is highly poisonous and should always be carefully got rid of. Experiments made on dogs showed that if a dog ate 1 percent of its own weight of raw mushrooms it fell sick, but recovered; if it ate 1½ percent the poison had a more violent but not fatal effect, and if it ate 2 percent it was inevitably fatal. The water in which mushrooms had been boiled was far more poisonous than even the raw mushrooms, while the mushrooms thus boiled could be taken without hurt to the amount of 10 percent of the weight of the dog's body. Washing with cold water does not remove all the poison so that mushrooms thus prepared were poisonous when taken in large quantities. Dried mushrooms are still dangerous for from twelve to twenty days, and also the water in which they had been boiled. They require to be dried for at least a whole month, and are only really safe after four months' drying.

Fatal Amusements.

Four years ago a young girl belonging to an influential family in Cincinnati was sent to a fashionable boarding school in an Eastern city "to finish." She was excitable, fond of admiration, intoxicated with glimpses of the gay world around her and her freedom from home and restraint.

In an evil hour it was suggested to her by a classmate as "good fun" to answer an advertisement in a New York paper for "the acquaintance of an intellectual lady friend." An immediate reply came to her letter; a correspondence followed with the rascal who inserted the advertisement—and men who advertise for young lady correspondents are always evil-minded—and at last photographs were exchanged. The whole affair seemed to this innocent girl a harmless little drama in which she played the role of heroine.

After a few weeks her "friend and correspondent" came to the city where she was, an hour was set in which he was to pass the window of her boarding house, and they were to see each other for the first time. He was a middle aged man, handsome and well dressed, with a melancholy, romantic air which thrilled her heart. A meeting was arranged in a restaurant. To keep the tryst she escaped in the evening by a back window.

So far, a love of excitement, so-called romance, outside of the humdrum round of history and geography of the school-room, had spurred her on. And now she fancied herself in love. It would be cruel in teachers or parents to keep her from this prince among men. What "fun" it would be to outwit them all and to surprise them by a secret marriage, as he urged!

One night, therefore, she disappeared, and when she returned after a few weeks, she showed her wedding ring, declaring that she had been married. Investigation showed that the ceremony had been performed by some worthless friend of the villain who had deceived her. Both were gone, and no trace of them could be found.

The wretched girl, when she learned the truth, escaped before her parents reached the school, and took refuge in the almshouse, where she died from shame, and from the result of her relations with the man who had deceived her. God, it may be, sent death as his most merciful messenger to her.

The story needs no words to point the meaning. Innocent young girls are too apt to carry on so-called flirtation and even correspondence for the sake of temporary excitement or "fun," with men to whom they are strangers. It is well for them to remember that although the foolish drama may not end in a tragedy like this, they are endangering their good name for life, and placing themselves in the power of men whose character may be vile beyond description.—*Selected.*

The Stinging Tree.

Among the luxuriant and beautiful shrubs of Queensland is one known as the "stinging tree," which is exceedingly dangerous, and often fatal to life. It grows from two or three inches to 10 or 15 feet in height, and emits a very disagreeable smell. It is also easily distinguished by the peculiar shape of its leaves. 'Sometimes,' says a traveller, 'while shooting turkeys in the scrubs, I have entirely forgotten the stinging tree till warned of its close proximity by its smell, and have often found myself in a little forest of them. I was only once stung and that very lightly. Its effect was curious; it leaves no mark but the pain is maddening, and for months afterward the part when touched is tender in rainy weather, or when it is wet in washing, etc. I have seen a man who treats an ordinary pain lightly, roll on the ground in agony after being stung, and I have known a horse so completely mad after getting into a grove of the trees that he rushed open-mouthed at every one who approached him, and had to be shot. Dogs, when stung, will rush about whining piteously, biting pieces from the affected part.'

PROVE YOUR SWEETS.—J. M. Chapman, of Chicago, says the following is a sure test of the presence of sulphuric acid in sugar and molasses: Buy at any drug store five cents worth of muriate baryta, and dissolve it in say an ounce bottle of water. Dissolve in another bottle of water the sugar sample, and when it is settled and clear, pour into it a half teaspoonful of the baryta. If it becomes cloudy, it is safe to say the sugar contains sulphuric acid. If it remains clear it has none. Keep your baryta bottle and try every lot of syrup, molasses and honey in the same way. Sulphuric acid (oil of vitrol), like arsenic, is often good as a medicine, but when taken daily for years as food, in ever so diluted a form, who will have the presumption to say that it is not a most dangerous and destructive poison?

— Sir Garnet Wolseley said the Egyptian campaign would be over by September 15th. The eleventh came and the twelfth, and all sorts of speculations were rife to explain the paralysis which seemed to have seized upon the English arms. Where were Sir Garnet's brilliant marches and campaigns? What of his luckless boast about the fifteenth? The Nile was rising, the heat was killing, the water was poisonous, the air was malarious, but Sir Garnet lay still at Ismailia. The thirteenth awoke to see the enemy's host in full flight and all Egypt at the conqueror's feet, without the loss by death of a hundred men. By the fifteenth the smoke of the war had cleared away, and the sun shone on a finished task.

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