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. 9. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1882. NO. 43

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

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

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.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $8.00; two months, $12.00; three months, $15.00; six months, $22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

A COLUMN—First insertion, $10.00; each continuation, $3.00; one month, $14.00 two months, $20.00; three months, $28.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $80.00.

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

CARD.

Edmund Bent

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

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

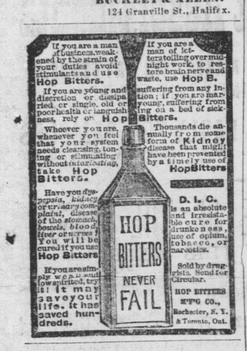
Bridgetown, N. S., May, 1880. n5tf

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 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.



HATHEWAY LINE.

From Foster's Wharf, Boston.

Safety! Speed! and Comfort!

BOSTON & NOVA SCOTIA

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

THE First Class Side-wheel Steamship "SECRET," Capt. Simpson, leaves Annapolis every Thursday, after arrival of Express train from Halifax, for Boston direct. The very best accommodation. Numerous Staterooms, and a Fast Boat!

The Steamship "HUNTER," Capt. Ludlow, sails as usual Every MONDAY, P M.

☞ Through Rates on Apples and Potatoes to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, West Indies, London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Hull, West Hartlepool, and Continental Ports.

Invoices with value and weight, must accompany all Through Freight.

Free of Boston Wharfage.

For further particulars apply to P. INNES, General Manager, and the several Station Agents of the W. & A. Railway, and to

Hatheway & Co.,
22 Central Wharf, Boston.

T. S. WHITMAN, Agent, Annapolis.
april 23—july 20.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK.

STEAMER "SCUD."

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.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

UNTIL further notice, the celebrated English built, steel Steamer "SCUD" will leave her Wharf, Reed's Point, on Wednesday and Saturday mornings, at EIGHT o'clock, and return same days.

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

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 1s 1881.

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 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.

Reduced Prices!

THE Subscriber will dispose of his present Stock of goods at greatly reduced prices for

SIXTY DAYS!

He has a lot of Shelf Goods which he will sell at and below COST.

Customers Who bring Cash will get BARGAINS.

H. CROSSKILL.

Middleton, Jan. 11th, '82.

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.

JUST RECEIVED:

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Christmas

AND

NEW YEAR'S

CARDS!

ALSO:

Useful & Fancy Goods,

SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS

Mrs. L. C. WHEELOCK

Lawrencetown, 14th Dec. 1881.

Middleton Station!

FALL STOCK!

Complete in every department.

CHRISTMAS GOODS!!

NOW OPEN,

☞ Selling LOW for Cash. ☜

N. F. MARSHALL.

Dec. 21st, 1881.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that all parties having any legal demands against the estate of the late JOHN F. BENT, farmer, deceased, of Granville, in the County of Annapolis, are requested to render their accounts duly attested within six months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate will make immediate payment to

EUGENE P. TROOP,
JACOB V. BENT,
Executors.

Granville, Jan. 11th, 1882.—3m

$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

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.

PATENTS

We continue to act as solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had

Thirty-Five Years' Experience.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendidly illustrated weekly paper, $3.20 a year, shows the progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Publishers SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents sent free.

FOR SALE.

FIVE SECOND HAND LIGHT AMERICAN Harnesses.

Will be sold cheap.

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, January 21st, 1882

AMERICAN GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED FROM BOSTON!

TWO BALES AMERICAN

Cotton Warp

AT 1.25 PER BUNCH.

Handsome

AMERICAN PRINTS,

Dark Colors! Fancy Borders!

AMERICAN

White Cottons,

CORSET JEANS

WHITE SHEETINGS,

COTTON BATTINGS,

CHECKED SHIRTINGS,

WHITE AND GREY COTTON FLANNELS!

COMFORTERS.

From GREAT BRITAIN,

Mantles & Dolmans

PLAIN AND FANCY

WINCEYS!

In Stock:

Union and Wool SHIRTINGS!

Mens' Undershirts and Drawers,

Youths' do., do.,

Ladies' Undervests.

☞ NEW GOODS arriving weekly.

RUNCIMAN, RANDOLPH & CO.

Sept. 28th, 1881.

BARGAINS

Are offered in our Large Stock

VALENCIA,

London Layers & Layer Raisins,

CURRANTS. Etc.

150 prs. Men's, Women's and Children's

OVERBOOTS,

Snow Excluders, &c

OFFERED LOW.

WE HAVE a Large Stock of Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers, and intend to continue the business. It being the order of the day to cut on prices, and not wishing to be behind the times, we beg herewith to submit to our patrons, and the public in general, the below quotations, given only for Cash.

IN LADIES.

Real Kid Button Boots:
$2 70, 2.50, 2.25, reduced to 2.50, 2.25, 2.00.

Polished Calf B. Boots,
1 95, 1.75, Reduced to 1.70, 1 50.

Real Kid But. Shoes,
2 00, Reduced to 1.80.

Pebble Bal. H. Cut,
1.35, 1.55, Reduced to 1.15, 1.30.

Pebble Button,
1 25, 1.75, reduced to 1.10, 1 55.

Pebble Shoes,
1.00, reduced to 85c.

Carpet Slippers,
57c, reduced to 50c.

IN MEN'S:

Kid Congrss, best,
3,75, reduced to 3.40.

Calf Balmoral, H. C.,
3 75, reduced to 3.45.

Buff Alexis,
2.00, reduced to 1.65.

Leg Wax, not split, Tap Sole,
2.75, reduced to 2.40.

Carpet Slippers,
75c, reduced to 65c.

Leather Fine Buff,
1.00, reduced to 85c.

Grain Knee Boots, heavy,
5.00, reduced to 4.50.

Fine Buff Leg,
2 90, reduced to 2 40.

Men's Shanty Larrigans and numerous other lines equally Cheap.

IN BOYS.

Boy's Leg Tap Sole.
Size: 13 to 5; 2.60. reduced to 2.40.

Boy's Leg. Single Sole,
Size: 13 to 5; 2.25, reduced to 2.00.

Youths' Buff single sole,
Size: 10 to 13; 1.45, reduced to 1.25.

Child's Buff, single sole,
Size: 6 to 10; 1 25, reduced to 1.10.

IN MISSES.

Kid Button, best,
1 50, reducedto 1.30.

Pebble, button,
1.25, reduced to 1.10.

Pebble Lace, Sew'd and Pegged.
1.10. reduced to 85c.

Kid Button Shoes.
1.50, reduced to 1.35.

CHILD'S, size. 6 to 10, Pebble and Buff, Copper Toe, from 60 to 95c., reduced to 50 and 75c.

RUBBERS,

All kinds, equally reduced in in prices.

Men's French Calf Uppers

Congress and Lace, with Cloth Tops, at Wholesale Prices.

100 Pairs Lasts.

6 Bus. Pegs. Shoe Findings in General.

Murdoch & Co.

Bridgetown, Oct. 19th, 1881.

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.

DON'T READ ANYTHING BELOW THIS CUT!

WHY ARE

MILLER BRO'S

SELLING THE

Improved Raymond Sewing Machines Faster Than Ever?

Because the people are finding out that it is *THE BEST* Family Machine.

All kinds of S. Machines kept in Stock, (having about 20 different kinds, American and Canadian) and if after trying the Improved Raymond it does not give perfect satisfaction, will exchange for any other kind.

ALSO:

Agents for several first class makes of

PIANOS & ORGANS.

Address:

MILLER BRO'S,
Middleton, Annapolis Co.
or, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
or, Moncton, N. B.

Rubber Bucket

CHAIN PUMPS.

THOUSANDS have been sold and the demand is still increasing. Now is the time to send your orders before the weather gets cold. Parties can be supplied with pumps complete, or in parts to suit by addressing

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO.

LAWRENCETOWN, A. C.

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.

MAKE HENS LAY.

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—a teaspoonful to one pint food.

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

Poetry.

How Shall We Judge.

Who shall judge man from his manner,
Who shall know him by his dress;
Paupers may be fit for palaces,
Princes fit for nothing else.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May bedothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vest can do no more.

There are streams of crystal nectar
Ever flowing out of stone;
There are purple beds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and overthrown;
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forget his fellows then;
Masters—Rulers, Lords, remember,
That your meanest kinds are men!
Men of labor, men of feelings,
Men of thoughts and men of fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-capped red oceans.
There are little wooded rills;
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hill,
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prosper you and me;
For to him all vague distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Gilded laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifts its feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose world-wide voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Links oppression, with its titles,
But as pebbles in the sea.

Select Literature.

The Colonel.

BRET HARTE.

What the Colonel's business was nobody knew, nor did anybody care particularly. He purchased for cash only, and never grumbled at the price of anything he wanted. Who could ask more than that?

Curious people wondered occasionally how, when it had been fully two years since the Colonel, with everyone else, abandoned Dutch Creek to the Chinese, he managed to spend money freely and to lose considerable at cards and horse races. In fact, the keeper of that one of the Challenge Hill saloons that the Colonel did not patronize, was once heard to wonder, absent-mindedly, whether the Colonel hadn't a money mill somewhere, where he turned out eagles and 'slugs' (the coast name for fifty dollar gold pieces).

When so important a personage as a bar-keeper indulged publicly in the idea, the inhabitants of Challenge Hill, like all good Californians everywhere, considered themselves in duty bound to give it grave consideration; so for a few days certain industrious professional gentleman, who won money of the Colonel, carefully weighed some of the brightest pieces and tested them with acids, and sawed them in two, and rettred them, and melted them up, and had the lumps assayed.

The result was a complete vindication of the Colonel, and a loss of considerable custom to the indiscreet bar-keeper.

The Colonel was as good-natured a man as had ever been known on Challenge Hill, but, being mortal, the Colonel had his occasional times of despondency, and one of them occured after a series of races in which he had staked his all on his bay mare Tipsie and had lost.

Looking reproachfully at his beloved animal, he failed to heed the aching void of his pockets, and drinking deeply, swearing eloquently, and glaring defiantly at all mankind, were equally unproductive of coin.

The boys at the saloon sympathized most feelingly with the Colonel. They were unceasing in their invitations to drink, and they exhibited considerable Christian forbearance when the Colonel savagely dissented from every one who advanced any proposition, no matter how incontrovertible. But unappreciated sympathy grows decidedly tiresome to the giver, and it was with a feeling of relief that the boys saw the Colonel stride out of the saloon, mount Tipsie and gallop furiously away.

Riding on horseback has always been considered an excellent sort of exercise. Riding is universally admitted to be one of the most healthful means of exhilaration in the world, but when a man is so absorbed in this exercise that he will not stop to speak to his friend, and when his exhilaration is so complete that he turns his eye from all well-meaning thumbs pointing significantly into doorways through which a man has often passed while seeking bracing influence, it is only natural that people should express some wonder.

The Colonel was well known at Toddy Flat, Lone Hand, Blazer's Murderer's Bar, and several other villages through which he passed. As no one had been seen to precede him, betting men were soon offering odds that the Colonel was running away from somebody.

Strictly speaking they were wrong, but they won all the money that had been staked against them, for within half an hour there passed over the same road an anxious-looking individual, who reined up in front of the principal saloon of each place and enquired if the Colonel had passed.

Had the Colonel known he was followed and by whom, there certainly would have been an extra election held at the latter place very shortly after, for the pursuer was the constable, and for all officers of the law the Colonel possessed hatred.

On galloping away the Colonel followed the stage road, which threaded the old mining camps on Dutch Creek, but suddenly he turned out of the road and urged his horse through the youngest pines and bushes which grew thickly by the road while the constable rode on to the next camp.

There seemed to be no path through the thicket into which the Colonel had turned, but Tipsie walked between the trees and shrubs as if they were familiar objects of her stable yard.

Suddenly a voice from the bushes shouted:—

'What's up?'

'Business—that's what.'

'It's time,' replied the voice, and its owner—a bearded six-footer—emerged from the bushes and stroked Tipsie's nose with the freedom of an old acquaintance. 'We ain't had a nip since last night, and there ain't a cracker or a handful of flour in the shant. The old gal gone back on yer?'

'Yes,' replied the Colonel gruffly; 'lost every blasted race. T'wasn't her fault, bless her, she done her level best; ev'rybody to home?'

'You bet,' said the man. 'All been prayin' for yer to turn up with the roan, an' something with more color than spring water. Come on.'

The man led the way, and Tipsie and the Colonel followed and the trio suddenly found themselves before a log hut, in front of which sat three solemn, disconsolate individuals, who looked appealingly to the Colonel.

'Mack'll tell you how 'twas, fellers,' said the Colonel, meekly, 'while I picket the mare.'

The Colonel was absent but a very few moments, but when he returned, each of the four were attired in pistol and knives, while Mack was distributing some dominoes made from a rather dirty flour sack.

'Better be an hour ahead than amiss in this 'ere night,' said one of the four, 'I ain't so thirsty since I came round the Horn in '50, an' we run short of water. Somebody'll get hurt if there ain't any bitters in the old concern; they will, or my name ain't Perkins.'

'Don't count your chickens 'fore they're hatched, Perkey,' said one of the crowd, as he adjusted the domino under the rim of his hat. 'S'posin' there should be too many on us?'

'Stiddy, stiddy, Cranks!' remonstrated the Colonel. 'Nobody ever gets along if they low themselves to be skeered.'

'Fact,' chimed in the smallest man in the party. 'The Bible says somethin' mighty hot 'bout that. I disremember dzactly how it goes, but I've heard Parson Buzzy, down in Maine, preach a rippin' old sermon many a time. The old man never thort what a comfort them sermons waz agoin' to be to a road agent, though. The time we stopped Sam Mike's stage and he didn't have no more manners than to draw on me, them sermons waz a perfect blessin' to me—the thorns of 'em cheared my head as quick as a cocktail An——'

'I don't want to disturb Logroller's pious strain,' interrupted the Colonel, 'but ez it's Old Black that's arrivin' to-day instead of Sam Mike, and ez Old Black allers makes his time, hadn't we better vamoose?'

The door of the shanty was hastily closed, and the men filed through the thicket until near the road, when they marched rapidly on in parallel lines with it. After about half an hour, Perkins, who was leading, halted, and wiped his perspiring brow with his shirt sleeve.

'Far enough from home now,' said he. 'Paint no use being a gentleman it yer have to work too hard.'

'Safe enough, I reckon,' replied the Colonel. 'We'll do the usual; I'll halt 'em; Logroller, tend to the driver; Cranks take the boot, and Mack and Perk, take right and left; and I know it's tough—but considering how everlastin' eternal hard up we are, I reckon we'll have to ask contributions from the ladies, too, if there's any aboard: eh, boys?'

'Reckon so,' replied Logroller, with a chuckle that seemed to inspire even his black domino with a merry wrinkle or two, 'what's the use of women's rights if they don't ever have a chance of exercisin' 'em? Havin' their purses borrowed 'ud show 'em the full doctrine in a bran new light.'

'Come, come, boys,' interposed the Colonel, 'thar's the crack of Old Black's whip; pick up your bush quick? and jump when I whistle.'

Each man secreted himself by the road side. The stage was swinging along handsomely, those inside were laughing heartily at something, and Old Black was just giving a delicate touch to the flank of the off leader, when the Colonel gave a shrill, quick whistle, and five men sprang into the road.

The horses stopped as suddenly as if it were a matter of common occurrence. Old Black dropped the reins, crossed his legs and stared into the sky, and the passengers put out their heads with a rapidity equalled only by that which they withdrew them as they saw the dominoes and revolvers of the road agents.

'Seems to be something the matter, gentlemen,' said the Colonel, blandly, as he opened the door. 'Won't you please get on? Don't trouble yourself to draw, cos my friend here's got his weapon cocked and his finger's rather nervous. Ain't got a handkerchief, hev yez?' he asked of the first passenger that descended from the stage. 'Hey? Well, now that's luck. Just put yer hands behind yer, so; that's it! And the unfortunate man's hands were securely tied behind him in an instant.

The remaining passengers were treated with similar courtesy, and the Colonel and his friends examined the pockets of the captives. Old Black remained unmolested, for whoever heard of a stage-driver having any money?

'Boys,' said the Colonel, calling his brother agents aside and calling receipts, 'tain't much of a haul, but there's only one woman and she's old enough to be a feller's grandmother.'

'Like enough she'll pan out more than all the rest o' the stage put together, growled Cranks, carefully testing the thickness of the case of a gold watch. 'Just like the low-lived deceitfulness of some folks to hire an old woman to carry their money, so it'd go safer. Mebbe what she's got ain't nothing to some folks that's of horses and ken win money at races, but—'

The Colonel abruptly ended the conversation and approached the stage. He was very chivalrous, but Cranks sarcastic reference to Tipsie needed avenging, and as he could not consistently with business arrangements put an end to Cranks the only lady would have to suffer.

'I beg your pardon, ma'am,' said the Colonel, raising his hat with one hand while he drew open the coach door with the other, 'but we're taking up a collection from the some deserving objects. We was goin' to make the gentlemen fork over the hull amount, but ez they ain't got enough we will have to bother you.'

The old lady trembled, felt for her pocket-book and raised her veil. The Colonel looked into her face, slammed the stage door, and sitting on the hub of one of the wheels, stared vacantly into space. 'Nothing?' queried Perkins with a whisper and a face full of genuine sympathy.

'No—yes,' said the Colonel dreamily. 'That is, untie 'em and let the stage go ahead,' he continued, springing to his feet; 'I'll hurry back to the cabin.' The Colonel dashed into the bushes and left followers so paralyzed with astonishment that Old Black afterward remarked that if there'd been anybody to mind the horses, he could have cleaned out the whole crowd with his whip.

The passengers, now relieved of their weapons, were unbound, allowed to enter the stage, and the door was slammed upon which Old Black picked up his reins as if he had laid them down at the station, while the Colonel's party hastened back to the hut, loudly inspecting as they went certain flasks they had obtained while transacting their business with the occupants of the stage.

Great was the surprise of the road agents as they entered the hut, for there stood the Colonel in a clean white shirt and a suit of clothing made from the limited space wardrobe of the other members of the band.

But the suspicious Cranks speedily subordinated his wonder to his prudence as, laying on the table a heavy purse, he exclaimed:

'Come, Colonel, business before pleasure; let's divide and scatter. If anybody should hear about it and find out trail an' ketch the brads in our possession they might——'

'Divide yourselves!' said the Colonel, with alruptness and a great oath; 'I don't want none of it.'

'Colonel,' said Perkins, removing his own domino and looking anxiously into the leader's face, 'be you sick? Here's some bully brandy which I found in the passengers' pockets.'

'It hain't nothin,' replied the Colonel, with averted eyes. 'I'm going, and I'm retirn' from business forever.'

'Ain't goin' to turn evidence?' cried Carnks, grasping a pistol on the table.

'I'm agoin' to make a lead mine of you ef you don't take that back!' roared the Colonel, with a bound that caused Cranks to drop the pistol and retire precipitately, apologizing as he went. 'I'm agoin' to attend to my own business, and that's enough to keep anybody bizzy. Somebody lend me $50 till I see him again.'

Perkins pressed the money into the Colonel's hand, and within two minutes the Colonel was on Tipsie's back and galloping off in the direction the stage had taken.

He overtook it, passed it, and still he galloped on.

The people of Mud Gulch knew the Colonel well, and made it a rule never to be astonished at anything he did, but they made an exception to the rule when the Colonel canvassed the principal bar-rooms for men who wished to buy a horse, and when a gambler who was flush obtained Tipsie for 20 slugs—only $1,000—when the Colonel had always said there was not gold enough on the top of the ground to buy her, Mud Gulch experienced a decided sensation.

But when the Colonel, after remaining in the barber-shop for half an hour, emerged with his face clean shaved and his hair nicely parted, betting was so wild that a cool-headed sporting man speedily made a fortune by betting against every theory that had been advanced.

Then the Colonel made a tour of the store and fitted himself with a new suit of clothes, carefully eschewing all the gorgeous patterns and pronounced colors so dear to the heart of the average miner. He bought a new hat and put on a pair of boots, and pruned his finger-nails, and, stranger than all, he mildly declined all invitations to drink.

As the Colonel stood at the door of the principal saloon, where the stage always stops, the Challenge Hill constable was seen to approach the Colonel and tap him on the shoulder, when all the men who bet that the Colonel was dogging somebody claimed the stakes. But those who stood near the Colonel, heard the constable say:

'Colonel, I take it all back. When I seed you go out to Challenge Hill it came to me that you might be in the road agent business, but when I seed you sell Tipsie I knew I was on the wrong trail. I wouldn't suspect you now if all the stages in the world were robbed; and I'll give you satisfaction any way you want it.'

'That's all right,' said the Colonel with a smile. The constable afterwards said that nobody had any idea how curiously the Colonel smiled when his beard was off.

But only the stage pulled up to the door with a crash, and the male passengers hurried into the saloon in a state of utter indignation and impetuosity.

The story of the robbery attracted everybody, and during the excitement the Colonel slipped out quietly and opened the door of the stage. The old lady started and cried:

'George!'

And the Colonel jumped into the stage, and putting his arm tenderly around the trembling form of the old lady, exclaimed, 'Mother!'

The Secret of Wing Shooting.

Shooting on the wing is a mechanical art like billiard playing, boxing or fencing. There will, of course, be degrees of excellence, but any one with the full use of his faculties and the ambition necessary to succeed in anything, can acquire it. The secret lies in the hand becoming subservient to the eye. The two must be connected as by electricity. The eye is never at fault, if it were, there would be little hope of improvement, but any one may improve the quickness of the muscles of the arm. Look at the expertness of professional card-players and conjurors in the art of manipulation. The same practice applied to the gun will make the brilliant shot. One often hears it said, 'To be a good shot requires a quick eye.' It matters not how quick the eye is unless the muscles are educated to act in unison with it. Every one can see quick enough. Let one bird out of a trap before 500 people and they will all see it at the same time, but only the practised shot can throw up the gun to his shoulder with accurate aim and simultaneously pull the trigger before the bird has flown ten feet. Take the adroit fencer or boxer; he sees an opening and his practised muscles obey the eye and send the thrust or blow home quicker than the unpractised eye can follow. Of what use then is the sight on a gun. Very little, as is seen by the successful way gunners kill ducks, when it is too dark to see the sight or scarcely to see the barrels. A sportsman should shoot game the same as Indian shoots his arrow, by looking at the object with both eyes open. It may be done by closing one eye, but there is nothing gained by this. There are two ways of shooting on the wing. One to throw up the gun to the shoulder and pull the trigger at the same time. This is termed 'snap shooting.' The other equally good, and better to begin with, and more certain upon the whole, particularly in open shooting, is to follow the bird, and when covered, fire while the gun is in motion. When you pull the trigger the other hand has a tendency to stop. That misses the bird, but education will teach it not to stop, the same as we teach both hands a different action while playing on the piano.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Washington Letter.

THE LEGISLATIVE PROGRAMME. ABOUT BUILDING A NAVY. A PLAN TO DISPOSE OF PRIVATE BILLS.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feby. 14th, 1882

Congress has sufficiently outlined its programme to enable those well acquainted with the history and precedents of political legislation in this country to predict what it will do, and what it will leave undone. It will pass the appropriation bills, of course. The machinery of government must be lubricated. The tariff question is to be evaded for the present by referring it to a committe, outside of Congress, for investigation. It is believed that something will be done to increase the strength and efficiency of our navy, and the opinion among naval experts is that our service and our necessities will not be best supplied by monster iron clads, like those which have been built by England, Germany and Italy, in the last fifteen years, but by a number of powerful, though smaller, swift sailing and easily manoeuvered, vessels, that will be able to overtake a weaker antagonist, and to escape from the more formidable but unwieldiy ships with which the navies of the old world have been recruited. It is the opinion of well informed naval officers here that, since our national policy is defensive and not aggressive, we may with comparative safety rely on torpedoes for the defence of our ports, and that, with twenty-five or thirty vessels of a high degree of speed, each armed with one long range steel gun, we will be so formidable to the merchant marine of the great naval powers of Europe, that they will think twice before they attack us. It is plain that the naval policies of the European powers should not be followed without modification by us. Their cumbersome iron clads are very formidable to the coast cities of Europe, and they would be very dangerous to our coast cities if they were only on this side the Atlantic; but the problem is to bring them here. By far the most comfortable place for these unwieldly iron, coffin-like monsters, with their bellies full of fire and machinery, is the placid surface of a land locked harbor. I have seen even the officers and sailors of a first-class ocean steamer sick from the incessant heaving of the Atlantic, and by the time one of those ill-ventilated metallic "black holes" could reach these shores, the crew would be fitter to take a hospital than a city.

Mr. Dunnell, of Maine, has introduced a bill in Congress similar to a measure recently urged by Mr. Springer, of Illinois, and by the late Clarkson N. Potter, of New York. Its object is to rid Congress of the incubus of petty personal legislation, and to have claims against the government adjudicated by a court or courts, constituted for this purpose. Mr. Springer, in a recent speech, showed that personal legislation was prohibited by the constitutions of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and most of the other great states, and that this prohibition had reduced the volume of their statures nearly 90 per cent. It is absurd to expect the legislature of 50,000,000 of people, confronted with momentus questions of domestic and foreign policy, to act as a court for the settlement of private claims against the government. Over 4000 bills, most of them of a personal and private character, have already been introduced during this session of Congress, and the necessity of such a measure as that proposed by Mr. Dunnell is urgently felt.

The new *Scientific American* offices are admirably chosen for active business. Here, in addition to the issuing of their interesting publications, Messrs. Munn & Co., aided by trained examiners and draughtsmen, prepare specifications and drawings for American and Foreign patents. A handbook of instructions, with full particulars, will also be sent, free. Messrs. Munn & Co. have had over thirty-five years' experience in the business.

— During the year 1881 there were shipped to Europe from New York alone over seventy-two and a quarter million bushels of grain, not one solitary bushel of which was carried by an American bottom. It is estimated that the United States pay yearly nearly eight million dollars to foreigners for the ocean transport of grain.