ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

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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, AUGUST 24, 1881. 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 for first-class work. We make a speciality 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

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In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy, and no other so eminently merits the confidence of the public. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh, the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In Whooping-cough and Consumption there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

Low prices are inducements to try some of the many mixtures, or syrups, made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to deceive and disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs demand active and effective treatment; and it is dangerous experimenting with unknown and cheap medicines, from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is a standard medical preparation, of known and acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as its careful preparation and fine ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, prescribe it in their practice. The test of half a century has proven its absolute certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

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

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AGENTS can make more money selling our new

TELEPHONES!

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

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The Monitor

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ONLY $1.50 PER YEAR.

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BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

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

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes.

consisting of

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

All a

Splendid Assortment of

FALL SUITS

Pants and Vests. Also,

1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes.
Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very LOW FOR CASH,

BEALES & DODGE.

Middleton, Nov .. '78

MONCTON Refined Sugars.

ALL orders for the above received on or before the

LAST DAY OF MAY,

will be filled and delivered the

FIRST WEEK IN JUNE,

—BY—

W. B. TROOP.

Granville, May 23rd, 1881.

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

$2 Watches, Stem Winders $2.50. White Metal Hunting Cases $5. Imitation gold $6. Solid gold $12. Cheapest and best for ready or speculative purposes. Valuable catalogue free. Thompson & Co. 17 Nassau St. N.Y.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

—(0:0)—

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

A careful examination of the 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.

A Great Cause of Human Misery

Is the Loss of

MANHOOD

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 practise, 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 4586.

THE LOCAL MEAT MARKET.

[Limited.]

Registered Under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1879.

English, American, Canadian and Australian

MEATS

—AND—

Provision Depots.

CAPITAL - - - $100,000.

OFFICES—Central Depot and Market: 84 Upper Thames Street, E. C. (Under Cannon Street Station) London, E. C.

BONDED WAREHOUSES—Cold Storage Wharf, Cousin Lane, E. C.

BANKERS:—The London and County Bank, 21 London Street, E. C. D. TALLERMAN, Esq., Gen. Manager.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of Shippers of Cattle, Poultry, &c., to the ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND CANADIAN PROVISION DEPOTS, 84 UPPER THAMES ST., LONDON. Furnished with Refrigerating Chambers of large capacity, where Produce of all kinds can be preserved for any length of time, at any season of the year. The advantages to shippers of live cattle are evident, inasmuch as by slaughtering immediately on arrival Expenses Cease, and the most advantageous moment may be seized for the disposal of the consignment.

To parties desirous of shipping apples, &c., to London, for sales and returns, the Company can offer advantages to be found in no other quarter. By use of the refrigerators, decay or deterioration is arrested, while every facility is afforded for sorting, sampling and laying out sound fruit, as well as for repacking such as may be injured on the voyage. Shippers who may wish more speedy returns than can be forwarded by regular mail, can realize an advance which will be ordered by Telegraph immediately on receipt of consignments landed in good condition.

Information in detail can be obtained by application to the undersigned, who are authorized to make advances to Shippers, and, if desirable, to take an interest for the Company in the profit and loss of operations.

WM. HARE, Agent,
171 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

THOS. S. WHITMAN, Agent,
Annapolis, N. S. 43tf

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.

GREAT BARGAIN!

THE Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT or private Contract,

His Beautiful Residence at

LOWER MIDDLETON.

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

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

EDWARD H. PHINNEY.

Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

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

THREE TRIPS A WEEK.

Steamer "EMPRESS."

Between St. John, Digby and Annapolis.

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

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

Baggage Checked Through. Low Rates Freight.

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

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

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

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

Spring Goods arriving; Prices very low; Everything thriving

—AT—

Murdoch & Co's.

2 TONS WHITE LEAD, best quality in the market.

5 BARRELS RAW AND BOILED OIL, VARNISHES, DRYERS, BRUSHES, &c., &c.

To Grangers and Farmers,

Attention is called to 30 bus. TIMOTHY, and 500 lbs. RED CLOVER, in stock and offered very low for CASH.

GARDEN and FIELD SEEDS in abundance

1200 Rolls Room Paper at cost.

BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS, the cheapest in the market.

Full stock of Groceries and Hardware.

Notice is hereby given to all those indebted to us on note or book account, that payment must be made at once or in 30 days from 1st April.

MURDOCH & CO.

Bridgetown, April 1st, 1881.

Rubber Bucket

PUMPS

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

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

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO.

LAWRENCETOWN, A. C.

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

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

THEY CURE

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

$1000 IN GOLD.

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

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

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

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.

Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

BRIDGETOWN Drug Store!

THE subscriber has removed the Bridgetown DRUG STORE to

QUEEN STREET,

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

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

J. DENNISON.

n8 3m

Poetry.

Stone the Woman.

Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free!
Draw back your skirts lest they perchance May touch your garment as she passes.
But to him put forth a willing hand
That led her to destruction
And disgrace. Shut up from her the sacred
Ways of toil, that she no more may win
Honest meat. But ope to him all honorable
Paths, where he may win distinction,
Give him fair, pressed down measures of
Life's sweetest joys. Pass her, O, maiden,
With a pure proud face, if she puts out
A poor, polluted palm, but lay thy hand in
His on bridal day, and swear to cling to him
With wifely love and tender reverence.
Trust him who led a sister woman,
To a fearful fate.

Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free!
Let one soul suffer for the sin of two—
Is the doctrine of a hurried world,
Too out of breath for holding balances
Where nice distinctions and injustices
Are calmly weighed. But, ah, how will it be
On the strange day of final flame and fire
When men shall stand before the one true Judge? Shall sex make a difference in
Sin? Shall He, the Searcher of the hidden
Heart, in His eternal and divine decree
Condemn the woman and forgive the man?

Select Literature.

Buckskin Joe.

BY HOWARD M. FULLER.

'Tom, do you know that in about three months' time we'll have to work harder for our bread and butter than we do now?'

'Do you really think so?'

'I don't think anything about it. Last night, when I was piling the wood behind the kitchen stove I heard Tom Stover's voice in the front room in a very angry tone, demanding of mother the mortgage money, and when she said that it would be impossible to raise it all in time, he replied, that unless every cent, principal and interest, were paid by the first of April, he would foreclose the mortgage, and she could find a shelter where she might. You don't call that thinking, do you?'

'No, of course not; but do you think he is so hard-hearted as to carry out what he has threatened?'

'You know Tom Stover as well as I do, and that he meant every word he said.'

'It'll be terribly hard on poor mother, Ed. She has drudged and drudged until her life is nearly worn out, and we have worked so hard, ever since we have been able to work, to get rid of this mortgage; and we have done it with pleasure, thinking that every penny earned, was so much more toward a home all our own. How eagerly mother and we have anticipated that time! And if Tom Stover goes back on us in this way, he has no mercy or charity in his heart.'

'That may be so, Tom, but we can't rest on the chance of his heart's becoming any tenderer than it is; so we will have to do something, and mighty quick, too. It's strange if, grown up men as we are, we cannot liquidate such a trifling debt.'

'Ed, don't make fun of the matter, for it is a very serious thing, and particularly to mother. What do you propose to do?'

'I don't know what to do yet, but something must be done at once. Let us put our heads together, and see if we can't find a way out of this scrape before we go to sleep.'

So they lay awake far into the small hours of the night, planning, and the result of their planning furnishes the essential part of what is to follow.

There were no two ways about it, Mrs. Easton had made a veritable slave of herself, and she could not help it, for fate, being backed up by foolish pride, had given her no other alternative. Her husband had died five years before, and left to her care five children and a mortgage of five hundred dollars on the homestead. Three of the children were too young to be of any help to her; Tom and Ed, who had just merged into their teens, probably could not have done much for the support of the family had Buckskin Joe—the poor apology for a horse—taken the notion in his head that the time had come for him to draw his last breath, which he looked ready to do at any moment. Yet he had been a faithful animal, and he doubtless meant in his good old heart to be true to the Eastons to the end, as a sort of return for the kindness he had received at their hands. No one knew how old he was. He might have been fifteen, and, just as well, thirty years of age. Mr. Easton had bought him a few months before his death, of a band of gypsies for a mere trifle, and he could learn nothing of them either as to his age or pedigree.

From the time the boys could manage him, which was at quite an early age, for Joe was in no wise a vicious beast, they had used him in trucking merchandise from the station to the village stores, and in doing other work that required more than manual strength to perform. The inhabitants generally had been generous patrons of the boys, and frequently gave them work out of pure charity, for all of which they were fairly paid. But the village was small, and odd jobs were scarce, and consequently the sum total of the money turned over to their mother from work in the village did not tend to increase the mortgage fund very much. The boys realized their largest income from the sale of wild berries, fish and nuts, in the neighboring town, and without the horse this source of revenue would have been cut off, for the distance was too great to carry their market stuff by hand, or trudge in a wheelbarrow. So, with the combined efforts of Mrs. Easton, the two boys, and the faithful horse, and by dint of the strictest frugality, the family had contrived to keep their heads out of the water, and to save three hundred and fifteen dollars toward the required sum.

It had taken several years to accomplish this much, however, and the deprivation and hard labor necessarily bore heavily upon Mrs. Easton. She resorted to every expedient to further the undertaking, took in washing and sewing, and, in fact, turned a honest penny in whatsoever way she could.

The visit of Mr. Stover left her in a despondent state of mind. She entreated him in vain to wait another year, and her cherished dream of retaining the old homestead was cruelly dispelled. How could she tell her boys? This worried her exceedingly. They had been such good children, and had struggled so manfully with her for this same purpose, that it seemed to her a terrible thing that they should know the miserable reward of all their labor.

Little did she imagine that they were already possessed of her secret, and had worked out a plan by which they hoped to free their home and their hearts from the heavy load.

They were out bright and early the next morning, and although their mother noticed that their regular work was performed with more than usual promptitude, the fullness of sorrow at her heart would not allow room for any suspicion of subterfuge on their part. She had never entertained for a moment a thought that her sons could be guilty of a dishonorable act, for they were the souls of honor; and when Tom informed her that he and Ed were going to town, since nothing more was to be done at home, she uttered not a word of dissent, for what they wished to do they had her fullest consent therein, for, to her mind, everything they did was proper and right.

They were soon on the road to town. The exuberance of their spirits shone out in their faces, and was in a measure imparted to the awkward movements of the buckskin-colored horse ahead, for occasionally he would brace himself up, throw his head out as far as his neck would let it go, and strike into a shambling gait, producing a speed which would have been a matter of great surprise to every one but the boys. They knew every point, good and bad, about the horse, and the one they had taken great precaution and pains to keep secret and develop was this very point of speed, and they had done both zealously. What advantage or gain could possibly accrue to them from his speed they did not know or care—for horse racing, as a money-making business, was an immorality they would not pursue. There was nevertheless a surreptitious delight in knowing that they owned a horse, raw-boned and homely as he was, that could beat the best time of three-fourths of the race-horses within a radius of twenty-five miles

The first intimation they had of the speed of their animal was on a return trip from town. He was going along at his usual slow and clumsy gait when a light-spirited horse dashed by him like a whirlwind, and before the boys were aware of his intentions, the buckskin was after him like a rocket. This unexpected movement created a serious disturbance among the contents of the wagon. Ed was thrown violently backward, and by the merest chance escaped a hard fall to the ground, and the boxes and baskets were sent scattering along the highway in a jiffy.

'Don't stop him, Tom?' exclaimed Ed from the bottom of the wagon. 'Let's give the fellow a brush.'

So Tom let him go, and in spite of the hardest endeavors of the other horse to distance him, Joe, holding his tremendous gait, kept his nose over the tail-board for half a mile or more. The boys, perhaps, would have continued the race further, but, having left behind their boxes and baskets and a portion of the wagon, they deemed it best to withdraw from the contest and recover their possessions. When they arrived home they discovered that they had been trying mettle with Ajax, the fastest horse in that section. Even after this exciting event the boys had put Joe to his best speed when returning from town, and how they ached for another race with Ajax! But he never again came that way.

'Hold up a minute, Ed; there's one of those posters on that barn. Let's get out and read it over, so as to be sure that my memory is not at fault concerning the conditions of the race.'

They read the long poster over very carefully, the purport of which was that there would be a horse-race in town on a certain day, open to all competitors of whatever age or record, for a purse of $250. The boys had seen this poster before, for they were scattered all over the country, but to Tom's retentive memory alone must the blame of promulgating their wicked plan be charged, for when he first mentioned the horse race as the place to try to earn the needed money, Ed couldn't remember that he had heard or seen anything about it before. The poster before him convinced him that there was going to be a race, if Tom hadn't done it already.

'That seems to be straight as a string, Tom.'

'There couldn't be anything fairer.'

'But, Tom, remember we are not experienced turfmen, and there may be some deception underlying it all.'

'I guess its square enough, Ed.'

When they reached town they immediately sought out the proprietor of the race-course, and acquainted him with their purpose of entering a horse for the race. He simply laughed at them, no doubt thinking it a good joke that two chits like these should be talking horse-race. He asked the name of the jockey, the age and record of the horse.

'The name of the horse,' said Ed, 'is Buckskin Joe, his driver Thomas L. Easton, his age and record unknown.'

'I presume you are making sport of me,' he said, 'but it does not matter if you are. My business here is to take down the entries, and I'll have to do it, whether the entry is *bona fide* or not.'

Accordingly he noted in the book what Ed had told him.

Tom assured him that they were in earnest, and inquired how many horses had been entered.

'Eleven, and as they are the best in the country about here, it is safe to say that no more will be entered. You may look the list over if you wish, but the race will be taken by Ajax as sure as fate. Nothing has ever beaten him, and so sure am I that he will win that I have wagered a hundred dollars on him, and have also agreed to purchase the horse that beats him at his owner's figure. But what about this horse of yours? Do you think he can beat Ajax? If you do, I may as well begin now to make arrangements for his accomodation in my stable.'

The boys keenly felt this bit of sarcasm, and replied that their horse had never been on the track, and they did not think he stood any chance to beat, but was entered only for the purpose of testing his speed, and with the determination to win the prize if possible.

'What is the record of this horse—Ajax?' asked Ed.

'Two thirty-six!'

They looked over the list before they left, and saw that it contained the names of all the fastest trotters in the vicinity.

'If none of those other horses can beat two-thirty-six,' said Ed, on their way home, 'that race will be ours.'

'I bet it will too,' said Tom, 'for you remember Ed, the afternoon we timed Joe by Lawyer Bowditch's watch, which we had brought from the jeweller's, how he covered the distance between two mile-posts in exactly three minutes, and he had that heavy express and us two to pull.'

'Don't I remember it? I guess I do! And if Will Sloan will lend us his light cutter, we can beat anything on four feet in the country. But, Tom, does this horse racing strike you as just the proper thing for us to do?'

'Ed, you talk foolishly. I don't see any wrong in it. We are going to do it only once, and it is for a noble cause. Besides, Deacon Sawyer has got the name of his bay gerding on the book. If we intended to follow it for a regular business it would be a different think. We have got to get mother out of this perpetual stew, and what is the odds, how we do it, so long as it's done above board?'

If the boys had consulted their better nature, they would not have permitted the idea to enter their mind; but in their anxiety to relieve their mother of the approaching trouble; in their hurried grasping after any means to rescue the family property from the hammer, and in the glorious anticipation of the race they did not find time to give the subject the consideration it deserved. If they could only have seen ahead, how their secret work caused their fond mother's heart to heave with unfathomable pain, they would willingly have severed their right hand to have the nefarious deed undone. Thinking only of the good to be possibly derived from the race, they were not aware for the time being of its low and sinful aspects.

The days wore on apace, and it was soon the night preceeding the all-important event. The boys had been on nettles all day long, running to and fro like excited sheep, willing and wanting to do something when nothing was to be done, for all the necessary work had been completed early in the forenoon. The most important items in the day's programme were the transfer of Will Sloan's cutter, which he kindly loaned them, from his barn to theirs, and the sharpening of Joe's calks. This latter item would have entailed more expense upon the boys than they could bear if the operation were performed by a blacksmith, so Ed, with a rusty file, did it himself. Before dark everything had been put in excellent shape for the next day's contest, and the boys resolved to go to bed early in order that they might get off betimes in the morning. They desired to reach town in good season, that Joe might have ample time to rest. The eve of the culmination of their hopes and plans, however, was fraught with such glorious expectations that it was about midnight before sleep overtook them.

The morning dawned bright and clear. The chores had been done over night. Breakfast was speedily bolted; Joe hitched to the cutter, and they off for the field of action, in about the same time that it takes to tell it. They got in town several hours before the one advertised for the race, and the intervening time was spent in wandering aimlessly about the streets, while their minds were full of the wildest conjectures. By-and-by nearly every one they saw was going in the direction of the race-course, and before the boys returned to the public stable, the town was swarmed with people, all bending their way to the same destination. The whole country apparently was turning out to witness the contest.

There is this striking peculiarity to be seen in the majority of conscientious men. Whenever an immorality presents a virtuous side to their view they are very ready to patronize and enjoy it. In this case Senator Jenkins, to insure a handsome return for his investment of two hundred and fifty dollars, had thrown over this piece of iniquity a thin mantle of charity, which any one so inclined could readily have penetrated. Fifty cents was charged for admission. Nevertheless the proceeds were to be devoted to the succor of the poor, and the people, ostensibly for charity's sake, were filling the race-course to its fullest capacity.

There was a loud exclamation of derision as Joe took his place among the contestants. It was indeed a ridiculous sight, and would have caused the soberest face to smile. Surrounded by the finest specimens of horse-flesh that the country could produce, this gaunt, raw-boned animal seemed out of his legitimate domain. In fact, it was almost difficult to say, save from an indescribable something in his general contour, how he could lay an equitable claim to kinship with the noble animals on either side of him. Comparisons between Joe and his competitors were drawn involuntarily in the minds of the spectators, and as comparisons are odious to some one, this some one, reasonably not Joe, was none other than Tom. If he could have contrived to get out of his uncomfortable situation he would not have hesitated to do so. The gibes and sneers that were unceasingly launched at him and the horse, the latter, especially, were too much for his proud nature to bear, and he would have got away or pummelled some of the taunters had not Ed's cooler reasoning restrained him.

But he was soon to be out of their reach, for the dignitaries of the occasion had already mounted the stand, and were making preparations for the start. A breathless silence fell upon the immense throng. Men and beasts grew restless with impatience. The signal was soon given, however, and the line was broken off in a twinkling.

But what was the matter with Joe? He did not start? Whether the strange sights and noises distracted him, or his ignorance of the meaning of the start's signal and the sudden stampede of his fellow equines, nonplussed him, it was hard to tell. At any rate his singular behavior was only of a second's duration, for the tails of his competitors had no more than whisked by his face than he went in hot pursuit. But this delay might have seriously affected his chance of winning the race, and neither the starter nor the referees would have called the line back for another start merely for the accommodation of hapless Joe. The horses went down the first quarter in an indistinguishable bunch. At the half mile their respective speed and endurance began to show themselves. Four were leading close together; five more followed a short distance behind, with no advantage for anyone. Joe came next, his out-thrown feet warning his companion in the rear not to attempt to pass them, and all were going at lightning speed. From here to the finish the race was most beautiful and exciting. Urged forward by whip and shouts, each horse called out its greatest speed to gain the foremost place. How well did they represent the stubborn ambition of scores of men to attain the place which the one who reaches first alone can occupy? The race is to the swift, however, and Joe, pounding along in his awkward way, seemed well designed and well content to bear the honors of the race.

But what means that ringing shout, that tumultuous applause? Look! Look! 'twas Joe who caused this unbounded burst of enthusiasm; with distended nostrils, his shrivelled ears, and hairless tail pointing straight out behind, seemed to have a new life infused within him. He was no longer satisfied with his low place in the line of the flying coursers. Tom spurred him on, and held him firmly to his work. He made the glistening particles of ice and snow fly from the hard track as his faster moving feet carried him toward the front. Such time had never been made upon that course before, and the people were fairly wild in their manifestations of delight. The three-quarter pole had just been past when Joe closed in upon Ajax, leading well, his black body white with foam. The excitement grew intense. The crowd rushed pell-mell after the two horses, yelling at the top of their voices.

Although Ajax was skimming over the ground at his utmost speed, Joe was slowly gaining upon him; but the former was still leading when they came in view of the judge's stand. Joe came forging ahead, and up they came as straight and as swift as an arrow just from the bow, holding each other neck to neck. Would they finish like this? It looked so, for as they neared the end their positions were unchanged. There was a momentary hush in the great bedlam of voices, and all waited with baited breaths to hear the official decision.

'Ajax wins!' cried a voice.

But no; old Joe remained faithful to the last, and realizing, perhaps, the great responsibilities resting upon his success, he gathered his well-spent energies together and expended them in a grand final effort, and passed in under the string the winner by half a length.

The crowd were not held long in their trying suspense, for soon the blackboard denoted what the judge decided orally, that Buckskin Joe had won; time, 2.34¾, and the scene that followed would baffle an abler pen to describe.

One of Nasby's Yarns.

Petroleum V., as our readers are aware, is in Europe, whence he sends letters to his paper, the Toledo Blade. In a letter written just after his arrival, in England, he describes one of his fellow passengers, 'a young man from Oshkosh, Wis., named Tribbetts. He was an excellent young man of his kind, and he very soon acquired the reputation, which he deserved, of being the best poker player on the ship. He was uneasy till a game was organized in the morning, and he growled ferociously when the lights were turned down at 12 at night. He was impatient with slow players, because, as he said, all the time they wasted was so much loss to him. He could drink more Scotch whiskey than any one on the ship, and he was the pet of the entire crew, for his hand was always in his pocket. He ruined the rest of the passengers by his reckless liberality. His father was a rich Wisconsin farmer, and this was his first experience in travel.'

What time this scapegrace could spare from cards and meals he devoted to writing to his mother a highly moral letter, which was completed just before the vessel's arrival at Queenstown. This delectable epistle the writer read to Petroleum, who gives it verbatim, as he asserts, but the following paragraph has such a true Nasby flavor that there can be little doubt from whom the whole composition emanated. Says the alleged Tribbetts: 'Just now the sailors are heaving a log, which they do to ascertain the speed the ship is making. Mr. Inman, the owner of this ship, is a very wealthy man, and he has everything of the best. He furnishes his vessel with nothing but black-walnut logs to heave, while others use pine or poplar. Capt. Leitch is a very humane man, and never uses profane language to the crew. On other ships the men who go aloft are compelled to climb tarred-rope ladders, but Captain Leitch has passenger elevators rigged to the masts, such as you saw in the Palmer House in Chicago, in which they sit comfortably, and are hoisted up by a steam engine.'

A HOME RECIPE FOR MAKING ATTAR OF ROSES.—When rose-leaves fail to the ground, and are wasted, every lady can, if she chooses, manufacture a delicious perfume at a cost of less than fifty cents, and in a few minutes' time. Take a two-gallon glass jar, and fill full of clean, freshly-picked rose-leaves. Then cork it tight, and take a two ounce phial, and fit the neck into the cork of the two-gallon jar. Cut some sponge into narrow strips; soak them in good oil, free from smell or rancidity; put the strips into the small phial, turn it upside down, and place them in the sun for four days, and the heat will distill the rose-leaves, and the aroma will ascend, and saturate the oil in the sponge. Put in fresh leaves about four times, and you will have a small phial of the finest attar of roses that can possibly be made, and in quantity sufficient to scent the clothes and handkerchiefs of a family for a year. Pure attar of roses costs thirty dollars per ounce. Be sure and keep it well corked, or it will evaporate.

Spiders Obstruct the Telegraph.

One of the chief hinderances to telegraphing in Japan is the grounding of the current by spider lines. The trees bordering the highways swarm with spiders, which spin their webs everywhere between the earth, wires, posts, insulators, and trees. When the spider webs are covered with heavy dews they become good conductors and run the messages to earth. The only way to remove the difficulty is by employing men to sweep the wires with brushes of bamboo; but as the spiders are more numerous and persistent than the brush users the difficulty remains always a serious one.—*Scientific American.*

—That a human bite is as dangerous as that of any animal is shown by an occurrence in the German city of Munster where a man who was bitten in one of his fingers during a fight has had the alternative of losing his arm or his life. Blood poisoning set in, and speedy amputation at the shoulder became necessary.

—The Clyde shipbuilding returns for July show that seventeen vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of about 26,000, were launched during the month, as compared with 29,000 tons of new shipping last month. This important industry continues to be in a healthy condition, the firms all over the river having plenty of work on hand. Enquiries have been more numerous of late than for some time past, and the booking of new orders has been fairly satisfactory.

—A free fight took place in Argyle Free Church, Glasgow, Scotland, on the evening of July 29. A meeting was held against the wish of the minister, who took the chair, but refused to constitute the meeting. Another chairman was opening proceedings with prayer, when he was seized by the throat, a general melee following, in which women as well as men participated. The police were finally called in to quell the disturbance.

RELIGIOUS GRUMBLERS.—Everybody thinks himself a judge of a sermon, but nine out of ten might as well pretend to weigh the moon. I believe that at the bottom most people think it an uncommon easy thing to preach, and that they could do it amazingly well themselves.

Every donkey thinks itself worthy to stand with the king's horses; every girl thinks she could keep house better than her mother; but thoughts are not facts, for the sprat thought itself a herring, but the fisherman knew better. I try my hand at preaching myself, and in my poor way I find it no easy thing to give the folks something worth hearing, and if the fine critics who reckon us off on thumbs would but try their own hand at it they might be a little more quiet. Dogs, however, alway bark, and what is worse, some of them will bite, too; but let decent people do all they can, if not to muzzle them, yet to prevent their doing any great mischief.

It is a dreadful thing to see a happy family of Christians broken up by a talkative fault-finder, and all about nothing, or less than nothing. Small is the edge of the wedge, but when the devil handles the beetle churches are soon split to pieces, and men wonder why. The fact is, the worst wheel of the cart cracks most, and one fool makes many, and thus many a congregation is set at ears with a good and faithful minister who would have been a lasting blessing to them if they had not chased away their best friend. Those who are at the bottom of the mischief have generally no part or lot in the matter of true godliness, but, like sparrows fight over the corn, which is not their own, and, like jackdaws, pull to pieces what they never helped to build.

From mad d