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ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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H. S. PIPER,

Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

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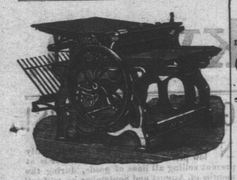

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Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 13. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1885. NO. 21.

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MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

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Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.

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Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

Poetry.

The way to Sing.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they.
The common air has generous wings:
Songs make their way.

No messenger to run before,
Devising plan;
No mention of the place, or hour,
To any man,
No waiting till some sound betrays
A listening ear;
No different voice—no new delays
If steps draw near.

'What bird is that? The song is good,'
And eager eyes
Go peering through the dusky wood
In glad surprise.

Then, late at night, when by his fire
The traveller sits,
Watching the flame grow brighter, higher,
The sweet song flits
By snatches through his weary brain,
To help him rest.
When next he goes that road again,
An empty nest
On leafless bough will make him sigh:
'Ah me! last spring,
Just here I heard, in passing by,
That rare bird sing.'

But while he sighs, remembering
How sweet the song,
The little bird, on tireless wing,
Is borne along
In other air; and other men,
With weary fe
On other roads, the simple strains
Are finding sweet.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they.
The common air has generous wings:
Songs make their way.

Select Literature.

Calico Bundle Number 10.

I.

To-morrow's bride! She seemed to have love and wealth, and joy and health, peace, and every kind of pleasure, happiness without end or measure—in a word, everything that was ever wished in the wildest birthday verse, or satin printed souvenir. But as Melanie did not live in a world of rice-paper and silver, her happiness was only human, with the inseparable touch of sadness. To-morrow there were to be partings, when others for her sake would look gay but with lonesome hearts; to-morrow's joy would end forever and ever the dear old life at home! Everything reminded her of it—even the dog following her jealously that day wherever she went Yes, and every turn of the paths in the wide wooded home garden, her girlhood's Paradise, and every well-known haunt of the last flowers that Melanie Dean was ever to gather. To-morrow she would be some one else; there would be no Melanie Dean at the Park; she sat down on the old seat under a great old tree to realize that wonderful, puzzling, delicious and in one sense regretful, truth. And under the dark green branches to-morrow's bride, was like a gleam of summer light, in her girlish simple dress, with nut-brown hair blown on her forehead, and pensive gray eyes that foretold a tender womanly nature awakening in the future. Perhaps it would have awakened sooner if Melanie had not been always so happy! Her life had been a clear, smooth river, a stream far inland among quiet green lands; and who does not know that strength and treasure belong to the great deep, the heart that has its rugged storm-life, its weary whitening of foam—and perhaps at its best a ridged ocean floor of muddy waters?

Well, there was to-morrow's bride in the garden, loveable and beautiful, thinking neither about sea nor river—nor, to do her justice, about orange-blossoms and satin—but only of the morning's "good-bye" All at once a figure, with a quick scramble of hands and elbows, appeared on top of the Park wall directly opposite to her. There it sat perched on the gray stones of the boundary wall, under the dark big-leafed chestnut branches—a red-haired, pale creature, a prosaic girl, with big boots and a plaid shawl. Of course the old Scotch collie, with doggish objection to beggars, charged at the foot of the wall, and Melanie, startled out of her reverie, ran across the grassy expanse to the rescue. The girl on the wall was staring at her sullenly, and pelting the dog in return for his barking.

'Oh, don't throw stones at my dog!'

'Vittles!' explained the visitor on the wall.

'What do you say?'

'It's not stones—it's bread.'

'You ought not to throw bread at him,' reasoned Melanie. 'It is such waste. A well-fed dog will not take bread, and it won't stop him. Mack will not hurt you. Hush, Mack—quiet!'

'I wish I was a well-fed dog,' said the girl on the wall, very shockingly.

'Oh! you wicked girl—how can you?'

The 'wicket girl,' instead of seeing the error of her ways, inquired complacently, 'Are you going to be married to-morrow, miss?'

'Yes,' said Melanie, timidly; 'but what do you want? Go round to the gate lodge if you want anything!'

'Them that's happy is made happier; and them that isn't, hasn't nothing,' said the girl on the wall.

'I don't understand you. What is it you want? Where do you come from?'

'I've seen you before. You ran away from me in the woods yonder, when you weren't the height of that little bush there.'

At these words a memory picture rose in Melanie's mind. She remembered her first escapade and her first fright—a ramble alone in the woods in pinafore days, and a sudden return screaming that she had met a goblin. The goblin was vague, enlarged by terror; it had been up a tree growling, and it was swinging down to her when she ran away. The maid she confided in had told her it might be only Joan Haggs playing truant, up in a tree as she often was, and crying. And when she asked Joan Haggas what, the servants had said to each other with shakes of the head, 'an ugly patch of a girl, and no better than she looks.' The memory came now with the sight of the nimble figure on the wall, and the attitude, with lean arms tightly encircling the drawn up knees. Of course, the goblin had been magnified, first by fear and then by memory, far beyond the size of this ragged human creature on the wall, but Joan was recognizable. Years had not improved her—red coarse hair, thick and straight on the forehead, irregular features, freckled skin, and a hard sullen look from a pair of angry eyes—these were not charms, and Melaine was becoming awkward and timid.

'You ran away from me,' repeated Joan Haggas, sullenly. 'I wouldn't have hurt you.' She seemed to remember it, even yet, resentfully, as the beginning of her wrongs from all the world. 'You've been having everything good ever since, and everything's gone crooked and upside-down with me. So I came to Raddlewick to look at you, when I heard you were going to be married to Sir Someone—I forget—if he don't die before the wedding day, like my luck; maybe he will yet!'

'Oh, don't!' cried to-morrow's bride, aghast—and no wonder! 'You must not say such awful things. I have done nothing to you. Go round to the lodge if you want money or anything else.'

'I don't want nothing,' said Joan Haggas, crouching and keeping a tight grip of her thin knees. From under the heavy hair she was looking at the heiress of love, and happiness, and riches, and beauty, as if she was a sight to be seen and to be resented. 'Do you live in the village? I wish you would go round to the lodge,' said Melanie.

'I don't live nowhere. And if you've got the whole park, miss, won't you let me have the wall for once? There's a Jock-o'-the-many-legs on the wall, and you don't trouble about him.'

'A what?'

'A Jock-o'-the-many-legs, and two lady-birds—see!'

The girl put out her bony hand, and took up one of the lady-birds, with a playful pleasure that suddenly softened her face.

It was only for a moment. Then she looked hard again. Melanie had asked her if she had father or mother.

'Of course I haven't. I never had nobody—except one, and he was killed down in a pit—a collier! Yes? 'Twas a blowing up—the 'bustibles took fire down there, they said. Father was killed the same war, 'fore I was born. Mother was in the work'us, but I never saw her.'

'And who brought you to Raddlewick? You must have been in the village when you were quite little.'

Joan Haggas shook her head.

'I was a work'us baby, and that's all they ever told me. Farmer Stook said the babies there were in Calico, rolling about, numbered; and I was the Calico Bundle Number Ten! I was at Farmer Stook's looking after the chicks and calves, when I was a little 'un, and he sent me to school—till I ran away.'

Melanie looked rather horrified at this confession.

'Ran away! Where?'

'To Blackleydale, miss, where my father was once, long ago. And then there were the fifteen killed, and I went with the woman to ask, and I saw them brought up and stretched there, covered up—stiff—and I came to him—and—oh!' with a wild outburst, 'I hate it for a crooked bad world to me. Never a thing went right since I was that Calico Bundle Number Ten! They told me the reason the men was killed. But if the 'bustibles were going to take fire in the *why did* the 'bustibles wait till my poor Jack was down there?'

Her argument against ill-fortune in general, and 'bustibles' in particular, was terrible in its emphasis, if it was poor in expression.

'What are you a-smiling at?' she cried, suddenly, kneeling upon the mossy wall, with clasped hands and wild face. 'I hope yours will die too. There, I do wish it now, I do. It is a bad world to me, and and I'll be bad it I choose.'

Here she disappeared down the other side of the wall; and Melanie, very white, and ready to cry, listened to the sullen voice muttering about some folks having everything, and others having nothing. Then there was a trampling on the road outside, and Joan Haggas was gone.

Melanie Dean, sweet and only twenty, what had she done to have her feelings so outraged by a beggar girl, a workhouse waif, Calico Bundle Numbee Ten? She went back to the seat under the tree, and sobbed under her strong sense of injury. Joan Haggas was far down the lane, in sunshine that had no brightness for her, maddened by the wound of the rich lady's thoughtless smile—without tenderness enough for tears—bitter and twenty. She too had her sense of injury.

Everybody said of Joan Haggas just what the maid had said years ago, when Melanie the child mistook child Joan for a goblin in the wood. Everybody said Joan was "an ugly patch of a girl, and no better than her looks;" at least all Raddlewick said so—and Raddlewick thought it was everybody.

II.

'There's something in that girl. What could we do for Joan Haggas? the happiest man of the day said, when Melanie, beside him in a railway-carriage, was coaxed to tell all yesterday's story. He had seen its sequel that morning, when Joan, climbing like the goblin she had been mistaken for once, had appeared over the churchyard wall, flinging white hawthorne bloom on the bride's path—the only peace-offering she could give.

Calico Bundle Number Ten became once more a calico, much neater in printed cotton than she had ever been in ragged and worn garments. She was a maid in the bride's new home. Poor Joan of the hard and sullen face, the coarse red locks, and the fretful voice, was only Joan still. A print gown, and an apron, and warm shoes had not made her beautiful; nor had good food and lodging beautified her nature. She was Joan the servant; any idea of her as transformed and ready to be 'happy ever after' would be sheer nonsence. All the others thought her somewhat lazy, and somewhat sullen, and inclined at times to express herself frantically as to 'this crooked, bad upside down world.' To the household staff she was an outsider, beneath the well-trained maids in the social scale. Her old character was still following her, 'an ugly patch of a girl, and no better than her looks.'

A rambling old house it was—gabled with timbered front and ivy outside, and wainscotted rooms and raftered ceilings within. 'My Lady,' when a year was gone by, did her last and and poorest servant the honor of letting her come up on one day, through a maze of staircases and passages, to a nursery glowing with warmth and brightness, to see the treasure of the house—the little son and heir. Melanie's heart had a deeper knowledge now, and a quicker sympathy—it was the heart of a mother; and reading in Joan's face an almost reverential longing, she said brightly—

'Sit by the fire, Joan. Nurse will give him to you to hold. You shall see how he likes the warmth on his dear little feet. There—see how he looks at you!'

Joan Haggis bent over the child that lay in her lap, looking up at her with those eyes so helplessly gentle and new to the world. Her face softened with tenderness—a strange look, unutterably longing, yet patient. She turned her head aside, bent down still more, dreading that her poor tears might touch the snowdrift of infantile finery.

Who could guess her thoughts?—who could read the meaning of that resigned, yearning look, the gentleness of her poor, coarse hands, the slow dropping of her silent tears? This fire-lit room, this warm stillness, this child resting in her arms, all was the image of the love, the life of hope, that home with its world of tenderness, that was to be hers—never—never—never!

There was an arm about poor Joan; there was some one kneeling beside her whom she—tear-blind could not see, but knew by the softness of the hand. With the child that was the link of sympathy, they two were alone together—the soft hand with a gesture had banished all else.

'Poor Joan! why should you cry? I will always care for you. Believe me, I will!'

Few words; but they filled to overflowing the heart that had been hungry, beggared for love, well-nigh ruined for the want of it. Joan had caught the soft white hand in hers, covering them with hot tears and passionate kisses. She said nothing. How could one expect expression in words, at such a moment, from that Patch of a Girl? But when the transport of gratitude was over, the light did not die out of the plain freckled face. The spell of its hardness had been broken; it was learning looks of softness and tenderness the beauty of the heart—for it was certain now that there had been a heart rolled up long ago in Calico Bundle Number Ten. Perhaps there is one in every bundle of that interesting kind; and if the hearts are not found, it may be the fault of those who treat the calico bundles afterwards as if they belonged to another nature—human rag-dolls, that grow up into scarecrows.

* * * * * *

In the front of the winter time, Farmer Stook of Raddlewick came back from a journey, and told the news at the Blue Boar—

'Timberwold House is gone like all the other snug old places. Burned down last night!'

'Where Miss Dean lived?' Lady Maybrook was still Miss Dean in her own village.

Stook nodded, bending out of his country car impatient to tell the news. It was a fine thing to know all about it and have a crowd round the car asking. But it was a bad business, he hinted—very bad!

'My lady's child was near being done for. Each nurse thought the other had it. The mother was going mad—poor Miss Dean!—poor Lady Maybrook! I ought to say—thinking how it was up in the worst burning part. There were crowds of us on the lawn—twelve o'clock last night—and she sheer mad; till there all at once, was Joan Haggas—yes, Joan Haggas, she was a servant there—up the woodwork and the ivy—never saw such a climber; she was up and banged in the window, and out comes the smoke—all in a minute, while we were only thinking what to do. Then out she comes, and up the gables of the roof—! twas all gables, you know—and she stood against the red sky, and the child safe in her hands. 'Twas a bad business, though.'

Stook shook his head, and stopped to whet the impatience of the Blue Boar crowd.

'The firemen came just them—ladders up in a trice. It was a bad fire and hot work. Child sent down all right—girl on the roof goes reeling back. They all roared to her from below to keep her head steady, and let the man get her down to the ladder. But 'twas the roof was falling in. We saw her face just a moment, like the face of an angel, the light was that strong, and her two hands, clasped this way, held tight. 'Twas a terrible sight the moment after the crash. The flames and smoke were up like a furnace. And to think how she was gone down alive into that fire! You should have heard the crowd—there was a regular storm of shouting to save her.'

'And they did?'

'Tut! impossible: no living man could—not all the Brigade together. Poor lass! it must have been over quick—she was past pain.'

'Joan Haggas!' then there was a stricken silence.

So Raddlewick heard the end of Calico Bundle Number Ten—the end of the forgotten heart that one pitying touch had glorified. The end—not the beginning—that is the test; and in the important 'Everybody' of Raddlewick was there one that could have stood beside Joan Haggas at the last! Not one. 'We saw her face just a moment, like the face of an angel, the light was that strong.'

What need had she to be better than her looks?

Patched Elbows.

'Look, mother, those interesting elbows are out again! I don't know what old Toppleton will say.'

As he spoke Dave Baldwin turned about and showed his mother the rent where two very active elbows had worked themselves out of prison. Mrs. Baldwin was frying griddle-cakes for Dave's breakfast. She looked up and said in her pleasant way:

'Well, Dave, the thing that made the trouble will cure it. Work did it and work will cure it, and next month you will be able, from your earnings, to have a new coat, so that again you can say. What made holes will cover them. In a few minutes I will sew up those holes.'

'Sorry to make you so much trouble, mother. I'm an awful boy.'

There upon Mother Baldwin told him she would stop his mouth with a griddle-cake, if he did not stop that style of talking.

'I shouldn't object, mother, to looking as well as Frank Thompson.'

'I should if I thought you got your clothes the same way. I was at the Thompson's the other day, and Mrs. Thompson groaned and said she should be glad when Frank got his bills paid, but clerks must dress in any store, she supposed. Before you and Frank went into Toppleton's store, you and he were glad to pick greens in the city lots and bring them home for dinner, and I would rather you'd be a dandelion-picker for life than have you owing everybody and never paying them.'

To this sentiment Mother Baldwin gave emphasis by the vigorous landing of another griddle-cake on Dave's plate.

'I think young people ought to grow up with a horror of debt, for it is one kind of dishonesty if you owe people, because you have bought something you know you may not pay for. Then, if you expect when you buy to be able to pay, but still don't pay, and so keep people out of their just due, after a while conscience gets easy on this debt-subject, and says, 'Oh, any time will do,' and who knows? If I get easy about what I owe a man, I may get easy on the subject of taking something outright from him. No, Dave, I want to bring you up right.'

'Still again did Mother Baldwin give emphasis to her words by the prompt and hearty landing of a griddle-cake on a hungry's boy' plate.

'That's good, mother. You give 'em big and hot. I'll promise to be honest.'

'If you don't, young man,' said Mother Baldwin, with a ringing laugh, 'you may speak for another cook. The very first evening I possibly can, I engage to cover these active elbows with two as neat patches as I can put on. They will do till you can buy a new coat.'

Dave and Frank that morning walked together to Toppleton's 'Dry Goods Bazaar, where they were clerks.

'Oh, that is a beauty!' exclaimed Dave noticing one of Frank's sleeve-buttons. The style was that of a blue stone in a cross-form set within a rich gold band.

'Like it?' asked Frank. 'The ladies all think it very fine. When I sell 'em a piece of silk, I just carelessly lay my hand on it and say, 'It shows well against jewelry,' and it is just—just—irresistable.'

'Must have cost something.'

'Hum—well! 'Taint paid for yet, but that is all right. By wearing it I'm advertising jewellery for the firm where I got it, and that is pay.'

'Don't know about it, but seems to me I feel easier when I pay for a things!'

'Oh, nonsense!' replied Frank, sharply. He did not wish to be reminded of the subject of debt. His own conscience was easy on the subject, and why should his old companion in the days of dandelion-picking worry him with his sensitive conscience?

That night Dave's mother covered his 'enterprising elbows' with two very neat patches. Only a pair of sharp eyes would have detected these honest covers.

'Say, Dave,' said Frank, the next day eying closely his fellow-clerk, 'are those patched elbows paid for?'

'Patched elbows!' asked Jim Blake, a clerk with a rough voice. 'Paid for? Has Dave any strained notions about the subject of debt?

'Yes, said Dave, coolly and pleasantly, 'and I am not ashamed of them, or my clothes either.

'Indeed!' said Frank contemptuously.

'Come, boys! Attend to your work!' exclaimed a voice.

The clerks all looked up. It was Toppleton himself! There was an awful silence in that part of the store.

'Guess I made a mistake,' exclaimed Frank. 'I'll look out for the old man next time.'

A very serious mistake, that night, Toppleton thought somebody was making. Almost all of his clerks had left; chancing to look out of his counting-room he saw an arm reaching round the corner of a set of shelves on which were expensive broadcloths, abstracting a fragment and then was quickly withdrawn.

'Indeed! thought Toppleton. 'That was a neat operation! Look here! What did I see on that arm, or the wrist rather? Something blue? Humph?'

The next day the clerks wondered why Toppleton seemed to be bowing so much when near them, stooping down to the level of their hands.

'Funny?' said Jim Blake. 'I thought Toppleton would turn cannibal and eat my hands to-day.

'I thought he was going off with my sleeve-buttons,' remarked Frank. 'He said they were a pretty pattern and eyed them covetously.'

Toppleton himself said, 'If that thief is round to-night, fishing cloth off from that shelf, he may have an unexpected bite.'

That night, when almost all the clerks had left the store, that same arm began to slyly 'fish' round the corner of the shelves on which were sorted the expensive cloths, and there was indeed an 'unexpected bite.' It was vigorously grabbed by somebody hidden under the counter. When the 'fisherman and his 'game' were brought face to face, Frank Thompson saw Toppleton at the end of the line! It was the just day that Frank had a chance to 'fish' or do any work in Toppleton's store.

The next evening Dave Baldwin said to his mother, 'I am sorry to report that my elbows show a rent not in the patches, but one side.'

'Don't you worry. I saw it was giving way when I put the patches on, but I couldn't mend it then. I'll slip a needle though it in a jiffy. Let me take it now.'

'What shall I put on?

'Oh—oh—throw on my sack, if you can't do better. You needn't be ashamed of it. It's paid for,' said the debt-hating mother.

'Good evening.

'It was a man's voice. In astonishment Dave and mother Baldwin looked up.

'Excuse me. You did not seem to hear my rap at the front door, and as it was open I thought I would step in and rap here—but excuse me.'

'It's Mr. Toppleton!' whispered Dave. 'Dear me! Let me get behind you! No, I won't!' Then Dave came forward, boldly and manfully, arrayed in mother's sack.

'Mother, this is Mr. Toppleton. Excuse my looks. I—I—'

'Fact is, Mr. Toppleton, I was just mending his coat, and he—he—'

'Oh no apologies, madam, said Mr. Toppleton, grinning and rubbing his hands 'I couldn't help hearing you say it was paid for, and that is not a bad motto to follow, to pay for what you buy as soon as possible. I wish one of my clerks had followed that rule, but I suppose you know about it and I won't say anything more on that point. I came to say that I thought young David was a trusty boy, and I would like to promote him. There is an open place in a higher department, and he is welcome to it.

The next day Dave took his new position in the store. Various explanations were given by his fellow clerks.

'There, said Jim Blake, 'I can explain it all. It is owing to the fact that Toppleton heard our talk in the store about 'patched elbows.' I mean to put a patch on mine right off.'

He did not by any means, but the next week bought an expensive suit which, at the end of two years, he had not paid for.—*The Interior.*

THE TOWER OF LONDON.—With the exception of the rifles in the armory, which will remain as one of the sights of the Tower of London, the whole of the large store of arms which have been kept at the tower will be removed to Weedon, the central depot of England. The wish of the Prince Consort, who took a great interest in the tower, and desired to have it preserved purely as an ancient monument, regarding it as the oldest and most perfect example of the Norman castle in existence, is therefore to be now accomplished. The Prince was shortly before his death in communication with the authorities of the war department with a view to the removal of the barrack and hospital stores, the accoutrements and arms, which employed at the tower more than a thousand examiners and workmen, and depriving the establishment entirely of the utilitarian features, which exposed it to extra risk and a certain amount of wear and tear which it was possible to avoid. In 1869 the barrack and hospital stores were removed to Woolwich arsenal, together with most of the work-people, and a few years afterward the accoutrements followed, leaving less than a hundred men at the Tower to attend to the arms. These will now be taken to Weedon, and the Tower of London will remain only in use as a residence for the small garrison allotted to it and as a spectacle of unrivalled interest to the thousands of visitors who come to see the capital.

THE BEGGARS' JOURNAL.—One of the most recent curiosities of literature is a new trade journal appearing at Paris under the attractive title of *Journal des Mendicants*. The sheet is full of useful information for the begging confraternity, especially as regards new openings for this lucrative line of business. Funerals as well as marriages, are announced with great precision of time and place, for the benefit of the mendicants trading on the benevolent propensities apt to develop themselves on such occasions. The paper is also enriched with tempting advertisement such as, "Wanted, a blind man who plays the flute just a little," or "Required, a lame beggar at a seaside place, references and a small survey." It would seem that honest hotel keepers in French watering places trade on the benevolence of their customers by engaging beggars with the privilege of mendicancy at their establishments on condition of dividing the spoils with the landlord. This is quite a new opening for English and Scotch hotel keepers, the latter's reputation for sharpness being positively in danger of being outdone by their French *confreres*.

—The editor of a paper in the far West has decided not to exchange with any paper which uses the word "relegate" and other words of that character. He says, "This durn foolishness has got to stop. When a busy editor is about to slip out an article from an exchange to see its teacher, he discovers that it is chock full of these hifalutin words. And he knows if he prints it his subscribers will come and swear and maybe some of them will go gunning for the editor. So at the last moment he has to write up a thrilling local, or shove in a patent medicine "ad" that has been dead for six months. Hereafter we shall not exchange with such papers. When we want big words we can find plenty of them in our old speller and definer."

—The most curious way of committing suicide which the physicians have ever known about, was taken by a French butler at Miss Furniss's residence in Lennox, Mass., Friday night. The head butler, named Antiste Lefory, went to a room which has two iron bedsteads. He moved the beds so they stood a little over four feet apart, then attached an endless towel, one of the kind that runs on a roller, to the iron frame of one of the beds in such a way that it left a slip noose near the centre. He put his head through the noose, then lifted his feet and stuck them through the iron frame of the other bed. His weight tightened the noose around his neck and he died from strangulation, his body being suspended between the two beds.

A MASHER KNOCKED OUT BY A MASHEE.—A young lady from a distance, who is visiting a friend in Hackensack, was accosted on Main street Saturday evening by a dizzy masher. His first remark was:

'Ah, beg pardon, but don't I know you?' With flashing eyes the young lady replied:

"Yes, you know me about as well as any impudent rascal knows a strange woman he wants to insult."

In two seconds the mashee was out of sight around the corner of Camden street.—*Hackensack Republican.*

WORDS FAIL. "Words fail to express my gratitude," says Mary Carter, of Nashville, Tenn., "for the benefit derived from Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Having been afflicted all my life with Scrofula, my system seemed saturated with it. It came out in hideous blotches, also Scrofulous Sores, all over my body. Mr. Carter states that he was entirely cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and he thinks the time is not right manifest, he has had no return of the scrofulous eruptions.

All hereditary detections of the blood are promptly removed by this concentrated alterative.

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