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. 11. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1883. NO. 9.

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 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

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

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.

A Proposal.

All those owning a horse should be thoroughly posted in the different diseases this noble animal is liable to be attacked with, and the different remedies for the same. A horse that is worth having at all is worth being taken care of. The better the care the better the horse. In order that all interested may become possessed of the above information, we will send to each and every present subscriber of the MONITOR who will pay up all arrearages and a year in advance a copy of DR. KENDALL'S TREATISE ON THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES, post free. Every NEW SUBSCRIBER who will send in a subscription for the ensuing year shall receive this book of 96 pages free.

The most successful Remedy ever discovered as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Also excellent for human flesh. Read proof below.

From

COL. L. T. FOSTER.

Youngstown, Ohio, May 15th, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I had a very valuable Hambletonian colt that I prized very highly, he had a large bone spavin on one joint and a small one on the other which made him very lame; I had him under the charge of two veterinary surgeons which failed to cure him. I was one day reading the advertisement of Kendall's Spavin Cure in the Chicago Express. I determined at once to try it and got our druggists here to send for it, they ordered three bottles; I took them all and thought I would give it a thorough trial, I used it according to directions and the fourth day the colt ceased to be lame and the lumps have disappeared. I used but one bottle and the colt's limbs are as free from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the state. He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles who are now using it.

Very respectfully, L. T. FOSTER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Fremont, Ohio, Jan. 25th, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for benefits and profits which I have derived from your invaluable and far famed Spavin Cure. My cousin and I had a valuable stallion worth $4000 which had a very bad spavin, and was pronounced by four eminent Veterinary Surgeons beyond any cure, and that the horse was done for ever. As a last resort I advised my cousin to try a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure. It had a magical effect, the third bottle cured it and the horse is as well as ever. Dr. Dick of Edinburgh, the eminent veterinary surgeon was an uncle of mine, and I take great interest in assisting his profession. Yours truly, JAMES A. WILSON, Civil Engineer.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

Wilton, Minn., Jan. 11th, 1881.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—Having got a horse book of you by mail a year ago, the contents of which persuaded me to try Kendall's Spavin Cure on the hind leg of one of my horses which was badly swollen and could not be reduced by any other remedy, I got two bottles of Kendall's Spavin Cure of Preston & Ludduth, Druggists of Wascca, which completely cured my horse. About five years ago I had a three year old colt sweenied very badly. I used your remedy as given in your book without roweling, and I must say to your credit that the colt is entirely cured, which is a surprise not only to myself but also to my neighbors. You sent me the book for the trifling sum of 25 cents and if I could not get another alike it I would not take twenty-five dollars for it. Yours truly,

GEO. MATHEWS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

West Enosburgh, Vt., Feb. 15th, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., *Gents*:—Several months ago I injured my knee joint which caused an enlargement to grow the size of a large walnut and caused me very severe pain all the time for four or five weeks, when I began to use Kendall's Spavin Cure with the most satisfactory results. It has completely removed the enlargement and stopped the lameness and pain. I have long known it to be excellent for horses but now I know it to be the best liniment for human flesh that I am acquainted with.

Yours truly, T. P. LAWRENCE.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

is sure in its effects, mild in its action as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep seated pain or to remove any bony growth or other enlargements, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings and any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or for rheumatism in man and for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mild and yet certain in its effect.

Send address for Illustriated Circular which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for beast as well as man.

Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

eb 21

EXTENSION Dining Tables

VERY LOW IN PRICE.

The "Pleukharp"

PATENT SLIDE AND ADJUSTMENT.

The only table on which this celebrated slide is used in the Dominion.

AT

THOMAS KELLY'S.

SCHOONER

"IVICA,"

J. H. Longmire, Master,

Will run during the season of 1883, in the old trade as packet between

Bridgetown & St. John, N. B.

All Freight carried cheap and handled with the best of care.

LIME. Best of GREENHEAD Lime always on hand at vessel, or out of store. Apply on board vessel or to MRS. LONGMIRE, Bridgetown. n51tf

Schooner

"METEOR"

THE above schooner commanded by Capt. David R. Graves, will commence her regular trips between this port and St. John upon the opening of navigation.

Freight handled cheaply and with the best of care.

LIME

will be kept constantly on hand. Apply on board Schooner.

Bridgetown, Feb. 14th, 1883.—tf

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

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, 450.

Apples!

John S. Townsend,
110 CANNON ST.,
LONDON.

CONSIGNMENTS of apples to their care receive the best attention, and proceeds are remitted immediately after sale.

Shippers are recommended to mail their Bills of Lading as promptly as possible to the above address.

dec 26—1y

ENTERPRISE.

STEAM TUG

Eva Johnson.

HAVING purchased the above TUG BOAT, I intend putting her on the Annapolis River about the 25th of the present month, for the purpose of

Towing Ships, Rafts, Scows, &c.

Apply to

Geo. E. CORBITT
Annapolis, or to

Capt. James A. Hughes, Agent, Digby.
G. F. Miller, Agent, Bear River.
Samuel Potter, Agent, Clementsport.
R. FitzRandolph, Agent, Bridgetown.

Annapolis, July 11th, 1881.

Dudley & Co.,
100 South Market St.,
BOSTON, MASS.

Wholesale and Commission

POTATOES, EGGS, APPLES, ETC.

PARTICULAR attention given to shippers sending orders to us for Flour, Grain Groceries, and anything and everything, will be filled at lowest market price, and in short est possible time. Consignments carefully attended to and quick returns made.

Reference:—Metropolitan Bank, Bostor, Mass.

mch 14tf

WISDOM & FISH,

Mill, Steamboat, and Railroad Supplies,

41 DOCK ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Rubber and Leather Belting, Rubber and Linen Hose, Lace Leather and Cut Lacing, Cotton Waste and Steam Packing, Lubricating Oils, Mill Files, Emery Wheels, Emery Cloth, and Emery, Wrought Iron Pipe, Cast Iron Water Pipe, Steam, Gas, and Water Fittings, Steam Pumps, Steam Gauges, Injectors, Bolts, Nuts and Washers, Babbitt Metal and Antimony, Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Rich's Patent Saw Sharpener and Gummer, for Grinding Saws.

Estimates furnished; Lowest Quotations given on Special Supplies. [n8

ANY person wishing to obtain a good strong Express Wagon, either for cash or in exchange for stock, can be accommodated by applying to

R. S. McCORMICK.

Bridgetown, May 29th, '83.

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

THIS PAPER ... Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

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 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.

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. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (*For Internal and External Use*). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

PUMPS, PUMPS!

A FULL STOCK ON HAND
ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO.

LAWRENCETOWN, A C,

For Sale at the

Drug Store,

LAWRENCETOWN,

The Methodist Hymn Book, the Psalmist, a fine selection of Bibles and Testaments, Gospel Hymns Nos. 1, 2, 2 and 4, or combined; Welcome Tidings, Carmina Sacra, Duleimer and Standard.

Mrs. Pinkham's Pills and Compound, Mack's Magnetic Medicine, Kendall's Spavin Cure, Diamond Dyes, Burdock Blood Bitters.

Also—Thorley's Improved Horse and Cattle Food.

L. R. MORSE, M. D.

Lawrencetown, March 10th, 1883. 1y

FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale

SILICATE PAINTS,
AMERICAN RAW TAR,
AND COAL TAR,
OAKUM,
PITCH,
HOOP IRON,
RIVETS,
SPIKES,
IRON,
STEEL,
C. BOLTS,
C. BOARDS, AS BEFORE,

H. FRASER.

Flour and Meal.

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

LOW RATES,

EITHER

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

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

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, January 5th, 1882.

MACHINERY

RARE CHANCE!

SEALED tenders will be received up to

September the 10th,

for the entire Plant, Machinery, &c., of the

Truro Boot & Shoe Company!

Tenders may be for the whole or in parts.

Apply for Catalogue to

GATES' ORGAN & PIANO CO.
Truro, N. S.

Sep., 5th 1882.—tf

Photograph Gallery

THE subscriber, who has been for some time established in this town, has lately procured a first class set of Photograph, View and Copying Lenses, and is now prepared to execute all orders for work in his line in first class style and at short notice.

VIEWS of dwellings, stores, streets, etc., a speciality, and orders from any part of the country attended to.

Enlarging.

Portraits copied, enlarged, framed and finished, either in oil or colors. The portrait to be copied must be either a good tintype or photograph.

Photographs and tintypes will receive best attention.

Pictures taken in any weather.

Charges reasonable.

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

OVER "MONITOR" OFFICE.

J. N. RICE.

Bridgetown, August 7th, 1884.

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL-HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

The Subscriber

HAS REPLENISHED

HIS

HARDWARE

DEPARTMENT,

in which will be found:—

Nails, Spikes, Screws, White Lead, Glas Putty, Machine and Burning Oil, Cow and Ox Bells, Monkey Wrenches, Lanterns, Lamps, Burners and Chimneys, Iron and Steel, Shovels and Spades, round pointed and Square Sickles, Hoes, Bells for Sleigh Shafts, Hames, Horse Blankets, Halters and Sircingles, Curry Combs, Hair, Tooth, Nail, Shaving, White Wash, Paint, Scrub, Shoe, Horse, and Dandy BRUSHES, Brooms, Whisks, and Pails, Axle Grease, Rope, Mill Saw Files, Axes, Emery Cloth and Sand Paper, Carpenter's Bitts, Chalk & Lines, Shoemaker's Knife Sharpeners, Knives and Forks, and Spoons, Spectacles, Pocket and Butcher Knives, Razors, Straps, Apple Parers, Whips and Whip Lashes, Horse Nails, Brass Rivets and Burrs, Tin Ware, Breech Loading Guns, strong, safe and good Shooters, only $5.00 Powder, Shot, Caps, Shells and Cartridges, &c., all of which will be sold at REASONABLE PRICES.

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, Aug. 30th, 1882.

PLOUGHS. PLOUGHS.

THOSE IN WANT OF

First-Class PLOUGHS

of different patterns, should call at once on

JOHN HALL,
LAWRENCETOWN.

TERMS, SIGHT. tfn40

BROWN'S

GRIST MILL,

LAWRENCETOWN,

IS not frozen up, but continues to give satisfaction to all who patronize it, and in addition to the supply of Flour, Corn &c., heretofore kept in stock, is daily expecting from Montreal a Carload of Grain, in which will be found by those who apply early a quantity of

SEED WHEAT, BARLEY, PEASE & OATS,

which will be sold for CASH only.

Will continue to fill all orders for MIXED FEED at short notice. Have purchased a SHINGLE MACHINE, and will be prepared to saw or furnish long or short tapered shingles. Are now negotiating for a

Rotary Saw and Stave Mill,

all to be in operation this spring.

TERMS AS USUAL.

John A. Brown & Co.

Lawrencetown, February, 20th, 1883

Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters Ever Made.

They are compounded from Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,—the oldest, best, and most valuable medicines in the world and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other remedies, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employment causes irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic, and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use Hop Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them. Try the Bitters to day.

100 MEN WANTED

To Begin Sales at once for Fall Delivery for the

Fonthill Nurseries.

The largest in the Dominion. Head office, Toronto, Ont.

GOOD SALARIES AND STEADY EMPLOYMENT TO RELIABLE AND SUCCESSFUL MEN.

Send references and Photo with application. Address

STONE & WELLINGTON,
MONTREAL, P. Q.

J. W. BEALL, 64 Coursel Street,
Manager Branch Office. 4mt10

Forest and Stream

—AND—

ROD AND GUN.

The American Sportsman's Journal

A twenty-four page weekly journal, devoted to the interests

Gentlemen Sportsmen and their Families.

TREATS OF

Natural History, Shooting, Yachting and Canoeing, Fisheiulture, the Kennel, Fishing, the Rifle.

and all the gentlemanly out-door sports. It is without a rival.

Price, $4.00 a Year.

TRY IT. A SPECIMEN COPY WILL BE SENT POST PAID FOR SIX CTS.

For sale by newsdealers everywhere.

Forest and Stream Publishing Company,
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

In the Whole History of Medicine

No preparation has ever performed such marvellous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering, and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in throat and chest disorders, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and operation, physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its healing effects, and will always cure where cures are possible.

For sale by all druggists.

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all diseases of the Kidneys and

—LIVER—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will speedily relieve & quickly cure.

In this season to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it. (5)

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT.

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL-HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

Poetry.

The Building of the Nest.

They'll come again to the apple tree—
Robin and all the rest—
When the orchard branches are fair to see
In the snow of the blossom drest,
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.

Weaving it well, so round and trim,
Hollowing it with care—
Nothing too far away for him,
Nothing for her too fair—
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb,
Their castle in the air.

Ah! mother-bird, you'll have weary days
When the eggs are under your breast,
And shadows may darken the dancing rays
When the wee ones leave the nest;
But they'll find their wings in a glad amaze,
And God will see to the rest.

So come to the trees with all your train
When the apple blossoms blow;
Through the April shimmer of sun and rain
Go flying to and fro
And sing to our hearts, as we watch again,
Your fairy building grow.

—Margaret E Sangster.

Select Literature.

Chased by Wolves,

OR

RUBE WEXFORD'S LESSON.

BY RAMSAY MORRIS.

Rube Wexford ought to have been a happy fellow. He was certainly considered a lucky one on the day when Kate Wilde became his bride. He was the envy of every young man in the rude Western hamlet where the ceremony took place, and many were the good wishes showered on the heads of the newly wedded pair for their future happiness and prosperity. Still there were those who not only insinuated, but boasted openly, that Kate had thrown herself away, and that the helpmate of her choice was unworthy the woman he had won. Kate's father and mother were particularly opposed to the match, and did all in their power to prevent it, but the girl, beside her unwavering love, possessed a determined will, which, when once aroused, carried much before it. And thus it turned out, after months of waiting and two post-ponements, that the wedding bells rang out (that is, the queer affair hanging inside the door of the primitive log chapel did its best) to announce to all interested that Rube Wexford and Kate Wilde had become husband and wife. The wedding festivities, which were added to materially by a crackled violin, smoking buffalo steak and cider being completed, the happy pair departed for their new home, which was situated some fifteen miles from the place where dwelt Kate's parents. The West in those days was much more sparingly settled than now, and neighbors outside the limits of the clusters of log cabins designated as villages were few and far between. When the young bride reached the habitation provided for her reception by her husband, and which was simply a rude cabin standing in the middle of a clearing, she discovered if she wanted acquaintances it would be necessary to travel a couple of miles to make them, the nearest human beings, a family named Gray, being fully that distance away. It was the first glow of Spring when she stepped over the threshold of her new home, the trees were alive with birds, flowers and young grass peeped up everywhere, and life looked blithe and gay. For all a shadow hung over her, but she refused to think of it, tried to put it from her, and in the midst of the manifold duties which claimed her attention managed to almost forget it.

The shadow was this. Rube Wexford was never accounted a strictly temperate man. Indeed, there had been times before marriage when he was for days under the influence of liquor, and Kate had seen him in this state, and therefore knew fully the extent of his weakness. But the woman loved the man, and within herself resolved that his reclamation should be her duty. That success must crown her efforts she little doubted. It had been Rube's propensity for drink which caused the union to be postponed on two different occasions. Then he braced himself against the tempter, and for six months no person could point the finger of reproof at him. This was an encouraging sign, and his sweetheart showed her appreciation of it by redeeming her promise and bestowing on him her heart and hand. Kate's father and mother, however, were skeptical, and placed slight faith in the theory of a man's reformation after marriage. They reasoned with and counseled their daughter, but all their advice availed nothing and the girl had her way. After she had left home, the old couple sat and talked the matter over. Both agreed that no good would ensue from it, and the father finished by saying:—

'Wife, the girl will come back to us, be sure. God grant that we can give her shelter and food when she does return.'

Spring passed by, and summer also, but the old man's words were never fulfiled. Occasionally Kate visited the old folks, but she never had complaints to make of her husband's conduct, and only spoke well and hopefully of him. But there was a shadow over her face, a cloud upon her brow, and watchful eyes began to suspect Wexford had gone back to his former ways. Scarcely was the wedding day a month behind when the demon waked within him, the appetite for drink grew stronger than ever, and the man succumbed. Kate realized now, for the first time, the task which she had set herself. She went to work patiently with tender words, wise counsels and unflagging love. The only return were promises made and broken over and over again, until the wife's heart grew sick, and she looked forward to a future of blighted hopes. It seemed as if heaven had never made a weaker man than Rube Wexford. Sometimes he remained at home for days, worked on the clearing which had been transformed into a farm, and things went smoothly. But just as soon as Kate's face began to grow cheerful, the tempter appeared again, and all her bright hopes were dashed to earth. One thing she had to be thankful for, her husband in his moods of intoxication kept away from the hamlet where dwelt her parents, so that her disgrace was less than it might have been. He generally visited a place five miles beyond his own cabin, kept by a dissolute wretch named Washburn. Here a crowd of worthies assembled around the fire, anecdotes were repeated, rough songs were sung, and bad whiskey imbibed, until the whole party were in a state of intoxication, when the circle would break up, and Kate's husband would return to her in a condition which made her blood run cold.

Autumn drifted away, the crops had been gathered in, and all the indications pointed to an early and severe winter. Rube's sprees continued. No wind was too cold, no snow too deep to keep him from Washburn's. One evening in the latter part of December he took down his leggings and gun from the pegs where they hung, and was preparing to go out. Kate went to him and said:

'Rube, you must not leave me to-night. Give in to me this time and stay at home.'

'I am only going for a jaunt,' he replied. 'I'll be back soon.'

'No, you are going to Washburn's. To night you will, you must gratify me. I am afraid to remain here alone.'

'Afraid?' he answered. Such a thing as fear was almost unknown to Kate Wilde.

She clasped her arms around his neck, whispered into his ear, her cheeks flushing brightly, then sat down in the rocker and cried as if her heart would break. Rube stood the gun in the corner, threw aside the leggings, and cried, too.

The next morning when the winter sun beamed upon the cabin, the little log shelter held three souls instead of two. A wee stranger had come in the night, a bright-eyed baby girl. Her weak cry seemed to move all the better part of the husband's nature, and his wife looked on with a new born confidence in her face. After a week, when Kate was able to sit up, Rube went to relate the happy event to the grand parents. It was the first time he had visited them for some months. Very early in the morning he started, and when the afternoon shadows began to lengthen, Kate looked out very eagerly for his return. It was towards daybreak when he appeared, his hands and feet almost frozen, and his senses stupified by liquor. The wife's new hopes were destined to be short-lived. Freshly made promises marked the morrow, but days went by only to see them unfulfilled. Now, there was a new torture. Rube had forsaken Washburn's and made his visits to Pineville instead, where Kate's father and mother lived. It was almost more than the woman's nature could bear to know that her parents were the frequent witnesses of her husband's disgrace. This was a sort of thing which she could not and would not long brook.

Little Kate, the baby, was a month old to a day when Rube made preparations one morning for a trip to Peniville. Kate looked on silently for a few moments, and then said:

'Where are you going?'

'Only to Pineville.'

'What for?'

'To see about some powder and stuff.'

'That is untrue. You are going to spend the day with worthless companions, and you will come back stupid with liquor. Rube, listen to me. I have stood all which it is possible for me to endure. I have prayed and entreated you to abandon a habit which has disgraced us both. My pleadings have brought nothing. I cannot and will not have our child grow up to know a father who is a drunkard. If you refuse to stay at home, I have said my last say. Go to Pineville if you insist on doing so, but, if you are not here sober by sunset, I shall go with the baby to father's, and in this house I will never set my foot again.'

'That's all talk,' Rube answered, in a rough, joking and half serious fashion. 'Why, it's fifteen miles to Pineville.'

'No matter,' was the firm rejoinder. 'I will make the start if the child and I freeze to death by the way.'

'Look out for wolves,' Rube laughed again. 'There have been half a dozen seen here lately. It has been a hard winter for them, and they are almost starved.'

'Wolves or no wolves,' muttered Kate, 'I'll go.'

Rube hung about the house uneasily for an hour or so, then silently rigged himself out, leggings, buffalo coat, gun and all. Kate worked away and said never a word. He opened the door, and without looking back, remarked:

'I'll be here by sunset.'

'See that you are,' was the reply. 'If you come late the house will be empty.'

The wife watched his form across the clearing and saw it disappear in the heavy timber which circled the cabin. She turned to her household duties, but had no heart for them. Well she knew that Rube Wexford would break his last promise, as he had broken others before it. If so, he must abide by the result. She was determined.

The day went by at a snail's pace, and the afternoon seemed never ending. Kate fondled the baby, listened to her crow and cry, and fed her a dozen times. Then she prepared supper, and sunset came when it was completed. But it brought not Rube. Another hour and still he was absent. So the moments passed until the clock struck ten. The baby was fast asleep. Kate arose from a chair at the cradle's side, a look of firm determination on her face, and opening the cabin door, peered across the clearing. Not a soul was visible. She closed the door, went to the chest, and took from it a pair of old-fashioned skates whose steel runners gleamed in the firelight. She laid them ready for use and proceeded to wrap herself as warmly as possible. Then she bundled the baby in the same manner, lifted her tenderly in her arms, and with the skates slung over her shoulder started across the clearing. After reaching the timber she left the beaten path and made for the river. It was coated heavily with ice, and the strong winds had blown it almost entirely free from snow, leaving a nearly naked surface. Kate laid the baby down for a few moments while she fastened on the skates. Then she lifted her burden once more and started for Pineville—fifteen miles away. The moon shone brightly; she was a wonderfully rapid skater, and she knew no slightest suspicion of fear.

Rube Wexford sat near a warm fire which was surrounded by a dozen men beside himself. He had been there for hours listening to anecdotes of hunter's lives, even adding to the general fund with some of his own experiences, but, though his companions coaxed and persuaded, they could not prevail upon him to taste liquor. This was something so entirely new that many a laugh and joke were had at his expense. He answered all persuasions to imbibe in the same way, saying only: 'Not to-day, boys; not today.'

When sunset came he was still in his seat. He wanted to go home, wanted to keep his promise, but he thought he would wait awhile and start later, so that it would not look to Kate too much as if he were giving in. So thinking he went to a quiet corner by himself, and had not been there long before he fell asleep. It was eleven o'clock when he awoke with a start, and said hurriedly:

'What is it, Kate?'

A loud roar of laughter brought him to his senses, and a rough voice cried:

'Rube, guess you have been dreaming!'

'Yes,' he replied foolishly; 'I thought my wife was calling me.'

He glanced at the clock and said:

'Boys, I must go.'

'Have something before you leave,' was the general cry.

'No, no; not to-night.'

Then he was gone. His conscience smote him as he trudged through the snow. It would be after two o'clock when he reached home. One thing consoled him somewhat; he was sober. But would Kate be in the cabin when he returned? Of course, she must be. Nothing short of madness could tempt her to keep the rash vow she made in the morning. So thought Rube. This was because he was incapable of estimating the great suffering which he had caused his wife. On, on he went until through the stillness of the night was borne to his ears the sound of falling waters. It proceeded from a spot which marked the half-way between Pineville and his own home, and was caused by the river tumbling down a steep descent of fifteen or twenty feet of rugged rocks. His road at this point lay close to the bank, and soon he was in full view of the cascade. As he passed it he noticed with a sort of shudder how cold and dark the water looked as it tumbled down. For thirty feet above the falls there was no ice. It broke off abruptly, and the current rushed from beneath with terrible velocity. Beyond in the moonlight glistened an unbroken surface of clear ice for half a mile before there was a bend in the river's bank. The sight was an old one to Rube, but he paid little heed to it, but stalked on silently, still thinking of Kate and wondering if the cabin would be tenantless. Suddenly he stood stock-still and listened. Many an ear would have heard nothing but the sound of rushing waters. Rube's acute and practiced hearing detected something more, and he felt instinctively for his ammunition and looked to the priming of his rifle. Then from a distance the sound came again—a peculiar cry, followed by another and another, until they ended in a wild chorus of unearthly yells. Rube muttered to himself one word—wolves—and strained his eyes in the direction of the curve in the river's edge. The cry proceeded from that direction and grew louder every instant. Before he could decide on a plan of action there shot out from the bend in the river what looked to him like a woman carrying a bundle and skating for dear life. She strained every nerve, but never once cried out. Next came a wolf followed rapidly by others, which swelled the pack to a dozen, all ravenous, yelping, snarling and gaining closely on their prey. Rube raised his rifle, fired, and began to load as he had never loaded before. The cries came nearer and nearer. Great God! the wolves were upon the woman! It seemed as if no earthly hope could save her, when, quick as an arrow from a bow, she swerved to one side, the maddened brutes slid forward on their hind legs, and she had gained a few steps. Again she flew onward, and again she tried the ruse of swerving aside, the man on the bank in the meantime firing rapidly, and picking off wolf by wolf. A fresh danger arose. The woman evidently did not see the abrupt break in the ice above the falls and the dark, swift current which lay beyond. Perhaps she was too frightened to hear the rushing waters. On she went, making straight for the falls, the wolves almost on her heels, and the man's voice crying in terrified accents, as he dropped on his knees in the snow:

'Kate! Kate! My God, save her!'

The woman was on the brink of the ice, when she made a sudden sweep to one side. Nearly the entire pack unable to check their mad flight, plunged into the water which carried them swiftly over the rocks, and Kate Wexford was flying towards the river bank, where she fell helplessly in the snow, her baby in her arms, while Rube's rifle frightened off the remainder of her pursuers. It was some time before she could answer her husband's voice. When strength enabled her to do so, she rose feebly in the snow, her resolution to go to her father as strong as ever. Rube took her hand, knelt down and said:

'Kate, bear with me for the last time. As God is my judge, I shall never again taste liquor. This night has taught me a lesson which I cannot forget.'

Kate believed him and accepted his promise. Then she started for Pineville, Rube carrying the baby, and more than half carrying his wife. When they arrived there, Kate told her parents that she had been dying to show them the baby, and, taking advantage of the moonlight night, had made the journey on skates.

Rube kept his vow, the roses bloom again in Kate's cheeks, and to-day a happy family of boys and girls feel no touch of shame as they look up with pride to their father.

FLUCTUATIONS IN FORTUNE.—The marshals of Napoleon Bonaparte were generally men of humble origin; they came up from the ranks. The same may be said of many of the most noted Americans of the last half-century. Abraham Lincoln was a rail splitter, Andrew Johnson an illiterate tailor, who was taught his letters by his wife. James A Garfield, as a boy, held the reins of a mule to tow a canal boat. Jay Gould commenced as a cow-boy in Columbia County, New York, and when he first came to the metropolis it was to sell a patent mouse-trap. James R. Keene drove a milk waggon in Sacramento, Rufus Hatch commenced his career by selling 'Garden sass,' D. Appleton kept a country grocery store, Henry Villard was a ten-dollar-a-week reporter, A. B. Claflin was a Vermont school teacher, the parents of Charles O'Conner were very poor Irish people, Peter Cooper was a hatters apprentice, and Wm. H. Vanderbilt, during all his early life, a poor farmer on Staten Island. Every locality in this country has its rich and famous men, who commenced life without any advantage in the way of parentage or fortune.

Work in the British Royal Mint.

For the first time for more than two years the process of gold coinage at the Royal Mint was recently resumed. It was even remarked that the strong man who pours the molten stream from crucible to mould, and who holds that post because of his especial skill in directing the metal into narrow apertures without spilling or waste, showed on this momentous occasion some little signs of nervousness and agitation. For gold coinage on Tuesday, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was successfully resumed in reconstructed premises with new and improved machinery, and it will probably be long indeed before there is such another interruption of the coinage as has been now happily brought to a conclusion.

The reconstructed mint can now turn out sovereigns at the rate of a million a week without stopping the coinage of silver and copper, whereas previously it could only deal with one metal at a time, and that to a much smaller extent. The beautiful instruments employed for weighing the coin are now manufactured within the precincts of the mint, and are, as is well known, a miracle of minute and ingenious automatic machinery. Out of every hundred sovereigns that pass over the balance, the fastidious little instrument rejects, as either too heavy or too light—but most