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, JANUARY 2, 1884. NO. 38.

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 ensur 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.

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.

1884.—H. N. Y.—1884.

"GRIP"

1873.—ELEVENTH YEAR.—1884.

"GRIP,"—Canada's Representative Comic Journal Published by Canadians for Canadians, and devoted solely to the interests of the people, as distinguished from the interests of Political Parties—ought to be in

Every Canadian Home.

BACHELORS.— Would find their lonely lives brightened by a visit of the Jolly Little Joker once a week—Only $2.00 per annum.

LOVERS—Might find a perennial source of conversation in the Pages and Pictures of "GRIP" after all other subjects had been talked to death.—Only $2.00 per annum.

POLITICIANS.—Of either party—who can enjoy a good-humored and truthful hit at themselves, will appreciate "GRIP'S" pointed cartoons. If there are any politicians worthy of the name, who have not subscribed, they are informed that "GRIP" costs only $2.00 per annum.

PARENTS—All over the Dominion testify that "GRIP'S" weekly visits to their homes are hailed with delight by their children, to whom its cartoons are a unique education. Just try a year's subscription, and prove this assertion. $2.00 per Annum in advance.

You Have often thought of taking 'Grip.' Send in your name and $2.00 now.

"GRIPS" PLATFORM.

Humor without Vulgarity; Patriotism without Partizanship; Truth without temper.

1884.—ONE YEAR FOR ONLY $2.00.—1884.

Address,
N. J. MORSE, Manager, Toronto.

The Century

PROGRAMME FOR 1883-'84

The programme for the fourteenth year of this magazine, and the third under the new name, is if anything more interesting and popular than ever. With every season, THE CENTURY shows a decided gain in circulation. The new volume begins with November, and when possible, subscriptions should begin with that issue. The following are some of the features of the coming year:

A NEW NOVEL BY GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole days," etc., entitled "Dr. Sevier," a story of New Orleans life, the time being the eve of the late Civil War.

"LIFE IN THE THIRTEEN COLONIES," by Edward Eggleston, separate illustrated papers on subjects connected with the early history of this country.

THREE STORIES BY HENRY JAMES, of varying lengths, to appear through the year.

THE NEW ASTRONOMY, untechnical articles, by Prof. S. P. Langley, describing the most interesting of recent discoveries in the sun and stars.

A NOVELETTE BY H. H. BOYESEN, author of "Gunnar," etc. A vivid and sparkling story.

THE NEW ERA IN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE, a series of papers descriptive of the best work of American architecture in Public Buildings, City and Country Houses, etc. To be profusely illustrated.

A NOVELETTE by Robert Grant, author of "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc., entitled "An Average Man,"—a story of New York.

THE BREAD-WINNER, one of the most remarkable novels of the day, to be completed in January.

CHRISTIANITY AND WEALTH, with other essays, by the author of "The Christian League of Connecticut," etc., on the application of Christian morals to the present phases of modern life.

COASTING ABOUT THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE, a series of entertaining articles, profusely illustrated.

Scenes from the Novelists, Hawthorne, Geo. Eliot, and Cable, with authentic drawings.

On the Track of Ulysses, the record of a yacht-cruise in the Mediterranean, identifying the route of Ulysses on his return from the Trojan war.

"*Garfield in England*," extracts from his private journal kept during a trip to Europe in 1867.

"*The Silverado Squatters*," by Robert Louis Stevenson, author of "New Arabian Nights."

There will be papers on outdoor England by John Burroughs and others, a beautifully illustrated series on Dante, a number of papers by the eminent French novelist Alphonse Daudet, articles on art and archæology by Charles Dudley Warner and others, illustrated papers on sport and adventure, short stories by the leading writers, essays on timely subjects, etc., etc.

Subscription price, $4.00 a year; single numbers sold everywhere, at 35 cents each. All dealers receive subscriptions, or remittance may be made direct to the publishers by postal or express order, registered letter, bank check, or draft.

SPECIAL OFFERS.

To enable new subscribers to begin with the first volume under *The Century* name, we make the following special offers:

New subscribers beginning with November, 1883, may obtain the magazine for one year from date, and the twenty-four previous numbers, unbound, for $8.00. *Regular price for the three years,* $12.00.

Or, if preferred, a subscription and the twenty-four numbers bound in four elegant volumes will be furnished for $10. Regular price, $18.

THE CENTURY CO. New-York, N. Y.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL.

Bridgetown, N. S.

FIRST-CLASS Accommodation. Modern improvements and appliances. Every attention paid to the comfort of guests.

6m142] W. J. GLENCROSS, Prop.

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

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.

MUTUAL HEALTH AND Accident Association OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Provides Indemnity in event of Sickness, Accident, Total Disability and Death.

ALL COLLECTIONS MADE BY REGULAR ASSESSMENTS.

For Certificates or Agency apply to
EDWIN J. H. MORSE,
BERWICK, KINGS CO.
General agent for N. S. and P. E. I.

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

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, Fisheiture, the Kennel, Fishing, the Rifle.

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

Pricc, $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.

Dr. O W. NORTON'S BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER,

cures Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Piles, Catarrh, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Female Weakness and General Debility.

Norton's Magic Liniment,

for Rheumatism, and

Doctor Hoffman's Cough Syrup.

for coughs and consumption, are all sold at Dr. Dennison's Drug Store. Bridgetown. 1yr

Notice of Assignment.

EDWARD Y. MESSENGER,

of Wilmot, in the County of Annapolis, has this day assigned to me all his personal property and effects, for the benefit of such creditors as may sign the deed of composition within one hundred and fifty days from the date thereof. Said deed has been duly fyled at the office of the Registrar of Deeds for Annapolis County, a duplicate thereof lies at my residence in Wilmot, where it is open to inspection and signature of any person interested therein.

All parties failing to execute the same within the time named, will not be entitled to any benefit thereunder.

J. D. CROCKER,
Assignee.

Dated Wilmot, October 18, '83. 293m

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

THOMAS L. KELLY, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, upholsterer, and dealer in Furniture, has by deed dated on the 13th day of November, A. D., 1883, assigned to me all his property, wheresoever situate, in trust for the benefit of his creditors, without preference. Said deed has been duly recorded and filed in the office of the registrar of deeds, in and for Annapolis County, and a duplicate thereof can be seen and executed by all creditors interested therein, at the office of Albert Morse, on Queens Street, in Bridgetown, aforesaid. Creditors failing to execute the same within three months from the date of said deed will not be entitled to any benefit thereunder. All persons indebted to the said Thomas L. Kelly, are requested to make immediate payment to me. Dated at Bridgetown, 20th November, 1883.

ALBERT MORSE.
Assignee.
6ins

H. J. BANKS,

PRACTICAL TAILOR,

(Tupper's Hall),

Bridgetown.

THE subscriber takes pleasure in announcing to the public that he has opened a TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, in Bridgetown, where he is prepared to execute all orders in first class style. A perfect fit guaranteed every time. Place of business over building known as Tupper's store.

H. J. BANKS.

Bridgetown, Oct. 16, '83. tf

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, Chrotic 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.

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teasp'nful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Blacksmith Stand!

The subscriber offers his shop and tools for sale, situated in

LAWRENCETOWN,

IS ONE OF THE BEST BUSINESS STANDS IN THE COUNTY.

For information, apply to,
E. L. HALL.

October 30, 29tf

Encyclopedia Britannica.

Subscriptions will be taken at this office. Payments are made very easy and extend over a period of five or six years, enabling a person of very moderate means to secure this invaluable work.

FARM FOR SALE!

THE subscriber being desirous of giving more attention to his GROCERY and PROVISION TRADE, has decided to sell his valuable FARM, situated in Bearonsfield, three and a-half miles from Bridgetown, and directly under the North Mountain.

The property comprises about 300 acres of splendid land, 25 or 30 under cultivation, and 200 abounding in valuable Hard and Soft Timber.

There is also between 200 and 300 healthy and bearing Fruit Trees, in Apple, Plum, Pear, &c.

A good House, Barn, and other Outbuildings, together with pure and never-failing water privileges are among the inducements.

For full particulars apply to the subscriber.

T. J. EAGLESON.

Bridgetown, Oct. 9, 1883. tf

New Store!

NEW GOODS!

The subscriber has opened a store on Water St., adjoining his dwelling, where he will keep on hand a large quantity of the Best Brands of

FLOUR, CORN MEAL, AND OATMEAL,

which will be sold at low prices for cash.

Also.—A well assorted stock of

GROCERIES,

in Sugar, Spices, Salt, Tobaccos, Brooms, Soaps, Raisins and Currants. Canned Goods, Biscuits, Syrups, &c., &c. A quantity of Cow Corn.

A REFRESHMENT TABLE, where lunches can be had at all hours will be found on the premises.

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, June 19th, 1883.

Take Notice!

THE

Averill Paint

is still in the market. The sales have more than doubled this season. And all are satisfied.

All we ask is a trial, as it will speak for itself when applied.

S. N. JACKSON,

General Agent for Nova Scotia,

LOCAL AGENTS:

A. W. CORBITT & SON, Annapolis;
IRVINE & TROOP, Granville Ferry;
R. H. BATH, Bridgetown;
N. F. Marshall, Middleton;
W. H. JACKSON, Kingston;
T. H. MILLER, Bear River.

TESTIMONIAL.

I have used the Averill Paint, and carefully examined it on buildings. Have no hesitation in recommending it to the public—it is as cheap as lead—not a particle of waste—and gives a beautiful body and gloss which cannot fail to make it durable.

JOHN Z. BENT, Bridgetown.

NOTHING

Can be lost by sending for free specimens of the Great Farm and Garden Journal of America.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER.

It costs more to publish than any other of its class. It presents over 500 original engravings annually of cattle, grain, fruits, etc., etc. It has over 600 contributors—among them the best writers in the world. It owns Experiment Grounds of 82 acres worked in the interests of its subscribers.

A NEW ERA

in the agriculture and horticulture of America.

A $4.00 Weekly for $2.00 a Year.

It is original throughout. It is pure in tone and admits no ambiguous advertisements. It is a farm, garden, religious, news, home, and literary paper all in one.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is for the North, South, East, and West. It has become the leading rural paper by real worth, perseverance, and enterprise—by its devotion to the true interests of all who till the land whether for pleasure or profit. It is printed upon fine tinted paper, 16 pages weekly, each page 11½x16½ inches. It combines the best features of the daily and weekly press with all that can instruct, elevate, and interest the rural home.

Its Free Seed Distributions,

have introduced or disseminated many of the most valuable seeds and plants now known. Among them may be mentioned the Beauty of Hebron, White Elephant, and Blush Potatoes, the Cuthbert Raspberry, Clawson, Fultzo-Clawson, Surprise, Black-bearded Centennial wheats, and a hundred others.

The new varieties of seeds offered in the Rural's Free Seed distribution are alone worth more at retail prices than the yearly price of the Journal. Specimen copies will furnish all details with original engravings.

WHY NOT send for free specimens and then judge for yourself?

34 PARK ROW, N. Y.

CAUTION.

I HEREBY caution all persons against negotiating or purchasing two promissory Notes, given by me, on Monday Oct. 29, viz:—One payable one month from that date, and the other payable in ten months from date, for the sum of twenty-four dollars and twenty-five cents each, as I have received no value from said notes, and shall resist payment. ENOCH WOODWORTH.

Clarence, 31st Oct., '83. 5i36

Dr. C. P. French's

IMPROVED

Electro Magnetic

APPLIANCES.

A POSITIVE CURE —FOR— ANY DISEASE

Caused by

SLUGGISH CIRCULATION OR IMPURE BLOOD.

In wearing them you have a moderate, but continuous current of electricity passing through your system, which quickens the circulation, drives out all impurities, and builds up your general health.

THE WAIST BANDS will cure the WORST CASE —OF— LAME BACK OR KIDNEY TROUBLE.

We will refund the money in every case where they fail. The

LUNG PROTECTORS

cure any Lung or Bronchial Trouble.

THE LADIES' SUPPORTERS,

CURE FEMALE WEAKNESS AND KIDNEY TROUBLE. THE

INNERSOLES

prevent cold feet and cure rheumatism in the feet and limbs. Send stamp for circular and price list. Our circular contains names of prominent persons who have been benefited, and we have thousands of testimonials besides. Ask your druggists for them.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Address,
Kingston Station, Kings Co., N. S.

A. C. VANBUSKIRK,

General Agent for Nova Scotia.

Various Causes—

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

CHAPTER II.

"Naldon, Mass, Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache,"

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.

No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle
Nearly cured me;"
The second made me as well and strong as when a child.
"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint.
"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—
"Incurable!"
Seven bottles of your bitters cured him and I know of the
"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters.

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost
Do miracles?" —*Mrs. E D. Mack.*

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

Poetry.

[Original.]

Died at the Post of Duty.

BY THE REV. J. CLARK.

Out on thee Bay of Fundy,
Amid the billow's roar,
A noble ship was drifting
To a cheerless, rock-bound shore.

Night came down on the landscape,
And over the surging sea;
And the wind arose, and the storm came on,
As wild as wild could be.

Hour after hour in the darkness,
The captain's manly form
Was seen at the post of duty,
Amid the blinding storm.

With a calm and lofty courage,
He gave his orders still;
And he governed his men, and he governed himself
With a more than lordly will.

But the night wore on, and hope died out,
And the strongest held their breath,
As on, still on they drifted
To the very jaws of death.

Far up the frowning headland
Was dashed the frozen spray;
The vessel struck, and a bounding wave
Swept man and chief away.

No more shall the noble captain
Be seen on the vessel's deck;
For the ship he rode the tempest strowed
On the shore a splintered wreck.

In a stranger land he is buried deep
Beneath the old dark pines;
But his name still lives, as a sacred trust,
Which our heart of hearts enshrines.

Tell them in grand old England,
Across the deep blue wave,
That he died at the post of duty,
As die the true and brave.

O England! thou hast heroes yet,
At home and o'er the sea;
Be true to thy sons, and true to thyself,
And strong thou still shalt be;
In the wildest alarms, a world in arms,
Shall fear to cope with thee.

The New-Old Story.

Across the valley, from hill to hill,
A bird is flying to meet his mate;
Across the summers, from will to will,
Young love is shooting the threads of Fate.

The miller's girl and the farmer's boy
In the village church give glances shy;
And each to each is a growing joy,
As the ruddy years sweep waltzing by.

To the home tree brings each happy bird
A lock of hair or a bit of clay;
So build the lovers by look and word,
A cozy nest for a coming day.

In branching willows beside the rill,
The young birds mimic the old birds' notes;
And children are shouting above the mill,
As they run to launch their tiny boats.

Oh, over the stream runs sweet and clear,
Outpoured anew from the springs above;
And ever the world keeps young and fair,
Since love is its life and its life love.

Drifting.

O, I have clutched at straws
My whole life long—
But the 'eternal tide' still bears me on,
And one by one my friendly 'straws' are gone.

Ever and ever sure
The last would stay—
Like all the rest—it too floats, far away.
And leaves me sinking at the close of day.

So now—I fold my hands
Upon my breast—
And looking up to Heaven,
Lay still—and rest—
Nor heed, nor care, what drifting by,
My heart and hope—in yonder sky.

No more on 'brittle reeds'
I lean—at length,
I trust in stronger love—
In surer strength.
Beyond the 'ocean life'—my sun goes down—
But—One—upholdeth me—I shall not drown!

'They Say.'

'They say'—Ah! well, suppose they do;
But can they prove the story true?
Suspicion may arise from naught,
But malice, envy, want of thought;
Why count yourself among the 'they'
Who whisper what they dare not say?

'They say'—But why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?

'They say'—Well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe;
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to go and sin no more?

'They say'—Oh! pause and look within,
See how your heart inclines to sin;
Watch! lest in dark temptation's hour,
You, too, should sink beneath its power;
Pity the frail—weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good or not at all.

Select Literature.

The New Year's Log-Rolling.

When it became known in Verdant Valley that a Yankee had settled on the vacant quarter over by the Lagoon, Uncle Billy Barker expressed the sentiment of the community in his terse disclaimer that, so far as he was concerned, he 'didn't have use for no Yankees. You put a Yankee into any range, and thar'll be bad blood right away. They hain't content to leave things be as they found 'em, but want to crim their free-school, ab'lishen notions down everybody's gullet.'

During the six years that Verdant Valley had been settled there had never been a dissenting vote cast at the polls. It was the boast of the district that this constituency was solid for Bigler, and that this was the banner township of California. But now the laurels were about to be wrested from them. However, there the intruder was, with his wife and daughter, and there he evidently intended to stay. A comfortable house and a substantial barn bore witness to them. After all, Yankees are not so black as they are painted, and this particular offender had a sturdy way of minding his own business which, with his uniform affability of greeting, soon began to tell in his favor, so that, notwithstanding his denunciation, Uncle Billy was the first to visit the stranger and proffer his good services. For whatever of prejudice and narrowness might mark their minds, the class to which he belonged had none of those qualilities in their hearts.

Now this diplomatic call of the elder Barker had two important results. In the first place, Winthrop (the stranger) wanted to employ some one to help him clear away the timber, and a bargain was soon reached, by which the pioneer's son, Jim Barker, a fine stalwart fellow with a bit of schooling and a handsome face—just the stock, withal, by which the world is replenished—was engaged for this work. Jim was not the least averse to this arrangement, for—well, he had reasons of his own. The second result was that Uncle Billy, who had just enough learning to spell out words, one letter at a time, and who was desirous of subscribing to a paper which would keep him informed as to the stirring events then impending, asked the advice of the new-comer, and was recommended to take the 'Tribune.' He read the first three numbers painfully and conscientiously, but after that Greeley's philippics were lost upon his remote subscriber, who regularly put the paper unopened, into the fire, with the grim remark,

'Serves me right for bein' such a durn fool.'

Those who saw the land adjacent to the Lagoon before civilization had spoiled it will remember that it was heavily wooded. Great oak-trees lifted their brawny arms and sought with a hundred leafy fingers to clutch the delicious, impalpable air. Firs were scattered here and there in stately pride. The madrono, aristocrat of the forest, showed its saffron bark and its olive leaves. The undergrowth was thick. The poison-ivy was gorgeous with a fatal beauty. The manzanita tossed its ripened berries to the gregarious quail. There were a few inconsequential showers in November, and then for weeks the heavens were almost skyless, one could see so far into them.

By Christmas the undergrowth was cleared away, and about half the trees felled. Jim, who seemed to have some plan of his own, suggested that these be left where they had fallen, to be trimmed and chopped afterward; so that as fast as one tree went down, another was attacked. But the progress was slow. Christmas-day Jim went home, and called his father into council. After hearing his report, the old man replied:

'We have got to give a log-rollin'. The Lord has held the rains off about all He's goin' to. He hain't goin' to spoil the crops for the sake of no Yankee. He's done enough already, and we got to do the rest. We'll have it on New-Year's. And, by-the-way, Jim'—after a pause—'you take care that logs is the only things that gits 'emselves cut up over to the Yankee's.'

Jim's only answer was a blush. But, to be sure, that was enough.

New-Year's morn, about half past five, there was a prodigious dog-fight at the pre-emptor's front door. Now the New-Englander had but one dog, and it stands to reason that one dog isn't going to get up a fight all by himself; that is, unless he is uncommonly pugnacious, which this one was not. A glance through the window revealed not only three dogs, but two wagons, the horses already half unhitched from the traces. The occupants had alighted upon the ground. Up the road several teams of oxen were advancing. The house was evidently being put into a state of seige. And in a moment the voice of the senior Billy Barker called out:

'You'ins had better get up. You're goin' to have some company.'

By the time the family were dressed and a hasty breakfast snatched, the army of attack had taken possession of everything. Every moment brought new arrivals. There was a kaleidoscope of men, women, children, horses, dogs, and oxen. The great festivals of Western life are camp-meetings, barbecues, and log-rollings. Those who believe that the American blood is running out should strike an average on the children present at one of these occasions. Polly Winkle assumed command of the women and children, by no other right that I know of than that she most nearly realized Napoleon's definition of the greatest of her sex. It was soon evident that the house was too small to accommodate so many, and the Winkle contingent were sent to the commodious loft in the barn. Here from each wagon was brought such an array of dainties and sweetmeats as would have doubled up a less hardy race for the rest of the year. A table was improvised, the stove was removed to the loft, and by noon a smoking dinner was on the board.

Meantime more than fifty men were at work in the field. The November rain had carpeted the ground with wild flowers, but these were unheeded. The lupine bloomed in vein. The gaudy eschscholtzia flaunted its colors unheeded. The timid nemophila crept closer to the sod, and hid its maidenly beauties from profanation. But all was alike unsought. There's was men's work to be done. Great trees lay stripped and deformed, like torsos of mighty giants. One-half the force were chopping at the trees yet standing. Every few moments some monarch would tremble, try to steady himself for a second, and then fall with a resounding crash to the earth. A score of foes were upon him at once. His hundred arms were lopped from his body. His life-blood sank into the thirsty earth. The place that knew him in his pride knew him no more. As fast as the logs were ready, chains were passed around them, the oxen were harnessed to them, and they were drawn to designated spots, and arranged in orderly piles. When Alice Winthrop came down to the field with a dozen girls about her own age, and looked out of her great brown eyes upon the strange scene, what splendid feats of strength were done! With what magnificant grace these men moved now who were so awkward in the house! and how Jim Barker hated young Winkle for shouldering an immense log with such apparent ease!

Once in a while a couple of the young sters got into a wrestling match. Then a rest was declared for five minutes to watch the throw. During the nooning there were several of these, and Jim Barker had a set-to with young Winkle which was more than half in earnest. It had leaked out somehow that the former was very much interested in the new family, or in part of it at least, and Winkle had jokingly offered to 'cut him out.' Now Jim was in that miserable state of uncertainty when the mere suggestion of such a possibility made him wofully unhappy. And it may be doubted whether Winkle ever got such a toss in his life as Jim gave him that day—all in sport, though, of course.

When night fell, the circuit preacher, Methodist South, declared that the field was ready for the Lord's vineyard. Nothing but a few stumps remained to impede the course of the ploughman. The underbrush was burning from a dozen fires. In a single day, in a hearty Western fashion, work had been done which one person must have labored at for months. In the house the gossips had had a session of rare comfort. When all came together at supper it was a season of great merriment. But after a while the young people began to get restless. There was a good deal of whispering, and some half-suppressed secret seemed on the wing. When the preacher rose to go there was a general expression of regret. The whole assemblage escorted him and his family to their wagon. But he had not driven three hundred yards before there was an unmistakable sound of dance-music in the air. The good man wavered a moment and then drove straight home and never heard it.

The wind had changed to the south early in the day, and the rain now began to fall. But in the loft Sandy Ballou was mounted on a nail keg, and was fiddling as if his life depended on his zeal. What pigeon-wings were cut! What pressure of hands was exchanged when Sandy authorized 'alamande left!' What maddening whirls when he called, 'Swing partners'! The rain came down in torrents. It seemed as if the reservoirs of the heavens had given way. About twelve o'clock a wagon-load who had started for home came back and reported portions of the road caved in by the creek. The darkness was almost palpable. It was unsafe to venture out. There was nothing to be done but to make a night of it. Sandy Ballou started in afresh to fiddle till daylight. A new relay of candles was lighted. Some of the older folks went to the house, and took turns at getting a little sleep. But the younger heels knew no rest. Antique country-dances that had not been seen for generations were resuscitated. Sandy was king, and his brain seemed a store-house of forgotten figures.

During the afternoon, Jim Barker had picked a bunch of delicate nemophilas and handed them to Alice Winthrop, saying, 'My fate goes with these flowers.'

The senior Barker observed this action, and was not slow in drawing his conclusions when, later in the evening, the fair Puritan appeared with the dainty offering on her bosom, and Jim had an awkward expression of uncontainable happiness. A little after four o'clock horses were harnessed, and as Jim helped his father into the wagon the latter said, interrogatively, 'Well?'

But Jim kept his eyes resolutely toward the east, and answered, 'The dawn is just breaking.'

Whereupon Uncle Billy whipped up his horses, and responded, quizzically, 'Yes, Jim, I s'pose it is.'

'Isn't it Pretty?'

New York World.]

'Isn't it pretty?' said a little old man, as he wheeled a baby carriage to the place where a reporter of the 'World' was sitting in the Park yesterday.

'It must be pretty,' said the reporter, looking into the carriage, and seeing a tiny creature snugly nestling in a downy nest, with its face covered with a delicate lace veil.

The little old man was delighted, his little old chin went twit-a-twit-a-twee, and he chirped like a bird.

'They kept its face covered, he said, with a sigh, 'since the little white hearse drove away from the house the other day. But I'—

The poor little old man stopped and looked all round with his little twinkling eyes.

'I will show its face to you, sir, it's so very pretty.'

And the old man's chin again went twit-a-twit-a-twee.

'They will be angry,' he continued; 'but I'm so proud of its pretty face that I must show it.'

Suddenly the little old man took the lace that covered the baby's face in his trembling fingers, and the reporter prepared to burst into exclamations of delight even if the face should prove to be the homeliest in the world.

'Muan'ts,' a little child said, coming from behind the bushes, and seizing the coat-tails of the little man. 'Danpa mus'n't.'

'The flies will annoy Rose,' a gentle girl of twelve said, joining the little group, and carefully replacing the lace.

Close observation showed a tear trembling in the girl's eyes, as the little old man wheeled away the carriage with the little child dancing by his side.

'Oh, it's such deception!' she exclaimed, burying her face in her hands. 'Baby Rose died last week,' she continued, 'and we are afraid to tell grandpa, as his mind is weak, and she was his idol; so we put a doll in a carriage, closely veiled, so he cannot see his face, and let him wheel it around. But it's so deceptive.'

Just then the little old man paused, left the little child with the carriage, and came back where the child was seated.

He put his face close to hers and whispered:

'What was it,' he asked, 'that they carried away in the little white hearse?'

The poor girl turned away her face.

'Flowers,' she said, 'only flowers, grandpa.'

'I wonder,' the little old man mused, 'why they all turn their faces away when they tell me what they carried away in the little white hearse.'

Then he went to the carriage again and chirped like the merry little old man that he was.

'Flowers, only flowers,' the reporter heard him mutter as he wheeled the doll away.

A Boot-Black's Eulogy.

'Brandy is dead!'

So the men said, so the women said, and so the children called to each other as a piece of news.

A drunken good-for-nothing. A so-called man whose brain had been dissolved in liquor, whose mind was enfeebled, and who had disappointed everybody in not dying in the gutter, instead of having the roof of a tenement-house over his head.

Why should anyone grieve when such a vagabond passes away? The world may give him room to lay his bones to rest, but nothing further. So, in 'Brandy's' case, men said he was well out of the way, and women clattered their dishes in the rooms below, and cared not for the presence of the dead.

When the undertaker came to take the body away a dozen people crowded into the room, and among them was a boot-black. Some said that 'Brandy' looked well in a coffin; others spoke lightly about his face having at last lost its ruby color, and the dead pauper was no more than a dog in their minds. And why should he have been? One can be a man or he can be a vagabond. If he becomes a vagabond, let him lose the respect of men. All had a heartless remark except the boot-black. He stood at the head of the coffin and looked from face to face and said:

'Brandy was low down and he died like a beast, and your are all sneering at him! Did anyone among you ever give him a chance! Did he have a home when he was a boy! Did men try to encourage him and guide him aright? Is there a man in this room ever took him by the hand and spoke one kind word? Didn't everybody abuse and ill-treat him? Didn't everybody look upon him as a dog?'

There was no answer.

'Aye! Brandy was low down?' whispered the boy, as he laid his hand on the coffin. He was ragged and hungry, and poor and without one single friend. What man among you could have stood out against it any better? Poor old man! They know all about it in Heaven? Let me help to carry him down.'

And when the dead had been driven away, and the boy had disappeared, more than one man said.

'After all we might have made it easier for the poor old man. I wonder that some of us never sought to make a man of him, instead of helping him down.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HAVE CONFIDENCE IN YOURSELF.—There is one element in a man's character that contributes more to his success in life than confidence in his own ability. A faint hearted man is unstable, and will never excel. Faith in the endeavor to will and to execute is as important in a successful business career as is the keystone to the arch. A man possessed of a bold, daring and resolute will may be modest in revealing his powers, but will be determined in performing what he conceives to be right. To men with this never-dying faith there is no such word as defeat, and when obstacles present themselves in their path, it only results in their putting forth a greater effort to accomplish their purpose.

IMPURE READING.—The reading of sensational novels has developed itself into a sort of mental intemperance of a dangerous kind. There is room, of course, to moralize upon the subject, but the remedy does not lie with the public. No official censorship over literature can ever be instituted successfully. In schools and homes alone can the tide of impure reading be stayed, and when the monitors of the youth are suppressing the yellow covered perniciousness they should have a care to substitute something entertaining as well as healthful.—*Kingston Whig.*

—A Scotch clergyman at Ayr, a few days ago, prayed: 'O Lord, bless the Established Church, and the Free Church, and the United Presbyterian Church, and all the other churches—Thou knowest the various nicknames, Lord, by which they are called—bless them all!'

—A centenarian writes a "poem," containing some very respectable stanzas, which is published in the Halifax *Recorder*. Her name is Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, of South Berwick, Kings County, N. S., who was one hundred years old Sept. 1st, 1880, and is still alive.

—It is a very unsatisfactory sign of the times in France that more money is being drawn out than put into the savings banks. Thus, for the week ending Nov. 24 in Paris, 740,067 francs were deposited and 1,151,267 withdrawn.

—"Did she walk into the river with suicidal intent?" was asked by the Coroner of a Pittsburg witness. "No, sir: she did not. The woman was alone when she was drowned," was the prompt reply.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

—The largest ship that has ever been built on the Avon River, N. S., is being constructed by Messrs Churchill & Sons. She will be about 2,000 tons register, and her dimensions are: Length of keel, 227 feet; breadth of beam, 44 feet; and depth of hold, 28 feet.

—An electric lamp pole in New York City was knocked down by a runaway team on a rainy night last week. First one horse, and then another