Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 24. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1896. NO. 34.

Professional Cards.

H. E. GILLIS. FRED W. HARRIS.

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Barristers, - - Solicitors, Notaries Public.

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RESIDENCE OF DR. MORSE,
LAWRENCETOWN.
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AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
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and all kinds of Farm Products.
Special Attention given to Handling of Live Stock.
☞*Returns made immediately after disposal of goods.* 27 y

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James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

DENTISTRY.
DR. T. A. CROAKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
Will be at his office in Middleton, the last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
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Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business. 51 tf

The Best Returns For the Least Money
ARE OBTAINED FROM THE OLDEST, LARGEST AND MOST POPULAR CANADIAN COMP'Y,
THE
Canada Assurance Life
COMPANY.
☞*All persons insuring before the 31st of Dec., 1894, will obtain a full year's profit.*
S. E. MARSHALL,
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JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

It was originated in 1810 by the late Dr. A. Johnson, an old fashioned, noble hearted Family Physician, to cure all ailments that are the result of irritation and inflammation, such as asthma, abscesses, bites, burns, bruises, bronchitis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, chaps, chilblains, colic, cramps, cholera-morbus, diphtheria and all forms of sore throat, earache, fractures, gout, headache, influenza, la grippe, lame back, lame side, lame neck, mumps, muscular soreness, nervous headache, neuralgia, pimples, pains in chest, stomach or kidneys, ringworm, rheumatism, scalds, stings, strains, sprains, stiff joints, sore lips, sore lungs, toothache, tonsilitis, wind colic and whooping cough. The great vital and muscle nervine.

For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL Use

Its special province is the treatment of inflammation. Its electric energy everlastingly eradicates inflammation without irritation. It is important everyone should understand the nature and treatment of inflammation. Send us at once your name and address and we will send you free, our new illustrated book, "TREATMENT FOR DISEASES." This book is a very complete treatise in plain language, which every person should have for ready reference.

The Doctor's Signature and directions are on every bottle.
If you can't get it send to us. Price 25 cents; six $2.00. Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free.
I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., Sole Proprietors.

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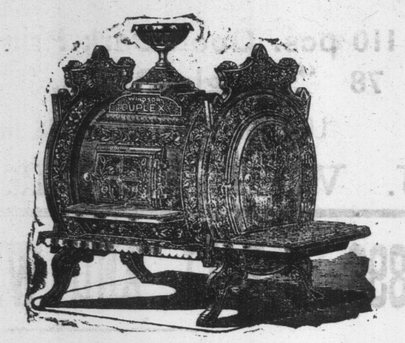

THE "DUPLEX"
Hall Stove, Base Heater for Wood.

I have a larger stock of Stoves of all kinds than ever before, which I am selling cheaper than ever.

CALL AND SEE.
FURNACE HEATING & PLUMBING A SPECIALTY.
R. ALLEN CROWE.

STARTLING INDUCEMENTS!

As the Spring Season is now rapidly approaching, doubtless there are many households in the town, county and elsewhere who have decided upon placing in their dwellings new appointments in

FURNITURE

and it is to those that the old and reliable Furnishing House, formerly J. B REED & SONS, and now under their management, wish to call attention by acquainting them with the fact that for the next few weeks

Bargains of an Exceptional Nature in Parlor Suits, Bedroom Suits, Side Boards, etc., will be offered.

All persons requiring anything in the line of HOUSE FURNITURE who will take the trouble to call, will find that our stock is thorough and complete, and that many of the articles are offered at PRICES THAT CANNOT PROVE OTHERWISE THAN SATISFACTORY. Call and inspect.

Undertaking! Besides the usual complete stock always to be found in store at the establishment on Granville Street, a branch has been opened at **Hampton**, under the management of **MR. JOHN E. FARNSWORTH**, who will give every attention to the requirements of the public.

Selling Out Below Cost.

Owing to my desire to make a change in my business I am offering to the public my entire stock of goods comprising a full line of Boots, Shoes and Ladies' Fancy Slippers.

Also **GROCERIES** of a high grade below cost.

Will sell the balance of my stock of DRY GOODS at amazingly low figures.

I have a few PARLOR AND DINING ROOM PICTURES left. Former price, $1.50, which I now offer at 85c.

I invite the public to call and see the low figures and inspect my goods before purchasing elsewhere.

J. E. BURNS, - Bridgetown.

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE
—OF—
FLOUR, CORNMEAL,
Rolled Oats and Oatmeal, Feed Flour, Middlings, and Barley Chop
now in stock and for sale at A SMALL ADVANCE ON COST at the store in the
Masonic Building, Granville Street.
ALSO A NICE ASSORTMENT OF
Standard Groceries,
such as Tea, Sugar, Spices, Canned Goods, etc., etc.
Soaps from 4c up.
Call and examine our stock. Satisfaction guaranteed.
W. M. FORSYTH.
Bridgetown, April 1st, 1896.

CAUTION!

All persons indebted to the estate of the late J. AVARD MORSE, either by accounts or promissory notes, are hereby notified that all payments of the same must be made to the undersigned, as no person has been authorized by them to collect said accounts or notes.
E. BENT, J. B. GILES, } *Executors.*
Bridgetown, March 19th, 1896.

To My Customers!

I wish that you would call and see my Millinery. I have a nice line of Goods, and Miss Newcomb is now at work doing her best to please both in price and style. My assortment of

Ladies' Sacques

is the best that I have ever shown, ranging in price from **$3 to $12.**

I have also a fine line of
Fur Capes, Cloth Capes, Fur Collars, Boncle Dress Goods, Plaids, etc.,
and in Gents' Wear
A BIG RANGE OF CLOTHING,
Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters and Fur Coats.
☞The prices are right, and quality first-class. Please give me a call.
Respectfully yours,
MRS. WOODBURY.
Kingston, Oct. 7th, 1896.

JOHN ERVIN,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Commissioner and Master Supreme Court.
Solicitor International Brick and Tile Co.
OFFICE:
Cox Building, - Bridgetown, N. S.

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

Poetry.

"Pa."

When I am feelin' kinder blue,
When neighbors come and pick
The reputations of their friends
To pieces, or I'm sick
To death of learnin' a green girl;
When things don't go my way,
I allus seem to call to mind
The words I've heard pa say—
"Tho' farmin's gittin' purty hard,
And money is so scurce,
There's never nuthin' quite so bad
But thet it mought be worse."

An' when I've got to wear agin
My worn, old-fashioned cloak,
Because the times has been so bad,
An' when the chiny's broke,
That I have kept thro' all these years,
An' loved jest like my kin,
These words of pa's, when I was young,
Come singin' back agin:
"I know the rain has spiled the crops,
And money's very scurce,
But nothin's never half so bad
But thet it mought be worse."

When I was frettin' 'bout the way
The bills is creepin' up,
An' I am clean exasperated
With Jim's brindle pup
That chews the children's rubbers and
Runs off with everything,
I set awhile an' fold my hands,
An' doin' so will bring
To mind my dear old father:
"Yes, my hair is gittin' scurce,
An' tho' my health is pooty bad,
I reckon it could be worse."

And when I want to git a pile
Of work off my hands,
And health won't let me do a stroke,
An' no one understands,
They sees I'm up an' round about,
"How lazy she must be,
She hain't done fur the socialies,
Nor had the church to tea."
Tis' that's the hardest, but them words
Keep singing: "Patience's scurce,
Misunderstandin's pooty bad,
But, then, it mought be worse."

An' when I gits the grip and has
To stay cooped up indoors,
An' cannot go to meetin',
An' enjoy the "Heavenly Shores,"
Perspective like, by singin' hymns,
An' joinin' with the choir,
But jest must keep my patience till
I'm called, "Come, Jane, up higher."
I jest "possess my soul in peace,"
Like pa: "Health's gittin' scurce,
An' tho' my days is numbered now.
I know it mought be worse."

[WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR.]

A Madrigal.

When fame and honor have forgot to weave
their wreath
About thy brow, so well deserved to wear
The noblest crown that fortune's lips might
breathe,
The grandest laurel wreath she gives her
children here,

When glory, riches seem but of the shadowy
past,
When all that thou once grasped has vanished
from thy hand,
When every joy of earth has been too sweet
to last
And thou hast found these glories but the
seashore sand,

When all thy suns have set but one, and
that
Thy life which still remains to thee,
When friends have quite forgot thy name
and place
Sweetheart, wilt thou not then remember
me?

Wilt thou not then find ample time to guess
That someone thought of thee and loved
thee all these years?
Aye, loved thee though that heart could not
confess
Its weight of love which it at all times sadly
bears.

Aye, loved thee when thy star began to
rise,
And when that star ascendant shone on high,
But loved thee best when clouds obscured its
light,
And it was paling in the morning skies,

Wilt thou not know that one to thee is kind
When all the world has quite forgot thy
name,
That one would gladly give up all to find
Within thy heart one word of praise or
blame?

Indifference kills and crushes in its might,
Tis coldness breaks the truest heart at last;
Indifference draws the blackest clouds of
night
About the heart whose days of joy are past.
B. M. G. E.

Select Literature.

A Shylock of 'Scutney Corner.

"Them two houses was a terrible ungodly sight when they was first built, a-settin' there back to back, with that fence a-rarin' up between 'em clearn to top of the chamber winders, and the limbs of the great willow-tree that stood near Deacon Prouty's all lopped off so's t' they shouldn't come nigh Deacon Grier's—a terrible ungodly sight, considerin' they was two deacons that ought to have been walkin' together in love.

"And they was as clost a'most as brothers when the foundations of them houses was laid. Their fathers before 'em owned them adjoinin' farms, and the families had always been intimate. It beats all what a little thing it was come betwixt 'em and split the church in two, and set half the town to wranglin', and drove the minister off, and set the other deacon—he was a peaceable cretur, Deacon Brewster was—into a decline."

Seth Tibbets, the old shoemaker, paused and let his eyes rest with satisfaction on the interested face of the commercial traveller who swung his legs from the counter. To the other lounger in the store the chronicles of 'Scutney Corner were not new.

They, however, looked from old Seth to the stranger with a certain pride, and Jerry Baker, the sexton, said with open admiration, "It does beat all what a tarlunt Seth has got for settin' off a story, and yet"—reassuringly to the stranger—"you may believe every word of it, every word."

"Clear in off the main road as we be, an' with never no murders or robberies, skurse anything divertin', as you may say, still there is cur'us hap'nin's here," said, in a thin, high-keyed voice, Enoch Fowle, who was very old, and lived at the poor-house.

"Yes, them houses looked a sight worse when they was new than they do now," pursued the narrator, with a modest disregard of complimentary interruptions. "The clapboards was a-bristlin' with onchristian spite, and the knotty boards in that great fence—and they was mostly knotty—looked jest as if they was makin' faces. Time is mellerin' to things and creture both, and the old weather beaten houses and fence don't look nigh so pert and spiteful. It was 'most forty years ago that they was built. Young 'Lando Grier must be thirty-six if he's a day, and he wa'n't born till three or four years after. He's all there is left on that side of the fence, and there's nobody on the other but Sabr' Ellen and her mother. Time haint seemed to meller old Mis' Prouty; she's a woman that's consid'rable like hard cider crisp and sparklin', and with no more of a tang than is agreeable, so long as its new, but time is sure to turn it into vinegar.

"But it's the opinion of most folks that she was the one that was sot on in the begiننin'. There's that much to be said for old Mis' Deacon Prouty.

"She was a hard-workin' woman, lookin' well to the ways of her household—and more'n was necessary to the ways of other folk's, some thought; and when she come to go to prayer meetin', she couldn't keep awake. In the movin'est prayers and the stirrin'est exhaurtations she'd catch herself a-noddin'. And what did she feel drove to do but to take her knittin' work to prayer meetin' and knit away the whole time, under her shawl, to keep herself awake. For a consid'able spell nobody found it out. It was Mis' Deacon Grier that did at last, and she told her husband. He went to Deacon Prouty and his wife and remonstrated, but couldn't get no satisfaction. Mis' Prouty wa'n't one that could stand interference from anybody, and the deacon wa'n't either, for that matter before the church meetin'. (That was jest after the foundations of them houses was dug, that they was havin' so close together because they thought so much of one 'nother.) Well, some was for Mis' Prouty—she testified before the church meetin' that she ravelled every mite of the knittin' out as soon as she got home—and some was against her. She was the hoppin'est woman you ever see, and that hurt her cause consid'able. They complained that she wouldn't let nobody speak the truth in love to her.

"By the time them houses was built with the fence a-r'arin' up between 'em, the devil's horns was a r'arin' up in that church so's t' you could most see 'em.

"Them that was against Mis' Prouty was the strongest, and they drove the others out of the church. Old Parson Dyer, that tried to pacify 'em got kicked out by both sides. There was a new church built, and they got two new ministers—that hardly durst to speak to one t'other. Poor Deacon Brewster that tried to be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove, and not take sides either way, he had to take to his bed, and he never got off it again, all on account of worriment of mind, the doctor said. There is folks in this world that can't quarrel, though most poor human creturs does seem to take to it like a duck to water. Deacon Brewster, he up and died; but there was folks that wouldn't speak to their own blood relations for years, and the state of religion hain't never been what it was before, all on account Mis' Deacon Prouty's knittin' in prayer meetin,. Now, as I was sayin', there ain't nobody left of the two families but young 'Lando Grier and Mis' Prouty and Sabr' Ellen.

"And so far as 'Lando and Sabr' Ellen are concerned, they'd be better satisfied if they wasn't one on one side and one on t'other of a high fence.

"That's the way things comes round in this world if you give 'em time.

"They're gettin' along in years, 'Lando nigher to forty than thirty, and Sabr' Ellen must be thirty, though bein' one of them little plump, rosy-complected, light-hearted women that seem to kind of shed care and age jest as a duck's back sheds water, you wouldn't never think it; and it does seem as if Mis' Prouty wasn't livin' along for nothin' but to keep 'em apart. She made Sabr' Ellen promise long ago that she wouldn't never marry without her consent, and she ain't no more likely to give her consent now than she was the day that 'Lando's father brought her before the church for knittin' in prayer meetin'; she's an awful hand to keep a grudge Mis' Prouty is. Them children was forbid to speak to one another; but land! you see that fence don't go no farther'n the orchards, and there's only a stone wall betwixt them, and the fust anybody knew they was usin' a chink in the wall for a post office. One day Lem Price, that was gatherin' apples found a letter from him to her, and he showed it to me. Long ago as 'twas, I hain't forgot a word of that letter; spelled and wrote pretty queer it was—'Lando was kind of slow at his books. 'Dear Sabr' Ellen,' it said, 'I love you because your cheeks are red and your hair k-i-r-l-s, and I'm goin' to shake the high-top sweetin' tree as soon as I get a chance, an I won't never have nobody else for my girl till death doth part us.'

"Talk about death partin' 'em! You might jest as soon expect to get the start of him as of old Mis' Prouty!

"They kept sendin Sabr' Ellen down country to her aunt's every time they catched her speakin' to young Lando, and they tried to get her to marry a minister. Folks always has run of an idee here in 'Scutny Corner that 'twas terribly 'ristocratic as well as terribly pious to marry a minister, and when you can be 'ristocratic and pious too there seems to be so much clear gain. There never seemed to be a settled minister at the new church; there was always a stated supply from the theological seminary, and the stated supply was just as sure to fall in love with Sabr' Ellen as he was to wear a white choker and be differoult about his victuals. Some said old Mis' Prouty was managin' and anyhow Sabr' Ellen was a master pretty girl; she had a way, too, of speakin' all of 'em fair without meanin' much by it. It's a wonder that young 'Lando didn't get discouraged sometimes, but he's considerable like old 'Lando, his father, mild mannered and quiet, but sot. And old Mis' Prouty couldn't manage Sabr' Ellen so as to make her marry one of 'em.

"She hain't give up yet, only she looks after widowers and old bachelors now; and last spring she took her bed with a shock of palsy because Sabr' Ellen refused Deacon Pettigrew with five children, and his first wife's mother livin' with him. They do say that Sabr' Ellen 'most give up, she's got such a sense of duty."

"Is that all?" said the commercial traveller, as Seth Tibbetts's narrative came to a halt, with a certain slighting accent, not lost upon old Seth's ears, which had the sensitiveness peculiar to those of story-tellers.

"There couldn't be no more to it, as I see so long as there's old Mis' Prouty," he said, grumbling. "There couldn't nobody get the better of her, if 'twas in New York."

"Pretty well off fellow, this 'Lando Grier!' asked the stranger.

"Well, he is," answered old Seth. "His father left him comfortable, and he's one that knows how to go ahead and stick to it, both. He owns them big woollen mills between here an' the Centre."

"Don't seem to have gone ahead much when it come to makin' love," said the commercial traveller.

"Well, he's a patient good-natured fellow—wouldn't hurt a fly; and you don't know old Mis' Prouty."

The assemblage shook its head as one man, as old Seth repeated, impressively: "You don't know old Mis' Prouty. Nobody never got the better of her."

"Ever happen to hear that old Deacon Prouty had a brother?" asked the commercial traveller, lighting a match on his boot with a nonchalant air.

"There was 'Lias, now," quavered old Enoch Fowle. "He was a thorn in his mother's side; but he run away, and 'twas said he was drowned at sea. Lemme see, 'twas four years ago, or mebbe five.

"Fifty years ago—nigh upon fifty years," said Seth Tibbets ("Mem'ry failin'," he whispered, with an apologetic nod towards old Enoch.) And he never was heard from afterwards, and mebbe 'twas jest as well, for if ever there was a limb—"

"But his father left half the farm to him, didn't he? and his half joined the estate of one Grier? That's the way I've heard it. You see I'm 'Lias Prouty's son."

"You don't say! Well, thinks I, there's something familiar about him, and now I can see the Prouty look as plain as day. I always thought consid'able of 'Lias Prouty myself; and there's a good many that will be glad to see his son, to say nothing of old Mis' Prouty and Sabr' Ellen, that are gettin' short of relations."

"I didn't come neighborin' or cousinin'; that ain't in my line," said the stranger, shortly. "I was round this way on business, as I told you—them dye-stuffs that I'm introducin' ain't equalled in the world—and I thought I'd take a look at my property. I looked up the claim and found 'twas all right years ago, and I've been payin' taxes on it, kind of quiet. I ain't one to sell my affairs till I'm ready. I thought perhaps I could hear of a man that would like to buy it. I rather guess I have. Right along up the main road, you said? And his name is Orlando Grier."

The group in the store gazed after the stranger in open-mouthed astonishment, and with a growing appreciation of his business qualities.

"I declare for't he was jest drawin' me out!" said old Seth Tibbetts. "I had ought to turn my tarlunts to some account, and not be heavin' of 'em away."

"He's an imposertor, for 'Lias Prouty himself wouldn't be nigh as old as he is if he was alive," said Enoch Fowle, with an air of great shrewdness.

"'Lando Grier is goin' to get a chance to get the better of old Mis' Prouty!" exclaimed Seth Tibbetts, his own wrongs fading from his mind in this new excitement. "I remember folks wondered some at the deacon's buildin' that house on 'Lias's half of the land, when it wa'n't noways certain that 'Lias was dead; there wa'n't no proof that he was aboard the Columby that was lost, but the deacon was sure of it. Now, you see, if 'Lando buys the land, he's got a right to set that house up on rollers, and roll it clean off into the creek, or over the falls, or burn it up—and that fence! if that don't come down pretty quick I miss my guess!"

M'lissy Pringle, the "help" at old Mis' Prouty's, had come in to buy some molasses and starch, and listened in the shelter of a shadow which was unpenetrated by the fitful kerosene. She did not wait to hear the legal discussion which ensued, nor even to cast a doubt upon the purity of the molasses, or haggle over the price of the starch—forms which were almost universally observed in the 'Scutney Corner store.

M'lissy had lived with the Proutys for twenty years, and considered herself one of the family; and her mission in life was, as she expressed it, to "take part of the heft of old Mis' Prouty off Sabr' Ellen." She heartily approved of Orlando Grier's suit, and openly lamented the lack of backbone in Sabr' Ellen which made her submit to her mother's will.

"He hain't got none either, or he'd 'a' made her have him long ago!" M'lissy was, in bitter moments, free to confess. She deposited her groceries on the back-door step, and then stole softly around and peeped through a chink in the blind into Orlando Grier's sitting-room window. Orlando and the commercial traveller were in close conference. Orlando was a small man, very fair, and with a delicate, sensitive face, which looked almost effeminate beside the foxy shrewdness of the stranger. His arms were awkwardly long; and his shoulders stooping, but he was holding himself very erect now, and there was a look on his face that caused M'lissy to say to herself exultantly, "He's done it, 'n' he's a desprit man."

She ran softly back, and burst into the large bedroom on the ground floor in which old Mrs. Prouty had taken to her bed. Sabr' Ellen was there, engaged in airing the fifth night-cap which her mother had rejected on account of a fancied dampness.

"Well, Mis' Prouty, I believe you be right, and it's the latter days," exclaimed M'lissy. "'Lando Grier owns the land this house is setin' on this very minute, and a whole half of the farm, that he's bought of 'Lias Prouty's son—'Lias that folks thought was drowned. And 'Lando—Well, goodness knows we can't expect no quarter of him! They say he's goin' to roll this house down hill, 'n' he don't care whether it goes into the creek, or over the falls, or only just down into the cranberry bog, or, as like as not, he'll burn it up."

Old Mrs. Prouty had raised her head from her pillows; her black eyes peered sharply out from the yellow furrows of her face.

"I don't know what you're talking about, M'lissy Pringle; something has flew to your head," she said, in a shrill, harsh voice that came oddly from her little withered body.

"I ain't one that has things fly to their heads, and it's the livin' truth. And I've heard folks say the deacon hadn't ought to have built this house on 'Lias's land till he'd made sure that 'Lias was dead. And now everybody will be p'intin' the finger of scorn. It ain't so much livin' on the edge of the cranberry bog, if he don't do no worse than roll us down hill—though I s'pose 'tis kind of unhealthy—but it's the bein' shook up so an' there's the best chiny an' all, an the kind of disgrace; they was all talkin' about it in the store tonight. And I've seen 'Lando Grier an' he's a disprit man, an' that fence will come down to-morrow mornin'."

"Oh, M'lissy!" cried Sabr' Ellen, "I don't think 'Lando would—"

M'lissy stopped her by a fierce frown. M'lissy had heavy eyebrows which met above her nose, and one of them was white; her frown was terrible.

Old Mis' Prouty had partially raised herself in bed—an effort to which she had not been equal for months. Her little figure quaked and her features worked convulsively as she tried vainly to find her voice, but in the semi-darkness her black eyes seemed to emit sparks.

"It's a great pity that he and Sabr' Ellen wasn't married long ago," pursued M'lissy, with desperate boldness. "Then what was his would have been hers, and there would have been nothin' for nobody to say, an' the house could have not where it is till it comes to a natural end. But I suppose it won't shake it to pieces to roll it down the hill, an' you could be carried out. An if you couldn't stand it down under the hill, 'count of your asthmy, you could go and live with your brother's widder, Sabiny Elridge."

Mis' Prouty found her voice. "Me live with Sabiny, and eat cream o'tartar bread, and see the skim milk wasted, and pound for pound preserves eat up by the chore boy? I hain't come to that yet, if I have had a shock! And about 'Lando Grier I believe you've gone crazy! I don't believe that 'Lias ever had a son, and there's a law about peaceable possession an' payin' taxes so long."

"I see 'Lias' son with my own eyes, settin' in the store, and I heard him say, with my own ears, that he'd been payin' taxes for a long time an' keepin' it quiet. You know yours has been runnin' behind-hand for a long spell, so you wouldn't have known it."

"Why didn't he offer to sell it to me, then?" said Mis' Prouty, after a moment of reflection. "I'd have given all the rest of the farm to keep what the house sets on out of the clutches of Grier."

"Well, he heard that 'Lando Grier was forehanded, and thought he could get a good price out of him. He didn't seem to have a mite of fambly feelin'. There might be a way that you could compermise with Lando——"

"I don't want to compromise with him!" cried old Mis' Prouty, shrilly, seeming suddenly to become all flashing eyes. "Folks won't see me treated so! I guess I've got friends. Sabr' Ellen, go fetch the minister an' the deacons."

"The minister and the deacons can't do nothin' against the law," said M'lissy. "And 'Lando Grier's got money an' influence, an' there ain't no denyin' he's more pop'lar'n what we be."

Old Mis' Prouty seemed to be overcome by this thrust. She fell back among her pillows, and beyond a few murmurs, which expressed alternations between defiance and despair, she would say nothing more.

"There! Do you hear that rat-a-tat-tin'?" said M'lissy, with undisguised cheerfulness, as she brought in Mis' Prouty's toast the next morning. "An' I see Joe Bilnn goin' there with his tools. That fence is a-comin' down."

Sabr' Ellen would not look at her mother, but she ran out and put her face up to a chink in the fence (which had existed only since her mother's illness), and called to Orlando, who was to be seen near the fence, with a carpenter and his hired man.

"I really don't think you ought to take down the fence. I am afraid mother will never get over it," she said, with as much of a reproachful glance as the width of the chink would allow.

"Take that fence down! You don't think I would do such a thing as that while your mother lives?" said Orlando.

"No-o," said Sabr' Ellen, faintly; and if the chink had been a little wider he could not have failed to see a shade of disappointment on her face.

"No-o," said Sabr' Ellen, faintly again, and turned away. The carpenter was within hearing; besides, what was there for her to say if he did not choose to tell her? She almost thought M'lissy had been mistaken, but as she ran back to the house little Mrs. Favor, the new minister's wife, called to her over the gate. Sabr' Ellen liked her, partly, perhaps, from a sense of gratitude that she had prevented the new minister from coming to 'Scutney Corner a bachelor.

"This is very strange and very hard—for your mother, said little Mrs. Favor; "but I can't think that Orlando Grier is such a Shylock as to do what they say he will. And, anyway, I can't help thinking how often the Lord's way is to bring good out of evil."

"Oh, no; 'Lando isn't a Shylock at all," said Sabr' Ellen, with a little sigh. "And I can't see how any good is coming out of it." And she checked abruptly into Mrs. Favor's flow of sympathy.

Meanwhile M'lissy was offering consolation to old Mis' Prouty. "I don't believe 'twill hurt you a mite to be carried out on a feather bed, let the doctor say what he will; but as for stayin' in the house while it's movin', why—why, there was old Granny Bilnn that was struck by a piece of plasterin'——"

"M'lissy Pringle, I shouldn't live through either of them things. I'm a poor broken-down old woman, and the Lord's hand is heavily upon me, and I don't know but what it's in judgment," said old Mis' Prouty, to whom the night seemed to have brought counsel. "'Lando Grier is turnin' out so much like his father that I don't know as I can compromise with him, M'lissy."

"All you've got to do is to tell him he can have Sabr' Ellen," said M'lissy, briskly. "And sakes! what a sight of trouble that will save!"

Old Mis' Prouty swallowed what seemed to be a very hard lump in her throat. "You can tell him so, M'lissy."

"Land! I don't expect he'd believe me, you've held out so long. You'll have to do it yourself."

Poor old Mis' Prouty fell back upon her pillow and raised her eyes to heaven.

"Don't you expect you'd better go down and see how Mis' Reuel Green is gettin' along with the twins' mumps?" said M'lissy, as Sabr' Ellen came in. And Sabr' Ellen caught eagerly at the idea of a little release from her mother's society, which might reasonably be expected to be unusually trying at this juncture.

As soon as Sabr' Ellen was out of hearing, M'lissy summoned Orlando. "You go right in and see Mis' Prouty, and she'll give her consent to your marrying Sabr' Ellen. And whatever you've been a-meanin' to do about the house you needn't let on. And don't you deny nothin' that she accuses you of, if it's burning John Rogers."

Orlando seemed to be petrified with astonishment, or with a horror of meetin' old Mis' Prouty. But he went into her room after a moment's hesitation, and M'lissy observed that he stood very erect and looked unterrified.

"You've got to be master, 'Lando Grier," said a harsh voice from the little crooching heap in the bed, "and you've got the will as well as the power to crush me, and I can't do anything but give in. If marryin' Sabr' Ellen will make you let the old house stay right here as long as I do and put the fence up again, why then you can marry her; but I don't want to know anything about the wedding, nor have folks come talking to me about it."

Orlando's face as M'lissy saw it through the key-hole, showed a bewilderment and joy. "I'm sure neither Sabr' Ellen nor I would wish to have anything trouble you," he stammered. And then he burst forth, impetuously: "I wish you would let me be a real son to you! It seems a pity that such a little thing should make life-long division; and I've always thought you were badly treated in the beginning, and I'm sure father thought so before he died."

"He never said so, and I'm sure I never expected you would." The slow-coming, pitiful tears of old age were running down old Mis' Prouty's cheeks. "'Twas a little mite of a thing, wa'n't it, me a-knittin' in prayer-meetin' to keep myself awake? And it's a 'most spoiled my life. 'Twas neighbors—neighbors and friends. And mebbe I ought to have bore more, and been forgivin'. I thought it all over layin' here last night. Seems as if it wa'n't never too late for the Lord to let folks see clearer. And seein' the fence is down, 'Lando, you need not put it up again."

She held out her little, withered, trembling hand, and Orlando's strong one closed over it firmly and tenderly.

"I don't know what it all means, M'lissy Pringle, but it's the best day I ever saw," said Orlando, coming out of the room.

"It means that somebody had to be master of the situation, an' I know'd you was too tender-hearted, whatever folks say. *Now* I should think the best thing you could do would be to hitch up and fetch Sabr' Ellen home from Mis' Reuel Green's."

Three years afterward the same commercial traveller walked into the store at 'Scutney Corner from the hotel across the way, and found almost the same group gathered about the stove. The old order changed very little at 'Scutney Corner.

"Good-even', Mr. Prouty," said old Seth Tibbets, with a pardonable pride in his memory.

"Evenin' all; but my name is Robinson—G. Washington Robinson."

"Well, now, I'm best if you ain't 'Lias Prouty's son, that was here three years ago, and sold your half of the old farm to 'Lando Grier! And a good thing it turned out to be, though some has never thought quite the same of 'Lando for bein' so hard on the old lady, and there's been doubts cast on his legal rights. He was goin' to move the house right off without givin' her a chance to get out, some say he set out to burn it down. We all know how quick that fence come down! There is something hard in the Grier nater for folks that find it. Scared the old lady so't she give right in, and he and Sabr' Ellen was married that very week. And the two houses are made into one, with a big hall in the middle; and painted up and fixed up so't you wouldn't never know 'em. And old Mis' Prouty she sets up most of the time, and is chippered up and softened down too, and she takes a sight of comfort in the little boy, that is named Lyman 'Lando after his two grandfathers."

The little, shrewd open-mouthed face of the commercial traveller looked like an exclamation point.

"Land of Goshen! you do beat all. Try-in' to chaff me for tellin' you that yarn, are you? You say it's *true!* Well, I declare he's a smart one; Let it go for true, and scart the old lady into lettin' him marry her daughter, and never has let on for fear of rilin' her up agin! Well, I knew he was smart, he saw so quick that them dye-stuffs was the real thing! Well, you see, you folks round here was so great for telling yarns that I got kind of sick of it; heard the same story about them two quarrelin' deacons up to 'Scutney Corner the night before, when I was askin' who owned the woollen mills over here. I came here on purpose to sell my dye-stuffs to 'Lando Grier. They told me about Deacon Prout's brother 'Lias that run away, and it jest occurred to me that I could finish up your yarn in good shape. I'm consid'able in that line myself, when I allow, as you may say, my genius to soar. But when I'm talkin' business I'm right on my veracity, and when I tell you that them dye-stuffs are revolutionizin' society and fetchin' on the millennium, you can believe it. Well, I declare I did that Grier a good turn, didn't I? That's my way to scatter deeds of benevolence; and now I'll go up and make him give me a handsome puff for the dyes."—*Harper's Bazar.*

McKinley and Canada.

HON. MR. FIELDING SAYS THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT IS HOPEFUL.

New York, Nov. 9.—The Canadian cabinet ministers who came here about ten days ago to watch the presidential election left for Ottawa last night. They are: Hon W. S. Fielding, minister of finance; W. Patterson, minister of customs, and A. G. Blair, minister of railways. When seen at the Hotel Waldorf last evening Mr. Fielding, speaking for the party, said that, as they had needed a holiday and were much interested in the outcome of the presidential election, they decided to come here and study the system on which it was conducted. They left for home apparently well pleased with the result.

They don't seem to share the opinion expressed by a large part of the Canadian press that Maj. McKinley will be unduly hostile to them on reciprocity, fisheries, bonding regulations, quarantine and other questions at issue between this country and Canada. In fact, they think that an amicable settlement of some of these questions will be made more probable by the result of the election than they have been at any time during the past four years. Nor do they consider Maj. McKinley's ideas on protection will militate against Canada's chances of obtaining a reciprocity treaty.

"The Canadian government will make overtures looking to this end," said Mr. Fielding, "and we will, unlike our predecessors in office, be in earnest about it. We will send representatives to Washington at as early a date as expedient after Major McKinley's inauguration to ascertain whether negotiations can be opened on the subject of reciprocity. One of the first items to be discussed will be quarantine regulations. The feeling exists that there is no further need for the ninety days' quarantine against cattle.

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The Oldest Woman Publisher.

The oldest woman publisher is Mrs. Charlotte Fowler Wells, of the phrenological firm of Fowler & Wells, New York. She has been president of the firm since 1884. She still keeps her desk at the publishing house although eighty-four years old.

—The Bridgewater *Bulletin* suggests that the Southern railway should come