Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 13. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1885. NO. 5.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

COLDS. "Orrville, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1882. "Having been subject to a Bronchial affection, with frequent colds, for a number of years, I hereby certify that AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL gives me prompt relief, and is the most effective remedy I have ever tried.
JAMES A. HAMILTON,
Editor of *The Crescent*."

COUGHS. "Mt. Gilead, Ohio, June 26, 1882. "I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL this spring for a severe cough and lung trouble with good effect, and I am pleased to recommend it to any one similarly affected.
HARVEY BAUGHMAN,
Proprietor Globe Hotel."

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

For Sale !

35 Tons
Marsh and Upland Hay.
Apply to
BUSBY BENT.
Tupperville, Jan. 8th, '85. tf

SAMUEL LEGG,

Watch and Clock Maker,
Opposite
Bridgetown Drug Store
Also Agent for the
HARTFORD LIFE
—AND—
ANNUITY INSURANCE CO.
Of Hartford, Conn.
Bridgetown, July 16, '84.

Executor's Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of late JOSEPH MORTON, of Wilmot, Annapolis Co. N. S., are hereby notified to render the same duly attested, within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to the same will please communicate with the unersigned at once.

A. F. MORTON,
JOHN P. SLOCOMB.
Executors.
Middleton, April 15th, 1885. n23m.

NOTICE !

Notice is hereby given, that
Edward P. Gilliatt,
of Granville, in the County of Annapolis, Yeoman, by Deed of Assignment, bearing date the 13th day of February, A. D., 1885, conveyed to me in trust his real and personal estate to the undersigned for the benefit of those creditors who shall execute said deed of Assignment within sixty days from the date thereof.

The said Deed of Assignment lies at my office, where it can be seen for inspection and signature.

J. G. H. PARKER,
ASSIGNEE.
Bridgetown, March 17th, 1885. 49tf

Chas. McCormick,

Licensed Auctioneer & Conveyancer.

DEEDS, Mortgages, Bills of Sale, and all Legal Documents promptly and correctly drawn. Business with the Registry Office attended to. 15 years experience. Correspondence strictly confidential. 493m

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

MONEY AT 6 PER CENT.

Can be obtained from the
N. S. P. B Building Society and Savings Fund,
on real Estate Security, payable in Monthly instalments extending over a period of about eleven years.
For particulars apply to
J. M. OWEN,
Agent for County of Annapolis.
Annapolis 27th Feb 1883.y

JOHN Z. BENT,

UNDERTAKER.
Bridgetown N. S., near Presbyterian Church.
Coffins and Caskets, and Coffin trimmings, in all styles, always on hand. All branches of this department of his business will receive the most careful attention. 361y

To Loan.

ON first class Real Estate security, $35,000. None but first class security will be taken.
J. G. H. PARKER.
Bridgetown, Dec. 23rd '84.

WEBSTER'S PRACTICAL

Probably all of our readers have occasion to use a dictionary every day. In some cases words cannot be correctly spelled; in others, the pronunciation is difficult; while in still other cases the meaning is not understood. This is true, not only of children and of the uneducated, but of many of the more intelligent as well; and every one who attempts to do without Webster's Practical Dictionary attempts to do without one-half of his opportunities for intellectual improvement.

Webster's Practical is an entirely new work by the editors and publishers of Webster's Unabridged and contains more than twice the amount of matter and illustrations ever before offered for the price.

Horse.

3, eyes; 2, forelock; 3, forehead; 4, eye; 5, eyelids; 6, nose; 7, nostril; 8, bridge of nose; 9, lips; 10, leather jaw; 11, throat; 12, neck; 13, withers; 14, pastern joint; 15, thread; 17, back; 18, jugular vein; 19, shoulder; 20, chest; 21, side; 22, back; 23, loins; 24, hip; 25, flank; 26, belly; 27, hamch; 28, stifle; 29, tendon; 30, gaskin; 31, leg; 32, fetlock; 33, pastern; 34, cannon or shank-bone; 35, arm; 36, knee; 37, passage for the gullet; 38, elbow; 39, shank; 40, ballan; 41, pastern; 42, coronet; 43, foot; 44, heel; 45, hock; 46, stifle.

Webster's 1000 Page Practical Illustrated.

It also embodies several entirely new features which render it pre-eminent to such a degree that for general reference in every household, it will not pay to use even the best of the older works any more than it would pay to journey across the continent in a lumbering old stage-coach while the numerous advantages of a lightning express are available. Those wishing to see sample pages and learn the particulars in regard to these new features before purchasing, should send their address to
S. S. WOOD, Sole Agent,
134½ West 33d St., N. Y.

SPECIAL OFFERS.

No reader of the WEEKLY MONITOR can afford to do without Webster's Practical Dictionary. If it could not be obtained for less than $10.00 it would even then be the best book investment that can be made. And yet we have arranged to offer Webster's Practical, for a limited time, with the WEEKY MONITOR, at only $2,10 for both book and paper. This also enables any subscriber to get the book for only 60 cents extra by at once forwarding the same with his renewal for one year in addition to the term already paid for.

2nd.—We also offer Webster's Practical Dictionary, post paid, as a present to any person who shall send $4 50 for THREE subscriptions for the WEEKLY MONITOR one year, or one subscription for THREE years in advance.

Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock BLOOD PURIFIER !

Purely Vegetable !

A Valuable Compound
—FOR—
RESTORING HEALTH.

Hundreds have been cured by using it for:
LIVER COMPLAINT,
COSTIVENESS,
DYSPEPSIA,
SALT RHEUM,
CATARRH,
RHEUMATISM,
IMPURE BLOOD,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
GENERAL DEBILITY
—AND—
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS &C.

Very many Testimonials are now in our possession from those who in many cases were given up by PHYSICIANS as incurable, who are now living in good health, by using a few bottles of this Boon to Suffering Humanity. Hundreds of bottles have been sold in Annapolis, Digby, and Yarmouth Counties, within the past year, and we have to hear of a single bottle that has not given perfect satisfaction when taken for what it is recommended.

Price, $1.00 Per Large Bottles.

All who prize health should use at least one bottle in the SPRING and FALL.

Norton's Magic Pain Eradicating Liniment.

One of the best now sold for Sprains, Swellings, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Old Sores, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Tooth Ache, Rheumatism, Coughs, Pains in the Stomach or

Pains Anywhere.

MRS. COLLINGWOOD YOUNG, of Bridgetown, who has used in her family, at least, one dozen bottles, says that it is first class for Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Toothache and all pains, external and internal, and MR. JOHN BENT, of Herring Cove, says that one bottle cured him of Rheumatism, after being afflicted with it for five years.

JOHN EARLY, of Margaretville, will tell you, that after being a helpless invalid for ten years with Rheumatism, NORTON'S LINIMENT put him on his feet.

DON'T READ THIS.

This is to certify that one dollar's worth of NORTON'S MAGIC LINIMENT has entirely cured me of Inflammatory Rheumatism. When I commenced using the medicine, my arms and side were much swollen; my feet were twice the usual size, and I was perfectly helpless in bed. In forty-eight hours the swelling was gone, and I could walk as well as ever. It also cured my daughter of Neuralgia and Tooth Ache.
Signed, MRS. GEO. HAMBOLT.

CAPT. CARD, of Isle au Haute, writes NORTON'S LINIMENT cured me and my wife of Rheumatism. Please send one doz. bottles, as we must not be without it.

PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOTTLE.

The above medicines are sold by
J. B. NORTON
BRIDGETOWN.
Wholesale and Retail, and by dealers in medicine in Yarmouth, Digby, Kings and Annapolis Counties.
Bridgetown, Feb 19th, '85. 1y.

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.

Celebrated Rubber Bucket CHAIN PUMPS !

ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.
Pumps Complete,
or in parts to suit.
FLOUR AND MEAL AT 25 CENTS ADVANCE ON COST.
LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO
per N. H. PHINNEY.

J. G. H. PARKER,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, CONVEYANCER,
and REAL ESTATE AGENT.
Practise in all the Courts. Business promptly attended to.
OFFICE—Fitz Randolph's NEW BUILDING, Bridgetown. 7ly

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent, United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

John Ervin,

Barrister and Attorney at Law.
OFFICE, COX'S BUILDING,
503mpd BRIDGETOWN

CARD.
W. M. FORSYTH
STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2
Office in
LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.
Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m.
April 2nd, 84. 51tf

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known. Excels all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough.

CURES—Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. Circular free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Try them, and then a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla., "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure

CHICKEN CHOLERA,

Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Furnished in large cans, price $1.00, by mail, $1.20. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

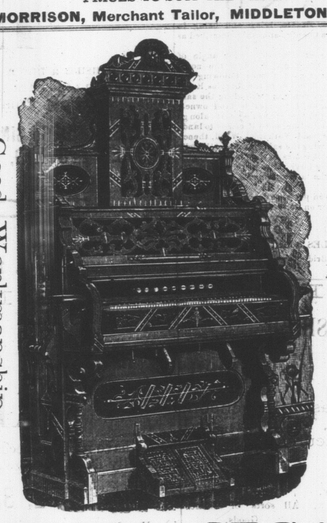
The Slaughter of Louis Reil and his Followers is Nothing
—TO THE—
SLAUGHTERING PRICES
—FOR WHICH—
MORRISON, THE TAILOR
—IS SELLING—
CUSTOM CLOTHING.

He has just received the LARGEST and BEST STOCK OF CLOTHS in the County, and is bound not to be Under Sold.

My workshop is in charge of Mr. Wm. Robertson, who is a first-class Workman. I guarantee Satisfaction to in FIT and WORKMANSHIP, or no sale. Cloths sold by the yard Cheap. A nice Line of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

To arrive this week from Boston, a complete stock of American
Hats and Caps. Hard and Soft. All Colors.
PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.
A. J. MORRISON, Merchant Tailor, MIDDLETON, N. S.



Good Workmanship. Reasonable Prices.

ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF
FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,
Warerooms in Reed's Furniture Factory.
BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.
A. E. SULIS.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

Wm. M. Bath,

of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis, having by deed bearing date the 10th day of April 1885, assigned to me all his personal property and assets of any kind and description, in trust, first to pay all expenses connected with said assignment second to pay certain preferential claims therein specified, and then to apply the residue toward the payments of the claims of such of his creditors as shall execute the said assignment within sixty days from the date thereof.

Notice is hereby given that the said deed of assignment lies at the office of JOHN ERVIN, Solicitor, Bridgetown, where the same may be inspected by those interested, and creditors of William M. Bath, wishing to participate are requested to sign.

All parties indebted to the said William M. Bath, are requested to make immediate payment at the office of the said John Ervin, or to the subscriber.

ARTHUR M. BROWN,
ASSIGNEE.
Bridgetown, April 13th, 1884. n13m.

BRIDGETOWN FOUNDRY COMPANY

(LIMITED.)

THE above Foundry Co., having just opened its new premises, on the site formerly occupied by Craig's Foundry, lately destroyed by fire, is now prepared
TO MANUFACTURE
STOVES, PLOWS,
HAY CUTTERS,
MILL and Other Castings,
All work attended to promptly. Charges reasonable.
W. A. CRAIG,
MANAGER.
Bridgetown, March 10th, '85 y

50 LOVELY Chromo Cards, with name and a prize, for 10c and this slip. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S

NEW AND Reasonable Goods !

AT
MIDDLETON CORNER !

WE are prepared to wait upon Customers with a large and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS,
READY MADE CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES,
GROCERIES.
A choice article of
MOLASSES.
HOME LIGHT OIL.
We want all kinds of Produce in exchange for Goods, for which we will give the highest market price.
Poultry of all Kinds Wanted.
S. L. FREEMAN & CO.
Middleton, Oct. 27th, 1884.

APPLES FOR LONDON !

S. S. "AZORIAN"
FROM
ANNAPOLIS.
APPLES sent down by any Train will be protected from
FROST.
Apply to, and notify
F. C. WHITMAN.
Agent for KNILL & GRANT, and the Grant Warehouse.
Annapolis, Feb. 7th, '85 44tf.

Notice.—All notices of Births, Marriages and deaths inserted free. Obituary poetry, 10 cents per line.

Poetry.

What Would You Do.

It's all very well to philosophize
When a man's in trouble, up to his eyes
But when every turn of the wheel of fate
Pinches and squeezes you early and late,
And giants stand so that you can't get through,
What would you do?

With endless demands, and money non est,
While conscience declared you had done your best,
With friends who, like butterflies, disappear
When flowers and sun take farewell of the year;
When all of your sky takes a leaden hue,
What would you do?

Suppose that old age comes creeping along,
And men take that chance to do you a wrong;
Suppose you were jostled right to the wall,
And told to move on while you scarce could crawl;
It would not be strange. Now, if this came true,
What would you do?

I know there are wrongs—I have felt their touch
I know there are hardships—I have seen such;
But manhood is something, and I would try
To keep up its dignity, pure and high.
This I would do—just what every man should—
The best I could.

Whatever is, is Best.

I know, as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank Wrong somewhere
There lies the root of right.
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is sometime, somewhere, punished,
Though the hour be long delayed,
I know the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer,
But whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors,
In the Great Eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In the grand eternal quest,
I shall say as I look earthward,
Whatever is, is best.

Select Literature.

A Needed Change.

A horse and buggy stood at the front gate. The horse, though high checked and fairly well groomed had still a certain heaviness of form and movement that indicated the drudge of every day, the roadster only for occasion. The buggy had a top, it was called a carriage by its owner—and seemed of equal date with the harness. It was high, narrow-seated, comfortless, without an element of beauty, but plentifully supplied with varnish. On each side of the "coffin"-box was a highly-colored design which appeared, at first glance, to be a coat of arms, but which, in reality, was only the bold emblazonment of the maker's name. From the gate ran a path to a spot in front of a neat farm house and there divided into two parts, one of which, broad but grass-grown, continued to the front entrance, while the other, narrow but deeply-worn, led under lilacs and staggering roses in bloom to a porch in the rear. The side path was the one pursued be a young man who, by his dress and manner, was as evidently the proprietor of the equipage at the gate as the latter was evidently the proprietor of one of the wealthier class of country lovers. Like all lovers, he wore tight boots. His coat was a ready-made Prince Albert, too long in the sleeves and waist, too amply huge in the skirt. To give elegance to his attire he wore a pair of dog-skin gloves, but his fingers were too long and their extremities had become crumbled and dejected. The young man's eyes were clear and bright, his head well formed, and he had an air as if he had already made life a success. As for his age, one might have guessed from the age of the harness and buggy. The son of a well-to-do farmer has what he calls a "rig" for himself at 20. The "rig" was two years old; Mr. George Morris, 22.

The horse started off at a good trot. Mr. Morris sat squarely in the middle of the seat. He seemed happy and triumphant. Occasionally he gave a complacent glance at either of his broad shoulders, and corrected their position by some rule apparently evolved from his own knowledge. When he had adjusted each shoulder satisfactorily he leaned back and took a limited but pleased view of both at once. Occasionally, too, he critically, examined a little, straggling pair of side-whiskers, or looked approvingly at his length of limb. Indeed, so well did he beguile the time that he was quite unconscious that the long drive was over when he arrived at his destination. Well knowing the way, the horse had turned off from the main road, and entering a graceful but neglected drive, had drawn up in front of a rambling weather beaten villa. There was no servant to take the horse—the time of footmen in that place had gone by—but the absence might have been considered well compensated for by the appearance of a little feminine world in muslin who, with an exclamation of delight, had tripped around from the side veranda.

'I knew you would come,' she repeated, when Mr. Morris, after baying slowly alighted and fastened the horse, had joined her.

'Yes; I thought I would come over. It's a nice afternoon, and I though you might like a ride. Besides, I wanted to say good-by.'

'Of course I want to ride, but you must come around here first and let them congratulate you. Remember, I congratulate you first. You'll remember that?' she cried, looking back at her heavy companion, 'and I said you'd get it when I first thought of it.'

In this way George was conveyed to the side veranda where were the family of the house.

'So you're going to the West Point?' said a weary looking gentlemen in loose black. 'Very good place for an energetic young man,' and more weary than ever, apparently, for having thought of such a thing as energy he resumed his reading.

'Do you think you will like it?' asked the mother. 'You'll be so long away,' and she looked at Dora, the vision in muslin. 'Tell us about the examination.'

George would not understand any allusion to Dora, and he had before determined to take his success in the competitive examination as a matter of course. George always laid down rules for himself in advance, knowing that in following so good authority he could never go astray. Accordingly, he cut his description nonchalantly short. The mother looked distressed.

'Are you going to ride?' she asked Dora.

George arose and fumbled at his dogskin gloves, while Dora went for her hat, and her mother sat thinking that at least when George returned from the academy he would have lost some of his gauchery.

Dora had run up for her hat, and now she ran down with her hat; and it was seen to be a very captivating young hat. It was one of those tremendously captivating hats that are made only by the poor and pretty girls whom kind poverty shields from the unmeaning compositions of milliners. And when this hat had been perfectly adjusted it took up its place in the buggy by the side of Mr. M.'s somewhat old-fashioned tile, and the two went swaying off together.

'Are you going to-morrow?' asked Dora.

'Yes, to-morrow,' answered George rather flatly.

'Couldn't you come over yesterday?'

'Why rather than to-day?'

'What?' said Dora, mystified.

'Why come yesterday instead of to-day?'

'I don't mean that; I mean both days, of course.'

Why 'of course?' Because, silly child, she believed herself in love with this egotistic, mathematical Orson, with the terrible but pretentious coat and the ostentatious gloves.

And why had George not visited Dora on both days? Simply because he had decided not to. To be sure an anticipated engagement with Dora was something to be proud of when he was only one of a hundred neighboring farmers' sons and she the daughter of 'the country gentleman,' but this dazzling appointment to the Military Academy had changed all that. Now, in imagination, George saw the world at his feet. He was going to be 'an army officer—the ideal of the fair sex.' George didn't consider that any radical change must be made in him; he took it for granted that by some mysterious but superficial alteration he would step from West Point a glorified combination of Chesterfield and Laplace. Then—as he understood a 'West-Pointer' might easily do—he would marry a Madison avenue heiress. This is why he had decided not to visit Dora on both days.

'I suppose you will write,' said he keeping his face turned from the little lady; and the remark was rather cowardly, inasmuch as he had craftily determined to break off with her by stopping the correspondence.

'You will be my only correspondent,' answered Dora. 'I used to write to my old grandfather, but he don't like us now.'

George had never before heard of any relative, and it was a matter of no interest anyway, still it was the last day and he could afford to be agreeable. 'Ought to write to your grand-father,' he said with what he thought fine wit; 'he might leave you a farm.'

'Well, I think he might give paps some out of all he has,' replied Dora, innocently.

George thought very poorly of any property this enraged grandfather might possess. He talked of the fields, the crops and the cattle—his style of topic for airy nothings—and after a little, saying, in his clumsy way, that it was getting late, he drove her back, and, with much relief, bade her good-by at the gate.

A few days, and Mr. George Morris, representing the 'Ninth District,' presented himself at the Adjutant's office, West Point. He blushed, in giving his description, when he asked his father's business. No doubt at that moment the father was thinking anxiously and proudly of him, but George choked when he answered 'farmer.' The Adjutant rewarded him with a look of disgust for his snobbery, and sent him off under charge of a messenger. The latter conducted him to barracks, and left him at the open door of a lowered hall room. George threw back his shoulders, put the dog-skin gloves up to his side whiskers for moral support and glanced in. He saw a chipper looking young man in white trousers, gray coat and dark-blue cap. The young man, who had a very affable turn to his head, was seated with his back to the door and his feet on an old, yellow table

'Are you in charge?' asked George at length.

'Yes, yes, sir,' said the young man, hastily jumping up. 'Yes, sir; I'm in charge while the General's out. Wont you come in?'

George made a grave bow and entered.

'Lay aside your valise and sit down.'

George did both. Then he crossed his legs and waited for the 'General.'

'Have a smoke?' said the chipper young man.

'No, sir.'

'Game o' cards?'

'Sir?'

'Have a game of cards?'

'I don't play cards.'

'Have a drink?'

'I don't drink,' said George repressively.

'Of water?' continued the polite young man.

'If you please.'

'Hydrant's broke. Have a game of billiards?'

George was silent.

'I suppose you are the new secretary of War?' said the affable young man in a bird-like way. 'I recognized you at once — Prince Albert coat and side-whiskers.'

'I am a cadet.'

'Why, that's puzzling.' Prince Albert coat and side whiskers; that's the description in the papers. Side whiskers and Prince Albert coat. Confusing. You have side-whiskers, have you not?

'Yes,' blurted George, startled.

At the end of half an hour the Ninth District prodigy found his dream of electrifying West Point rudely dissipated.

'Without exaggeration,' said the affable and clipper young man, turning severe, and wishing to give George some honest help, 'my friend you are the worst looking youth that ever entered this institution. Those shoulders that you throw back so proudly are also the worst shoulders I ever saw; they are out of plumb, out of shape, smaller around than your waist. It was easy to see by the way you trod up the area—I was at the window and watched your royal progress—that you expected to overwhelm us. But be less imposing. Go to Room No. 12 and stay there. Don't write the anticipated letter home saying that you have been made a cadet officer for your physique or an assistant professor for your learning. Say we've got you in a backboard trying to straighten you out, and that John, the janitor, is teaching you arithmetic.'

So ended George's long looked-for first day at West Point. But he recovered with the elasticity of conceit from the first shock, and laid his plans for the future. He selected a rich New York boy of his class for a room-mate and waited for the time to pass on. His letters to Dora, though long and frequent at first when he needed sympathy, grew shorter and shorter and fell away all together as he had intended they should. Dora wrote once to know if her last letter was miscarried and then there was silence on both sides. After perhaps a year he learned with astonishment that Dora's grandfather had left and gone to another State.

When we see George again his four years at the academy were drawing to a close. The mysterious changes that were to convert him into a gentleman, he considered, had been wrought. He wondered how he could have been so awkward and ill-mannered as he remembered himself. He thought with disgust, of the big coat and ugly gloves. But perhaps he was even less a gentleman than ever, for when his father had written that he and 'mother' were coming to see him graduate he had written them not to. He said, 'you musn't go to such an expense.' In reality he was ashamed of them.

In the season of gayety at West Point, George had not been idle. For the same reason that he had once aspired to Dora, he now aspired to Miss Lyman, the sister of his roommate, and he shuddered when he thought of her seeing his father and mother. He had known her one summer at West Point, and had been recommended as a good solid fellow by her brother, had been denied the pleasure of a winter's correspondence, but, to atone, had now the promise of dancing with her at his graduation German. He thought over the form of an elegant proposal with good hope.

Young Lyman, rich, handsome, genial—he expected a partner, too; a partner who was also rich and handsome, who lived next door to him at home, with whom he fell desperately in love on 'furlough,' and to whom he was married a few days after graduation.

The day before the ball Miss Lyman and George were walking in front of the library. He was twirling her parasol, trying to make himself entertaining, wondering if he could ever have courage to say the words he had planned, and thinking, with a cunning smile, what a change there would be in his companion if she knew the sordidness of his early life. While they were talking an old gentleman and lady detached themselves from the group that had just alighted from the stage and came over to the flagging. They were looking curiously about them.

'Wonder where he is now?' said the old gentleman. 'But we'll soon find him. Surprise him, too—eh? He'll think we don't mind expense when we want to come and take a look at our West-Pointer.'

'Bless his heart!' said the old lady, quite overcome with the near prospect of a meeting.

'Bless his heart of course, for here he comes, with a girl dressed like a picture. Don't say a word—I'll surprise him,' and the old man with his badly-cut clothes, his nervous gnarled hands, but with a happy beam upon his face, planted himself in the middle of the walk.

George looked up as the old man's head was turned, started, stopped, turned about, and with his companion walked quickly away, concealing himself behind the parasol.

'Come here!' cried the old gentleman hilariously, and running after George; 'guess you haven't any eyes for fathers this afternoon.'

'I'll come back,' said George, with a boiling-red face. 'You sit here—I'll be back of course.'

'No intrusion, I hope,' said the old man, but with his little phrase; 'no intrusion, I hope, young lady. You go on George; mother and I'll wait.'

'Guess t'was company,' he said, slyly, when he returned to his wife. The old lady's face was working nervously. She couldn't help it—the tears started from her eyes. She looked at her dress she had made in George's honor, at the gloves—her concession to fashion—at a little satchel in which was money, she had been saving ever since George went to West Point to buy his sword and uniform; she looked at the puzzled old father, who had been anticipating his visit so long; and so—she couldn't help it—the tears did come.

'Come father,' she said at last 'this isn't the place for us. He isn't a little boy now. O, if we had only kept him with us! Let us go away and not make him ashamed.'

'Ashamed!' said the old fellow with a touch of pride; 'No; now we're here we'll stay—not put out by our own son. We can enjoy a trip, you old simpleton, I guess same as thirty years ago, before the great George was thought of.'

George and Miss Lyman walked on in an embarrassed silence. At last the lady's indignation prevailed over her amazement.

'I think, Mr. Morris,' she said, haughtily, extending her hand for the parasol, 'that I can find the rest of my way to the hotel. I will not detain you.'

George gave her the parasol and turned back. His father was gone from the library, and he walked toward the barracks. On his way he met his roommate. 'My partner has come,' said Lyman, 'she's prettier than ever. Tell me, where's my sister?' George told him and continued to his room, knowing he would soon have a a message. Presently it came, and Lyman delivered it very curtly: 'Miss Lyman wishes to excuse herself from being Mr. Morris' partner at the German.' George made no answer, and his roommate went out and left him.

Then George saw that the world was against him. He cursed the fate that had made him poor; he cursed the Lymans for looking down on him. He turned for comfort to people who had been kind to him. He thought of Dora and for the first time felt a sort of pity for her that she had been treated as he considered Miss Lymans had treated him. 'Confound it,' he said, beginning to compare her with other ladies he had seen, 'She is as fine a lady as any of them.' As he sat there in the twilight he found himself going backward from the age when he knew Dora to the time he was a little boy, knowing no high or low except by his mother's simple rule that 'handsome is that handsome does.' It gave him a pang to remember the time when he had thought his father and mother the greatest people in the world. He thought how proud his father had always been of him, and now he recognized how little there had been to be proud of. He remembered how his mother had stood waiting for him to-day; he remembered her dress and everything, and there flashed upon his mind a picture of her as she must have been at home carefully planning that simple dress and patient working on it with her own hands for many days to make it worthy of him.

Two big tears jumped into his eyes; he made a desperate swallow and seized his cap and started for the hotel on the run.

Fathers and mothers are easily won back; in half an hour—in less time—the three were walking together toward the famous ball-room. He wanted her to go in, that was enough—and she cried again and said to herself that George could be familiar with such splendor. In the midst of all she exclaimed:

'Why, there's Dora?'

'Dora?' cried George, thunder-struck.

'Dora! Where?'

Then he saw her—waltzing like a fairy with some one who had chosen her for the figure. Just the same as in the old days, only more maturely beautiful—golden hair, cherry-lips, peach-bloom cheeks only more beautiful than ever. Her dress was soft glimmering white watered satin, and she stood for a moment under the gas jets, timed pearls threw little swinging shadows on her cheeks.

George watched her as a kind father might have done and gave her a tender good wish for every step of her flying feet. 'Peace be in her true and gentle heart,' He watched her through the figure and while she was going to her seat, and it made his own heart so full there was no place in it for surprise when he saw that her seat was with Lyman. So Dora was Lyman's beautiful partner in the maze of life.

After the hop George met young Lyman, in their room. 'You base been finding me out, Lyman, but the same discovery has taken me all my life. If we ever meet again, perhaps I shall be a different man.'

They did meet again. It was in New York at the marriage of Miss Gertrude Lyman and Lieut. George Norris.

So it was that the last day at West Point he took his first step on the road to be a gentleman. So it was that the last day he underwent the mysterious change that changes not only the cut of Prince Albert coats, but some thing else as well.

The Piano.

HOW THE INSTRUMENT SHOULD BE CARED FOR, AND HOW OFTEN IT SHOULD BE TUNED.

Any substance, no matter how small dropped inside a piano, will cause a rattling, jarring noise. It is in every case desirable that an India rubber or cloth cover should protect the instrument from bruises or scratches. The piano should not be placed in a damp room or left open in a draft of cold air. Dampness is its most dangerous enemy, causing its strings and tuning pipes to rust, the cloth used in the construction of the keys and action to swell, whereby the mechanism will move sluggishly or often stick together. This occurs chiefly in the summer season, and the best pianos are necessarily affected by the dampness, the absorption being rapid. Extreme heat being scarcely less injurious, the piano should not be placed very near an open fire or heated stove, nor over nor close to the hot-air furnace. Moths are very destructive to the cloth and felt used in the piano, and may be kept out of it by placing a lump of camphor, wrapped in soft paper in the inside of it, care being taken to renew it from time to time. Many persons are unaware of the great importance of having their pianos kept in order, and tuned only by a competent tuner. A new piano should be tuned at least once every three or four months during the first year, and at longer intervals afterward.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

WINNIPEG, April 28.—The total force now in the North-West, including mounted police, is over five thousand, and with those engaged in transport service would make in round numbers five thousand five hundred men and about two thousand horses.

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