# Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 7. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1879. NO. 33



## Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

*Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.*

HENRY S. PIPER, Proprietor.

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**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.

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A COLUMN.—First insertion, $8.00; each continuation, $2.00; one month, $12.00 two months, $18.00; three months, $25.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $70.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.


The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is 12,154, being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is 10,200, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its Circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the *Star* has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

## Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Co-partnership hitherto existing under the name and style of SANCTON & PIPER, Printers and Publishers, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, the senior partner, JNO. E. SANCTON, retiring from the late firm. The business will in the future be conducted by HENRY S. PIPER, who assumes all liabilities against and for the late firm.

JOHN E. SANCTON.
HENRY S. PIPER.

Bridgetown, April 20th, 1879.


BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN

**BOOK STORE**

So universally known for many years at 101 Granville Street, has taken a move to the upper and shady side of the same street. Remember, nearly opposite the old stand.

BUCKLEY & ALLEN,
124 Granville St., Halifax, N. S.
July 17th, 1878. n13 y

**NEW RICH BLOOD!**

**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. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Me.

**MAKE HENS LAY.**

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now travelling 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 one teaspoonful to one pint food.

**JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.**

For Internal and External Use.

CURES—Neuralgia, Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**

For Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of the skin, Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Blotches, Tumors, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhœa, arising from internal ulceration, and Uterine disease, Syphilitic and Mercurial diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, General Debility, and for Purifying the Blood.

This Sarsaparilla is a combination of vegetable alteratives—Stillingia, Mandrake, Yellow Dock—with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most efficacious medicine yet known for the diseases it is intended to cure.

Its ingredients are so skilfully combined, that the full alterative effect of each is assured, and while it is so mild as to be harmless even to children, it is still so effectual as to purge out from the system those impurities and corruptions which develop into loathsome disease.

The reputation it enjoys is derived from its cures, and the confidence which prominent physicians all over the country repose in it prove their experience of its usefulness.

Certificates attesting its virtues have accumulated, and are constantly being received, and as many of these cases are publicly known, they furnish convincing evidence of the superiority of this Sarsaparilla over every other alterative medicine. So generally is its superiority to any other medicine known, that we need do no more than to assure the public that the best qualities it has ever possessed are strictly maintained.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
*Practical and Analytical Chemists.*
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

## Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

Summer Arrangement.

Time Table,

COMMENCING

1ST JULY, 1879.

| Miles. | GOING WEST. | Express Daily. | Pass. and Freight Mon., Wed. and Friday. | Pass. and Freight Tues., Thurs. and Saturday. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| 0 | Windsor—leave | 9 45 | 12 00 | 5 45 |
| | | | P. M. | |
| 7 | Hantsport | 10 07 | 12 28 | 6 17 |
| 15 | Grand Pre | 10 30 | 1 00 | 6 44 |
| 18 | Wolfville | 10 40 | 1 15 | 6 56 |
| 26 | Port Williams | 10 46 | 1 25 | 7 04 |
| 25 | Kentville—arrive | 11 00 | 1 45 | 7 20 |
| | Do—leave | 11 15 | 2 20 | |
| 34 | Waterville | 11 38 | 2 58 | |
| 37 | Berwick | 11 46 | 3 12 | |
| 42 | Aylesford | 12 00 | 3 34 | |
| | | P. M. | | |
| 49 | Kingston | 12 18 | 4 12 | |
| 53 | *Wilmot | 12 26 | 4 27 | |
| 56 | Middleton | 12 35 | 4 44 | |
| 62 | Lawrencetown | 12 51 | 5 06 | |
| 65 | *Paradise | 1 00 | 5 18 | |
| 70 | Bridgetown | 1 13 | 5 38 | |
| 78 | *Roundhill | 1 32 | 6 05 | |
| 84 | Annapolis—arrive | 1 50 | 6 30 | |
| | St. John by Steamer | 7 30 | | |

| Miles. | GOING EAST. | Pass. and Freight Mon., Wed., and Friday. | Pass. and Freight Tues. Thurs. and Saturday. | Express Daily. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| | St. John—leave | ..... | ..... | 8 00 |
| | | | | P. M. |
| 0 | Annapolis—leave | ..... | 6 15 | 2 40 |
| 6 | *Round Hill | ..... | 6 40 | 2 56 |
| 14 | Bridgetown | ..... | 7 05 | 3 15 |
| 19 | *Paradise | ..... | 7 24 | 3 27 |
| 22 | Lawrencetown | ..... | 7 39 | 3 35 |
| 28 | Middleton | ..... | 8 05 | 3 52 |
| 31 | *Wilmot | ..... | 8 19 | 4 02 |
| 35 | Kingston | ..... | 8 35 | 4 10 |
| 42 | Aylesford | ..... | 9 00 | 4 30 |
| 47 | Berwick | ..... | 9 25 | 4 44 |
| 50 | Waterville | ..... | 9 43 | 4 52 |
| 59 | Kentville—arrive | ..... | 10 20 | 5 15 |
| | Do—leave | 7 30 | 11 05 | 5 25 |
| 64 | Port Williams | 7 50 | 11 28 | 5 39 |
| 66 | Wolfville | 7 57 | 11 40 | 5 45 |
| 69 | Grand Pre | 8 10 | 11 54 | 5 55 |
| 77 | | | P. M. | |
| 84 | Hantsport | 8 36 | 12 28 | 6 18 |
| | Windsor—arrive | 9 00 | 1 00 | 6 40 |

N. B.— Express Trains run daily and when signalled, or when there are passengers to set down, they will stop at Stations marked thus.*

Steamer Empress leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at 8.a.m., for Annapolis, and returns every Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday, on arrival of Express Train.

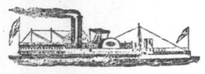
International Steamers leave St. John every Monday and Thursday at 8 a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

St. John & Maine Railway trains leave St. John at 7.45a. m. daily, for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of the United States and Canada.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. INNES, Manager

Kentville, 27th June, '79.




**FOUR TRIPS A WEEK.**

Saint John to Halifax and Yarmouth. via Steamer and Rail

Fall Arrangement.

*STEAMER "EMPRESS."*

**For Digby and Annapolis.**

Connecting at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, for and from

KENTVILL, WINDSOR, HALIFAX,

and intermediate stations, and at Digby with the Western Counties Railway, for Yarmouth and intermediate stations.

COMMENCING MONDAY, Sept. 26th, and until further notice, Stmr. "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, and return every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATTRDAY evening.

N. B.—Empress will make daily trips between Digby and Annapolis viz: leaving Digby Pier at 12 o'clock, noon, every day (Sundays excepted), and returning leave Annapolis about 2.30 p. m.

| | |
|---|---|
| Fare—St. John to Digby | $1.50 |
| " " Annapolis | 2.00 |
| Fare St. Sohn to Halifax, 1st class | 5.00 |
| " " " 2nd class | 3.50 |
| Return Tickets—St. Sohn to Halifax and return, 1st class | 7.50 |

R. B. HUMPHREY, AGENT
Union Line Office,
41 Dock St.

F. PHEASANT
Freight sent,
Empress Warehouse,
Reed's Point. sep29

**DENTISTRY.**

DR. JAMES PRIMROSE,
Lawrencetown.

MECHANICAL and OPERATIVE DENTISTRY promptly attended in all its branches.

Lawrencetown April 9th, '79. 51tf

JOB PRINTING

Of every description at the office of this paper.

**Cloths and Clothing, A Speciality.**

B. Starratt.

Paradise, July 7th, '79.

☞ SIDE DOOR.

John H. Fisher,

(*Late of Mechias, State of Maine.*)

**Merchant Tailor,**

MASONIC HALL,

GRANVILLE STREET ..... BRIDGETOWN

IS prepared to make all kinds of Clothing to order or from Cloth found.

Broadcloth, Doe Skins, Tweeds, Tailor's Trimmings, etc.,

in variety, now in Stock. No Delay. Prices Moderate. Latest Fashions. First-class Workmen. Garments WARRANTED TO FIT.

TERMS:—Cash or approved credit.

Bridgetown, May 28th '79. 52ly

**35 PER CENT!**

AS 35 per cent is now the duty imposed on American Furniture, the Subscriber wishes to inform the public generally that

**HE DOES NOT INTEND**

raising the prices of his FURNITURE, as may be seen in his list below; but intends making

**Still further Reduction,**

as he hopes his Sales will increase under the New Tariff. He has his FACTORY fitted up with the MOST IMPROVED MACHINERY, and is running full time. He also intends adding to his now large STOCK, and can offer better inducements to Customers.

PARLOR FURNITURE, in Suits, from $60.00 to $120.00.
BEDROOM SUITS, in Pine, from $25.00 to $40.00. A good suit for $28.00.
SOFAS, $19.00 to $24.00.
WALNUT CHAIRS, $3.50 to $6.00.
CENTRE TABLES, in solid Walnut, $8.00 to $10.00.
CENTRE TABLES, in Marble Tops, $14.00 to $16.00.
BEDSTEADS, $2.50 to $3.00.
WASH STANDS, $1.00 to $1.25.

Please call and examine my STOCK, and you will find as good an assortment as is generally kept in large Cities, and as times are hard I will sell at Prices that will DEFY COMPETITION.

**JOHN B. REED.**

Bridgetown, April 2nd, 1879. 50tf

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and on capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. July 30 y

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Barristers-at-Law,

Solicitors, Conveyancers,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76.

**FURNITURE!**

THE subscriber wishes to inform his customers and the public in general that he has in his warerooms a choice lot of

**PARLOR FURNITURE**

in all the Latest Styles, which he offers

| | |
|---|---|
| In Suits, from : : | $48 to $80 |
| Sofas, from : : : | 19 to 22 |
| Italian Marble Top Tables, from | $6.50 to $16.00 |
| Walnut Tables, from | 8.00 to 10.50 |

Marble Top Walnut Bedroom Suites,

LOUNGES, RECLINING CHAIRS,

**Patent Rockers, Easy Chairs,**

SIDE BOARDS,

CANE SEAT CHAIR, MIRRORS, &C.

all of which will be sold low.

Undertaking in all its branches.

**JOHN Z. BENT.**

Bridgetown, April 9th, '79 51tf

**C. T. Bohaker,**

Barrister & Att'y-at-Law,

Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c.,

has opened a new office in the store now occupied by E. H. Phinney, Esq., at Middleton Corner, where he will promptly attend to all kinds of legal business.

Middleton, March 1st '79. 1y

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as any one can do right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. jy30y

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BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

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THE *Scientific American* is a large First-Class Weekly Newspaper of sixteen pages, printed in the most beautiful style, *profusely illustrated with splendid engravings*, representing the newest inventions and the most recent advances in the Arts and Sciences; including New and Interesting Facts in Agriculture, Horticulture, the Home, Health, Medical Progress, Social Science, Natural History, Geology, Astronomy. The most valuable practical papers, by eminent writers in all departments of Science, will be found in the Scientific American.

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Branch Office, cor. F. & 7th Sts., Washington, D. C. 6it35

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DYEING.—The subscriber is agent for the Gilbert's Lane Dye Works, of St. John, N. B. Work sure to give satisfaction! FREIGHT paid both ways!! Orders for DYEING and CLEANING will receive prompt attention if left at the *residence* of H. S. PIPER, Bridgetown.

BILLHEADS, and every style of first class printing executed promptly at this office.


## Poetry.

### What Ails the World?

FATHER RYAN.

'What ails the world?'—the Poet cried—
'And why does Death walk everywhere?
And why do tears fall everywhere?
And skies have clouds, and souls have cares?'
And thus the Poet sang, and sighed.

For he would fain have all things glad,
All lives happy, all hearts bright—
Not a day would end in night,
Not a wrong would vex a right—
And so he sang—and he was sad.

Thro' his very grandest rhymes
Moved a mournful monotone—
Like a shadow eastward thrown
From a sun—like a moan
Tangled in a joy-bell's chimes.

'What ails the world?—he sang and asked;
And asked and sang—but all in vain—
No answer came to any strain
And no reply to his refrain
The mystery moved 'round him, masked,

'What ails the world?'—an echo came—
—'Ails the world!' The minstrel bands,
With famous or forgotten hands,
Lift up their lyres in all the lands,
And chant alike, and ask the same—

From him whose soul first soared in song—
A thousand-thousand years away,
To him who sang but yesterday,
In dying or in deathless lay—
'What ails the world?' comes from the throne.

They fain would sing the world to rest.
And so they chant in countless keys
As many as the waves of seas,
And as the breathings of the breeze,
Yet even when they sang their best—

When o'er the list'ning world there floats
Such melody as 'raptures men—
When all look up entranced—and when
The song of fame floats forth—e'en then
A discord creepeth thro' the notes.

Their sweetest harps have broken strings—
Their grandest accords have their jars—
Like shadows on the light of stars—
And somehow, something ever mars
The song the greatest minstrel sings.

And so each song is incomplete,
And not a rhyme can ever round
Into the chords of perfect sound,
The tones of thought that e'er surround
The ways walked by the Poet's feet.

'What ails the world?' he sings and sighs,
No answer cometh to his cry—
He asks the earth and asks the sky—
The echoes of his song pass by
Unanswered—and the Poet dies.

—*Mobile Register.*

## Select Literature.

### The Mystery of Sasassa Valley.

(Concluded.)

'Start!' cried Tom; and moved off, he to the right, I to the left, each with our eyes fixed intently on the base of the crag. I had moved perhaps twenty feet, when in a moment it burst upon me. Through the growing darkness there shone a small ruddy glowing point, the light from which waned and increased, flickered and oscillated, each change producing a more weird effect than the last. The old Caffre superstition came into my mind, and I felt a cold shudder pass over me. In my excitement I stepped a pace backward, when instantly the light went out, leaving utter darkness in its place; but when I advanced again, there was the ruddy glare glowing from the base of the cliff. 'Tom! Tom!' I cried.

'Ay! ay!' I heard him exclaim, as he hurried over toward me.

'There it is—there, up against the cliff?'

Tom was at my elbow. 'I see nothing,' said he.

'Why, there, there, man, in front of you?' I stepped to the right as I spoke, when the light instantly vanished from my eyes.

But from Tom's ejaculations of delight, it was clear that from my former position it was visible to him also. 'Jack,' he cried, as he turned and wrung my hand—'Jack, you and I can never complain of our luck again. Now heap up a few stones where we are standing. That's right. Now we must fix my sign post firmly in at the top. There! It would take a strong wind to blow that down, and we only need it to hold out till morning Oh, Jack, my boy, to think that only yesterday we were talking of becoming clerks, and you saying that no man knew what was awaiting him, too! By Jove, Jack, it would make a good story!'

By this time we had firmly fixed the perpendicular stick in between two large stones; and Tom bent down and peered along the horizontal one. For fully a quarter of an hour he was alternately raising and depressing it, until at last, with a sigh of satisfaction, he fixed the prop into the angle, and stood up. 'Look along, Jack,' he said 'You have as straight an eye to take a sight as any man I know of.'

I looked along. There, beyond the further sight, was the ruddy scintillating speck, apparently at the end of the stick itself, so accurately had it been adjusted.

'And now, my boy,' said Tom, 'let's have some supper and a sleep. There's nothing more to be done to-night; but we'll need all our wits and strength to-morrow. Get some sticks, and kindle a fire here, and then we'll be able to keep an eye on our sign-post, and see that nothing happens to it during the night.'

Well, Sir, we kindled a fire, and had supper, with the Sasassa demon's eye rolling and glowing in front of us the whole night through. Not always in the same place, though; for after supper, when I glanced along the sight to have another look at it, it was nowhere to be seen. The information did not, however, seem to disturb Tom in any way. He merely remarked: 'It's the moon, not the thing, that has shifted;' and coiling himself up, went to sleep.

By early dawn we were both up, and gazing along our pointer to the cliff; but we could make out nothing save the one dead monotonous slaty surface, rougher perhaps at the part we were examining than elsewhere, but otherwise presenting nothing remarkable.

'Now for your idea, Jack,' said Tom Donahue, unwinding a long, thin cord from round his waist. 'You fasten it, and guide me while I take the other end.' So saying, he walked off to the base of the cliff, holding one end of the chord, while I drew the other taut, and wound it round the middle of the horizontal stick, passing it through the sight at the end. By this means I could direct Tom to the right or to the left, until we had our string stretching from the point of attachment, through the sight, and on the rock, which it struck about eight feet from the ground. Tom drew a chalk circle of about three feet diameter round the spot, and then called for me to come and join him. 'We've managed the business together, Jack,' he said, 'and we'll find what we are to find, together.' The circle he had drawn embraced a part of the rock smoother than the rest, save that about the centre there were a few rough protuberances or knobs. One of these Tom pointed to with a cry of delight. It was a roughish brownish mass about the size of a man's closed fist, and looking like a bit of dirty glass let into the wall of the cliff. 'That's it,' he cried—'that's it!'

'That's what?'

'Why, man, *a diamond*, and such a one as there isn't a monarch in Europe but would envy Tom Donahue the possession of. Up with your crow-bar and we'll soon exorcise the demon of Sasassa Valley!'

I was so astounded that for a moment I stood speechless with surprise, gazing at the treasure which had so unexpectedly fallen in our hands.

'Here, hand me the crow-bar,' said Tom. 'Now, by using this little round knob which projects from the cliff here, as a fulcrum, we may be able to lever it off. Yes; there it goes I never thought it could have come so easily. Now, Jack, the sooner we get back to our hut, and then down to Cape Town, the better.'

We wrapped up our treasure, and made our way across the hills toward home. On the way Tom told me how, while a law student in the Middle Temple, he had come upon a dusty pamphlet in the library, by one Jans van Hounym, which told of an experience very similar to ours, which had befallen that worthy Dutchman in the latter part of the seventeenth centuay, and which resulted in the discovery of a luminous diamond. This tale it was which had come into Tom's head as he listened to honest Dick Wharton's ghost story; while the means which he had adopted to verify his supposition sprang from his own fertile Irish brain.

'We'll take it down to Cape Town,' continued Tom, 'and if we can't dispose of it with advantage there, it will be worth our while to ship for London with it. Let us go along to Madison's first, though; he knows something of these things, and can perhaps give us some idea of what we may consider a fair price for our treasure.'

We turned off from the track accordingly before reaching our hut, and kept along the narrow path leading to Madison's farm. He was at lunch when we entered, and in a minute we were seated at each side of him, enjoying South African hospitality.

'Well,' he said, after the servants were gone, 'What's in the wind now? I see you have something to say to me. What is it?'

Tom produced his packet, and solemnly untied the handkerchief's which enveloped it. 'There!' he said, putting his crystal on the table; 'what would you say was a fair price of that?'

Madison took it up and examined it critically. 'Well,' he said, laying it down again, 'in its crude state, about twelve shillings per ton.'

'Twelve shillings!' cried Tom, starting to his feet. 'Don't you see what it is?'

'Rock-salt.'

'Rock fiddle!—a diamond.'

'Taste it,' said Madison.

Tom put it to his lips, dashed it down with a dreadful exclamation, and rushed out of the room.

I felt sad and disappointed enough myself; but presently remembering what Tom had said about the pistol, I too left the house, and made for the hut, leaving Madison open-mouthed with astonishment. When I got in I found Tom lying in his bunk with his face to the wall, too dispirited apparently to answer my consolation. Anathematizing Dick and Madison the Sasassa demon, and everything else, I strolled out of the hut, and refreshed myself with a pipe after our wearisome adventure. I was about fifty yards away from the hut, when I heard issuing from it the sound which of all others I least expected to hear. Had it been a groan or an oath, I should have taken it as a matter of of course, but the sound which caused me to stop and take the pipe out of my mouth was a hearty roar of laughter. Next moment Tom emerged from the door, his whole face radiant with delight. 'Game for another ten-mile walk, old fellow?'

'No more of that, Hal, an you love me,' grinned Tom. 'Now look here, Jack, what blessed fools we are to be floored by a trifle! Just sit on this stump for five minutes, and I'll make it as clear as daylight. You've seen many a lump of rock salt stuck in a crag, and so have I, though we we did make such a mull of this one. Now, Jack, did any of the pieces you have ever seen shine in the darkness brighter than any fire-fly?'

'Well, I can't say they ever did.'

'I'd venture to prophesy that if we waited until night, which we won't do, we would see that light still glimmering among the rocks. There, Jack, when we took away this worthless salt, we took the wrong crystal. It is no very strange thing in these hills that a piece of rock-salt should be lying within a foot of a diamond. It caught our eyes, and we were excited, so we made fools of ourselves, and *left the real stone behind*. Depend upon it, Jack, the Sasassa gem is lying within that magic circle of chalk upon the face of yonder cliff. Come, old fellow, light your pipe and stow your revolver, and we'll be off before that fellow Madison has time to put two and two together.'

I don't know that I was very sanguine this time. I had begun, in fact to look upon the diamond as a most unmitigated nuisance. However, rather than throw a damper on Tom's expectations, I announced myself eager to start. What a walk it was! Tom was always a good mountaineer, but his excitement seemed to lend him wings that day, while I scrambled along after him as best I could. When we got within half a mile he broke into the 'double,' and never pulled up until he reached the round white circle upon the cliff. Poor old Tom! when I came up his mood had changed, and he was standing with his hands in his pockets gazing vacantly before him with a rueful countenance.

'Look,' he said—'look!' and he pointed at the cliff. Not a sign of anything in the least resembling a diamond there. The circle included nothing but flat slate-colored stone, with one large hole, where we had extracted the rock-salt, and one or two smaller depressions. No sign of the gem.

'I've been over every inch of it,' said poor Tom. 'It's not there. Some one has been here and noticed the chalk, and taken it. Come home, Jack; I feel sick and tired, Oh! had any man ever luck like mine?'

I turned to go, but took one last look at the cliff first. Tom was already ten paces off.

'Hallo!' I cried, 'Don't you see any change in that circle since yesterday?'

'What d'ye mean!' said Tom.

'Don't you miss a thing that was there before?'

'The rock-salt?' said Tom.

'No, but the little round knob that we used as a fulcrum. I suppose we must have wrenched it off in using the lever. Let's have a look at what it's made of.'

Accordingly, at the foot of the cliff we searched among the loose stones.

'Here you are, Jack! We've done it at last! We're made men!'

I turned round, and there was Tom radiant with delight, and with a little corner of black rock in his hand. At first sight it seemed to be merely a chip from the cliff, but near the base there was projecting from it an object which Tom was exultingly pointing out. It looked at first something like a glass eye; but there was a depth of brilliancy about it such as glass never exhibited. There was no mistake this time; we had certainly got possession of a jewel of great value; and with light hearts we turned from the valley, bearing away with us the 'fiend' which had so long reigned there.

There, Sir, I've spun out my story too long, and tired you perhaps, You see when I get talking of these rough old days, I kind of see the little cabin again, and the brook beside it, and the bushes around, and seem to hear Tom's honest voice once more. There's little for me to say now. We prospered on the gem. Tom Donahue as you know, has set up here, and is well known about town. I have done well, farming and ostrich-raising in Africa. We set old Dick Wharton up in business, and he is one of our nearest neighbors. If you should be coming up our way, Sir, you'll not forget to ask for Jack Turnbull—Jack Turnbull of Sasassa Farm.

### Advice to a Young Man.

THE BURLINGTON HAWKEYE MAN ABOUT THE NECESSITY OF WORKING.

And then remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look round you, son, you will see that the men who are most able to live the rest of their days without work, are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork, son. It is beyond your power to do that. Men cannot work so hard as that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at 6 p. m., and don't get home until 2 a. m. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solitnde to your slumber, it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation for a holiday. There are young men who do not work, my son; young men who made a living by sucking the end of a cane; whose entire mental development is insufficient to tell them which side of a postage stamp to lick; young men who can tie a necktie in eleven different knots and never lay a wrinkle in it, and then would get into a West Hill street car to go to Chicago; who can spend more money in a day than you can earn in a month, son, and who will go to the Sheriff's office to buy a postal card, and apply to the office of a street commissioner for a marriage license. But the world is not proud of them, son, It does not know their names, even it simply speaks of them as old Soanso's boys. Nobody likes them, nobody hates them, the great busy world doesn't even know they are there, and at the great day of resurrection, if they do not appear at the sound of the trumpet, and they certainly will not unless somebody tells them what it is for and what to do, I don't think Gabriel will miss them or notice their absence, and they will not be sent for, or waited for, or disturbed. Things will go on just as well without them. So find out what you want to be and to do, son and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less devility you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.

BATHING BY TURKISH LADIES.—When a Turkish lady bathes her attire is first removed. An attendant takes a glove (every day it is a new glove) of undressed silk. With the disengaged hand she pours over her mistress basin after basin of warm water. Then, by means of gentle friction of the glove, she slowly removes the salts and impurities deposited on the skin. This done, the attendant covers the lady from head to foot, by means of a mop of downy silk, with a lather made of a particular emollient soap. Upon this soap, which is a kind believed to be peculiar to Turkey, depends much of the pencil-like softness and snowy whiteness of the skin, for which refined Eastern women are remarkable. It has the reputation of removing stains, spots, and freckles not deeply marked into the cuticle. This part having been carefully performed, the lady is again deluged with water, heated to about one hundred and twenty degrees, and poured over her person from a silver basin. Large towels of the finest muslin, richly embroidered with flowers and gold, are then wrapped around her, and she is led into an apartment where, reclining on a heap of cushions, she sinks into a soft, dream-like languor, that might become faintness were it not for the assiduity with which she is fanned.

### A Woman's Constancy.

A young physician in California was engaged to be married to a young lady in a Southern State, and as a keepsake sent her a small nugget of gold. He was prosperous, and the wedding was set for an early date, but a sudden fall in his circumstances reduced him to poverty. Too honorable to hold the young lady to her promise in his altered circumstances, he reluctantly and with many a heart-pang wrote releasing her from her engagement. But the young lady had a brave heart, and resolved on keeping her promise in spite of the change in her lover's position. She took the little nugget of gold and had it made into a ring, which she sent to the young physician. On the ring was the inscription: 'Entreat me not to leave thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall by my people, and thy God my. God; the Lord do so to me, and more also if aught, but death part thee and me.'—(Ruth ii 16.)