Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 29. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1901. NO. 14

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
ffice in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Over Roop's Grocery Store.)
Every Thursday.

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Agent Nova Scotia Building Society.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

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DENTISTRY!
DR. F. S. ANDERSON.
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.
Office next door to Union Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

DENTISTRY.
DR. V. D. SCHAFFNER,
Graduate of University Maryland,
Will be in his office at Lawrencetown, the third and fourth weeks of each month, beginning February 1st, 1900.
CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK A SPECIALTY.

FRED W. HARRIS,
Barrister, - - Solicitor,
Notary Public, etc.
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA.
Fire, Life and Marine Insurance. Agent.

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

J. B. WHITMAN,
Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

N. E. CHUTE,
Licensed Auctioneer
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX,
Incorporated 1856.
Capital Authorized, - $1,500,000
Capital Paid-up, - 900,000
Rest, - - - - 505,000

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Wm. Robertson, President. Wm. Roche, Vice-President.
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Collections solicited.
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Glace Bay, N. S.—J. W. Ryan, manager.
Granville Ferry, N. S.—E. D. Arnaud, acting manager.
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London and Westminster Bank, London, England; Bank of Toronto and Branches Upper Canada; Bank of New Brunswick, St. John, N. B.; National Bank of Commerce, New York; Merchants' National Bank, Boston.

Notice to the Public

As I am an authorized agent of the Herbaroot Medical Company, of Montreal, for the sale of **Herbaroot Tablets and Powders**, the great family medicine and KING OF BLOOD PURIFIERS, for the cure of Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Torpidity of the Liver, Jaundice, Sick Headache, Constipation, Pains in the Back, Female Weaknesses, and all impurieties of the blood, I would say to those in poor health that I will send by mail to any address on receipt of price, Herbaroot Tablets.

200 days' treatment, with guarantee, -	$1.00
100 " " " " -	.50
Herbaroot Powder, per package.....	.50
Inhaler.....	.25

Herbaroot Powder cures Catarrh, Sore Throat, stops Headache and relieves Asthma.

T. J. Eagleson, Bridgetown, N. S.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of JAMES WILSON, late of Centreville, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby required to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

O. S. MILLER, Executor.

Bridgetown June 26th, 1900.—14 tf

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of WALLACE G. FOWLER, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, Gentleman, deceased, are hereby required to render the same, duly attested, within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

LOUIS G. DeBLOIS, M. D.,
Sole Executor
or to F. L. MILNER,
Proctor of the estate. 6m

If You Are A Business Man

You will soon need a new stock of Commercial Stationery or some special order from the Printer. In the hour of your need don't forget that the

Weekly Monitor Job Department

is fully equipped for all kinds of Job Work. Work done promptly, neatly and tastefully. Nothing but good stock is used.

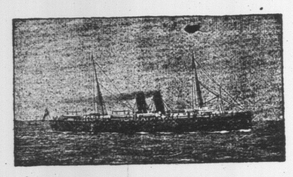
WE PRINT

Billheads, Letterheads,
Statements, Memoranda,
Envelopes, Post Cards,
Dodgers, Posters,
Booklets, Books,
Visiting Cards, Business Cards,

or any Special Order that may be required.

We make a specialty of Church Work, Legal Forms, Appeal Cases, etc.

Weekly Monitor, Bridgetown, N. S.



THE YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO'Y, LTD.

On and after October 6th, this Company will make

Two Trips per week between Yarmouth and Boston as follows, viz:

Steamer "Boston" will leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evening; after arrival trains from Halifax.

LOCAL RATE: Yarmouth to Boston, $4.00. Return, $7.00.

Staterooms can be secured on application, at the old established rates.
For tickets, staterooms and other information, apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 126 Hollis St., North Street Depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast Railways.
For tickets, staterooms, etc., apply to
JACOB BINGAY, Pres. and Mgr. W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treas.
Yarmouth, N. S., October 1st, 1900.

FLOUR and FEED DEPOT

In Flour we have in stock Five Roses, Five Stars, Five Diamonds, Marvel, Perfection, Hurona, Pride of Huron, Glengarian, Campania, Crown, Cream of Wheat, White Rose annd Goderich. Also a car of Ogilvie's Best, Hungarian and Cornet in a few days.

In Feed we have Meal, Corn Chop, Feed Flour, Middlings, Moulie, Bran, Chop Feed and Oats.

Also a full line of first-class Groceries, Crockeryware, Toilet Articles, Patent Medicines, Confectionery, Stationery, etc.

Before buying it would pay you to see our goods and get our prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SHAFNER & PIGGOTT.

CARRIAGES!

Just arrived, one carload of Carriages, built by the Brantford Carriage Co. These goods are unexcelled, none as good in quality, workmanship or style. The best is always the cheapest.

The famous "Starr" Cart
The BEST on earth.

The "McCormick" Mowers and Rakes!

These goods speak for themselves, obtaining the highest awards both at Paris and Chicago Expositions.

Harnesses, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Seed Sowers, Bicycles.

Call and examine goods.
Terms to suit customers.

D. G. HARLOW.
Bridgetown, May 15th, 1901.

COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!

Do not cough any more but use a bottle of

Puttner's Emulsion

the old established favourite remedy. Whether your cough is of long standing, or from recent cold PUTTNER'S will do you good. It will allay irritation, attack and dispel the germs of pulmonary disease, tone up your system and help to cure you. Your doctor will tell you so. Your neighbors will say so too. Thousands have been cured by it.

Be sure you get **Puttner's** the original and best Emulsion.

Of all druggists and dealers.

Poetry.

Roses and Rue.

I sit in the shadow alone, sweetheart,
Your roses are scenting the air,
And I dreamed of our love troth long ago,
Down in the garden there.
Marigold, hollyhocks, prince's feather,
Bowed low in the dim soft light,
As under the willow tree by the gate
I kissed you and said, "Good night."

Ah, sweetheart mine, with the pale, mute lips;
We have had our measure of rue;
The clouds were dark and the skies were fair;
And now as I sit in the dark alone
Would give the world to know
The way through the years to that far off field
Where simples for heartache grow.
Love fades, they say, when the pulse is old,
And I am three score years and ten
But what I have learned with its bitter loss
Lies far beyond their ken;
For tomorrow they hide you away, sweetheart,
In the graveyard out of my sight
So I heap the roses—God's roses—round you
And kiss you and say, "Good night."

Uncertainty.

"Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk."

Lord, hitherto my path, though hard to follow,
I felt was plainly marked by Thee,
And I could still rejoice amid my sorrow,
Knowing that 'twas Thy hand that guided me.

Clinging to Thee, my feet, though bruised and bleeding,
Still faltered not, for Thou wert by my side;
I knew all must be well while Thou wert leading,
So e'en in suffering, I was satisfied.

But now, at last, that painful path is ended;
Bewildered, I now many pathways see,
O Thou who thus far hast my steps attended,
And with Thy loving hand still guided me

I cannot see thee through the mists that gather;
Thy voice no longer falls fall upon my ear;
Afraid to stir one step alone, O Father,
I waiting stand till Thou again appear.

It cannot be that Thou hast me forsaken,
I know, though cannot see, that Thou art near,
And so my steadfast trust in Thee unshaken,
I wait, O heavenly Guide, Thy word of cheer.

O, let me hear it clearly—not mistaking,
In hasty zeal, some other voice for Thine,
Behold, dear Lord, Thy child in patience waiting,
Till light from Thee upon my darkness shine.
One only prayer I have—that Thou wilt guide me;
(No flowery path of selfish ease I crave);
One only dread—lest blindness should betide me;
From this, O Lord, Thy child in mercy save.

Select Literature.

Without Experience.

Frank A. Sweet, in Farm and Fireside.

PART I.

"What's your notion about goin' to town, Sairy?" And Farmer Lish Hopkins paused at the door, his shoulders still humping for a position inside the coat that was beginning to strain across his shoulders. "Suit ye to a T, hey?"

"Will, no, I don't guess so today, Lish," was the placid answer. "It's been my bakin'-day, and now I've got to black up the stove and wash the floor. Ye'd have to wait too long to git ready.

"Oh, I don't mean today," with a grin; "I mean move up for good an' all; sell the farm and be town folks like the best of them. I'd go into business, and ye'd be so ye could have company and see somebody most every day. I guess we could stand up straight with 'em, hey?

His wife gazed at him blankly for a moment, then dropped upon a chair, her favorite way of expressing astonishment.

"You don't mean it—"

"Yes, I do mean jest that. I've been thinking on't for considerable of a spell, and that letter from Hiram Potter, out West, saying he made forty thousand dollars merchandizin," clinched the rivets close up. I've been a fool, Sairy!"

"I dunno, Lish, folks round here say we have done well."

"Well," he snorted, with profound self-disgust, "for farmin' round here, mebbe! I've cleared off the mortgage and put a thousand dollars in the bank, and got together a pretty good head of stock, but I've been twenty years a doing it, Sairy—twenty years! And I've worked like a dog, sixteen hours a day and more. I wa'n't going to miss anything for lack of hard work; no, siree! And now there's Hiram, who wa'n't thought nigh so smart as me at school, and Reuben Smith, who keeps the hotel over to the Corners, and Nathan Taylor, who sells us groceries, and others. All of them have been wearing good clothes right along, and taking money over their counters in handfuls; and when there was offices and honors to be given it was them as was went to. No, Sairy, his voice was full of regretful conviction, "I ain't been so smart's I had a right to be. I've plowed up every dollar with straight back aching work when I might have been taking in lots more over my own counter, comfortable and easy, with social folks around me, instead of being away off in some field by myself." He drew his cap a little lower down and his collar a little higher up, and peered at her through the narrow slit between the two as though expecting some comment. "Suit ye to a T, hey?" he repeated.

She nodded reflectively.

"I dunno, but it will," she conceded. "I'll miss the chickens and butter-making, but they be work; and then as ye say, I can see somebody most every day. N—no, I guess I won't mind."

"Course ye won't," he declared. "We will be town folks, and will have to put on our best bibs and tuckers every day. Ye'll sit on a stuffed cheer talking to company and I'll be ahind my counter discoursing and taking in money; and in the evening there'll be a lot gathered round my store talking politics and things; and they won't cost me a thing for entertainment, like visitors generally do, but will be bringing me in more money." His face broadened at the thought, and he began to rub his hands in pleasant anticipation. Then his face fell a little as he added," "And it's took my mossy old mind twenty years to get round to it."

"Ye don't suppose there'd be no hitch about—about ye doing it, Lish?" she inquired.

"Hitch?" indignantly; "when Hiram and Rueben and Nathan have all done it and made money? Well, I guess not! Wa'n't they all ahind me in school? And more than that, wa'n't they obleeged to commence with brooms and running arrants? They didn't none of them have a cent, and had to wait till they had earned and put by a few dollars before they could even begin! Why, I am bound to go right ahead! Business goes according to money, and I'll have four thousand and mebbe a little more to start on!" He raised his cap as though to make room for the magnitude of the thought, and then replaced it and drew on his heavy gloves. "Well, I'll go and look round some. Folks in town are generally pretty keen-scented on money, and if they get wind of my needing a house to live in and a store to merchandize in they might think rents ought to be higher. I'll look round sort of casual. I do not want to go into nothing that ye could not smooth down to. Ye helped airn the money."

"Oh, I'll like it all right," she said placidly; "I'm sure to. Ye need not bother about that, Lish. I have always hankered to shop without climbing in and out a wagon. I'm too hefty. And say, Lish," raising her voice as he opened the door and let in a rush of air and whirling snow, "be sure to beat them down some. Folks always do better by ye when they're beat down."

Is was late in the evening when he returned. But from the way the wagon rattled by the house and the unnecessarily loud "whoa!" which came to her when it reached the barn she left that something momentous had happened; and this feeling was made a certainty when Lish flung open the door and she saw him trying to straighten his face into an expression of indifference.

"Supper ready, Sairy?" he demanded, airily. "I swan, I am almost starved!"

"Ye know it is ready, Lish," she answered, placidly; "it always is at seven to a minute. Ye know it's been getting cold jest an hour and a half. So ye have hired a place?"

He removed his great coat and shook a miniature snow storm from it to the floor, then flung the coat across a chair. His cap and gloves followed, after which he kicked his heavy cowhide boots into a corner near the fireplace.

"Ye ain't wuth a cent for news, Sairy," he grumbled; "ye either scent it out miles ahead or take it all for granted! I would as soon have a stick to tell something to?" How did ye know I hired a place?"

"Goodness land!" scornfully, "It is sticking out all over ye. I knowed it by the way the wheels went round when ye went by. Folks needn't ever wait for that mouth of yours to open to get all the news it has. Now draw a cheer to the table and eat supper, so I can be getting things to rights."

But Lish was not ready for supper just yet. Throwing himself into a chair and extending his stockined feet across another toward the crackling flames he looked socially at his wife.

"Don't suppose the wheels told ye what place I hired and how much I'm to pay and when we are going to move?" he asked.

"No," she confessed; "excepting they said ye was considerable set up; and I figgered from that ye'd got the old drug store stand. That is the biggest store in the best part of the town, and it's the only one I know of as being empty jest now."

Lish chuckled. "Wheels are mighty unreliable things to go by," he declared, "though I did hint sort of casual about that very identical store. But law! they wanted sixty dollors a month for it, much as I would think the place would be wuth for a whole year. I jest laughed. Then I found that Wood & Co's dry goods store would be empty the fust of April, and I went and looked that over. The drug-store folks had said their place being on a corner made it valuable; and as Wood Co. was right in the middle of a block I figured it might be cheap enough to wait for till April. But I didn't look round much; when they said fifty dollars I jest turned and walked off." He stretched himself more comfortably across the chairs and chuckled again. "Good thing though," he went on reflectively; "it set me to looking round. Now, I've got the nicest, quietest and best place in the whole town, according to my notion. There's big shade trees right in front, and there ain't no rush and rumbling of people and wagons. Customers can come in and go out easy and comfortable like without no danger of being run over nor nothin." We can almost make believe we are living in the country, Sairy; and the best of it is, I pay only ten dollars a month. Deacon Rounds wanted fiteen, but I beat him down to ten. Ye see, he built the place two years ago and has never been able to rent it."

"Deacon Rounds' store! Ain't that considerable way out?"

"Only three streets; buyers will be glad to come that fur jest for the comfortableness of the place. Why, we have to go eight miles for our groceries and things. No, it's a bargain, Sairy; I seen that in a minnit, and only for letting the deacon see I was set on it I would have snapped it the fust thing. And I've hired the very next house to live in so that'll be handy. Ours will be the only store on the whole street. But I guess I'd better be eating," pushing the second chair aside and rising to his feet; "there's a lot of things I want to be overhauling tonight. Squire Brown is going to take the farm and stock jest as they stand for thirty-five hundred. He will be out tomorrow with the papers. Then we'll move right off. I want to open the store next week."

Her eyes widened a little at this.

"But ye ain't got no stock nor nothing yet, Lish," she said.

"That's all fixed, too, Sairy," he beamed; "I done a gist of business up there. Some folks'd have took two days for it, then thought themselves smart. I had figgered on having to go to the city, and mebbe pay ing as much as ten dollars for car fares and expenses that would not turn me in a cent, but a feller that was showing samples to Mr. Wood follered me out, and—and—well, he got the whole thing from me and is coming down next week to show us samples. I told him I wanted you to pick out the wimmin's fixin's. He's a mighty keen and friendly sort of a chap, Sairy, and ye are bound to like him. He said he come here only once a month generally, but that he would make a special trip down next week jest to accommodate us—think of that! And he drums for one of the biggest houses in the city. He said 'twa'nt no sort of use for me to go up there when he could take my orders and send the goods right down; and I feel that way myself.

"I suppose ye talked it over with Nathan fust?" she asked. "He's done business there the heft of his life, and could tell ye considerable. And he's your own fourth cousin and schoolmate."

Lish snorted. "Nathan Taylor! Huh! Don't suppose he is going to encourage opposition, do ye? I did speak to him a little and he advised me to take the drug store stand; said it was at the best part of the business street and on a corner, and that the extra trade would pay the big rent a dozen times over. The idee; I seen in a minnit what he was arter. Long's I was bound to go in, he felt the faster I rushed through the money the quicker I'd get out. Why, jest one year's rent would take half a quarter of all we've got! And more than that he said I'd better be pretty careful how I left things to them drummers, and that I ought to go up to the city myself and hunt round through the stores for jest the things I needed and the best prices. But he didn't say a word about the ten dollars or more expenses that wouldn't turn me in a cent. Oh, no! He even hinted I'd better hire a bright young man with experience to help me in the store." Lish stretched his arm above his head in a long yawn of derisive independence. "No, thank ye, Nathan Taylor," he said, when at last his mouth closed; "I don't feel that we need any expensive advisements. We'll run the store ourselves, and we will buy without any more cost than we can help, and we will pay ten dollars rent instead of fifty or sixty; We are going into the business to make money and not to spend it."

PART II.

The next week the drummer was as prompt as his word, and came down with an expensive assortment of samples. An entire day was spent with him in the big, empty store, which Sairy had swept and scrubbed with her own hands. At first they were very deliberate and circumspect in their buying, Sairy being for ordering a dress-pattern from this and that, a few yards of ribbon and another, a piece of braid or a cake of fancy soap, and Lish for breaking dozens and dividing boxes and packages. But after the drummer had repeatedly assured them that they were purchasing to fill a store, and not for their own immediate necessities, they grew much bolder, and yet bolder, and finally, when a passion for buying had begun to possess them, they ordered from everything shown, and toward the end recklessly. After it was all over and the drummer had left they drew long breaths and looked at each other inquiringly.

"We've bought a sight, Lish," Sairy faltered.

"I should say so," rubbing his chin thoughtfully; "more'n was ever put into a store at one time before, I guess. But it's business," brightening up some. "As the feller said, "we can't open a store with a yard of 'lastic."

"No, I s'pose not. But how much do ye think we got, Lish?" her face still anxious.

"I—dunno," he confessed, slowly; "an I ain't even an idee. I tried to go slow at first and keep 'count, but I got off the track. Mebbe a thousand, two thousand, three thousand—though 'tain't likely so much as the last. We've never bought more'n twenty or thirty dollars' wuth at a time before, and it's hard to guess. But two or three thousand dollars is good for a big pile of stuff."

The second day the goods came down in boxes and barrels and kegs and bundles and in great square cases that required two men to roll from the freight platform into the wagon. Lish hired a team and a man to help and did all the hauling himself. The next day the bill came.

Lish opened and looked at it eagerly, then drew a long breath and rubbed his eyes and looked again. Then he went over each item with strained gaze, and carefully added up the long columns; finally he stumbled across the store to where Sairy was arranging fancy articles in one of the show cases.

"Blame it all," he exploded, "look at this!"

Her face blanched a little.

"Oh, Lish!" she cried, "don't you s'pose there's some mistake?"

"No, I don't!" shortly; "I've looked it over!"

He seized his cap and jammed it viciously upon his head and left the store. The village bank was upon the principal street, and the cashier was an old friend. It was upon this bank that Squire Brown had given him a cheque for thirty-five hundred dollars. The cashier happened to be alone. By this time Lish had regained control of himself. Slipping the invoice into his pocket he drew out the cheque and placed it in the cashier's window.

"I'd like this cashed, Mr. White," he said; "and I want to borrow six hundred more. Ye know I'm good for it; and, anyhow, there's stock enough in the store."

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Hopkins," laughed the cashier; "I never knew the time when your word wasn't good for six hundred. But how happens it you need more just now? You were telling me the other day that you intended to put only half the money into goods now and hold the rest as a reserve."

Lish grinned ruefully. "I guess I wa'n't much used to buying," he confessed. "Look here!"

He produced the invoice and spread it out in the window. The cashier looked at it curiously.

"I don't know much about this line of goods, Mr. Hopkins," he said at length, "but it seems to me there's a good many things here that won't find much sale. Now, this six dozen door-bells, for instance."

"The drummer said they were good sellers," ventured Lish.

"Maybe; but people here who use such things have already got them, and those who haven't don't want them. Then I see you have a lot of plush cloaks that I am sure have gone out of fashion."

"Sairy picked them out," objected Lish, sturdily; "she had one for years, and she says it's the warmest and most comfortable cloak she ever owned. I guess they'll sell all right."

"Well, perhaps they will," acquiesced the cashier; 'of course, I don't know. But about the six hundred. If I were you I wouldn't hire the money just yet; drummers have prices that are supposed to cover a generous credit system. Didn't your man say anything about it?"

"He said I could have thirty or sixty days' time as well's not, but I told him I'd ruther pay cash."

"Very good, provided you have the money to pay, and also provided he allows you a fair discount for paying it. You'd better wait and find out. Send the firm what money you have and let the six hundred go until he comes round again. You may take enough by that time to pay him. At any rate, find out his discount for cash, and if it's more than our interest come to me and I will let you have the money; only don't hire unless obliged to. And another thing, if you'll excuse me for saying so, you ought to have gone to the city yourself and taken a trustworthy experienced man with you to help buy."

One morning a few weeks later Nathan Taylor entered the store. Lish was looking over his account book, kept with a lead-pencil in much the same manner as he had jotted down items while on the farm. Sairy was at another counter engaged in rubbing her hand back and forth across a new piece of velveteen which had just been taken from its case. Nathan said "Good morning," and then paused and looked critically about the store, with evident disapproval in his eyes.

"You've done just what I was afraid of, Lish," he said at length; "a third of the goods won't sell in all the world. That fellow was too slippery, and has loaded you with a lot of unsalable stuff. But how is trade?"

"Fust-rate," replied Lish, eagerly and a little aggressively. He brought his account-book and laid it open upon the counter. "Look at that! Two hundred and eighty dollars for yesterday, and fifty dollars to one man. Ain't that purty good for a back-street store?" and he chuckled with returning good humor as he saw the surprise on Nathan's face.

But the surprise lasted only a moment, and was succeeded by a look of amused concern.

"See here, Lish," he said earnestly, "I don't want to keep putting my oar in, but you ought to be more careful about your charges. That fifty dollars isn't worth the trouble of setting it down, and the others are pretty much the same. Why, most of those names are outlawed by every store in town. No wonder the fellow was willing to buy fifty dollars' worth so long as you were willing to let him have the goods. How much cash did you take in yesterday?"

Lish's face had lost its expression of good humor. He glanced across to the other counter.

"How much money did we take in yesterday, Sairy?" Then, apologetically, to Nathan, "We sort o' divide up the business; Sairy she keeps track of the money and I look after the charges."

"One dollar and ninety-two cents," came back from Sairy after she had made a careful examination of a piece of paper which she kept in the show case; "but we had to pay back twenty cents on account of some cloth not suitin'.

"You see," said Nathan, significantly, "that dollar and seventy-two cents can be counted toward profit, but the charges are pretty much loss. I'm not saying this maliciously, Lish," as he noticed the other's face; "it's for your good. But I guess I'll be going."

Several times during the spring and summer Lish was sorely pressed for money, and more than once he started toward the bank, but each time turned back before reaching there.

"No, I won't borry a cent," he thought grimly, "if I once begin I won't never know when to stop. Mr. White was right; if the business won't pay it won't; but the goods have got to be holden for the debts."

But the end did not come until another winter, just one year from the time he had left the farm. Then one day a tall, strongly built man in a heavy coat, strode into the room.

"Elisha Hopkins, I suppose?" he interrogated.

"Yes; what can I do for ye?"

The man did not answer. Taking a paper from his pocket, he unfolded it deliberately and read in a slow, ponderous voice for several minutes. Then he looked at the startled figure behind the counter.

"Going to pay it?" he asked.

"Can't jest now," Lish answered, weakly.

"I supposed so." He walked to the counter and held out his hand. "I may as well take the key," he said.

Lish nodded toward the door, from the lock of which the key had not been removed. The sheriff went and took it out, and then held the door open significantly. Lish realized that it was for him to go out.

How he stumbled across the room and out into the snow and across the yard to his own home he scarcely knew, only that it was with a feeling of thankfulness that Sairy had not happened to be in the store.

She was bending over the stove when he entered and sank heavily into a chair.

"Goodness land!" she exclaimed, straightening up suddenly; "what is the matter, Lish?"

"Nothin'," drearily; "only the sheriff's took the store and shet me on the outside."

"What?" She came quickly to his side and placed a hand upon his shoulder. "For money?"

"Yes; twelve hundred."

"And can't ye pay it?"

"No; and if I could, there's another twelve hundred that'll be asked for soon's this is known. Mebbe I could raise it all to the bank," slowly, "but I dunno's I want to. I'm gittin' tired of the whole thing."

"But the goods are wuth more'n what we owe, ain't they?"

"Twice as much, 'cordin' to what we paid, but there ain't no knowin' what they'll fetch to auction. Not more'n enough to pay the debts, mebbe."

She was silent for some minutes, looking at him.

"The man Squire Brown rented our farm to has moved away," she said at last, hesitatingly, "and I hear the Squire wants to rent ag'in."

Lish looked up quickly.

"An'—an' wouldn't ye mind goin' back, Sairy?" he asked.

"Mind?" she echoed. "Oh, Lish! I never did really want to leave the farm!"

He rose sturdily to his feet.

"Then we'll go back," he declared; and there was something that was very near gladness in his voice. "I know how to run a farm, an' tryin' to keep a store's a dog's life, anyway."

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Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

The Judge's Mother.

Mrs. Smith had a paper to write for her club. The subject she had chosen was, "How can women uplift the coming generation?"

She was puzzled to choose the best of the many ways which suggested themselves to her. Should it be through art, lecturing, literature or general reform?

She confided her difficulty to old Judge Adams, who was sitting with her husband on the veranda, and the *Youth's Companion* repeats the conversation that followed.

"I can only give you my experience," he said. "I was one of five brothers. All were men who exercised a strong influence in the world, and each of us owed his best and force of character to our mother.

"Our father died when we were children. Mother made us what we were. Until we were gray-haired men we went to her whenever we were in perplexity. 'Mother,' we would say, 'what is the right thing to do in this case?' She knew nothing of law or politics, but she always knew the right. I think," said the judge, gravely, "that my mother influenced the next generation to her own more strongly than any other human being I ever have known."

"She no doubt had a powerful mind and a broad education?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"No." The judge smiled. "She got her hold on us in very simple ways. I remember one of them. When we came home from school on cold days, mother was sure to be awaiting beside a big fire. She was a plump little woman, with merry blue eyes. Off came our wet shoes and stockings; she rubbed the cold feet warm with her own hands. Then there was always a huge brown jug waiting before the fire, with roasted apples and sugar and hot water in it, and each one had his mug of the delicious stuff; and we sat and grew warm, and joked and laughed, and no doubt opened our little hearts to the dear wise woman.

"All day long she was our comrade. Nobody came so close to us as she. We carried to her all our secrets and miseries when we were men, as we had done when we were boys. Two of us were ministers, two legislators who helped to form the laws of new states, but I doubt if one of us ever took an important step in life without being influenced by the opinion of that one good woman."

Mrs. Smith looked uncertainly at her paper, on which she had scribbled artists, lecturers, civil and political reformers.

"You think, then," she said, "that woman's strongest hold upon the world is at home, through love and a Christian life?"

The judge's eyes twinkled. "I can tell you only what I know. I cannot decide for the world," he said.

That Salt Elixir.

Has Long Been Used in Hospitals in Boston.

There is nothing new or extraordinary about the restorative power of salt solution, despite the happy tales from the west that in recent pathological experiments it has demonstrated the remarkable power of prolonging life and renewing strength. The value of the normal salt solution, has long been known to the medical profession, in this city at least, and that knowledge has been applied in practice with perhaps as astonishing results as are now being brought to a public attention by the announcements from the west. Similar cases might be picked out from the records of the Boston City hospital, and the details and results would delude the nonprofessional mind. But here in Boston physicians look upon the results as logical and as ordinary incidents in the practice and say nothing. Perhaps they have not made special experiments as their colleagues in Chicago are said to have undertaken, but the fact that none has come to the public attention does not prove that no such experiments have been made.

In fact, the use of normal salt solution has been known so long that it passed beyond the experimental stage long ago. The solution itself has no curative power any more than pure water and salt when taken into the system separately. Both elements are indispensable to health. The solution is composed of fresh water and from three-fourths to 1 per cent of salt—the same amount of salt as healthy blood contains—and it is injected under the skin or into the veins simply to replace the loss of blood. Its office is merely to fill the veins with an agreeable fluid, without which the heart would cease to beat. Some other fluids might be used with as good results if the ingredients were not irritating to the delicate tissues and organs through which the blood circulates. The loss of blood from the human body has the same mechanical effect as the withdrawn of water from the pump, because the heart labors under a disadvantage if the flow of liquid through its chambers is much below the normal, just the same as the valve in the pump fails to respond with the desired effect until the water in the pipe reaches it. The normal salt solution is constantly used in the Boston City hospital, sometimes for replacing a loss in the veins and sometimes for washing out tissues.

Under the circumstances it is true that it prolongs life, because if it were not introduced the heart would soon cease to beat, and death would be the inevitable result, but that is true also of other substances which taken into the human system to substain life and strength.

The Cause of Dyspeptic Pains.

They arise from the formation of gas, owing to improper digestion. A very prompt and efficient remedy is Polson's Nerviline. It relieves the distention instantly, and by its stimulating action on the stomach, aids digestion. Nerviline cures dyspeptic pains by removing the cause. Nerviline is also highly recommended for cramps, colic, summer complaint and inflammation. Sold in large 25c. bottles everywhere.

—The latest announcement made by Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, is that he has discovered how to make "Portland Cement" at an extremely small cost. He expects to see his cement drive out quarried stone and brick as building materials. Steel frames will be used, and the walls of houses will be "poured," not built. The floors, stairs and roofs too, according to an interview with Mr Edison published in *Insurance Engineering*, a New York publication, will be of concrete. The mixture for concrete is given for one part of cement, three parts sand, and five of broken stone. With this material the inventor prophesies that houses will be built cheaply in the near future.

Recuperative Effect.

Considered with reference to its recuperative effect, there is not so much good in the ordinary vacation as there is in a single bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. The latter costs $1; the former—well, that depends; how much did yours cost last year?

Hood's Sarsaparilla refreshes the tired blood, sharpens the dulled appetite, restores the lost courage.