ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION...$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 12. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1884. NO. 16.

Job Work!

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best jobpresses in this province and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description of first-class work. We make a speciality of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues, Bill-heads, Circulars Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention.

We endeavour by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH...First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1 00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches)..First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, $6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN...First insertion, $5.50; each continuation, $1.25; one month, $10.00; two months, $14.00; three months, $15.00; six months, 22.00; twelve months, $40.00.

A COLUMN..First insertion, $10.00; each continuation, 3.00; one month, $14.00 two months, $20.00; three months, $20.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $80.00.

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

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

We have recently published a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

☞ Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practise, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box. 450.

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MUNN & CO., of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, for the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, etc. Hand Book about Patents sent free. Thirty-seven years' experience.

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WANTED: AGENTS to sell TUNISON'S New & Superior Canada Maps & Charts, As paying as any agency in the world. For particulars, full and free, address H. C. TUNSON, 388 Richmond St., London Ont.

ANNAPOLIS, SS.,

In the Supreme Court, 1884.

In Equity.

CAUSE.

TIMOTHY D. RUGGLES, Plaintiff.
vs.
LEVI O. PHINNEY, Defendant.

To be Sold at

Public Auction,

by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, in front of Buckler's Hotel, in Bridgetown, in said County, on

Monday, 4th August, 1884.

at 11 o'clock, a.m.

Pursuant to an order of Foreclosure and Sale, granted herein, on the 28th day of June instant, unless before the day of sale the said defendant shall pay said plaintiff or his attorney, or into Court, the sum due herein with costs and interest.

All the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the above named defendant, at the date of the mortgage foreclosed herein, and all persons claiming by, through or under him, of, in and to, all that piece or parcel of

LAND,

situate in Wilmot in the county aforesaid.

First, all that lot of land, bounded as follows: Beginning at the south-west angle of lands purchased by Abraham Reagh, of John C. Haliburton, Esquire, thence eastwardly, the common course of the lines in Wilmot; fifty three and one-third rods, thence at right angles northwardly; thirty rods, thence at right angles westwardly, to the Vance Road, so called, thence along the said road to the place of beginning, containing ten acres more or less.

Second, all that lot of land, bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at a stake and stones in the east line of the Lenihand grant on the north side of the Asa Bent road, so called, thence westwardly, 12 rods, to a stake and stones, thence north, six degrees west, 80 rods to a stake and stones, thence east 12 rods or until it comes to the east line of the before mentioned grant, thence south six degrees east, or the true course of the said lines, to the first mentioned bound, being six acres by measurement.

Third, all that lot or parcel of land, bounded as follows viz: Beginning at a stake and stone at the south-east corner of lands owned and occupied by Stephen Phinney, thence northwardly, along said Stephen Phinney's line, until it strikes the Dodge road, thence south-eastwardly, along the west side of said Dodge road, until it comes to Bailey Street, thence westalong said Bailey Street to the place of beginning, containing two and a half acres more or less, together with, all and singular, the appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of the Deed.

J. AVARD MORSE.
High Sheriff

E. RUGGLES, Plff's Atty.
Bridgetown, June 30, 1884. 5tt17

Schr. Ivica,

Capt. Longmire.

This well known packet schooner will commence running on her regular trips between

Bridgetown and St. John,

at once. All freight carefully handled.

LIME

will be kept constantly on hand and for sale Apply on board or at residence of subscriber

J. LONGMIRE.
Bridgetown, April 2, '84. 51tf

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of GEORGE I. FITZRANDOLPH late of Williamston, in the county of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to, within three months from the date, and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

ALBERT FITZRANDOLPH.
S. BURPEE FITZRANDOLPH.
Administrators.

Williamston, June 17 '84.13t23.

WISDOM & FISH,

Mill, Steamboat, and Railroad Supplies,

41 DOCK ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Rubber and Leather Belting, Rubber and Linen Hose, Lace Leather and Cut Lacing, Cotton Waste and Steam Packing, Lubricating Oils, Mill Files, Emery Wheels, Emery Cloth, and Emery, Wrought Iron Pipe, Cast Iron Water Pipe, Steam, Gas, and Water Fittings, Steam Pumps, Steam Gauges, Injectors, Bolts, Nuts and Washers, Babbitt Metal and Antimony, Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Rich's Patent Saw Sharpener and Gummer, for Grinding Saws.

Estimates furnished; Lowest Quotations given on Special Supplies. [n8

Encyclopedia Britannica.

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

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD.

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External Use). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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

MAKE HENS LAY

NEW MODEL TOP SNAP "CHAMPION"

SINGLE BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN. Patented July 27th, 1880. **THE BEST GUN IN THE MARKET**

Has Top Snap Action, Rebounding Lock, Pistol Grip, Patent Fore-end Fastening. Uses either Paper or Brass Central Fire Shells. The brass shells can be reloaded many hundred times, making it cost no more to shoot than a muzzle loader.

PRICES: Plain Barrel, 12 bore, $15; do., 16 bore, $16; Twist Barrel, 12 bore, $18; do., 16 bore, $19.

SEND ADDRESS FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE TO

JOHN P. LOVELL'S SONS,
Wholsale and Retail Gun Dealers, - - BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.
P. O. Box, 2277. A sample gun may be seen at the office of this paper.

Farm for Sale!

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

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

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

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

For full particulars apply to the subscriber.

T. J. EAGLESON.
Bridgetown, Oct. 9, 1883. tf

THE EXCELSIOR

Carpet Fasteners!

The Greatest Invention of the Age for Putting Down Carpets.

THEY SAVE TIME, CARPETS, MONEY, AND PATIENCE!

PRICE, FROM $3.00 TO $4.50 PER GROSS.

A. C. VANBUSKIRK,
Kingston Station.

General Agent for Kings, Annapolis, Digby and Yarmouth Counties.

A good, reliable, live man wanted to canvas Digby County. n3tf

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.

Great Inducement

—IN—

CUSTOM CLOTHING,

NOW is the time to leave your order at Morrison's, the Tailor. For the next

THIRTY DAYS

I will make suits

From $13.00 up

Latest styles, perfect fits and good work guaranteed.

Having received this week another lot of ENGLISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS AND WORSTEDS,

Which gives my customers a complete line of Goods to select from, at prices that defies competition. Call and be convinced at

A. J. MORRISON'S,

MERCHANT TAILOR, MIDDLETON' COR.
March 26, '84.

NOTICE!

PICTURES & FANCY GOODS,

—Just opened at—

JOHN Z. BENT'S

NEW STORE.

NEAR THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
a large and varie assotment of

Brackets,
Bracket Stands,
Easels,
Mottoes,
Frames, Mats,
Xmas Cards.

Something new—Japanese Brackets. Call and see them.

Fine line of Pictures in Marine Views, Pastoral Scenes, views of notable places, etc.

Also portraits of notable men and women Longfellow, Evangeline, Mrs. Langtry, etc.

Picture framing done at short notice. different styles of moulding to select from.

All kinds of Picture fixtures.

A call respectfully solicited,

Bridgetown, Dec. 19, '83. 6t

A FINE LOT OF

TWEEDS

—AND—

WORSTEDS

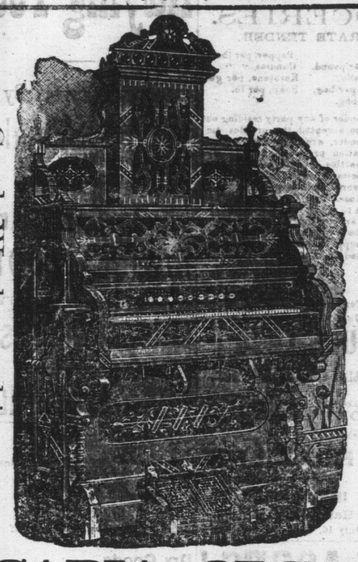
have just arrived at the

"BLUE" STORE,

where persons wanting can examine them.

JOHN. H. FISHER, Prop.

Bridgetown, March 6, '84.



Good Workmanship. Reasonable Prices.

ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,

Warerooms in Reed's Furniture Factory.

BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

JOHN P. RICE. A. E. SULIS.

BROWN'S GRIST MILLS,

LAWRENCETOWN,

IS not frozen up, but continues to give satisfaction to all who patronize it, and in addition to the supply of Flour, Corn &c., heretofore kept in stock, is daily expecting from Montreal a Carload of Grain, in which will be found by those who apply early a quantity of

SEED WHEAT,
BARLEY,
PEASE & OATS,

which will be sold for CASH only.

Will continue to fill all orders for MIXED FEED at short notice. Have purchased a SHINGLE MACHINE, and will be prepared to saw or furnish long or short tapered shingles. Are now negotiating for a

Rotary Saw and Stave Mill,

all to be in operation this spring.

TERMS AS USUAL.

John A. Brown & Co.

Lawrencetown, February, 20th, 1883

AT PRIMROSE'S Drug Store

ANNAPOLIS,

Will be found the best assortment of

FANCY GOODS!

PERFUMERY, SOAPS, and all TOILET ARTICLES, EVER OFFERED IN THE COUNTY.

tf36 F. PRIMROSE.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY!

New Spring and Summer Millinery

—AND—

FANCY GOODS,

—AT—

MRS. AINSLEY'S.

Hats and Bonnets trimmed in the latest styles. Mourning Bonnets always on hand.

Butter and Eggs taken in exchange for goods.

Bridgetown, May 6th '84 13tt17.

THIS PAPER Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

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

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 confidental. 493m

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. 361yr

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

New Fall and Winter Goods!

Mrs. W. E. MILLER

has just received large additions to her stock of Goods, comprising

VELVETEENS and PLUSHES, suitable for Dress and Hat Trimmings.

A large assortment of

FLOWERS AND RIBBONS.

A NICE LOT OF TIES.

HATS in all the Fashionable Shapes; Maut's Ornaments, &c

Butterick's Patterns always on hand.

S. N. JACKSON,

GENERAL AGENT OF THE

Averill Paint.

It is admitted by all to be the very

Best Paint on the Market.

A FULL STOCK OF Graining Colors, Varnishes, and Brushes on hand

ALSO—The usual line of

General Goods.

200 BUS. OF

P. E. I. ISLAND OATS.

Clarence, March 16, '84. 496mos

W. H. FAIRN,

GENERAL AGENT FOR

MUTUAL RELIEF SOCIETY

OF NOVA SCOTIA.

ALSO AGENT FOR THE

Queen Fire Insurance Company

Of Liverpool and London.

Full information as to rates, etc., will be cheerfully furnished on application.

Parties waited upon at their homes if desired

OFFICE—LAWRENCETOWN, N. S.

May 12th, 1884. n6tf

Poetry.

Our Foolish Wisdom.

Often and often doth He hear, amid
The many importunities wherewith we press
Our wants on him, this prayer: 'O God forbid
That we should live beyond our usefulness!'

Meaning the time when no more in the throng
Of the world's workers we may take our place;
When hand and brain and heart no more are strong,
And when our feet are weary of the race;

When we must see the sowing of the seed,
Must look on others as they toil and spin,
Must see the earnest strife, the noble deed,
For the world's good, but take no part therein.

Then, one day, through a lesson sadly sweet,
Our eyes are opened, and 'tis ours to see
How true a guide may be the wearied feet!
How true a help the helpless hands may be.

Watching some dear face radiant with the light
From the great light within, at last we catch
Glimpses of star-shine through the heavy night,
And read life's deeper meanings while we watch.

The larger love, the growing faith that stirs
Our hearts, the tenderer touch, all show
What lasting helpfulness may still be hers
Whose smallest want is ministered unto.

So, till all longings of the soul are met
By the hand's service, till we deem life less
Than meat or drink, we may not dare to set
A bound or limit to life's usefulness.

—*Carlotta Perry in Christian Union.*

Select Literature.

The Last Biscuit.

Bessie Lynn sat alone in the wide, shady kitchen, busily engaged in picking over whortleberries. Without the sunshine of an August afternoon bathed the green fields and dusty road that wound to the village, and touched with richer hue the nasturtiums and geraniums in the tiny garden, and the Virginia creeper that climbed and blossomed above the door. Bessie made a pretty picture as she sat on a low cricket with a big calico apron spread over her blue sprigged muslin dress to defend it from the stains that had soiled her little brown hands. She was a petite and daintily rounded maiden of about 18, with great dark eyes and glossy curls, shading a fair brow and cheeks that had a touch of wild rose bloom upon them.

The kitchen, too, was such a pretty picture, with its well-scoured dresser, its asparagus-topped clock, its shining stove, with bunches of herbs hung behind, and the great bouquet of vivid cardinal flowers sat on the snowy table. The kitchen was perfectly still, save the buzz of the flies and the tick of the clock; and outside, the cricket and the insects alone disturbed the peace. Bessie believed that all in the house were asleep but herself, and yawned somewhat wearily as she tossed over the berries, finishing the yawn with a bit of soliloquy uttered about half aloud. 'Oh, dear; this having summer boarders isn't very pleasant!'

'Miss Bessie,' said a voice in the doorway, so suddenly that Bessie nearly upset her berries in her surprise.

'Oh, Mr. Vane, is it you?' she said, bashfully, bending down to pick up a few berries that had rolled from her apron

'I'll pick them up,' said the new comer, a tall handsome youth of about 21, with merry blue eyes, short auburn hair curled under a straw hat, diving for the missing berries with ungraceful dexterity. 'Yes, it I I, of course. Have you forgotten your promise to go for lilies with me this afternoon?'

'Oh! but I didn't say this afternoon you know; only some afternoon this week,' responded Bessie, demurely.

'Well, we'll call it this afternoon won't we?' was the persuasive rejoinder as the straw hat was tossed on the chair. 'I'll help you. Lend me that apron and we will have them picked over in a trice.'

'But I shall have supper to get. Mother's away and there are biscuits to be made,' insisted Bessie, turning her face away to hide a smile that would curve her lips.

'Never mind that,' responded Maurice Vane, bringing a chair to her side. 'Tea is at six, isn't it? and it is now only half-past two. We'll be back at five, without fail, and have time to pick half the lilies in the river,' and he began to assort a handful of berries with much earnestness.

'We'll,' assented Bessie, after a pause for consideration and a glance at the clock. 'I can go for a little while, perhaps. Oh! don't stain your coat Mr. Vane,' was quite finely indifferent to his coat and worked with such good will that the berries were soon picked over and Bessie and himself on their way to the river.

Five minutes later, Bessie, with her draperies daintily bestowed around her, was seated in the stern of the boat, which, propelled by Maurice Vane's practical hand, shot swiftly down the stream. Although Mr. Vane said to Bessie five times within an hour that it was a lovely day, and although Bessie assented every time, I hardly think they appreciated the beauty around them, for Bessie was quite absorbed in the lilies and the reflection in the water, and Mr. Vane looked more at his companion than at the aspect of nature. They had enough lilies to satisfy them, and Bessie was leaning backward and idly trailing one hand in the water, when she suddenly uttered a little scream and set erect with white cheeks, from which the color had been frightened.

'Oh! I almost lost it. How careless I am! she exclaimed, replacing an old-fashioned ring, set with a tiny circle of rubies, on her finger.

'Did the water sweep it off your hand?'

'I suppose so. It's too large for me. I'm always losing it and finding it again. I wouldn't lose it entirely for the world, because it used to be my grandmother's. She gave it to me.

'What a curious old ring it is said Mr. Vane without interest. 'May I look at it? Don't trouble to take it off,' he said, drawing in his oars and leaning toward his companion.

Bessie allowed her tiny brown hand to lie in his aristocratic white one a moment, then coquettishly withdrew it.

'Isn't it pretty? she inquired archly.

'Very pretty. Shall I tell you how to guard against losing in the future?'

'Oh, you may, if you please.'

'Well, wear this little ring of mine to guard it, or, better yet, exchange with me. Give me yours and take this instead, said the young man, daringly.

Bessie looked at the heavy, chased gold ring he held out to her, then looked back at the water with an innocent, 'Oh, I don't think it would fit.'

'Try, it,' suggested her companion softly.

Bessie shook her head, but finally agreed blushingly that it would do no harm to try, and slipped the ring on her forefinger.

'It's a perfect fit,' cried Mr. Vane, delightedly; 'nothing can be better. Why Miss Bessie, you don't mean to give it back.

Of course I do,' was the saucy rejoinder 'Why not?

'Because,' said Mr. Vane, speaking earnestly and disregarding his fears altogether, while he tried to get a glimpse of the face hidden by the flat hat,' because I meant to ask you to wear it for my sake. I meant to ask you——'

'Oh! Mr. Vane,' cried his listener, 'do you see that lily on you left, Won't you get it for me?'

'I'll get that and twenty others if you'll listen to me first. Do you care for me? Will you marry me?'

Bessie's face was turned away, and her head bent lower. A crimson flash stole over her face.

'Bessie!'

No answer.

Her companion leaned over her head and took her hand, venturously.

'Bessie, will you wear the ring? he questioned, softly. But the hand was hastily drawn away; a pair of saucy black eyes flashed into his own, and Bessie's merry laughter rang over the water.

'I'd rather have grandma's, please, I ought to go home, Mr. Vane, for I know it must be tea time.'

Mr. Vane put the ring in his pocket, and took up the oars again energetically without a word. He was fresh from college and held the stroke oar in many a race, but never made better time than he made that afternoon in rowing up the river. The light boat shot along with the rower's brows knitted and his teeth set. Not once did he look at Bessie, who sat in half puzzled, half-alarmed silence, now and then stealing sidewise glances at offended young Hercules from under her hat. Mr. Vane drew a breath of relief when the boat at last grated on the sand, and having assisted Bessie to land and curtly offered to carry her lilies, he shouldered the oars and marched firmly towards home by her side. Bessie somewhat bewildered, and more angry, made no effort to break the silence and studiously endeavored to keep from crying. When at the door with a cold 'Thank you, Miss Bessie,' and departed to carry the oars to the barn, it was well he did not look back, for Miss Bessie tossed the lilies aside with petulant gesture and had a fit of crying with her head on the kitchen table.

When Mr. Vane returned from the barn half an hour later, he did see a picture that comforted him a little through the hop-wreathed pantry window. It was Bessie with her sleeves pinned up molding biscuits in a desperate haste, while the tears fell thickly on the high calico apron. This picture so amazed Mr. Vane that he retreated hastily behind a lilac bush to observe it, and lingered so long that he was late at tea. This was a model supper There was the great dish of berries with snowy cream beside, flanked by cheese and raspberry jam. Mr. Vane, who had supposed he should never have an appetite again, felt quite revived by the sight of this table and the memory of the picture.

The rest of the boarders seemed to share the sensation, for the group of muslin was very hilarious, and the eatables disappeared rapidly. Bessie seemed out of spirits but Forster Lynn stoned for silence by unusual jollity. When the biscuits passed a second time to Mr. Vane he saw that only one was left, and would have decorously refused, but the hospitable farmer pressed it upon him. 'Don't be afraid of it, there's plenty more in the kitchen ain't there, Bessie?

Thus pressed, Mr Vane accepted the biscuit. Bessie disappeared to replenish the plate. Mr. Vane divided the biscuit, dropped it suddenly with an exclamation that brought every eye upon him. There imbedded in the light, white bread, lay Bessie's ruby ring. Shouts of laughter arose, that brought Bessie back from the kitchen just in time to see Mr. Vane coolly remove the ring from the biscuit and drop it into his waistcoat pocket, to be kept till called for, he said with a significant look at her scarlet face. Poor Bessie? There was no peace for her after that. An array of jokes quite overwhelmed her protestations and disclaimings, and she was thankful to beat a retreat to the kitchen. Pursued even there by a laughing trio, she started to the village for letters. Instead of going to the village however, she stole along the hedge, climbed the wall, ran to the end of the orchard, where she flung herself on the ground and cried as if her heart would break. She perhaps had cried half an hour when a step crushing the dry grass at her side roused her, and the very voice she most dreaded to hear, said:

'I've come to return your ring, Miss. Bessie.'

Poor little Bessie sat up hastily and took the unfortunate ring with a faltering 'Thank you;' then immediately hid her face again.

'You needn't thank me; I should have brought it before, but I couldn't find you. I hope you're not troubled about those ridiculous jokes?' he added.

'N-o,' responded Bessie; miserably, between her sobs. 'I—I thought you would think I did it on purpose.'

'How could I have thought so? It was a mere accident, my getting that peculiar biscuit. I'm very sorry you've been so annoyed in this way. I'm going away to-morrow, Miss Bessie.'

The sobs partially ceased and Miss Bessie said, surprised, 'Are you?

'Won't you bid me good-bye?'

'Yes,' Bessie said, unsteadily; but did not raise her head.

'You'll shake hands, won't you, Miss Bessie?'

No answer.

'I can't go away while you are offended with me. Won't you, at least, tell why you are crying?'

'Because I—I lost my grandma's ring' sobbed Bessie, making a great effort for composure.

Mr. Vane laughed in spite of himself.

'Why, it's safe on your finger, and not a whit the worse for its baking. Is there really no other reason?'

'N—no.'

'But there is. I shall never have another happy hour if I've offended you,' said Mr. Vane. 'I was a brute to treat you as I did this afternoon; but I'm going away and I shan't annoy you again.' 'Won't you forgive me now and shake hands?

Another long silence. Mr. Vane turned away in despair, but was detained by a faltering voice;

'Well!' was the breathless interruption.

'You-won't-go-away.'

The more observant boarders noticed at breakfast the next morning that Maurice Vane wore the ring that he found in the biscuit on the little finger of the left hand and Bessie wore a heavily-chased gold circle in the place of her lost ornament.

To use the words of one of the before-named boarders, 'That tells the whole story.'—*Westminster Md., Advocate*

TERRIBLE POWER OF A CYCLONE.—A despatch dated New York, 13th inst, says.—A special to the *World* from Richburg, in this state, is as follows: When the cyclone that passed over this portion of Allegany county a few days since struck the farm of Alonzo Mead on the West Notch road, in the Town of Wirt, Mrs. Mead was preparing a codfish for cooking. A tin dipper stood on the table, and on a nail in the wall hung a pair of overalls. Mr. Mead was standing in his barn floor, talking with Farmer Wightman, a neighbor, who had driven into the barn with his wife, to wait until the shower they supposed was coming up had passed. Suddenly there came a loud roaring from the direction of South West Hill, and Farmer Mead saw first a grove of large maples coming toward the barn and house in the air, carried along by what appeared a funnel shaped cloud of smoke. A half a second later nearly all the trees in Mead's orchard had mingled with the flying maple grove, and all were rushing along at a frightful velocity. Farmer Mead started to run to the house to warn his wife. He was caught up on his way by the whirling mass, and carried with it a hundred yards and deposited in a rye field. Simultaneously the house and barn were lifted up and carried along in crashing fragments with the whirl-wind. The passing of the cyclone was but momentary. Not more than five seconds elapsed from the time it was first seen sweeping down from Southwest Hill by Farmer Mead until it disappeared in the northeast. Mead was uninjured by his sudden journey through the air, and as soon as he could recover himself he ran toward the ruins of his house, expecting to find his wife crushed to death or borne away. Only a small portion of the house was left standing. Mrs. Mead was in the cellar, where she had hurried at the approach of the hurricane and was uninjured. Mead found Farmer Wight and his wife imprisoned by heavy timbers in the barn. A pile of hay had caught the timbers at one end and prevented them from falling with full weight on the farmer and his wife. They were both held firmly between the timbers, however, and Mrs. Wightman was badly hurt. To lift one end of the timbers today, Farmer Mead says he would require the aid of least at two men, but on that day he raised them alone and threw the ends upon a beam four feet high and rescued his neighbors from their perilous situation. How he managed to handle the heavy timbers he is unable to tell. Every bed and piece of furniture was carried out of Farmer Mead's house. Fragments of them have been found along the course of the cyclone as far as four miles away. On Wednesday parties who were searching in the woods for missing cattle, three miles from Mead's farm, found hanging in a tree a cod-fish and a pair of hickory overalls, and lying on the ground beneath the tree a tin dipper. These have been identified as the fish Mrs. Mead was preparing when the cyclone came along, the dipper that stood on the table and the garment that hung on the wall. They are the only articles that Farmer Mead has recovered intact. The three children of Stewart Shinebargar were playing in the yard when the cyclone appeared. After the storm had passed search was made for them. They had been carried over a hundred feet and thrown against a barbed wire fence, where they were found entangled, with their clothing nearly torn from them and their flesh badly lacerated by the sharp barbs in the fence.

—The best case of absent-mindedness of which we have heard was that of a Heidelberg professor. While he was crossing the street a watering cart let its flood loose upon him. The professor quietly raised his umbrella and walking two blocks before he discovered the sun shining brightly.

WHERE SEERSUCKER COMES FROM.—Within a few days, accompanying a rising thermometer, the greater part of the masculine business community has blossomed out in seersuckers. This curious material, of which a whole suit only weighs nineteen ounces, is made in Calcutta out of silk and Sea Island cotton. It should not be confounded with the material of the same name which the ladies wear, a cheap fabric made of nothing but cotton. Samuel M. Wanamaker relates the interesting peculiarity about seersuckers that they are the only dress material for men not bought by the yard and almost the only one that has to be taken by the improver exclusively "on faith." "It has to be paid for," he says, "a year in advance, when ordered, and it is never known what patterns or how much is coming. It is bought by the box, and each box contains fifty pieces, and the pieces may be small or they may be large. They may be blue stripes or buff stripes or even red stripes. It is all chance, and whatever comes has to be kept. There is no way of sending it back. Sometimes in dressing it with ice water the material becomes discolored, and should that be the case it has to be taken just the same. There is no redress. It is cool heathen garment from a hot heathen land."—*Philadelphia Times.*

—The great pine forests of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota are beginning to show the signs of exhaustion. There is a shortage of production this year in these States footing up about 600,000,000 feet. The average of 'first quality' lumber has run down from 12 per cent. ten years ago to 2 per cent. last year, showing the rapid deterioration of stock which is brought to the mills. The quality of the logs is much poorer than ever before, as many have been put in from land once cut over, and new land has been cleared of everything that will make a cull board. The improvident lumberman, who in the past only cut the choice pine and left the remainder to be devastated by fire, now saws down his trees close to the root to save an axe kerf, scrapes the ground with a fine-tooth rake to get every log that will make passable mill culls, and will discharge a foreman that leaves on the ground a log six inches in diameter.—*Northwestern Lumberman.*

—The New York *Herald* in a recent article on the tobacco curse, says that if we would encourage idiocy in America all we have to do is to continue the present consumption of tobacco. It adds: "What sight more common than half dozen boys, lads and young men smoking cigarettes on the platform of a bob tail car? And what more trying to one's nerves than the filthy odor they puff into the car and over the other passengers? Ten years of this almost universal habit have left their mark in the sunken eyes, the pallid face, the weak nerves and the flabby muscles of these so-called men. That many of them find no real enjoyment in the practice is shown by their habit of spitting. Aside from the vulgarity and nastiness of this muscular exercise is the detriment it does the general system. No man—certainly no growing boy—can expectorate constantly without injuring him. If Boot blacks, messenger boys, school children, clerks, smoke and spit, smoke and spit, as together in a great and multitudinous army they move along toward idiocy and imbecility. What a cheerful prospect it is, to be sure."

What is known as the "Sea-brake," is a novel invention which is said to be getting very popular on the upper lakes. On each side of the stern part of a vessel, is hinged, a great fin 9x9½ feet made of boiler plate braced with angle iron. They are arranged to fit in the rim of the vessel where they are secured by simple catches, which are controlled by lines from the pilot house. When the fins are closed, they press against springs so that when the catches are released, the fins are thrown out from the side of the ship and are caught by the water. If the vessel is under headway they are instantly thrown out until they stand at right angles with the keel. As they assume this position they bring up against powerful springs. It is said that a steamer running under a full head of steam, can be stopped within her own length by this contrivance. Either brake can be used separately, and thus throw the vessel in any direction quicker than if the rudder were relied upon alone.

—Messrs. Landouzy and Hipp. Martin have laid before the Academy of Sciences in France, the result of experiments on hereditary consumption. They examined the liver and lungs of the unborn child of a consumptive mother; the above organs presented no unhealthy signs, but on inoculating healthy animals with matter taken from them tubercular phthisis set in.

—In nineteen private New York galleries are pictures worth $6,000,000. Vanderbilt's collection leads. He has 170 paintings from Europe, the leading ones being the $30,000 "Information" and the $20,000 "Ordinance" by Meissonier, the $25,000 "Bride of Lammermoor" by Millais, and Gerome's "Sword Dance.

— Here is Bob Burdette's idea of temperance as expressed in a lecture at Buffalo, recently: 'Just quit. Without oath, resolution, promise. Simply quit. If you have a young man's weakness for wine, beer, or whisky as the railroad man says, shut her off. There is no trouble about it. Let me tell you there is no harm in whisky. It does not and can not hurt you if you do not drink it. That's all you are to do. Don't be a reformer. Don't be a prohibitionist lunatic. Just simply don't drink, and all the whisky in America can't make you drunk if you don't drink any of it