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VOL. 17.

BEALS

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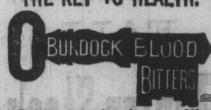
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CENTLEMEN who have found difficulty in being properly fitted by their tailors, will do well to call on me and I will guarantee

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GE 24 POUND GAN FOR SMALL PACKS 50 GTS POST PAID. PO Sheridan's Condition Powder

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LAWRENCETOWN COMPANY, (ESTABLISHED 1880.)

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Rubber Bucket Chain

FORCE PUMP. with Hose attached if required.

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"I heartily recommend PUTwho are suffering from affec- you.' tions of the Throat and Lungs. and I am certain that for Wasting Diseases nothing superior to it can be obtained."

Diseases for the last five years. * * * *

About two years ago, during an acute period of my illness, I was advised by my physician to try PUTTNER'S EMULSION. I did so suddenly humble and conciliatory. with the most gratifying results. My sufferings were speedily alleviated. I added several pounds to my weight in a short time

Sackville, N. S., Aug. 1889.

Brown Bros. & Co.,

HALIFAX, ... NOVA SCOTIA.

The Witches' Ride Over the hill rode Grandfathe "Whoa !" Old Dob

With a knowing nod of his wise He is dreaming you see, it plainly said,
"G'lang! g'lang!" said Grandfather Grey;
Old Dobbin stood still,—the usual way. Over the hills rode Grandfather Grey, Till he came to a house that stood by

Poetru.

way,—
A fine old mansion, that seemed to say,
With its wide-flung doors and its merry

They drew him in With frolicsome din; They gathered about
With laugh and shout,
Turned his pocket inside out
For the apples and nuts that safely lay
For the bold little robbers hidden away.

addenly hushed was the frolic and din, Only a murmur was heard within, As Uncle Will and Grandfather Grey Talked of the wonderful news of the day But three little maids, as still as a mouse Were stealing, a-tip-toe, around the house One took the reins, and one said, 'I Will hold the whip, for Dobbin, you know, At the very best is dreadfully slow,'— While one sweet voice like a bird-note rang As away they clattered, 'G'lang! G'lang!

Sweet-briers opened their hearts of gold A sunbeam creeping across the sill, By grandfather's chair at last stood still, 'Bless me! how time has been slipping

I must be going,' said Grandfather Grey. So he rose and stood by the high-backed And talked of happenings here and there, At last he said, with a mild little laugh, 'Like Dobbin, I'm getting too slow by half; Why! Dobbin has never run off before:

I've owned him twenty years, to a day; What can be the matter?' said Grandfather His blue eyes a-twinkle,-laughed Uncle Don't tell me you think, in the light

father Grey.

And he tried to look stern; but the children would say He never need try,-dear Grandfather

A merry laugh on the air rang out, shout; The old chaise rumbled adown the hill; Glang!' said grandfather; old

t is fifty years to a year and a day, hoss shav.

Select Biternture.

Down the Road to Emersons.

A THANKSGINING STORY. I'm afraid you won't get ready etin' father, more'n nothing.

mouth and could not speak. Not a muscle of his face moved, still he looked irascible. He stood before the kitchen-glass he shaved

for him to put on. Her hands twitched as the vestibule; even the sexton had gone she watched him wipe his razor painstak. in.

know what you would do.' 'The bell ain't tolled yet.'

fessin' what you do.'

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

'I guess you ain't hurt very ned. 'I'd like to know what had been delicate, his stock had gone down kind of a figure you'd out to the folk be- with the cattle-evil, his crops had failed pretty hard lines to think of folks a suffering hind you, if I didn't look out for you a and his house was heavily mortgaged. This right amongst us Thanksgivin'. I ain't no little. You don't have any more thought year the strain to meet the interest money idea they've got a turkey nor a puddin' for your ears than as if they didn't belong had been terrible. It had been whispered Well, I dunno what folks can do. If me to you. Now don't stan' round any longer, about town that Emerson would fail to do ain't got judgment, they ain't, an' I dunn father, for mercy sakes! Your greatcoat it, and lose his place. But it had been whether it's the duty of them that has t an' your hat are on the settin'-room lounge, done, although nobody knew with what support them that hasn't, or not. I know rushed 'em. Seems to me, the difficulty. The Goodells had speculated a I can't afford to. Well, I must be goin'

PRHMA LEX EST.

He glared at her resentfully.

and put the soap back in the dish.

when Hiram Goodell had left his own yard the news that he had. ul was fairly out in the road. The long frosty air. It was very cold for the sea- He half-sighed unconsciously. He had an greeting glad from the porch rang out, Vill held the whip, for Dobbin, you know, welcoming voice, and the children's The road was frozen in great ridges. The of the Lord had missed his adversary. rough ground hurt the old man's tender feet, and he stepped gingerly and toed in wife. to save them. He was large and lumber-

squint curiously.

'Always a peekin' !' he thought to him- sciousness that she was being led. The self with a slow masculine disapprobation Lord sisters, one or the other, or both, ran

of curious women. Hiram had never in ever nearly every day, and sat down a few his life looked out of a window to see who minutes for a little talk. painted white, but it was very gray now, sweeten the cranberry-sauce. and the roof was lurchy with loose shingles. In the wide side-yard were a straggling Thanksgivin mornin', said she, 'but we wood-pile and an old farm wagon. Hiram didn't neither of us know how to go to the did not look squarely, but he took it all in. store, an' we didn't think of its being quite As he passed he held up his head quite so near out. high, and toed out firmly in spite of the frozen ground. He did not appear to be Mrs. Goodell. looking, but he saw quite plainly a figure start back ; he saw the front door open a

'They saw me comin', an' went back,' ne thought to himself. When he was well past the house, the loor opened again, and an old man and a young woman appeared. They came out of the yard and proceeded down the street nearly stopped tolling and the Emersons fit to get it alone. Then there's the Emerfelt in haste. They sat well toward the sons-I dunno but Fanny an' her father go.' front of the church, and were abashed

little way, then close with a jerk.

he swung himself forward, his knee ap- her features. Her voice was unexpectedly peared to weaken under him. It was al- quick and strident. most like a slight lameness. His daughter 'Speakin' of the Emersons,' said she,

His wife stood by and held his vest ready ed the church, and there were no people in b'lieve they had enough to eat ! ngly with a bit of paper, and then hold it | Hiram opened the door and tiptoed up odor steamed out into the room. up to the light and squint at it, to see if it the aisle; his boots squeaked. The Emer- 'Well, I wouldn't tell it if I were clean enough. She felt like snatch- sons did not enter until he was fairly Grant,' said she, 'her own cousin, an' Silas ing the razor and shaving him herself. seated in his pew. Then he did not appear Grant's rich. Why don't she give 'en 'For mercy sakes, father, don't be so to watch them, but he saw them quite somethin' to eat?' ong-winded! she said. She was a sandy plainly. He even noted a little red feath- 'Folks ain't always so fond of givin', re haired woman, tall and broad-shouldered er on Fanny Emerson's black straw hat, joined Jane Lord with asperity. 'An' and lean. Her blue eyes were weak, and and wondered how much it cost. It was there ain't no use is givin' to some folks she narrowed them and wrinkled her brows so bright he thought it must be expensive. Foster Emerson's bound to lose every cent when she talked. Hiram carefully scraped around his mouth and held his lips firmly their circumstances, and the Goodells Mrs. Goodell went back to the table with pressed together. It was quite a time be- watched them narrowly, and appraised the spoon. She had resumed her indiffer ore he spoke, and then the words came out jealously everything they had. There was ent air. with the added impetus of repression, a feud between the two families, a New 'I guess they're got enough to eat,' she I wish you'd lay down that vest and go England feud. There was no blood shed; remarked; 'you can't make me believe long bout your work, mother, said he, there would never be any breaking of or they ain't.

thodox trammels, but the Goodells and the 'Mis' Grant says they ain't, an' what's 'Stan' there watchin' you-I'd like to Emersons had hated each other stiffly and more-' Jane paused a moment, 'I know know if you'd ever get anywhere, father, rigidly, after the true manner of their Pnr- they ain't ?' added she impressively. if I didn't foller you up. I'd jest like to itan blood, for the last ten years. There Mrs. Goodell stopped and looked at her 'The bell ain't tolled yet! That's jest question had been carried to law, and Fos. an' I see a few things.' ne way you talk, father. What if it ter Emerson had won the suit, while Hiram 'What?'

inutes fast. But there you stan' as awful thing for him to pay his hard earned hadn't nothin' to put on the table, an' she me a pail of water before you take your deliberate as if you'd got a week before dollars to the lawyers in addition to giv- was ashamed an' I wanted to borrow a boots off.' ing up his own will. Hiram Goodell was spoonful of ginger, an' I followed her into The Goodells generally dispatched their The old man muttered something. His a New Englander of New Englanders. He the buttry. She didn't wan't me to go, she meals quickly. They were thrifty with wife laid the vest on the table and the buttons rattled.

The old man muttered something. His a New Englander's New Englande 'Well, you can swear if you want to,' hatred with an iron grip. To-day he Goodell it's the livin' truth, that there was plenty to eat; all the homely richness said she, 'a man as old as you be an' proseemed as bitter toward Foster Emerson as wa'n't enough in that buttry to feed a baby.' he had ten years ago. The one thing that 'I guess she had some things put away.' spread out on the table. The turkey was She turned herself about with a majestic could have served to ameliorate his wrath 'No, she didn't. Mr. Emerson he called very large and brown. had apparently not yet done so; that was her out in a minute, jest before I went After dinner, Mrs. Goodell cleared away "I wa'n't swearin'. You say pretty hard Emerson's ill-fortune. It almost seemed as home, an' I jest slipped in there again, an' the table, and washed the dishes, then the things, mother.' The old man's tone was if the law-suit had been decided unright-suddenly humble and conciliatory.

I pecked in two or three jars an' the flour family sat down together in the sitting-troys comfort good humor. Salt Rheum, suddenly humble and conciliatory. eously and so brought a curse with it. barrel-there wa'n't nothin' !'

sorry. His wife spoke with a certain stern came over in the ark. An' Fanny ain't no dew.

See that y

Extractor,

triumph like the Psalmist, 'I can't help better off. Mis' Grant says she had to take

'I wonder where John's goin',' said his for corns.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1889. said he, 'I don't know what you think thinkin',' said she, 'that it's a judgment on every cent of her school money to pay in him.' She and Hiram rather regarded all toward that interest. I don't believe she Emerson's misfortunes as judgements, and nor her mother either have had a new dress ptied the water from the tin basin, there had been a great many of them. His for three years.'

son whom he had depended upon for the Mrs. Goodell was still frowning. 'Well bad, support of his old age had died, his wife I dunno, I'm sure, said she. Well, I dunno, neither, but

'It's so,' said he. 'I got it from you Simmons, an' his brother's in the bar son, and there was no snow on the ground. undefined feeling that this time the shaft and he could not reach home much before 'I spose it must be so then,' rejoined his

She would not have recognized her own ing, and could not walk easily. The sentiments on the subject had she seen church was a half mile away, and the Em them. She was not a hard woman, but ersons' a quarter of a mile away. Before like her husband, she had that grim clutch he came to the Emersons' he passed the at a resentment, that came from her blood. house where the Lord sisters lived. It was Then, too, she was fond of money, and she a square white house with four windows in dwelt constantly upon their loss. She front. Two belonged to the sitting-room liked nice things in her house, and nice and two to the parlor. At each of the sit-clothes, and she had stinted herself defiant ting-room windows a head with a black ly ever since the affair of the woodland lace cap and spectacles was visible. The I could have a new black silk dress every head was bent down in a peering attitude year, and a new parlor carpet, if we hadn't so as to clear the obstructions of the sash- been cheated out of so much money,' she es, the spectacles themselves seemed to was wont to say. She expressed her mind upon the subject quite freely to the Lord The old man, passing close under the sisters. They had a shrewd way of leadwindow, looked up and bowed gravely and ing her on, and Mrs. Goodell for all her decision, had at times an innocent uncon-

was passing, so far as he could remember. Thanksgiving morning, some half an Down the hill, and beyond the Lords' hour after Hiram had gone to church, Jane with no house between, was the Emmer- Lord came over. She brought a white

'I'm ashamed to come borrowing sugar

'You can have it jist as well as not,' said After the bowl was filled with sugar ome to one of the front windows, then Jane Lord sat holding it for quite a while. She had something on her mind that she wanted to say, and she led up to it deli

'I see Mr. Goodell going to meetin',' sh remarked after a little. ' Yes, he went., ' returned Mrs. Goodell 'Well, there ain't many to go in this eighborhood, Thanksgivin' mornin'. You behind Hiram, who clumped along with have to stay to home to get the dinner, an' solemn deliberation. The bell had now Rachel and me do. We ain't neither of us

'I dunno whether they go or not,' said when they went in, if it were late. But Mrs. Goodell in a stately and indifferent they could not quicken their pace without manner. She was on her way to the overtaking Hiram, and they did not want oven with a spoon to baste the turkey. Jane Lord sat holding the bowl of sugar gait. He walked with alacrity, but when sallow-faced and there was a sad droop to

Fanny walked like him. She had a lovely was down to Mis' Silas Grant's the other color on her cheeks, that deepened as she day, you know she's Mis' Emerson's cousin, went on in the frosty air. Her stiff black and she was tellin' me how dreadful bad beaver coat hung straight half-way to her off they was. They've had to rake an' knees; there were shiny lines around the scrape every cent they could lay their seams, where she had tried to remodel it. hands on, to pay that interest money, to She held her hands in a small old-fashion- keep a roof over their heads, an'-' Jane and shaved cautiously and slowly. He ed fitch muff, and walked soberly on be Lord lowered her voice, she leaned forward was always afraid of cutting himself when side her father. Hiram in front of them confidentially- 'Mis' Grant said-I don't never quickened his pace at all. The bell a pose she thought 'twas goin' any further, Hiram Goodell was a very cautious man. had quite stopped ringing when they reach- but I'm goin' to tell you-that-she didn

Mrs. Goodell was down on her knees fore the oven, basting the turkey; the savory

had been a piece of woodland, whose possession had been been disputed. The air. 'I was in there myself a few days ago, any judgment at all.' along, an' have enough to eat, if he had

ain't? you can't walk down there under Goodell had to pay the costs, as well as to 'Oh I kept my eyes open, an' I see, It When you going to have dinner?' twenty minutes, an' you know it, An' it's lose his claim. He had considerable pro- was supper time, an' Mis' Emerson, she 'Jest as soon as I can get it on the table. me for it to toll now. This clock's ten perty, but he was close with it; it was an wouldn't set about gettin' supper'cause she I want you to go out to the well an' draw

NO. 31.

great deal as to whether Emerson would Rachell 'Il think I'm making sugar.' After Jane Lord had gone, trippin pay it. One day Hiram came home with shiveringly down the road with the sugar, ohn Goodell, Mrs. Goodell's son, came. he looked out. He lived in a town some fifty miles away, the railroad connections were not very good

> Thankagiving noon. The young man entered the kitchen door and a gust of fresh cold air came with hin He sat his valise down on the floor and shook hands with his mother. He did not kise her. The Goodells were not demor strative among themselves.

'Well, mother, how goes everything?' ' Pretty well,' replied Mrs. Goodell, looking at him with a kind of repressed delight.

Father gone to church?' The son strongly resembled his mother, but he was better looking. A certain blonde harshness of feature that did not set well upon her, was quite attractive in him. People called John Goodell a very good 'I should think they was all struck on the looking young man. He took off his overcoat and hat and sat down in the kitchen with his mother, and watched her work and down again. Presently the fire got low, and chatted with her. He had not seen her for she went out for more wood. On her way,

some six months. He inquired after the neighbors in a furtive fashion as if he were stepping on debatable ground.

sons'. That was a one-story house, large bowl. She wanted to borrow a little and put into his mouth with a careless air, squash—no there ain't—why I don't see really must go. He reached the wide on the ground and very low. It had been sugar; she feared they had not enough to and chewed it absorbedly, but his face be- through it. I knew there was twenty gan to flush. Well, I guess they're gettin' along 'bout there ain't but nine apple, an' seven squash as usual,' his mother replied guardedly.

> Pretty well, I guess. Jane was in her his mornin'.' 'How are-the Emersons? 'Well, I dunno.'

'How are the Lords?'

The young man tried to speak in a joca ar way but his face was very red. Well,' said he, 'I guess I'll find out. think I'll go down and call on Fanny some day while I am here.' His mother was stirring some butter into

surveyed him. you know how your father an' I feel about them Emersons?'

'I ain't been down there for quite 'Ain't you goin' to keep on ?' 'I don't know.'

nosed thing. There's lots of girls I should reached the Emersons she set the basket Foster Emerson had a weakly, nervous and pursing her lips softly. She was voung man. other girls. But we won't talk any more she saw Mrs. Goodell, then she became quite about it now. It's Thanksgiving Day, and pale. Mrs. Goodell herself was pale, and I've come home to have a good time; we she looked scared, but she spoke first. don't want to get to arguing over anything

or anybody. Ain't the turkey most done?' 'I tell you, mother, I won't talk any ore about it. Here's father coming.' Mrs. Goodell dropped the subject then.

She had always punished him herself when he was a little boy, and she had felt fierce I'm afraid they'll catch cold.' at the bare idea of any one else touching urned Mrs. Goodell, with anxious affabil-Hiram Goodell had a sober air when he ntered; even the meeting with his son could not dispel it. He had walked home

from church with a neighbor, and the two men who stood talking together for quite a little while at Goodell's gate. to lay aside her hood and shawl. Both Presently when John left the room women were afraid to speak, and they minute, Hiram turned to his wife. 'I hardly looked at each other. Still Mrs. come up the road with Abel Bemis,' said he, 'and he says the Emersons are in a bad

box this time, an' no mistake.' 'Jane Lord's been in here talkin' about it,' returned Mrs. Goodell. What did she say ? 'She thinks they ain't got enough to eat seem as if a man might contrive to get

loodell remembered them and how pretty 'He ain't got any-Foster Emerson never had a mite of judgment. Well, I dunno.

'Don't take on so, Nancy. Mebbe the

'I know what I hear. I've got ears.'

'Well, it's awful thinkin' of anybody not a city one, that he had brought with him. bloed, and can be cared by using Burdock Blood Bitters according to directions. and began to recover strength. This process out bein' told they're swearing I guess I his face like a bird. The wood was standcontinues until life, which had been a misery to me, became once more a pleasure. Since then PUTTNER'S EMULSION has been my to me, became once my detections, and this was one to my duty to the meter of the continues and began to recover strength. This process out bein' told they're swearing I guess I his face like a bird. The wood was standing ready to be cut, when it came into his about her work again. Jane Lord continues to my duty to the meter of the continues and began to recover strength. This process out bein' told they're swearing I guess I his face like a bird. The wood was standing ready to be cut, when it came into his science seemed to grow abnormal excresthen PUTTNER'S EMULSION has been my directions, and this was one

She dipped a corner of the towel in water, founded. Hiram Goodell was not capable all the patched-up flannels, an' so thin you There was a fine gilt paper on the walls, She dipped a corner of the towel in water, lounted. First the can see the light through 'em—an' the and the woodwork was very white and and dabbed energetically at his ears. The of setting fire to his enemy's wood. He can see the light through 'em—an' the old man stood still with his face screwed up; finally he made a break away from her:—

'As for standin' this, I ain't goin' to!'

Pitcher's Castoria.

The Victor's Crown decent. He woodwork was very white and the wood had be the said the wood of the inventor of

High-Pressure

The result is a fearful increase of Brain and Heart Diseases - General Debility, Insomnia, Paralysis, and Insanity. Chloral and Morphia augment the evil. The medicine best adapted to do permanent good is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It purifies, enriches, and vitalizes the blood, and thus trengthens every function and faculty on the body. "I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for years. I have found it invaluable as

A Cure for Nervous Debility caused by an in-

active liver and a low state of the blood.' - Henry Bacon, Xenia, Ohio. "For some time I have been troubled thing to help me until I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have only used this medicine six months, but it has relieved me from my trouble, and enabled me to resume work." - J. P. Carzanett,

"I have been a practicing physician for over half a century, and during that time I have never found so powerful and reliable an alterative and bloodpurifier as Ayer's Sarsaparilla." - Dr. M. Maxstart, Louisville, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

other. Hiram sat near the window and 'He's turned up the road,' said he. 'I guess he's going up to see the Bemis boy.' 'I shouldn't think he'd go off Thanks-

giving Day.' The Bemis house, low and red-painted with a smoking chimney, was visible up the road across a wide stretch of field. Hiram turned again to his paper; his wife rocked, with her feet close to the stove. Presently Hiram also arose, and prepared to leave the

'Where you goin', father,' asked Mrs.

'I ain't goin' far. But he didn't return speedfly. Mrs. Goodell went to the window and sawa figure that looked like his plodding up the

the Bemises', Thanksgivin' Day !' said she, She looked vexed and frowning. She sat

she stepped into the buttery and looked 'There's that other chicken pie,' said she, 'and I could cut a plateful off that 'How are all the neighbors getting along, turkey, and nobody'd know it, an' there's mother?' he asked. He picked up a raisin twenty mince pies, an' ten apple, an' eight

> For the land sake !' She counted over and over again, but she ould make no more of them. not account for three pies. 'Well, there's enough, anyhow,' said she. I could carry 'em three or four, 'an a piece

of my plum puddin', an' not miss it, I

s'pose. I dunno. I dunno how they'd take Mrs. Goodell stood deliberating. Then she put a stick of hard wood in the sittingroom stove, packed a basket full of provisdish of squash. She stopped short and jons, put on her thick shawl and hood and started. When she got to her own gate 'John, you ain't goin' down there, when she stooped and looked up the road cautiously; she had put on her spectacles, bus she could see nothing of her husband or son. a Then she braced the basket against her hip, while, because I knew how father and you and went down the road to the Emersons. The Lord sisters were at the window, she saw them with a quick side-flash of her eyes, but she did not look up. She went 'I don't see for my part what you can see straight on at a good pace; the basket was in that Fanny Emerson, little thin, peaked- heavy, but she was muscular. When she house, then she kept on to the side door. John straightened back his shoulders. She stood before it and knocked. She heard That hasn't got anything to do with it, a step inside, then Mrs. Emerson opened hat I can see, mother,' said he; 'I don't the door. She was a stout woman with a see why she doesn't look as well as the pretty, childlike face. She flushed when

'Good afternoon,' said she. 'Good afternoon,' returned the other 'You ain't going down there to see her, woman with a kind of stiff timidity; then she added- won't you come in ?'

Mrs. Goodell stepped in. Mrs. Emerson led the way to the kitchen. 'I'll have to take you in this way,' she When it came to argument with John, she said feebly, 'there ain't any fire in the setever wished assistance from her husband, tin' room. Fanny's in there now. Somebody same to the front door, I dunno who 'I'd jest as soon go into the kitchen,' re-

> The two women sat down in the large odor of Thanksgiving cooking in it, when she entered. Mrs. Emerson did not ask her

Goodell had a distinct purpose in view and hat gave her more self-possession. 'It's a pretty cold day, ain't it,' said she. 'Yes; it's been pretty cold,' Mrs. Emerson admitted shyly. Mrs. Goodell turned her eyes on the an' keep 'em warm. I dunno, but it does other's face. Mrs. Emerson's hair was quite curly over her temples; she used to wear her hair in long curls to her waist when she was a little girl. Suddenly Mrs.

> she had thought her. They had been schoolmates when they were girls. 'Seems to me you look kind of pale Nancy,' said she. Mrs. Emerson looked at her-then she

put her hands to her face. 'Oh Lois !' she sobbed, 'you dunno what I've been through lately !' Mrs. Goodell sat immovable in her chair,

worst of it's over,' said she. (Concluded on fourth page.)

FINE WHITE MOLASSES CANDY.-One

