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 23, 1884. NO. 15.

Job Work!

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses 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 close 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.

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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. Patents obtained through MUNN & CO. are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the largest, best, and most widely circulated scientific paper. $3.20 a year. Weekly. Splendid engravings and interesting information. Specimen copy of the Scientific American sent free. Address MUNN & CO., SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN Office, 261 Broadway, New York.

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 stones 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 west, along 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 '84.13i23.

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., 10 bore, $16; Twist Barrel, 12 bore, $18; do., 10 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 arsortment 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 patronise 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 may be found on file at Geo. P. 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 confidential. 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 full assortment of

FLOWERS AND RIBBONS,

A NICE LOT OF TIES.

HATS in all the Fashionable Shapes;
Mantle 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.

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 10, '84. 490mos

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.

A Housekeeper's Tragedy.

One day as I wandered I heard a complaining,
And saw a poor woman the picture of gloom,
She stared at the mud on the door-step, ('twas raining:)
And this was her wail as she wielded the broom

'Oh! life is a toil and love is a trouble,
And beauty will fade and riches will fly
And pleasures they dwindle and prices they double,
And nothing is what I could wish it to be,

'There's too much of worriment goes to a bonnet,
There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt,
There's nothing that pays for the time wasted on it,
There's nothing that lasts but trouble and dirt.

'In March it is mud, it's slush in December,
And midsummer's breezes are laden with dust,
In fall the leaves litter, in muggy September
The wall paper rots and hand-irons rust.

'There are worms in the cherries, and slugs in the roses
And ants in the sugar and mice in the pies,
The rubbage of spiders, no mortal supposes,
And ravaging roaches and ravaging flies.

'It's sweeping stair and dusting at seven,
It's victuals at eight and dishes at nine,
It's patting and panning from ten to eleven,
We scarce break our fast ere we plan how to dine.

'With grease and with litter from outside to center,
Forever at war and forever alert,
I spent my whole time in a struggle with dirt.

'Last night in my dreams I was stationed forever,
On a bare little isle in the midst of the sea,
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor
To sweep off the waves ere they swept over me.

'Alas! 'twas no dream—again I behold it;
I yield I am helpless my fate to avert,'
She rolled down her sleeves, her apron she folded,
Then laid down and died and was buried in dirt.

Select Literature.

Harvesting.

The sun shone hot on the great roof of Uncle Obed's farmhouse, shone hot, beat down fiercely, making the leaves on the vine creeping up over the back porch droop, and the moss on the shingles dry and crisp. There were other things in the back porch. There was the blue dash-churn turned up to dry in the sun, and a row of milkpans put there for the same purpose in the early morning, before the sun had left that part of the house. The well was close beside it, and the bucket, cool and still dripping, was set down on the green grass—the only cool article to be found. The milk-room opened towards it, and through the wire screen which formed the door could be seen Aunt Rhoda whisking out a few intruding flies, stopping a moment now and then to turn a cheese or inspecting a jar of butter. Out in the kitchen Priscilla ('Prissa,') her father and mother called her), and Jane Ann, a neighbor's daughter who had come to help through harvest, were preparing dinner. The great stove standing on the painted floor held several kettles, some of which were bubbling and hissing, sending out spiteful little jets of steam from under their bright tin covers, among them the tea-kettle, which Jane Ann insisted on attending to first of all in the preparations for dinner, probably so it could get well cooked, and which she always filled till the water ran out of the spout and oozed out under its great iron cover, and which, as a consequence of the last mentioned fact, was making a great boiling, bubbling and splashing of hot water generally. Priscilla could see through the open windows as she went back and forth between the oven and the pantry the men working the harvest field. She could see the white glare from the stubble, the stacks of grain growing less and less down in the west lot as the men drew them into the barn and pile them up on the broad rack. She could see the ripened grain still standing, and the reaper passing round and round it, the men following binding up the grain, joking and laughing, in spite of the heat, while all the time the square place grew smaller, and the bundles increased in number. She saw the reaper's red sides shine in the sun, and the fierce glitter of its steel knives; saw the grey horses that drew it; saw their proud heads, curved necks and glossy manes, saw how warm and heated they looked; saw the brown hands that held the reins, the neat calico shirt with its broad collar turned back, the broad-brimmed straw hat, and occasionally, as he turned a corner toward the house, a little of the black mustache of the man who drove them. She saw all this, but never saw the face turned in her direction otherwise; never saw the broad brim lifted to let its owner look towards the house. She saw her father pass over to speak to him; saw him stop, holding his hat in one hand and handkerchief in the other, and laugh; and though she could only see the broad back of the calico shirt, the broad-brimmed hat and glossy black hair between, she knew there was a smile under the black mustache and a twinkle in the black eye. She waited a moment then, holding the pie she had just taken from the oven, and saw her father replace his hat and handkerchief and turn toward the house, and the gray team and red reaper start again, but the face under the hat did not turn once towards her window; she went into the pantry and set the pie down to cool, and stood there thinking in a mixed-up way of spelling school over at the 'corners,' a span of grays' and a pair of black eyes, and when Jane Ann came to the door and asked if 'she'd have them there pertaters biled or baked,' and whether her folks liked their lamb 'very brown, or not so much so,' she said, 'yes, she guessed so;' and when Jane Ann laughed and said 'she reckoned she knew now,' she started and asked, 'Oh, what did you say?' and went back to the kitchen.

She passed on into the cool sitting-room, stopped only a moment, however, to straighten a tidy on father's arm-chair and pick up a flower dropped from the bouquet on the table, then went on to were her mother was giving the finishing pats to great roll of yellow butter, and her father was drinking from the tin dipper chained to the well.

He stopped as he came in, and turning his brown, heated face toward her, said' 'I wish you would make us some of those cooling drinks, Prissy,' then reaching over and patting her playfully on the shoulder, said: 'Henry has a warm place on that reaper.'

'That's nothing to me,' she said quickly, all the blood rushing into her plump face.

'Tut, tut, what does that mean?' and her father set the dipper down on the shelf by the bucket, and looked at her in a manner that showed he was quite surprised at the way his little remark had been taken.

She did not wait for him to help himself out of the mystery, but turned suddenly and went back the way she had come.

'Why, mother, what ails the girl? I thought—what does she mean!' and the puzzled old man picked up his hat and put it on; then took it off and stood patting out it's wide band of black ribbon.

'Oh it's nothing; don't pester the girl;' and Aunt Rhoda gave her butter its final pat and walked off with it, leaving Uncle Obed still stroking his hat-band.

Prissy went back into the sitting-room, stopping a moment longer, this time to rest her head on father's arm-chair, and look thoughtfully at the carpet; but in a minute more she went on into the kitchen and down cellar, where she mixed the cooling drink and set it out on the 'roll-way steps just as her father came round the corner, but disappeared before he had time to speak.

The hands of the little clock on the sitting-room mantel went round to the hour of noon, when Aunt Rhoda took down the big sunbonnet from its nail behind the kitchen door and went out to blow the tin horn.

The men stopped their binding, looked toward the house with a sense of relief, the last few bundles needed to top out the load were pitched on and the wagon driven into the barn, the greys were unhitched from the reaper and followed after, and very soon after the men were washing themselves at the sink and drying their hands on the long roller towel. Henry was not there, for the greys had to be taken care of; but Prissy, taking up, the dinner saw him coming in but she kept her eyes on the roast before her, as if everything depended upon it; and he joked with Jane and Ann till he passed into the dining-room, where the rest were gathered around the table.

There was a hush while Uncle Obed 'asked a blessing,' and then the rattle and clatter of knives and forks commenced, and Prissy and Jane Ann carried in coffee and passed around great plates of white bread; but never by accident did Prissy pass Henry a cup of coffee or seem to know he was there; and he was seemingly as ignorant of her presence.

Dinner was done, the men stretched themselves on the grass for the 'nooning;' but Henry went back into the sitting-room to read. Prissy washing dishes in the kitchen did not know this, so taking her little work-basket, she passed in there to sew. She hesitated a moment when she saw who was there, as if to turn back, but he had looked up, and, seeing the cold smile in his eyes, she went in rather defiantly. After a time he looked up from his paper, making some careless remark, which she answered just as carelessly, and so the time passed till he went out.

The afternoon was like the forenoon, only the heat grew worse as time rolled on.

Supper time came and passed; evening came and there was no one left but Henry, who was to remain all night. Uncle Obed dozed in his arm-chair; Prissy busied herself at the work-basket; Jane Ann was entertained by a book of pictures; and Henry, every now and then, at Uncle Obed's request, read snatches of the news.

The evening wore on; the cat purred contented on her rug; Prissy's canary, curled up into a little bunch, stirred occasionally, uttered a satisfied little chirp, then settled down into quietness; the plants in the yard showed dark and light patches as the lamp shone on them through the open window; and the night air coming in grew cooler, though it still told of the heat there had been. Jane Ann grew sleepy nodded over her book for a while, then passed out into the hall and up to bed. A moment later and she was back, her hair flying about her face, her eyes staring, and her hands clutching at the calico dress in the region where she supposed her heart to exist.

'Oh mercy! oh! I never was so scared! oh!' gasping like a choked chicken; 'I can't breath; I never was so frightened—oh—the—fire—upstairs!'

Uncle Obed's nap ended rather suddenly! Aunt Rhoda dropped her knitting and wound herself up in a perfect tangle with the yarn getting to the hall door; Prissy upset her work-basket; and Henry, throwing down his paper was upstairs before they could cross the hall.

The smoke and hot air rushing down as he opened the door, told them the story, and the rest. They were rushing for water, which seemed only to feed the flames; there was smashing of glass and splintering of doors; there was shouting for help, and hurried, breathless orders. There was seeing the flames rush on faster and faster, creeping around the windows and doors; there were frantic efforts to save the house; then that was abandoned and there was a tumbling out of chairs and bureau, crockery and trunks, clothing and carpets, mirrors and feather beds; the last rush for one thing more; then the standing with idle hands seeing the buzz and hum of many voices, the gazing at the blazing heap once called home, and the rubbish which filled it and wondering what all meant, if it were really so, and if so, what would come next.

The house had fallen; only one square corner was left above the smouldering heap to show any shape of what had been a pleasant home; the neighbors had dropped off one by one, and she was alone. She had thrown a shawl over her head, and now it had dropped down, leaving her exposed to the night air. Suddenly Jane Ann bounced around a corner, bareheaded and out of breath. 'Oh; here you are; I'm so glad, come quick!'—stopping to gasp—'your mother's been so frightened!'—another gasp—'she thought you'd gone to White's and'—gasp again—'oh, here's Henry after you; I'll tell him,' and she bounced off as suddenly as she had come.

Prissy, recovering herself from the fright she had given her, looked across the road and saw, in the glare of the firelight, the gray horses hitched and their owner coming toward her.

She made a movement as if to go away but he was beside her, and she stopped.

'I came to find you,' said he; 'your folks have gone to father's; you will go?'

He said it in the most business-like tone, and she answered, just as coldly, 'I will go to Mrs. Brady's.'

He turned away then, and, walking over to his horses, unhitched them and started off.

Prissy had dropped her head down upon her hands and stood there in the wavering, flickering, fire-light. He caught sight of her now as he moved off, hesitated, then again hitched his horse, went softly over and stood beside her. She had not seen him, and did not raise her head. He came close to her and the fire-light showed a changed look in his eyes.

'Prissy,' said he softly. She started, and suddenly looked up, and met his dark eyes fixed full on her face.

The eyes met for an instant, and he repeated softly, as before, 'Prissy.'

She looked a moment longer, reading his face, and the haughty expression in her eyes changed to one of wonderment; then, suddenly, to a quick, joyful look, and she put both hands over her face and cried.

The gray horses stood in the changing light, looking curiously every now and then at the ruins; the leaves rustled overhead; the flames wavered, rose and fell on the half-burned timbers. The pleasant home of a few hours before was a mass of flames, rubbish and ashes, but there were two happy hearts out under the broad sky, notwithstanding.—*St. Louis Illustrated Magazine.*

Buried Alive.

TERRIBLE FATE OF A YOUNG MARRIED LADY.

A Wheeling, W. Va., special to the Chicago *Tribune* of Monday says: One of those ghastly stories of interment before life has become extinct, which cause an involuntary shudder of horror to pass through the reader, is current in this city to-night. The victim, so the story goes, is a young married lady of 20 years. In May or last year, three months after her marriage, the lady was taken violently ill, and after lingering for ten days, apparently died. There were certain peculiarities about the appearance of the supposed corpse, however, which caused a suspicion in the mind of the attending physician that his patient might be in a trance, but after keeping the body for four days with no signs of returning life the remains were consigned to the grave, temporary interment being made in the family lot in an abandoned graveyard. A day or two ago the body was disinterred prior to removal to another cemetery. To the surprise of the sexton the coffin-lid showed signs of displacement, and on itsbeing removed the grave-digger was horrified to find the remains turned face downward, the hand filled with long tufts of hair torn from the head, and the face, neck, and bosom deeply scratched and scarred, while the lining of the coffin had been torn into fragments in the desperate efforts of the entombed victim to escape from her horrible fate. Since the discovery the young husband has been prostrated, and his life is despaired of. The names are withheld.

OUTWITTING A FOG.—A scientest, while out in a boat one night on a river in Florida, was caught in a fog so dense that he could not see twenty feet ahead. The boatmen stopped rowing, and said they would have to wait until daylight or until the fog cleared away, as they did not know in what direction to steer. The scientest showed them what science could do in an emergency. He says:—

'I at once stood up in the boat and hailed. Soon the echo came back. Pointing in the direction from which the sound came, I said: 'There is the nearest land.' Rowing a half mile in the direction of the echo, we soon reached the land and coasted home. The boatmen expressed surprise that they had been on the river all their lives and had never thought of so simple a plan to find the shore when lost in a fog. A knowledge of a simple fact saved me many a dismal hour, night and day, too, on the river. Fishermen to whom I have communicated this have told me a knowledge of this would have saved them from hours useless toil, and would have been worth hundreds of dollars in their business. Steamboat pilots may also be benefited. I have seen them run ashore with the echo striking them in the teeth. During a fog the atmosphere is so saturated with moisture that it is a better conductor of sound than when dry. Two results follow: First, sound travels faster, and hence the echo returns more speedily; and second, the sound is heard more distinctly. Remembering these two facts, a person with a little practice can soon determine the approximate distance of the nearest land or woods.'

The Oriental Bank Failure.

Widespread destitution and nearly a score of suicides have followed the failure of the Oriental bank, which was compelled to close its doors on the 3rd inst. No single failure which has occurred in Great Britain since the suspension of the City Bank of Glasgow has caused such wholesale ruin and so many cases of absolute destitution. The organization of the Oriental Bank corporation was peculiar in having over one hundred thousand shareholders, although its entire capital was only £1,500,000, so that the individual holdings of the shareholders averaged less than fifteen pounds each. Having its head offices at 40 Threadneedle street, with Sir Wm. John Walter Baynes, Bart as chairman or figurehead of the court of directors. It had branches at Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Point De Galle, Singaporoe, Colombo, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Yohohoma, Mauritius, Melburne, and Sydney. At all these points it was deemed second only in stability to the bank of England, and it attracted shoals of small investments from civil service employes, spinsters, widows, doctors, clergymen, and in fact from all classes in the English colonies at those points. Not being organized on the limited liability principle, each one of the shareholders in the concern is liable to the extent of his entire worldly possession for the debts of the bank, no matter how small his individual holding of shares may be Thousands of writs of attachment have been issued against the unfortunate shareholders both in England and the east, and it is the fact, coupled with the loss in many cases of their entire means of subsistance that has already driven a score of the unhappy inventors to desperation and death.

YOUNG QUARTZ.—It is a generally accepted theory that quartz sandstone and slate are geological formations which require thousands of years to form. A few days ago, in Virginia City, Conductor Havenor showed a specimen of quartz which never could have existed over fifteen years ago. The quartz in question was taken out of the Yellow Jack mine from between the timbers. The timbers were put in fifteen years ago, and the matter forming the quartz had apparently oozed through a crack and adhered to the timber It was about the size and had the appearance of the cauliflower. There was a mass rather soft and crumbling to the touch and in places woven together like threads; and in this mass, and a part of it, were three distinct and perfectly-formed quartz crystals. The mass had been pushed through the crack while in a plastic state and then formed in the bunch described. The specimen in the possession of Mr. Havenor shows where it adheres to the timber. He also has a piece of sandstone taken from the creek at Stevens' Mill, near Dayton. The mill was built twelve years ago, and portion of a wooden stake driven into the ground at the time is solidly and imbedded in the sandstone which is as firm and hard as any sandstone of the old sandstone period. There is a rusty nail in the wedge.

—A new style of portrait has just been brought out in London. It is painted on a slab of marble one inch in thickness, and by a peculiar process the colours are forced through the stone until an exact counterpart appears on the other side. Could the slab be cut into shavings as thin as paper, each one would have the picture on either side. There is now in New York a portrait of W. H. Vanderbilt done by this process, which cost $2,500.

—A Canadian Emigrant who has worked it out for himself writes home:—'If you have capital and intend to farm, the sooner you come the better. You will not do much at first but have patience and faith in the certain future prosperity of the country, not expecting more than the average prize from the lottery of fortune, and in four or five years you will be "all solid.

—Boston parties are negotiating for the purchase of Long Island, Blue Hill Bay, for the purpose of starting a sheep ranch. If the purchase is made, some 3000 to 4000 will be placed on the island.—*Industrial Journal.*

—'Why, Cousin Charlie, what are you doing here? I suppose I must call you doctor, now, and how are the patients, by the way'

'I don't know how how they are by the way. They never come to my office, so I haven't had a chance to enquire.'