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Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882.—

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Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 18. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1890. NO. 7.

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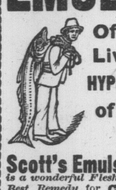
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Poetry.

If We Could Only Know.

If we could only know
Just where the words which we do speak
would go,
There would be fewer aching hearts below.

If we could only know
Just where would strike the arrows that
we throw,
There would be fewer bleeding wounds to
show.

If we could only tell
Of what use sorrows were, which us befell,
We should be comforted and know 'twas
well.

If we could only see
All the Hereafter, less dread there would be
Of the unfathomable eternity.

We cannot know, as yet we may not see;
But still there need be no uncertainty,
For we may place our hopes and fears with
Thee.

—*Alice Lena Cole in Rockland Opinion.*

On the Fence.

BY FLORENCE E. PRATT.

When it comes ter votin', why, I'm allus
on the fence.
Reason? Wall, be yeou a daddy? that's
the sarcumstence.
My Molly, she's Republican an' Joe's a
Democrat,
An' the way I'm pulled an' hauled eraoun'
would knock a feller flat.
Joe, he comes argufyin', preachin' free-
trade talk an' sich;
He sez petticoat doctrine's baoun' ter land
us in a ditch.
He sez the "party o' progress" ull git ther
soon or late—
An' Joe's ez smart a feller ez there is in all
the State.
But Molly doesn't argufy; she o'ny hangs
aroun',
An' I notice to'rds electin time thet things
is done up braown;
The coffee's got an extra snap, the buns is
wonderful light,
An' I find my slippers extry warm a-waitin'
me at night.
She never sez a word while Joe's a-layin'
down the law,
But sets an' sews a long white seam, so
meek ye never saw.
But when electin' mornin's my coat's all
brushed an' shook,
An' Molly helps me on with it an' gives me
sech a look—
I vaow! thet child git's more an' more her
mother's look agen—
An' then she smiles ter see us go a-trampin'
thro' the lane.
I vaow! I'm like a weather-cock, I shift
an' alter so,
But when it's Joe's er Molly's way—which
way d'ye think I go?

Judge.

Select Literature.

Born to Good Luck.

"You were born to good luck, Priscilla," said stout Mrs. Hackett, as she accepted a cup of fragrant tea from the hands of her niece. "You know I always said so from the time you were a baby."

Priscilla Carew looked about her, a faint smile on her lips; the room was small, the furniture old, the floor covered with a rag carpet, very much the worse for wear. The damask on the tea-table was the last of her mother's wedding set, and had been darned in every direction; and the only comfortable chair was a big wooden rocker with a faded patchwork cushion stuffed with duck's feathers. The room had a cosey look, however, for Priscilla was a born housekeeper, and about her always reigned order and cleanliness. The cook-stove was as bright as a daily polish could make it, the row of bright tin pans on the dresser shelf were without a stain, and the old dresser itself was white with innumerable scrubbings. In the family sitting-room beyond the andirons shone like gold, the bricks were newly reddened, and an immense bunch of feathery asparagus filled the empty space, for it was only on state occasions that a fire was built there. The floor was covered with a plain, dark three-ply carpet, to buy which Priscilla had made many sacrifices of youthful inclinations in the way of cuffs, collars and ribbons. A round table stood in the centre of the room, and on it were the family Bible, two small albums, a copy of Shakespeare, and a large lamp. There were half a dozen wooden chairs against the wall, and a settee covered with a cretonne cushion. On the high mantel were a pair of vases, a china shepherdess, a cup and saucer that had belonged to Priscilla's great-grandmother, and a small basket of wax fruit under a glass case.

Priscilla's gaze took in every article of furniture in the two rooms, and then her eyes rested on her mother, a faded, weary-looking woman, whose life had been one long struggle with care, privation, poverty and hard work. Priscilla always felt a little bitter toward fate when she thought of her mother. It seemed hard that even now, in her old age, her mother was obliged to toil, and to turn every penny before she spent it.

"I never thought myself very lucky, aunt," said Priscilla.

"That's because you ain't of the thankful sort," said Mrs. Hackett. "You'd find plenty o' girls willin' to step into your shoes, now you're to have old Matthew Pounce's fortune."

"O very likely, now," said Priscilla. "But don't be too sure that I'll have the fortune, Aunt Hackett. The will may be found, after all."

"Tain't likely now; they've looked everywhere for it. Simpson was up there a-searchin' before the breath was fairly out of the old man's body. Pity he died so sudden. But perhaps it's better for you, Priscilla, that he did, for he might 'a' cut you out o' your fortune. What are you going to do first, Priscilla?"

"I am going to wait until the fortune is really mine before I do anything, Aunt Hackett. Meanwhile, I shall teach school as usual."

"Well, if you ain't the queerest! You don't seem a bit set up. Some girls would 'a' gone clear out'o' their heads over such luck. But maybe you're right to hold on to your school; for Uncle Eben says it'll be some time before the estate can be settled. I'll look for you to make a good match, now, Priscilla."

A sudden flush dyed Priscilla's cheeks scarlet. Her thoughts flew to John Morris. Would he be considered a good match? Probably not, for John had only his farm and stock, and if report did not speak falsely, old Matthew Pounce had been worth one hundred thousand dollars.

Time had been when Priscilla, planning for the days to come and sure of John's love, and that he would some day ask her to be his wife, had thought of the comfort her mother would enjoy at Cloverdale Farm, her working days over forever. But now it was of Matthew Pounce's big stone house that she thought. If she were indeed heiress to a hundred thousand dollars, she would not care to live at Cloverdale Farm. But would John consent to share her wealth? Would he, for love of her, give up his independence? These were questions she could not answer.

She walked to the garden gate with Mrs. Hackett, when that good woman went away, and stood there looking out into the dusty road long after Mrs. Hackett's substantial figure had disappeared in the dusk. Priscilla had talked very little of Matthew Pounce's fortune, but she had thought of it a great deal, and had made vague plans for the future already, though in the great stone house on the hill the undertaker and his assistants were yet busy.

Matthew Pounce had never married, and Priscilla was the only child of his only nephew, and the last of the line. But she had never looked upon herself as the old man's heiress. He had been cold, crabbed and selfish, and had never been known to do a generous or kindly act. Priscilla well remembered the day, ten years before, when she had gone to the stone house to ask aid for her dying father, who would never have made the appeal himself. It had been refused in no gentle terms.

"I've never asked any one to help me," said the old man, "and I started without a dollar. What one man can do another can. When a man's down it's his own fault, usually, no one to blame for it but himself, and he can't expect other people to suffer for his faults. My money was made by hard work, and I ain't going to squander it. You won't get a cent of it now, nor after I'm gone. Don't expect it; you'd only be disappointed. My plan for disposing of my money has been cut and dried for twenty years."

The cold, heartless words came back to Priscilla now, as she stood at the gate in the dusk of the June evening, the fragrance of roses filling the air. Matthew Pounce was dead, and no will could be found. If he had died intestate, as seemed to be the case, Priscilla would have everything.

"It's only on mother's account I want it," she thought. "Poor mother! She won't know herself as mistress of Uncle Matthew's big house."

She heard the sound of horse's hoofs on the hard road, and looked up eagerly, her color brightening, as she saw John Morris on his big black mare Diana. It seemed at first as if he did not intend to stop, and Priscilla's heart turned sick with disappointment and surprise, for John seldom passed the cottage without pausing for a few words with her at least. But just beyond the gate he pulled up the mare with a jerk.

"I hear you've come in for a big fortune, Priscilla," he said, as he swung himself from the saddle. "I suppose I ought to congratulate you."

"Wait until the fortune is really mine," said Priscilla.

"O there seems to be no doubt that you'll have it," said John, gloomily. "And I can't afford to wait, for probably I shall leave here in a day or two."

The color died out of Priscilla's face. For a moment she could not utter a word.

"What do you mean, John?" she asked, when she could command her voice.

"Only that I've had an offer for the farm, and I think I'll take it. I want to try ranch life in Colorado. Cicely's going to be married next month, you know, and there'll be nothing to keep me here."

He did not look at her as he spoke, but kept his eyes on the ground.

Priscilla said nothing in reply. She was asking herself what could be the cause of the change in her lover. She could not understand it. He was usually radiant with good humor, and she had expected to talk freely to him of her changed prospects. But his air of gloom and the coldness of his manner did not invite confidence.

Her heart was very heavy when he had ridden away again, and as she washed the supper dishes and put the kitchen in order for the night she was scarcely conscious of what she was doing, so occupied was her mind with the thoughts of John Morris. It was almost a year since he had begun to be attentive to her. He had met her often as she was leaving the school-house at four o'clock, and had walked home with her, leading his horse by the bridle, and saying all sorts of pleasant things, which, while neither brilliant or witty, made Priscilla's heart beat fast, and gave her the assurance that she was beloved.

He had made a practice, too, of coming to tea on Sunday evenings, and lately had referred more than once to his dread of being very lonely when Cicely should be gong, and only old Sarah Cole left to keep him company.

And Priscilla had fondly imagined this was the prelude to asking her to make Cloverdale her home.

"Seems to me you're awful quiet this evenin', Priscilla," said her mother, who was knitting by the light of a kerosene lamp. "You don't seem a bit pleased over your fortune."

Her fortune? Priscilla had, in her misery, forgotten all about that. What did it matter if she were rich or poor, if John Morris was to be hundreds of miles away from her, roughing it on a Colorado ranch?

She cried herself to asleep that night, and dreamed that she saw John Morris married to a Colorado girl, who was terribly old and ugly and walked with a limp.

She was reminded of her dream the next morning when Cicely Morris stopped in on her way to the village, eager to talk to Priscilla about old Matthew's money.

It was Saturday, and there was no school, and Priscilla was at home, busy making cake. It was jelly cake, and the jelly was laid very thick between the thin leaves—just as John liked it.

For Priscilla cherished the hope that John might come to tea as usual the next evening.

"You don't look a bit like an heiress, Priscilla," said Cicely, "you're as sober as an owl."

"What ought I to do?" asked Priscilla.

"Well, I don't know exactly; I never saw an heiress before. I'll read up on the subject and let you know. Are you going to the funeral this afternoon? But of course you are. Everybody's going; everybody except John. He has gone to Barnesville, and won't be back till night. I shouldn't wonder if he were courting Amelia Bacon."

The knife with which Priscilla was spreading jelly dropped to the table with a clatter. She pulled open the table-drawer, and bent over it, pretending to be searching for something.

"Who is Amelia Bacon?" she asked.

"A girl he met at the country fair last year. She lives in Barnesville," answered Cicely.

"Is she ugly?" asked Priscilla, remembering her dream.

Cicely stared at her a moment.

"What a queer question!" she said. "No; She's perfectly lovely. But she isn't the sort of a girl to get along on a farm. John ought not to think of her for a moment."

Mrs. Hackett came in just then to see if Priscilla intended to wear mourning to the funeral, and so the subject of the fair Amelia was dropped. But enough had been said to add considerably to the weight on Priscilla's heart, and she began to feel as if the gulf between herself and John was growing very wide indeed.

The funeral was a long, dismal affair; the discourse commonplace and tedious; Priscilla was very glad when it was over, and she was at liberty to return home.

She had hardly removed her bonnet and the black dress she had worn out of respect to her Aunt Hackett's idea of decorum, when Mr. Simpson, her granduncle's lawyer, called to see her. His manner was the very essence of respect. It seemed to Priscilla that he did not forget for a moment that she had inherited old Matthew's money.

"There's been a thorough search made for the will, Miss Carew," he said. "But it hasn't been found. I can't account for its loss, for Mr. Pounce wasn't a man to burn one will before he had made another. And his heart was set on building a hospital for old men; he spoke of it to me often. But as things are, you're the heir, and you can move into the stone house to-morrow if you like."

"I think I'll wait awhile," said Priscilla, coolly. "I want to be on the safe side, and the will may yet be found."

"There's not much chance of it," said Mr. Simpson, but he did not argue the matter.

Priscilla put on her best dress, and tied a pink ribbon at her throat Sunday evening, for in spite of what Cicely had said about Amelia Bacon, she felt that there was a chance that John might come.

But hour after hour passed and he did not appear, and only Mrs. Carew tasted the jelly cake at supper. Priscilla would not touch it. She told herself that she was sorry she had been so foolish as to make it, and that she might have known there'd be no one to eat it except her mother.

"Let him go to Colorado," she thought, as at nine o'clock she repaired to her own room. I shan't say anything against it. And he can marry that Amelia Bacon! I don't care!"

She cried herself to sleep, nevertheless, and looked like a sheet when she came down stairs next morning.

She rode to the school-house after breakfast in Farmer Nesbitt's light wagon, having thankfully accepted the offer of a "lift;" but before she had driven a rod she wished she had gone on foot, as usual, for Mr. Nesbitt, began at once to talk of of John Morris.

"John told me last evenin' that he had to give an answer to-morrow about the farm," said the old man. "He seems set on goin' to Colorady, 'n won't wait no longer'n to get Sissy married. I don't see who first give him the notion o' goin'. I allers thought John one o' the steady sort."

Priscilla was glad when the school-house was reached and she could escape the sound of her lover's name. But she found it hard to give her thoughts to her work, and her teaching that morning was purely mechanical. She could not forget for a moment that John was going to Colorado.

At recess, as she sat at her desk trying to give her mind to the correction of some examples in multiplication, she was surprised to see her Aunt Hackett enter, breathless and excited.

"Priscilla, I've got some awful news to tell you," she cried, as she threw herself exhausted into the nearest seat. "Try to bear it, child. They've found the will—tucked away in an old dictionary. And you won't get a penny—not a penny. It all goes to a hospital. O, ain't it shameful! I declare, I could have burst right out o' cryin' when I heard it."

Priscilla had started to her feet as her aunt began to speak, but now sank into her chair again.

"I always supposed they'd find the will, Aunt Hackett," she said. "I never felt at all like an heiress. And you see I wasn't born to good luck, after all."

Mrs. Hackeet was amazed at her niece's coolness.

"Never, in all my life did I see anybody take news as easy as Priscilla," she said, later, in telling the story of her call at the school-house. "If anything, she seemed glad she lost the fortune."

It was a long, weary day to the young school-teacher, and she was destined at her desk later than usual, having to prepare some work for the morrow. It was nearly six o'clock when she locked the school-house door behind her and turned away—to see John Morris standing under a tree not a yard off.

"I've been waiting for you, Priscilla," he said, as he took from her the pile of books she was carrying. "I want to tell you that I'm not going to Colorado, after all."

"Not going!" exclaimed Priscilla. "Why have you given it up?"

"Because you've lost your fortune, Priscilla, and I want to take the place of it, if you'll have me, darling. I couldn,t ask you to be my wife if you were going to be rich, Priscilla, but—"

"And — Amelia Bacon," interrupted Priscilla. "Cicely told me—"

"A lot of nonsense. She told me about it, dear. She only wanted to find out if you really cared for me. Do you, Priscilla?"

It was quite dark when Priscilla entered the snug kitchen of her humble home, where her mother and aunt were discussing over the tea-table the loss of old Matthew's money, and wondering why Priscilla didn't come home to discuss it with them.

The girl's eyes shone like stars—her cheeks were flushed and her mouth smiling.

"Aunt Hackett," she said, bending over that comely little woman to press a kiss on her still smooth cheek, "you were right, I was born to good luck."

"Whatever do you mean, Priscilla? Gracious! to look at you one wouldn't suppose you had just lost a fortune."

"I've lost one and found another," laughed Priscilla.

And then she told them about John.

Why He Looked Skyward.

"No, we don't bounce the tramps that ride on the bumpers of our train," said a freight conductor who has a run to the West. "I presume that we carry an average of a dozen each trip, but if they remain between the cars we pretend not to see them."

"But it is against orders," was urged.

"Oh, yes, but there is a higher power than general orders, even for railroad men. Five or six years ago I used to be hard on the railroad tramp. I'd have the train looked over at every stop, and if we caught a chap he got handled pretty lively. Now-a-days I throw out a hint to the brakemen to shut both eyes, and, if the tramp don't presume too much on my good nature, no one will disturb him."

"What happened to change your mind?"

"Oh, a little incident of no interest to the public, but a great deal to me. I was married in December, three years ago. On the third night I got an order to run out out with an extra. There was a cold rain, which froze as it fell, and one of my crew got hurt at our very first stop. This left us short-handed, and as we could not supply his place I had to act for him. We were back in the mountains, running strong to make time, when the engineer whistled brakes for a grade. I climbed out of the caboose with the brakesmen, and had set two brakes and was after the third, when a lurch of the cars threw me down, and I fell between two of them. I had just one glimpse of the red-cheeked bride at home, just one swift thought of her in widow's weeds and her heart breaking, when a hand grabbed me. I was going down head first, but the strong clutch turned me over and my feet struck the bumpers. I'd have gone then, only some one put my hands on the ladder, flung his arms around me from behind to hold me there, and said:

"You are all right, old man. Your nerve will come back pretty soon."

"And it was a tramp, eh?"

"It was, and he held me there until the train reached its stop, and then helped me down, for the sudden fright had taken all my strength and nerve away. But for him I should have been ground up under the wheels. This is the reason I keep a soft spot in my heart for the genus tramp, and why, when I sometimes walk the length of every train and find every bumper occupied, I look skyward and pretend not to see as much as an old fur cap."

Alcohol, and the Heart-beats.

A a rule it is well to let the process of life in our bodies go on without noticing it, for doubtless it would make us very nervous to have the internal machinery in motion before our eyes. But to prevent people from abusing that delicate machinery, it often becomes necessary to show it; and if a person is addicted to wrong indulgence, is made "nervous" by the sight, it may save him being made something far worse.

Dr. N. Richardson, of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praises of the "Ruddy Bumper" and saying that he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him:

"Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?"

He did so. I said, "Count it carefully; what does it say?"

"Your pulse says seventy-four."

I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so and said, "Your pulse has gone down to seventy."

I then laid down on the lounge, and said:

"Will you take it again?"

"He replied. "Why it is only sixty-four; what a extraordinary thing?"

I then said, "When you lie down at night, that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent, and if you reckon it up, it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by sixty and it is six hundred; multiply it by eight hours and within a fraction it is five thousand strokes difference; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of thirty thousand ounces of lifting during the night.

"When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes and instead of getting this rest you put on something like fifteen thousand extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the 'ruddy bumper' which you say is the soul of man below."

A Practical Programme.

The Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., preached to his usually large audience in the hall of the Young Men's Christian association, New York City, Sunday morning. In conclusion he said:

"What shall we do, then, by way of practical charity? Shall we take up a hat collection of pennies to relieve suffering here or there, or shall we see that the city government fulfils the end of its creation. Our city officers now many of them, have nothing to do except to draw their salaries. Some of them find this so onerous a task that it is necessary to provide partners to assist them. It is estimated that 500 children die a week in the summer in New York for the lack of medical attention. Shall we take up a penny collection, or shall we out of the office of the city chamberlain or sheriff provide a fund that will be large enough to relieve every case of want during the the whole year?

"The laws of our city sould embody the moral sentiment of the people. The law to-day is miles behind the moral sentiment. What can you do? You can talk, you can howl, you can write, you can growl, you can vote, you can fight, and you can help every other man who is doing likewise. Let every Christian man be a messenger of the living God to do this work. Never let up until law shall embody the true moral sentiment of the community. And then press on and educate the people further until an open career and equal opportunity shall be the heritage of all."—*New York Evening Post.*

An Old Love Letter's Aid.

HOW THE TENDER MISSIVE PROVED A SOLDIER'S AID TO A PENSION.

Mr. Mayer, the special examiner of the bureau of pensions, told of a man who lives in Butler county. He is paralyzed from a sunstroke received while on the march to Washington to the grand review after the surrender of Lee. Not a man could be found to assist in proving his claim. All his comrades of the march were scattered or dead. There was not a scrap of paper of official record.

"I was satisfied," said Mr. Mayer, "that here was a genuine case. His story was always consistent, and then he was a comparatively helpless paralytic. He could move about a little, but could do no work. I tried in every imaginable way to get him to recall something that would give me a clue, but visit after visit to him brought nothing.

"I finally asked him one day if he ever wrote letters home, and if he might not have written about that time.

"'Why, yes,' said he, 'I used to write to my sweetheart.'

"'And where is she now?' I asked.

"There she is.'

"'Did you ever save any of those letters, madam?" I inquired. (Just as though a woman didn't always save her love letters, tied up in a ribbon.)

"Why, yes, I believe all the letters he ever wrote me are upstairs somewhere now,' she replied. Pretty soon she came back with a worn and faded package of letters from her then sweetheart, describing the very incident of the sunstroke. He had written her as soon as he had recovered sufficiently, and told how the day was oppressive and the march to Washington hot and dusty, and how he had been overcome with the heat and had fallen out by the wayside and had lain under a tree all day long while the columns were marching by.

"That letter to his sweetheart carried the day. It got him his pension. He had been trying ever since 1865 until recently to secure it. It was a case in which I became profoundly interested, and I rejoiced with him."—*Chicago News.*

OLD ROMAN MASONRY WORK.—In all old Roman masonry work, says *Engineering News*, the several blocks of stone were united by strong iron clamps, which effectually prevented the formation of cracks. To avoid corrosion of these clamps they were thickly coated with lead, which seems to have proved an excellent protection. Recent excavations near Moirans, France, which laid bare the remains of some Roman water conduits, are said to show this in a striking manner. Several large square blocks of dressed stone, weighing in the neighborhood of a hundred weight each, which were there found, were united by such lead-covered clamps, which had become so firmly imbedded that the blocks could be separated only by blasting. The iron, even after the lapse of eighteen centuries, is said to have been in a good state of preservation.

—The progress of languages spoken by the different nations is said to be as follows: English, which at the commencement of the century was spoken by only 22,000,000 of people, is now spoken by 100,000,000. Russian is now spoken by 68,000,000, against 30,000,000 at the beginning of the century. In 1801 German was spoken by only 35,000,000 of people; today over 70,000,000 talk in the same language that William II. does. Spanish is now used by 44,000,000 of people, against 30,000,000 in 1800; Italian by 32,000,000, instead of 18,000,000; Portuguese by 13,000,000, instead of 8,000,000. This is for English an increase of 312 per cent.; for Russian, 120 per cent.; for German, 70 per cent.; for Spanish, 26 per cent., etc. In the case of French, the increase has been from 34,000,000 to 46,000,000 or 36 per cent.

—That there are as many ways of reform as there are needs was illustrated at a discussion of the New York Quill Club. To the question. "If you had the power to effect but one social reform, what would it be?" one speaker advocated a sharper line of demarkation between the church and the world; another favored the suppression of the liquor traffic; another made a plea for the establishment of coffee houses; another spoke in behalf of moral training in public schools; one speaker argued in favor of the principle "America for Americans;" and the last advocated a more just and equitable division of wealth.

—Being refused state-room accommodation for himself on the steamer *Drew*, of the People's Line, from New York to Albany, Rev. Albert P. Miller, of New Haven, Connecticut, a clergyman of African descent, brought suit for damages. The jury gave him a verdict of five hundred dollars. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, which sustains the decision.

—Since the recent experiments with smokeless powder in Germany the question of the suppression of the spiked helmet has been much agitated. The chiefs of the equipment bureau would do away with it in a moment if they but knew by what to replace it. The shining point in smokeless warefare will be a splended aim for long range riflemen.

A Boon to Mankind.

The quickest, surest and best remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore threat, soreness and lameness, is Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It quickly cures sprains, bruises, burns, frostbites, chilblains, etc. For croup, colds, quinsy, etc., take ten to thirty drops on sugar, and apply the oil externally also when immediate relief will result.

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