



VOL. 6.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 23, 1878.

NO. 27

Weekly Monitor, PUBLISHED Every Wednesday at Bridgetown. SANOTON and PIPEB, Proprietors.

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Advertising Rates. ONE INCH.—First insertion, 25 cents; every subsequent insertion, 15 cents; one month, \$1.00; three months, \$2.50; six months, \$4.50; twelve months, \$8.00.

Insolvent Act of 1875, and Amending Acts. In the Matter of R. D. Macdonald, an Insolvent.

Marble Works. ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE. FALCONER & WHITMAN are now manufacturing

Monuments & Gravestones. Of Italian and American Marble.

Granite and Freestone Monuments. Having erected Machinery in connection with the Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad.

A Word to the Wise! Just received at Moir's Musical Warehouse from the first makers and largest factories in England, Germany, America and Canada, \$50,000 worth of

PIANOS AND ORGANS, consisting of— First Class Grand, Square and Cottage PIANOS, First Class Palace and Uxbridge ORGANS;

First Class Gothic Organs, Made especially for Churches, Schools, Lodges, Public Halls, etc. Persons wishing organs for the above purposes will find their advantage to call and examine for themselves.

Chaloner's Drug Store, DIGBY, N. S.

THE Proprietor who has been established in St. John the past thirty years, has opened a Branch Store in Digby, N. S. He keeps a superior stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Brushes, Soaps, Combs, Spices, Fancy Toilet Goods, Feeding bottles with Extra fittings, &c., &c.

Bill Heads in all sizes and styles executed at this office at reasonable rates.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway. Time Table, COMMENCING Tuesday, 3rd June, 1878.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, Station, Express Daily, P.M., F.M., S.A., and GOING EAST, Station, Express Daily, P.M., F.M., S.A.

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NOTICE. ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late Chas. Barons, of St. John's, Annapolis County, are notified to present the same, duly attested, within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to John McKeown, Jr., of Wilmot, to whom I have given Power of Attorney for the transaction of said business.

NOVA SCOTIA LLOYD'S MARINE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION, —OR— Annapolis Royal.

THE undersigned are Insuring on MARINE RISKS, at the lowest current rates that the business can be done with safety to the assured. All losses promptly paid on receipt of proof and adjustment.

THOS. S. WHITMAN, Attorney. ROBERT MILLS, SAM'L MCCORMICK, W. M. WEATHERSPOON, Directors.

GREENGLASS, Small Ware, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Ladies' Collars and Ties, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Hats and Caps.

POCKET AND TABLE CUTLERY, together with a select stock of BOOTS AND SHOES.

MINNIE I. WADE. Bridgetown, May 1st, 1878.

BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN BOOK STORE. So universally known for many years at 101 Granville Street, has taken a move to the upper and shady side of the same street.

Stylish & Comfortable LADIES' AND GENTS' LINEN ULSTERS,

FOR SALE BY B. STARRATT. Paradise, June 17th, 1878.

Call and inspect the New Stock JEWELRY

PLATED WARE, now being shown at the Bidgetown Jewelry Store.

Diphtheria Conquered! UNPARALLELED SUCCESS. DR. J. D. DAVIS' NEWLY DISCOVERED REMEDIES & ORIGINAL METHOD OF TREATMENT.

Poetry. LIFE. Thou little span of life, who calls thee long? But yesterday beside the brown stream's margin

Yet, while the quick days rush to nearing goal, And youth and manhood hurry into age, With tender thoughts, but with no strange despair

For swift as that brown stream by which we played Deep as the dell our fairy comrades trod, Shows life to man, who is her passing guest;

Select Literature. The Man over the Way. BY ALFRED W. COLE.

When a man has no business of his own to attend to, it is notorious that he is very fond of meddling with his neighbors.

When I awoke that I belong to the class of bachelors I have mentioned, a chaotic reader would naturally conclude that I was a madman.

From that day we never met; we are obliged to be more cautious about our correspondence, and the baker's man's fees have risen in consequence.

I have been to him. What a strange interview? Let me describe it. I knocked at the door, and asked to see the gentleman on the first floor.

What do you want? asked he with the utmost abruptness. I never felt so awkward in my life. I fully expected a polite bow, and an inquiry

In consequence of this idea, I am become as curious (so far as this individual is concerned) as any of the old half-pays, or maiden ladies, or unencumbered widows, I have mentioned.

Consult me! I'm not a doctor, nor a lawyer, nor an astrologer, nor any other infernal humbug, said the man.

Then what the deuce do you mean by intruding on my privacy? he asked; 'go away directly.'

The last words were uttered very much in the style and tone in which people commonly address a dog who has misconducted himself.

in the style and tone in which people commonly address a dog who has misconducted himself. I was very angry—though I begin to suspect now that I had no right to be so.

'I shall do nothing of the kind,' said I, in a rage; and I sat down in the nearest chair.

The Man stared at me in a way that made me suspect he contemplated suddenly seizing the poker, and cracking my skull with it; but instead of doing so, he gradually sunk into his chair, and said—

'I know a great deal about it,' was the reply. 'I know that you are a weak, little young man, whose only occupations are writing twaddling love-letters, and exercising impertinent curiosity upon my movements.'

'As for the first accusation, sir,' cried I, 'I deny that I write twaddle, and I should like to know how you can speak so positively about my writing love-letters.'

'And as for the second accusation—your impertinent curiosity about myself—continued the Man, 'you say nothing, because you know you are guilty. We may differ in our ideas as to 'twaddle,' sir; but I call comparisons of a young lady's eyes when crying, to violets bathed in dew-drops, the inane and most unwhisk twaddle.'

'I started,—for, by Jove, it was the very comparison I had used in one of my latest letters to Julia, though I don't think it was a twaddling one after all.'

'How do you know the contents of my letter, sir?' I exclaimed. 'Letters that have to pass through the hands of baker's men, cooks, and ladies' maids, are not likely to have their contents greatly respected,' replied the Man.

'The deuce!' I exclaimed, wondering which of the wretches had betrayed me. 'However,' continued my host, as if divining my suspicions, 'you need not think that I get my information from baker's men, cooks, or ladies' maids. I never talk to such people.'

'That's my affair,' said the Man, interrupting me. 'Perhaps you will now explain what it was you came here to consult me on.'

'Really, sir,' I answered, 'you seem to know so many things, and in such mysterious ways, that perhaps you know my affair as well as I can tell you.'

'No, I don't,' was the reply; 'but I'll tell you all I do know. I know that you are a young man cured with a small inheritance—that you fell in love with the pretty face of the daughter of a leather merchant—that the leather merchant, like a sensible man, refused to let his daughter marry you, and kicked you out of the house.'

'I handed him the letter, which he just glanced over, and then said, 'follow me.' He led me to the next room, where three fellows were driving their quills with all their might.'

'Mr. Jackson,' cried old Snuggles to one of them; 'Mr. Plastic, here (that's my self) has come to join you; be good enough to set him to work, and, so saying, he left the room.'

Work! what did I know about work, and how was my working to get me Julia for my wife? Certainly, I had a dim suspicion that the old gentleman meant, that if I worked I might improve my income, and thus be entitled to ask for her hand with a better chance of success than an idle man with £200 a year. Rather a slow process, I feared; but what sort of work was I to perform? I had no profession; I was unacquainted with any art; nor could I paint or teach music. I could write poetry, certainly; at least, Julia and I think so; but I doubt whether 'The Man over the Way' could take that work.

After three days of reflection, I determined to pay the Man another visit. 'What do you want?' he asked in the same tone as before.

'To work,' replied I, briefly. 'Good,' said he, 'go and do it!' 'But I don't know what to work at—I have no profession.'

'Go and break stones,' he replied; 'the workhouses are empty just now—the roads want laborers.'

I turned away in disgust. 'Of course you can, though, love-letters. It is not the best hand in the world, but it may be improved. You had better get a situation as junior clerk in a merchant's office—no salary the first year; sixty pounds the second, eighty the third, and so on.'

'Thank you,' said I, very angry. 'Even if I were disposed to do so, I know no mercantile houses in London.' 'I'll get you the situation,' was the reply. 'If you reject it, don't come near me again.'

Who shall describe my feelings at this moment? To fancy myself a common clerk—me! the best-dressed man of my means on town, the most refined in taste, the greatest lover of everything 'business-like' or common—'to be a clerk, a snob, a quill-driver'—On the other hand, to lose this strange friend (if I could so call him) before me, to be unable to apply for his advice, to lose the chance of also gaining Julia—for I did think that this would follow my rejection of the offer—what should I do?

'If I accept,' said I, after a pause, 'will you guarantee me—'

'Nothing,' was the reply that cut me short. 'I tell you to work, and I offer you the means of doing so—that's all.'

'I accept,' I cried in desperation. The Man took a pen and wrote a short note, which he handed me to read. It was simply a letter of recommendation of the bearer, for employment in 'the house of the firm to which was addressed.

I handed it back with thanks. He wrote the directions and gave me the letter. It was addressed, 'Messrs. Snuggles & Co.'

'Why?' exclaimed I. 'It is to the father of—'

'Exactly—no such the better; he will ask you no questions, but give you the situation.'

He showed me out of the room; and when I reached the street, I stood still for a few minutes in perfect bewilderment. Could this 'Man over the Way,' have dealings with the devil, that he exercised so strange an influence over me, and seemed to guide me as he pleased? And then, what could be his connection with the Snuggles family that made him so confident of my procuring the situation through him? I determined to deliver the letter, at all events.

I made my way to Thames Street, where I am sure I never set foot before. I found the house of Snuggles & Co. Eighty how the place smelt of leather. I asked for Mr. Snuggles, and I was shown into his office.

'Good day, sir,' said Snuggles, 'glad to see you here.'

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The Weekly Monitor.

BRIDGETOWN, OCTOBER 23, 1878.

THE NEW GOVERNOR GENERAL.

Lord Dufferin has left our shores... His success as Her Majesty's Representative on this continent is well known, and is as appreciably appreciated in London as at Ottawa.

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RAMBLES.

However pleasant our every-day home and hearthstone may be, and however strong our attachment may be to the apartment in which we have slept for years, it is enjoyable at times to indulge in a ramble abroad.

within our own County, many out of the way places of enchanting scenic picturesqueness and beauty.

Almost every body in the County that ever goes from home at all, has seen old Annapolis Royal, the ancient "seat of government" in Nova Scotia; but how few of them have ever visited Lequille, only two miles away, though one of the most charming localities imaginable.

"THE LAND WE LIVE IN."

The above is a standard toast at all our festive gatherings; and many who indifferently respond to it, may have but little genuine patriotism in their hearts.

proportion to the inhabitants, transceads in tonnage that of any other country in the world. The sails of our ships written every sea. Their voyaging is co-extensive with the utmost range of commercial enterprise.

BRIDGETOWN DRAMATIC CLUB.

The first entertainment of this club was given at Victoria Hall, on Tuesday evening of last week. The plays presented were "The Last Load," in two parts, and a farce entitled "More Frightened than Hurt."

MELVERN SQUARE.

A match game of Base Ball was played on Saturday last, between the Melvern, B. C. C., and the Melvern, B. C. C., on the former's grounds, resulting in a victory for the Melvern's, with a score of 21 to 18.

Table with columns for names and scores, listing individuals like J. B. Smith, J. A. Jones, etc.

NEW FURNITURE DEPOT!

Having imported a large stock of Elegant New Furniture, from the United States, I solicit the Public in general to call and inspect the same.

OUR OBITUARY.—It will be seen by reference to our death notices that another of our old and respected residents has been removed by the unsparring hand of death.

STOLEN.

FROM the premises of MR. WALLACE YOUNG, on October 18th, A SORREL HORSE WITH WHITE FACE AND WHITE FEET.

FALL OF 1878.

I HAVE just received from England, per latest steamer balance of FALL IMPORTATION, The Largest, Cheapest, most Stylish, and the Greatest Variety I have ever offered.

Mr. J. H. Fisher,

an experienced cutter from the States, and an expert in all the latest styles and on the shortest notice.

NEW GOODS!

Autumn, 1878

Runciman, Randolph & Co.

and now ready for inspection.

ENTERTAINMENT.

The 6th of November, VICTORIA HALL, BRIDGETOWN

THERE will be a Grand Entertainment, of a novel and pleasing character, given by the Sunday School Children of St. James' Church, assisted by the choir and several talented ladies and gentlemen.

Very BEAUTIFUL TABLEAUX such as a representation of the four Seasons, SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, WINTER.

The May Queen, and Execution of King Charles I. will be presented—alone worth the price of admission.

Admission, 20c. Children, 10c.

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Warehouses, Opposite the Bridgetown Railway Station.

I AM also prepared to attend to all wishing my services as an UNDERTAKER, having imported a NEW HEARSE for the purpose.

John Z. Bent, Bridgetown, Oct. 23rd, 1878.

New Advertisements.

JUST RECEIVED.

Ladies' and Gents' Fur Caps, Mens' Fur and Felt Hats, Lined Gloves and Mitts.

MUFFS, RUBBERS & OVERBOOTS.

LAWRENCEVILLE, Oct. 23rd, 1878.

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John Z. Bent, Bridgetown, Oct. 23rd, 1878.

New Advertisements.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of ZACHARIAH DANIELS, late of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within six months from this date.

New Fall Goods.

Consisting of— Overcoats, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Fur Caps, Mitts, Gloves, etc.

Wanted!

500 Bbls. GOOD POTATOES.

MONEY TO LEND,

at 6 per cent.

WHOLESALE Hardware!

Clarke, Kerr, & Thorne.

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WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE,

Canterbury Street, FALL. 1878. FALL.

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Continued from first page.

During the whole of this time, I had seen nothing of 'The Man over the Way.' He had mysteriously vanished the very day after I had parted with him, when he sent me to the office.

'Mr. Plastic' said old Sniggles, when I entered his room one day, with some office work I had just done, 'will you dine with me to day? My daughter will be glad to see you.'

'Could I believe my ears? How the words thrilled through me! I accepted the invitation, of course, but in what terms I do not know. I was so flustered, that, for the first time since my clerks, I made several blunders in my work that day.

'She is yours, my boy—she is yours,' said old Sniggles, almost whispering as he spoke; 'you're a man now, and you ought to be able to take care of your partner for life if you'll have her; and, by Jove, sir, you shall be my partner too, if you like.'

'I was overjoyed, but still bewildered. The truth is, dear Charles,' said Julia, 'we owe all this happiness to your father's kindness, and the interest of my own mercenary friends. Since our separation he has been my confidant; and he promised that he would make it his business to forward my happiness. He determined to do this for me, and even to call on you; but I believe you saved him the trouble of doing that. My father agreed to all his plans; and I have been through your probation nobly. My father has told you so. Let me now present you to my uncle—an old acquaintance of yours.

'The opponents of tobacco in all its forms, though they seem less active than formerly in this country, are abroad now reviving their crusade against the accursed and seductive weed with unusual energy. Societies have just been formed in France for the purpose of putting down as best they can by moral suasion, the tobacco practice of the natives of that country, and one of the chiefs of the tobacco reformers has recently published a somewhat startling statement as to the almost universal use of the weed among the natives of France. His history is certainly an interesting one, whatever we may think of its lesson, of the value of moral suasion in the case of the natives of France. The lively Gaul begins to smoke as a rule at school and at the early age of eleven, and as smoking is the chief amusement of the French lower classes the workmen trudge to their daily labor pipe in mouth, and would as soon think of leaving a bit of food at home as their cheap two-soon pipe. In the army every officer, from the stippling sub-lieutenant to the Marshal-Peigneur, smokes incessantly, and the author composes, the artist lays on his colors, with pipe or cigarette in mouth; the shop-keeper leaves his shop in care of his boys for many times a day, to have a pull at his beloved pipe at the tavern round the corner; the honorable deputy smokes as he awaits the train that is to take him to Versailles; the stockholder, as he lies him to the Bourne, leans on the Boulevard and chews the pipe in the hands of the front window, the advocate as he reads his brief on his way to the Palais de Justice, do all these things under the soothing influence of tobacco. It is said, indeed, that there are only two classes of Frenchmen who do not smoke; the cabmen, because they are not constantly under the vigilant watch of the police, and the transients, because they reach the cars of their mishap. Thus, the new anti-tobacco societies have no real targets at which to hurl their anathemas, no want of heart on every hand to convert to their own abhorrence of the weed. The progress of tobacco being, and especially of smoking—for few Europeans care, and the fine old patrician practice of snuff taking is going on, as usual, indeed, amazingly rapid beyond the Atlantic. The large majority of males in every civilized country smoke habitually. It used to be said that excessive smoking was the cause of the decline of the Turks in vigor and enterprise; but it is doubtful whether there has not been as much smoking in the ranks of the Moscovites and Cossacks, during consolation, as in the stormily-fighting, and finally defeated legions of Islam.—Apollon's Journal.

'An infernal machine' loaded with nitro-glycerine was addressed to a lady at San Angelo, Mexico, and opened recently in the presence of six ladies and gentlemen, killing every person but one. The box was supposed to contain valuables which had been blessed by the Pope. No possible reason can be assigned for the assassination, unless, as surmised, some disordered lover of the lady to whom it was addressed took this cruel method of revenge.

'At Syracuse, N. Y., a lad named Hoffman, 14 years of age, put an ounce of arsenic in his father's tea, and the old man died in about half an hour. The other Hoffman had been in the habit of beating his wife; the boy had mentioned the fact to a neighbor woman, and by her advice killed his father. He has confessed the crime and thinks he has "done a good thing," and that he "might as well sing as cry about it."

'When their daughters are infants, mothers are anxious to keep matches out of their reach; to put matches within their reach is their great anxiety when their daughters are older.

FRONTIER LIFE.

THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH INDIANS.

Among the many encounters with the Indians that have given a startling interest to the history of the Texas frontier, few are more remarkable than the following:—

On the 7th day of August, 1873, Henry Dillard, a young man about twenty years of age, was returning from Fort Griffin to his home on the Brazos. He had been to the Fort to sell a load of produce on the day before. He was driving a wagon with his little brother Willie, about thirteen years old.

Henry attended a ball on the night previous. Dillard felt drowsy. When about fifteen miles from the Fort, as he was dozing on the wagon seat, little dreaming of the fearful drama which was about to be enacted, he was suddenly aroused by the sound of laughter and the tramping of horses. He had driven almost into the mist of a night of thirty Indian warriors, who were moving towards him. Instantly comprehending the situation, he reached down and picked up his gun. The foremost Indian, who was nearly abreast of him, now fired at Dillard, the ball cutting away his temporal lock and burning the scalp. Dillard fired a shot or two, but found that the shields of the Indians were proof against his bullets. He then shot one Indian below the shield, breaking his thigh and the backbone of his horse.

Calling upon Willie to follow him, he sprang from the wagon and began to move toward a ravine about a quarter of a mile to the right. His arms were a Spencer rifle and six-shot revolver. Willie also had a six-shot revolver. The Indians immediately surrounded them, galloping in a circle, keeping up a constant yelling and firing. They were armed with Spencer rifles and bullet-proof shields. Sometimes running, sometimes walking, sometimes at bay, the two boys approached the ravine. At the first fire Willie's six-shot revolver was rendered useless by the blowing out of a portion of the cylinder. Henceforward only service was carried by the cartridges for his brother. At one time Henry fell on his face. An Indian dashed up to take his scalp, but was shot by Dillard before he could reach the ground. At another time he heard Willie cry, "Henry! look here." The boy was running around a mesquite bush, followed by an Indian, who was trying to grasp him by the clothes. Henry ran up and shot the Indian and the two boys continued their retreat. On they struggled, the Indian charging back and forth, circling, yelling and attempting to ride them down or dash them to the earth with the barrels of his carbines. On they pushed, seizing every advantage of advantage, loading, firing, dodging, turning, but ever advancing towards the ravine, where the instinct of the young braves pointed them to shelter. The Indians were terrible; their tongues were swollen and the skin slipped from the soles of their feet. But on they pressed—to pass was to die. The effort was a struggle, and at length reached it and sprang into the brush with which it was fringed. But one of the Indians had arrived before them, and was trying to grasp him by the hand. Dillard discovered him, attempted to shoot, but his piece was now empty. The Indian seeing this, inhaled his horse and dashed up to him, catching him by the hand, and was shot by Dillard through the body with his pistol. He turned and rode away to the main body. The boys now returned to the ravine, and Dillard discovered that he had lost his horse, and was shot by Dillard through the body with his pistol. He turned and rode away to the main body. The boys now returned to the ravine, and Dillard discovered that he had lost his horse, and was shot by Dillard through the body with his pistol. He turned and rode away to the main body.

On hearing his report, General Buell immediately sent an officer with a sufficient number of men to pursue the Indians. These had divided, the main body taking to the right, and a smaller party, with the dead and wounded, a left hand trail. In two or three days, about the heads of the Wichita, they came upon a camp which had been recently destroyed by the Indians. Three dead horses, each with a wound in the neck, made of grass and deeply blood-stained, were found in this camp. No signs of any human life were seen. Noticing some buzzards circling around a mountain near by, some of the party ascended it and found where the Indians had partly burned three bodies—they had doubtless died in the camp. They also found here a memorandum book of Dillard's, which he had lost in the fight a few days before.

This is one of the most remarkable escapes ever made. These boys had led a life of adventure, and had been through an open prairie, with only an occasional shrub growing upon it, surrounded by a well-armed body of thirty mounted savages, who must have fired five hundred shots at them, at the distance of only a few feet; and yet neither of them had lost a drop of blood. Besides the horses, whose bones are still lying on the field of battle, Henry Dillard had killed the three Indians who had died in the camp, besides those that had been carried away from the field and burned the first day. The officer commanding the troops reported that Dillard had killed and wounded eleven.

Mr. Dillard now lives ten miles from Fort Griffin down the Clear Fork, not far from the scene of his thrilling adventure. He is about 5 feet 9 inches high slender, erect and quick in movement, with brown hair and handsome features. He has a clear, penetrating gray eye. At the special request of the writer he gave him the above account a few days ago. The adventure is well known in the western country and has procured its hero a high reputation for unyielding courage. He is a native of Kentucky and came to Texas about six years ago.

'Fancy goes a long way—'Oh mother, I don't want to go to school today. I have got such a bad pain in my head.' 'Very well, you shall stay at home and take some physic.' 'Oh, it don't matter, I'll go then; I've got the pain, but it don't hurt a bit.'

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against buying or negotiating a certain Note of Hand drawn in favor of GEORGE MOIR, of Farmington, dated on or about the 1st of July last, due in six months from date, for the sum of thirty-five dollars. Not having a grooved value, I shall resist payment of the same. ELLA BALLENTINE, Victoria, Vale, Aug. 12th, 1878.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of SAMUEL T. NEELY, Esquire, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within six months from this date; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to—

L. S. MORSE, } Executors. BRIDGETOWN, April 30th, 1878. 6m 2t

Established 1814.

L. H. DEVEBER & SONS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Will offer at their New Warehouse, Prince Wm. St., On or about the 15th MARCH, a perfectly New and Extensive Stock

of DRY GOODS in all the Departments.

ALSO: A Very Large Stock of Groceries,

To which they would call the attention of Special Indulgences offered to CASH purchasers.

NOTICE. THE Subscribers wish to call the attention of the Public to their

SPRING IMPORTATIONS, consisting of Boots and Shoes, Tweeds and Cloths of all kinds, Crockery, Groceries, Timothy, Clover and Garden Seeds.

Also, they would call the attention of BUILDERS to their Stock of Nails of all kinds, Paint, Oil, Glass, Putty, Zinc, Tar, and Sheathing Paper, Locks, Keys, Hinges, &c.

Also, CARRIAGE STOCK consisting of Spokes, Rims, Bent S. Hubs and Ralls, Enamelled Cloth, Enamelled Leather and Dasher Leather, with a variety of other articles.

SHELF HARDWARE of all kinds. FLOUR and MEAL always on hand. The flour will be sold low for Cash.

BEALES & DODGE, Middleton, April 28th, 77.

Advertisement for I. MATHESON & CO., ENGINEERS, NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Advertisement for BOILER MAKERS, Manufacturers of PORTABLE & STATIONARY Engines and Boilers.

Advertisement for FERVOROUS PHYSICAL DEBILITY, A gentleman, having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple and reliable cure.

Advertisement for 1878. STOCK for 1878. Spring Trade now complete at CONNOLLY'S CENTRAL BOOK STORE.

Advertisement for Extra Fine Stationery, Bank, Post, Parchment, Cream Laid, Ruled, Plain and Water Lined.

Advertisement for ENVELOPES in Great Variety, FASHIONABLE STATIONERY, in handsome boxes—64 varieties to select from.

Advertisement for BLANK BOOKS, in Every Binding, NEW NOVA SCOTIA SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS.

Advertisement for Cheapest and best Series now in use, and every article used in the School Room, for sale low. Wrapping Paper, Paper Bags—all sizes and qualities, Taylor's, Carter's and Stephens' Celebrated Taps, Lead Pencils of every stamp, Room Paper, Green Paper and Paper shades.

Advertisement for Wholesale and Retail, THOMAS P. CONNOLLY, Cor. Granville and George Sts., Halifax, N. S. may 31 77 1y 1m.

MORSE & PARKER, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Conveyancers, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC. BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, } J. G. H. PARKER, } Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, 76. 1y

GILBERT'S LANE DYE WORKS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

IT is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dyeing to make them look as good as new. Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemen's Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c., &c. dyed on reasonable terms. BLACK GOODS a specialty.

AGENTS—Annapolis, W. J. SHANNON, Merchant; Digby, Miss Waugh, Millinery and Dry Goods. A. L. LAW.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

IN order to meet the demands of our numerous customers, we beg to announce that we have added to our extensive

Slipper and Larrigan Manufactory the necessary Machinery for the Manufacture of Men's, Women's, Misses', & Children's BOOTS AND SHOES in all the leading styles.

By continuing, as in the past, to use first quality of material, we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage in our new branch of business, as well as a continuance of public favor in our old business.

Vincent & McFate, 240 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

CARD.

G. T. BOHAKER, Barrister & Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Middleton, Annapolis Co., N. S. 216m 12t

FLOUR.

300 BBL. FLOUR just received, including the well known brands of—

Glit Edge, Star, Major, Mansfield, Avon, Middleton, Clarkburg, Rosewood, J. & W. F. HARRISON, 39 1/2 Portland Bridge, St. John, N. B.

Bags, Bags, Bags!

We have now on hand a large invoice of Paper Bags,

direct from the Paper Mill, made to our order. The stock comprises all sizes used by the trade viz:—

1lb, 1 1/2, 2lb, 3lb, 4lb, 5lb, 6lb, 7lb, 8lb, 9lb, 10lb, 12lb, 14lb, 16lb, 18lb, 20lb, 25lb, 30lb, 35lb.

Store Keepers supplied at LOWER PRICES than they can import them. Send in your orders. SANCTON & PIPER, Monitor Office, Bridgetown, Jan. 23rd, 1878.

New Stock!

Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready-Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Crockery ware.

AT LOW PRICES, to suit the times. FRED. LEAVITT, Lawrencetown, Nov. 7th, 77

KNOW THYSELF.

By reading and practicing the inestimable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled 'KNOW THYSELF'—PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL MEDICAL ASSOCIATION. Price only 50 cts. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the causes thereof, and contains more than 60 original prescriptions, many of which are the most celebrated in America, to whom was awarded a gold and silver medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—valued at one dollar—sent FREE to all who send for it at once. Address THE NATIONAL MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

HEAL THYSELF.

W. S. WHYTAL & CO., Manufacturers of Sole, Harness, Grain Wax, Buff, Polish, Oil, Putty, Welt, Rigging and Split.

LEATHERS.

Importers and dealers in French Calf, C. D. Fronts, English Fitted Uppers, Shoe Findings, Trunks and Carriers' Tools, Rubber and Leather Belting, Laid Leather, &c.

Being the Oldest Established Leather and Finding Business in the Province, we are enabled to offer Cash Customers the MOST LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS. The highest cash price paid for Hides.

228 Hollis Street, Halifax. Tannery, Three-mile House, Bedford Road

S. Dennison, Queen St., Bridgetown.

Has now completed his Spring Stock of DRY GOODS, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ready-made Clothing, &c., to which he invites the inspection of the General Public. In addition to the above I have a stock of

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

will be found all articles usually in use. In addition to the above I have a stock of Crockery ware, Farming Utensils, Paints, Flour, Meal, Zinc, Oilcloths, &c.

All of which will be sold to meet the hard times. S. DENNISON, Bridgetown, May 14th, 1878. 4y

SPRING STOCK.

New Goods. LOWEST PRICES.

WE have re-stocked all our retail Departments with a large stock of NEW SPRING GOODS, of British and Foreign Manufacture, personally selected by our Mr. ALLISON, and have much pleasure in offering them to our friends and the general public as

Extra Good Value. All goods marked and sold at Lowest Cash Prices. No Discount! No Second Prices!

Manchester, Robertson & Allison, St. John, N. B.

Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist, WOULD respectfully inform his friends that he is now in BRIDGETOWN, to fill engagements previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please not delay. Jan. 10th 77. 236

BETTER STILL.

THE Subscribers have lately received per 1000 Bbls. Choice Flour, 100 do. K. D. Corn Meal, 'Gold Drop,' 100 Bags Fresh Graham Meal, 50 do. Cracked Corn. Arrived to-day per 'T. B. Harris,' direct from Mills—200 Bbls. Flour, 'Michter's,' 'White Eagle,' and 'Avalanche.' Also in stock—50 Boxes Layer Raisins, do. 1 boxes 'Porto Rico' Sugar-Texas, Biscuits, Spices, etc. Salt, coarse and fine, Pickled, Dry and Smoked Fish. A few casks of Kerosene, one cask 25 cents. Agent for Higgins, Crow & Co.'s Confectionery. RANDALL, HIGGINS & CO., Opposite Railway Station, Annapolis, Jan. 16th, 1877.

S. R. FOSTER & SON'S STANDARD Nail, Shoe & Tack Works. ST. JOHN, N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1840. (Formerly W. H. ADAMS' CITY NAIL WORKS) Orders solicited, prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. ap10

GLASS! GLASS!

1000 Boxes GLASS, in all sizes, at cheap rates. White Lead, Oils, Brushes, Paper Hangings of all kinds, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

The trade supplied on reasonable terms at 22 German St., St. John, N. B.

BLAKSLEE & WHITEHEAD, sept 50 y

Queen St., Bridgetown, September 27th, 1877.

JUST RECEIVED. A Fresh Supply of TEA & SUGAR, Rankin's Celebrated BISCUITS! CONFECTIONERY, &c.

Also a lot of LAYER RAISINS BY BOX OR RETAIL. VERY LOW. MRS. L. C. WHEELOCK. BRIDGETOWN, Sept. 26th, 77

EIGHT YEARS FOR HOFFMAN.

THE MAN WITH FIFTEEN WIVES PUT OUT OF THEIR REACH. From the N. Y. World, Sept. 25th.] For nearly an hour before Recorder Hackett took his seat on the bench in Part I. of the Court of General Sessions yesterday, the narrow pen set apart for witnesses was occupied by nine of all ages, from sixteen to sixty, and dressed in divers costumes, from cheap calico to expensive silks and laces. Several of them were in mourning, and their faces were concealed by veils. They were nine of the fifteen German widows, each of whom claims Adolph Hoffman as their husband. One of them had a baby who amused the spectators by squealing lustily.

'Adolph Hoffman,' called Assistant District Attorney Rollins, 'Mrs. Geiger, Mrs. Eckstein, Mrs. Bergner, and Hoffman's associates in matrimonial misfortunes stopped their conversation and watched Mr. Hoffman, who stepped briskly out. A roar of laughter greeted him from all parts of the room. 'You are indicted for bigamy,' said Clerk Hall, 'in marrying Mary Belschneider when your first wife, Fanny Eckstein, was living.' 'What! how many more?' Hoffman was reminded until Fanny Eckstein could be substituted for the Belschneider. An officer was detailed to escort him back to the prisoner's coop past his nine wives. At 2.30 he was again arraigned.

'You are indicted for bigamy,' said Clerk Hall, 'in marrying Fanny Eckstein. Are you guilty or not guilty?' 'Guilty,' replied Hoffman after he had looked at the faces in the witness-box to satisfy himself that Fanny was really one of the women he had been married to. 'There is another indictment against you,' continued Mr. Hall, 'for marrying Mrs. Bergner. Are you guilty or not guilty?' 'Guilty,' said Hoffman, and turning to Lawyer Price he anxiously inquired, 'How many more?' 'Fifteen, I believe,' Mr. Price replied. 'My God!' said Hoffman, excitedly, 'and will they give me five years on each?' 'I am afraid they will,' said Mr. Price.

The ludicrous appearance of Hoffman and his haunted look, forced a laugh, in which the Recorder joined. Mr. Rollins considered that sentence on two of the indictments would be sufficient punishment, and he said he would hold the others until some future time. Hoffman smiled and bowed respectfully to the District Attorney. His age and occupation having been obtained, he was requested to face the Judge.

'You stand here,' said Recorder Hackett, 'charged with four distinct bigamies, to all of which you have pleaded guilty. There are five more women, I understand, ready to swear that you have wronged them. I never before heard of a man going into the business as extensively as you have in a civilized community. I can't make out what you are made of.' The Recorder then gave him four years on the first indictment and four more on the second, making eight years, in the State prison at hard labor.

The detectives who worked up the case against Hoffman have received information that he was engaged in similar practices in Germany. It is estimated that he has in this city alone swindled widows out of upwards of \$15,000, and in Philadelphia, Boston or elsewhere. His operations, it is said, are fully extended.

A FABULOUS TREASURE.

From the Courier des Etats Unis.] Everybody knows the story of the galleon of Vigo, which foundered at the entrance of the harbor of Vigo, and which have lain since at the bottom of the sea with fabulous treasures. There are other hidden treasures which continue to excite the cupidities of fortune hunters, and one of them is the treasure of Hayti. Toussaint-Ouverture, the Bonaparte of the blocks, 'as he called himself, foreseeing that he would be obliged to surrender to General Leclerc was anxious to conceal a treasure of 150,000,000 (sic) of francs in gold which he had in hand. He had the coin put in sacks and ordered ten pioneers to dig a deep ditch in the country near to Port-au-prince. 'You will stay by the ditch,' he said to the workmen, 'until I give you a signal, something here to be buried. The interment once accomplished, the hole closed and the earth replaced, you will return in the company of at three carriages and ten soldiers. When the orders of the General had been executed the workmen started to return. But at the end of an hour at a turn in the road they heard the noise of firing by platoons. It came from a squad of skirmishers commanded by Toussaint-Ouverture himself. Pioneers, soldiers and drivers were shot at and killed on the spot, so that no body was left, except the black Bonaparte to tell where the 150,000,000 of francs were buried. The grass of the spot for seventy-five years. Why does not some one go and dig up this treasure?' 'Another era of mining speculation seems to have commenced in California, and fabulous prices are quoted for stock. One mine, the Sierra Nevada, which in May last was worth only \$300,000, is now valued at \$26,000,000. This is in consequence of a vein of rich ore said to have been struck at a depth of 2,200 feet. It is safe to predict, however, that the speculators are the only parties who will be enriched by the "find."

WOMAN'S LOVE FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

From the Virginian (New Chronicle).] A woman went into the barber's on a street some weeks ago and wanted to know how much it cost for a dye a man's hair and moustache. The price was named, and she then asked the barber to get his dye and follow her. 'Why can't the man come here?' asked the barber. 'He's dead,' replied the woman, 'and the last thing he said when he was passing away in the road, was "hear pretty for the funeral." His hair curled beautifully, but was a little gray. I won't look well to see a woman crying round a coffin with a man's hair on her head. So I want him fixed up a little. He was always a beauty when he had his hair dyed. I know I'd want mine fixed that way if I was gray and dead.'

The barber dyed the dead man's hair in the highest style of the art, and the widow remarked when all was over, 'he was the loveliest corpse ever buried on the Compo.'

We have been thinking how language came into the world. It was during Adam and Eve's first quarrel, when one word brought on another.—S. F. Post.

'Is that a friend of yours?' asked a gentleman, pointing to a party who was sailing rapidly down the street. 'Can't tell till next Sunday,' returned the person addressed, 'I've just lent a dollar.'

The last man will have an awfully lonesome time of it. Nobody to borrow money of; nobody to sue him or raise his rent; no gas to make things lively; no book agents; no life insurance man; and no oldest inhabitant to declare that it's the most remarkable weather we have ever had.

The baffled burglars.—'Come!—A drawing-room by night. Enter: Three thieves. They commence to remove the plate. One of them accidentally touches the hands of the talking photograph.—A voice.—'You rascals, I've caught you at last; Mary, get my revolver. Exit baffled burglars rapidly. Triumph of mind over matter.'

A curious Chinese aphorism suggests that one day's work is worth three to him who does everything at the proper time.

Joker's Corner.

WHAT IS "TUCKING?"

From the Reno (New Gazette).] A bothered looking citizen came into the 'Gazette' office, a yesterday afternoon, and respectfully asked to be let look at the dictionary. He sat down and rather anxiously thumbed Webster's while the editor looked on.

'What word are you looking for?' asked a reporter, seeing that the stranger failed to strike the trail. 'Well,' said the man in a burst of confidence, 'you see I'm only been married a short time, and my wife's gone up to Tuckee on a visit, and she's written to me to look in the bottom of her trunk for a lot of 'Tucking' and send it to her. Now, what I want to know what in blazes is 'tucking?' It ain't in the dictionary.'

'Tuck?' said the reporter briskly, 'why, tucking is the stuff the girls make by poking a sort of short-turned fish-hook through a hole and catching the thread and drawing it back again.'

'Then the editor spoke up contemptuously, and said that a man who was so ignorant as that ought to get informed. What the reporter had described was crocheting. Everybody ought to know what tucking was. The ladies in making it, used a little contrivance wound up inside of it. 'Tucking could be purchased he believed for 10 or 15 cents a yard, and why intelligent girls should waste whole days in making what they could get for a short bit, was more than he could understand. In answer to a question by the admiring reporter, the editor said he had been told that tucking was used in trimming the undergarments of the fair sex, but why things should be ornamented with a fellow would get into a fuss for trying to look at—or perhaps shoot—was beyond his comprehension.'

The married stranger said the editor was mistaken, that the article he mentioned was not tucking—it was tatting. This he knew for a fact. The editor observed that when a man came to the 'Gazette' office for information, the editor, when he gave it, didn't like to be told he lied. If the stranger wanted to avoid trouble he had better get out and go to the devil. As the editor had now read in the face, and his eyes were blazing, the married stranger coughed feebly and slunk down stairs.

MULES AND WATERMELONS.

A policeman yesterday discovered a negro and a big watermelon in close company in an alley off Fort street, and refusing the tempting slice handed out to him, said:—

'You stole that melon on the market.' 'Dars whar' yer off de low-gatch, boss—way off one side,' was the calm reply. 'Did you buy it? Come along and point out the man you bought it from.'

'No, I didn't buy de melon, boss; I sader far it.' 'What did you trade?' 'Now, boss, what's the use? Heah I is, heah am de melon, an' heah is de seed,' each older up like a toad.

'What did you trade?' persisted the officer. 'Wall, if I mus' tell den I mus'. I traded a mule an' a waggin for dis melon.'

'I don't believe it.' 'I spected you wouldn't boss, kase you doan' realize like I do, heah cheah nars' waggins hez become, an' how de price of melons hez scooted up.'

'You'll have to come along,' said the officer. 'Now, boss,' 'The officer stepped forward and discovered two more melons being carried off. He turned for an explanation, and the negro said:—

'De man fraw in dese older two melons, kase I frow in a halter "long me up" dya a man's hair and moustache. The price was named, and she then asked the barber to get his dye and follow her.'

'Why can't the man come here?' asked the barber. 'He's dead,' replied the woman, 'and the last thing he said when he was passing away in the road, was "hear pretty for the funeral." His hair curled beautifully, but was a little gray. I won't look well to see a woman crying round a coffin with a man's hair on her head. So I want him fixed up a little. He was always a beauty when he had his hair dyed. I know I'd want mine fixed that way if I was gray and dead.'

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