

## HARD LEARNED LESSONS

Mrs. Lewis was rolling out piecrust in the hot kitchen, and her husband, although it was the middle of the forenoon, was fidgeting about, looking here and there rather aimlessly.

"Are you hunting for anything special, Stephen?"

"Well, yes; I'd like to find a buckle somewhere for a bit of harness; don't 'pear to be none."

"I should think not, in the button box on the dish-closet. Look around the barn."

"Perhaps I better. Deacon Baxter came along by a spell ago. He's in a kind of worry."

"What's the matter? Somebody sick?"

"No, oh no, ain't anybody sick."

Mrs. Lewis was putting her pies in the oven, and her husband watched her silently. Finally she rose up and wiping her heated face, looked at him standing in the door. How queer and uncertain he acted.

"Do tell what it is, then, if you're ready."

"Well, it seems they've got some misunderstanding about the boarders; about a letter 'em lost, an' 't'wain' some wasn't comin' they took others, an' now they've all come, an' two extra ones; an' Deacon says what to do they don't know. He's goin' to build on a wing 'tween now an' next summer, but that don't help 'em out now, you see."

"Of course not. Why don't they go to Ferris's?"

"Ferris is crowded. They've been over to see."

"They can go away to some place else, can't they?"

"They don't want to. Fact is, Deacon come over to see if we didn't want 'em. It's three young men, and they'll be out of the way 'bout all the time fishin' an' sketchin' an' they'll pay seven dollars a piece. Think of that, twenty-one dollars a week comin' in; an' most all clear profit, what with the quantities of garden stuff, an' the early apples for pies, an' berries an' milk an' eggs. Why, that's all city folks want."

"I know; but think of the work it is an' the time it takes, to pick the vegetables an' berries, an' the extra cookin' an' all."

"Yes, of course, farmer folks have to work more or less, anyhow, an' they might as well work for some purpose, seems to me. But you always was so set against summer boarders, Lucy."

"It's been because I am felt equal to doin' for 'em. Someway since the children was took away I haven't had the ambition or strength to drive ahead as I used to; an' it ain't no use, neither. I stood out on your buyin' that last land, for it seemed foolish to go on getting a big farm an' no one to take it after us; it seemed we better take the money an' make the house more comfortable, an' not work so hard ourselves; an' now you want to take on more work still. I s'pose you told Deacon Baxter we'd take 'em, didn't you?"

"Well, no; I told him I'd see what you said, an' he didn't hear nothing to the contrary they might come on over this afternoon. If you won't take 'em at no rate, I'll just hook up an' go over after dinner an' tell 'em."

"Oh dear, I don't know what to do! I'd like the money, of course. I was thinkin' only this morning how I needed a new carpet, an' wishin' that another window was put into the kitchen an' the water brought in, an' some new steps by the back door. Can I have these things done if I take the boarders, Stephen?"

"Why, I s'pose so; but we don't want to be foolish an' fritter the money away. John Hinman told me he built that addition to his barn last fall with boarder money; they had six high two months, an' never hired a day's work on account of 'em; so it amounted to a nice sum, an' give 'em a big lift."

"Didn't John's wife have all the money after he was dead?"

"Oh, yes; he told me she had three dollars, an' got herself a new print dress an' a pair of shoes. Spent it right away for clothes."

"She ought to have had half the money, at least."

"My goodness, Lucy! that would have been sheer waste. As it was put in the barn, it'll stand to their credit an' good a long time; an' she was agree to have it so. She's a real helpmeet, John's wife is, a very worthy woman; only, of course, no judgment about spendin' money. Come, we must settle our own affair."

"I know. I can't spend time even to think it over. I s'pose I can try it an' if I can't possibly stand the work, they will have to leave, or help be hired."

"Oh, we can't hire them waited on, only three of them; if we had a dozen we might keep a woman an' make it pay. Grubshun how good them pies do smell. You're a wonderful good cook, Lucy. I can't hardly wait for dinner. I'll bring a pail of water 'fore I go."

Left alone the little woman fairly flew about her work; she had to, for it was nearly eleven o'clock. There were vegetables to put over to cook, butter to work and mould, cottage cheese to make, and the young chickens were crying piteously for a meal. And as the list of things to do lengthened in her mind, she could not see how with but one pair of hands she was ever to get through them all.

Beside the dinner for her husband and two hired men to get and clear away, there would be the two sleeping rooms to put in readiness for the boarders, currents to pick for supper, another cake to make, and also biscuits, for the bread would not hold out till the morrow's baking. And the day was so hot.

About five o'clock Deacon Baxter drove up with the three young men with their trunks and wheels. After a pleasant survey of their rooms and a hastily settling of their belongings, they hurried down to enjoy the cooling breeze under the maples in the yard, and their hostess with nervous, tired hands, mixed the biscuits which an hour later they ate with so much relief. Really they enjoyed and praised the supper so much, that the poor little woman felt repaid for all her toil and forgot how tired she was.

The boarders were as little trouble as boarders could possibly be, being off about the fields, or under the maples where they had strung some hammocks, most of the time; and they were so full of fun and life that one could not help a feeling of exhilaration just to hear them, and with their banjo and gay songs they made the old farmhouse seem like a different place entirely.

If the work could have been done to

advantage, it would not have been so hard for the poor housewife, but the water had to be brought in a pail, and oh, how much had to be used; the wood sometimes sulked and wouldn't burn, and at other times made a raging furnace of the kitchen. How that longed-for window on the north was needed.

Then she had to set the boarders' table in the sitting-room, which made so many extra steps, and she tried to keep the rooms cool and free from flies, and the peas and beans were a long way from the house and the berry bushes still further, so day after day went by with not a moment for absolute rest, and every hour brought new duties. But Stephen Lewis was beaming; they were at last keeping summer boarders, and it was scarcely any trouble.

At the end of the first week each one paid Mrs. Lewis the board money. Her husband was not present at the time, and she sat for a little, half dazed at the amount of money in her hand; but at his entrance she promptly handed him ten dollars and fifty cents.

"There's your half of the board money."

"Good land! you don't think I divide it up all the time like that, I hope!"

"Why, I thought it would be fair for you to have half. If you don't rely want it, I'll keep it of course. Shall I, Stephen?"

"No, indeed! I'd much better keep the whole of it till it comes into use. They ought to settle with me, I'm head o' the house."

"Has their being here added to your work?"

"No, no, I don't know as it has, to speak of. I brought two pails of water to-day."

"And I've brought twenty. No, Stephen, I've made up my mind once for all, that I'll keep half the board money for my very own, or I don't work another day. Right is right, and here I've worked year in and year out, and never had a five dollar note as wage money, nor a pres. nt. I'm tired of toilin' for nothing."

"Dear me! Don't you have the same as I do?"

"No; I don't have any money either to spend or keep, no more than a pauper."

"I hope you ain't losin' your senses complete, Lucy. You ain't never talked so before. I guess you'd better clear up the table an' git kind o' calmed down in your mind."

"The summer weeks went by, crowded to the brim with the usual round of work. Mrs. Lewis had kept going. The various things she did between five o'clock in the morning and ten at night would tire one even to count. She had adhered to her resolve to divide the income, and her husband took his share with the best grace he might, determined in his own mind to have a voice in the matter when the other part came to be spent. He did not seem to see how thin and pale his wife was looking, pale, only when flushed with the stove heat over which she stood so many hours a day. He did not even know how little she ate, or that she slept scarcely at all. He and his men were busy gathering the hay and grain; it was turning out well; all in all, it would sum up a very profitable year."

One morning the latter part of August, Mr. Lewis saw a man coming down to the field where he was at work.

"Well, you're busy, friend, I see; but I come to ask if you can't spare a few hours tomorrow to do a neighborly act. It's to be a pal-bearer to a funeral at the brick church and burial over to the Plains."

"Why, I s'pose I can; but who's dead?"

"John Hinman's wife. Aint you dead?"

Dropped as she was just dishing the dinner; never knew a thing more; died at two o'clock, Stroke, the doctor said, brought on by overheating. But then she was worked high to death; everybody knows that; house full of boarders every summer, hired men, milk to care for, no help. Well, poor soul! She can rest now. Then we can depend on you tomorrow? All right; be at the house by one o'clock. Hinman's about crazy moaning for his dear wife; but folks don't feel much sorry for him. He ought to have thought how dear she was sooner, and saved her a little."

Left to himself, Mr. Lewis did some serious thinking. What if it had been Lucy who had dropped down by her seething stove, helpless forever. Why not her as well as that other? He knew at that moment she was baking bread and pies, and the mercury stood at ninety outdoor; what must it be in the kitchen? His interest in his own work was gone, and he went up to the house though it was barely eleven o'clock. His wife paused with a smoking pie in her hand to ask if he felt sick.

"No, not sick; just out of sorts; weak like an' shaky; don't want to work."

"It's the heat, Stephen. You better lie down till dinner's ready. I'm hurrying it on."

"I know you be. I got worryin' about it down in the lot, for fear you'd give out. Need you do so much hot days like this?"

## STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW



TO THE MARK.

In all diseases that affect humanity there is some weak link in the chain of health, some spot that is the seat of the trouble. It may be the liver, it may be the stomach; perhaps it is the bowels or the kidneys; most likely it is the blood. Burdock Blood Bitters goes straight to that spot, strengthens the weak link in the chain, removes the cause of the disease, and restores health, because it acts with cleansing force and curative power upon the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and blood.

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is the only remedy that will positively remove all blood poisons. In ulcers, abscesses, scrofula, scrofulous swellings, skin diseases, blotches, old sores, etc., B.B.B. should be applied externally, as well as taken internally according to directions.

"Why, yes; there's the meals just the same, an' all the rest. I can't let up, for it would get ahead of me entirely, the work would."

"Can I help you? Want a pail of water now?"

"No, I just brought some. Things are done enough to take up this minute, I do believe."

He watched her going so deftly from one thing to another, and hurrying here and there, but he could not tell her just then of Mrs. Hinman's tragic death; and he did not enjoy the well-cooked, abundant dinner as much as usual. After it was over he still lingered about, doing some unaccustomed bits of work, much to his wife's amazement, until he told her about Mrs. Hinman, and then she understood his unworried face and anxiety.

The next day when he returned from the funeral, he brought with him a strong woman of middle age.

"She's to take the heat of the work off you, Lucy, an' now you see if you can have a little rest, an' recruit up some."

But the reprieve came too late to prevent disaster; and for many weeks thereafter the worn-out little woman lay in her bed in the grasp of a slow fever. The doctor came twice a day, and then every day, and it was well on in October, when his visits were no longer needed at the farmhouse.

When the bill came in Mrs. Lewis said she would pay it out of her share of the board money, but Mr. Lewis said it should be paid out of his share, which was speedily done. And Mrs. Lewis still has her hall to spend as she pleases. —Emma A. Lente.

## IT WAS THE WICKED "POLLY."

Patrick thought it was the voice of his rival and got killed.

An amusing scene occurred in a quiet up-town street. A young Irishman who is courting a rosy-cheeked servant in one of the houses in the thoroughfare called about his usual time in the evening. Just as he opened the iron gate leading into the basement yard he heard a voice say, "Hullo, Pat!"

"Hullo, yourself," replied Pat.

"Hullo, Pat!" said the strange voice again.

Pat gazed all around him, but could see nobody, and once again he heard the voice say, "Hullo, Pat!"

"Is that all you can say, 'Hullo, Pat'?" Where the devil are you, anyhow?" answered Pat.

"Pat, you're a fool," said the voice.

"Begorra, you're a liar, whoever ye be," shouted Pat, as he looked blindly around for his insult.

"Pat, you fool," again uttered the voice.

"I'm no fool, whoever ye are," called out Pat, wild with anger, "an' if ye will show yourself I'll prove it to ye."

"Foolish Pat" came the reply, accompanied by a horse chuckle.

Pat was furious, and thought of his rival, McCarthy immediately came in his mind.

"Show yourself, McCarthy, only show yourself, McCarthy, an' I'll punch in the face of ye, I will! I will!" he shouted as he danced up and down.

"Pat, you fool! Pat, you fool! ho, ho! ha ha!" shouted Pat's tormentor.

By this time Pat's coat and waistcoat lay on the ground, and he had his sleeves rolled up to his elbows and was tearing around like a hen on a hot griddle. There's no telling what would have happened, as it was nearly the time for the policeman on the beat to pass that way, when the basement door opened and Pat's sweetheart came out. On seeing Pat she uttered a little scream and exclaimed: "Are you crazy, Pat? An' what has come into you the night? Put your clothes on, man."

"You spalpeen, Pat! Foolish Pat! Ho ho! ha ha! Go home, Pat," said the mysterious voice out of the darkness.

"Do ye hear the blackguard? Oh, if I can lay my hands on him!" foamed Pat, as he continued his war dance.

"Ah, you mustn't mind that, Pat," said his sweetheart. "You're a donkey, surely, to be humblyin' the talk of that crazy bird upstairs. Why, it's only one of the young men's parrots which they brought home with them from over the sea. It's an ill-mannered bird, and do swear dreadfully. Mistress won't have it in the house, so the boys hang up the cage out of the window of their room upstairs."

"You're a great gawk, Pat, to be mindin' the likes of a poor, simple-minded bird like that."

Pat became slowly appeased, and, as he put on his coat, he said: "I don't mind what a burid says, Molly, but begorra, I thought it was that sneak McCarthy hidin' furnisther stoop." —New York Tribune.

## MRS. OFFEN'S JOURNEY.

The Poor Woman Had an Unpleasant Trip to Town.

Mrs. Offen started from her country home for a visit to the city. She was an excellent woman, belonging to all the best social societies of her home town, and a great temperance worker. It therefore struck her as very unpleasant to have the car in which she travelled so permeated with the odor of whisky that she was obliged to ask the conductor to open the windows.

"I should think you would like some fresh air," said that functionary in a tone that Mrs. Offen resented inwardly as impudent.

The ride came to an end and Mrs. Offen gladly left the steam car for an electric, which was to convey her to her friend's house in the city.

"Dear me!" said the good woman as she paid her fare, "your car smells dreadful strong of liquor."

"I agree with you ma'am," said the conductor with a wink; "if you'll sit near the door it will be pleasanter for the other passengers."

"The man is intoxicated. What a shame," said Mrs. Offen to her next neighbor in the car.

"Be careful you ain't run in," answered the man as he went outside.

"Now, what did he mean?" she soliloquized, and as she thought it over, and saw the curious looks directed at her, she concluded to get out and walk the rest of the way. Seizing her satchel in a firm grip, she rose, but as the car gave a lurch forward, sat down again.

"You're not at S——street yet," said the conductor.

"I know where I am; let me out," she persisted.

"Don't let her off here at the railroad crossing—she will certainly be hurt," said a kind woman.

But Mrs. Offen insisted, and left the car, and soon reached her friend's house, very red and tired and with her bonnet askew.

Her friend met her at the door and was going to be very glad to see her, when Mrs. Offen blurted out:

"I'm goin' right back home. Everybody's been drinking. All the people are intoxicated. I wouldn't live in such an ugly place an hour. You are as bad as the rest. Phew! That vile whisky!"

"Sarah Jane Offen," said her friend solemnly, "you've been drinking yourself!"

"Oh, oh, what a horrible slander! I never tasted a drop in my life, and that's why I told Uncle Silas, at first, that I wouldn't bring a bottle of whisky for medicine to old Uncle Peter. But I did, for I thought a sick man as old as he is might need it. And there it is, and I wash my hands of the whole matter!"

She opened her satchel and gave a shriek. The bottle was broken, and everything in the satchel was saturated with the pungent fluid.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "no wonder they wouldn't sit next me; and she promptly went into a fit of hysterics.

And half the pleasure of her visit was spoiled by the knowledge that she had actually figured as an exponent of intemperance.

## Tough Treatment.

"Woman," said he, in agonized tones, "you have broken my heart."

She laid her head on his manly bosom.

"Oh," said she, after listening intently, "there is not the slightest evidence of organic lesion. There is a slight palpitation, due, perhaps to cigarettes. That is all," and now the young man swears that hereafter when he makes love to a girl at a summer resort, he will be sure she is not a medical student.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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## BORN.

Kempt, Aug. 12, to the wife of C. L. Morris, a son.

Woodcock, Aug. 17, to the wife of G. A. Taylor, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 19, to the wife of John P. Curran, a son.

Truro, Aug. 16, to the wife of Arch. McCullough, a son.

Truro, Aug. 15, to the wife of Mr. McCormack, a son.

Stanley, Aug. 15, to the wife of Stewart Campbell, a son.

Glenwood, Aug. 8, to the wife of James H. Roberts, a son.

Amherst, Aug. 11, to the wife of James Rogers, a daughter.

Sydney, Aug. 14, to the wife of A. D. Gillis, a daughter.

Digby, Aug. 10, to the wife of L. R. McLaren, a daughter.

Truro, Aug. 12, to the wife of H. H. Sutherland, a daughter.

Glenwood, Aug. 5, to the wife of James J. Roberts, a daughter.

North Sydney, Aug. 15, to the wife of W. T. Daley, a daughter.

Kempt Shore, Aug. 12, to the wife of Capt. C. I. Morris, a son.

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With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

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WHOLESALE AGENTS

Gore, Aug. 11, by Rev. J. Layton, Samuel Russell to wife of Rev. Mr. Thompson, a daughter.

Windsor, Aug. 11, to the wife of Rev. Mr. Thompson, a daughter.

Stanley, N. S., Aug. 13, to the wife of Henry Smith, a daughter.

East Hallowell, Aug. 6, to the wife of Thomas S. Crowe, a daughter.

Bayfield, Aug. 5, by Rev. C. P. Wilson, William K. V. to wife of Henry H. Rockingham, a daughter.

Rockingham, Aug. 8, to the wife of Henry H. Rockingham, a daughter.

Lake Porter, Aug. 13, by Rev. T. H. Murray, Henry Elliott to wife of Isa L. Innes.

Glenelg, Aug. 15, by Rev. J. D. McFarlane, Ira J. Corkum to wife of Agnes E. Kirk.

Sydney Mines, Aug. 6, by Rev. D. McMillan, John McLean to wife of Isabel Morrison.

Parishboro, Aug. 12, by Rev. W. H. Ness, H. W. McKenna to wife of Blanche Tucker.

Bathurst, Aug. 17, by Rev. A. F. Thomson, Judson Peters to wife of Maggie S. Robinson.

Boston, July 7, by Rev. Dr. Robinson, Frank L. Drew to wife of E. H. Crossley of N. S.

Gloucester, Aug. 5, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, Frederick M. Jefferson to wife of Josephine L. Peters.

Marystown, Aug. 10, by Rev. J. T. Parsons, Thomas A. Strong to wife of Gertrude E. Fales.

**MARRIED.**

Somerville, July 29, Luther F. Bickers to Annie I. Wernmouth, Aug. 4, by Rev. H. A. Giffin, Silas Parker to wife of Alice Cosman.

St. John, Aug. 19, by Rev. J. J. Walsh, Simon Crowley to wife of Josie Murphy.

Random, Aug. 12, by Rev. A. Daniel, David W. Nixon to wife of Mary E. Mason.

Halifax, Aug. 20, by Rev. H. H. Pitman, Edmond Hawes to wife of Maggie Martin.

Marystown, Aug. 6, by Rev. J. T. Parsons, Berton Denison to wife of Bessie Titus.

Halifax, Aug. 20, by Rev. Thos. Fowler, Ross Hill, Ph. D. to wife of Bessie B. Allen.

Canada Hill, Aug. 8, by Rev. C. E. Crowell, Ira P. Hardy to wife of Bessie B. Allen.

Yarmouth, Aug. 25, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, Aubrey C. Potter to wife of