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Reserve Success and you shall Command it.

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WHOLE NO. 325.

LITERATURE.

What's His Fault?

The man who can ride twelve stone, may procure a horse at a reasonable figure, but that weight once passed, the price increases for every additional stone in a most disproportionate manner. This truth was borne in upon me, as a country clergyman of limited income, but growing portliness, with especial force, on a certain occasion of my being in want of a steed. A month passed in inquiries led only to abortive deals; sometimes it was the horse, at others the price, which did not please me, and I was beginning to despair, when a man rode up to my rectory one morning on exactly the sort of animal I wanted—stout, strong, but very handsome withal. The man was not dressed after the fashion affected by those who live by dealing in horses; there was nothing smart or natty about him; he wore thick shoes, and his loose and badly-cut trousers tucked up, showing as much stocking as Senior Wrangler on the Trumpington Road.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he said, dismounting somewhat ungracefully; "I heard at the village, a couple of miles off, where I put up last night, that you were looking for a smart horse."

I had learned several lessons during the last few weeks, and one was never to appear anxious. The faintest expression of desire to possess a horse seemed to beget in the dealer's mind an unwillingness to part with it. So I said carelessly: "Well, I am in no particular hurry; but if I met with a horse that suited me at a moderate price, I might possibly make an offer for him."

"What do you think of this one?" asked the man.

"What is his age?" I replied, with Caledonian caution.

"Rising seven, sir, just look at his mouth."

I looked at his mouth and, though unable to read his age therein, I saw that his teeth were all sound, and not worn at all; so he could not be very old.

"Try him, sir," was the next suggestion; so I lengthened the stirrup and mounted. He walked five miles an hour; trotted about twelve I would say, and his canter was the easiest motion a Sybarite could wish for. I could detect no timidity, vice or unsoundness about him. In short, the animal seemed to be just what I wanted, and it was with some secret nervousness that I asked his price, for I feared that it would be a high one, that would be far beyond my capabilities.

"Well, sir," said the man, "make me an offer. You see, he went on. I will tell you exactly how it is. I went into the North with six horses and sold five. I kept this one to sell in London next hunting season, and meaning to send him out with the Queen's stag-hounds with a good man. Well, sir, at Lincoln I got a letter from a Plessian gentleman I have often had business with, offering me a situation in the government breeding-stables in Germany; so good a thing to refuse, it is. So I must be off at once, and send this horse to Tattersell's to fetch what he will. So there you have it. Make me an offer."

"Well," said I, "I do not require an extravagant animal; I only want something to carry sixteen stone or so, and draw a chaise, and one that is sound and quiet, and I can't give any more than forty pounds."

That is very little; but still, there is the expense of his standing at Tattersell's, and the commission and risk. Say fifty and you shall have him.

Now, as I had not thought for a moment that a hundred pounds would buy the animal, the proposition quite took away my breath.

"I should like a veterinary surgeon to see him," I said.

"Very good," replied the man. I have no objection, provided he is close at hand. But I must go on to-night; and if the horse is not sold I must take him with me."

see if I had some such delicacy there as an apple or a carrot in a way that proved him free from vice.

"Well," I said finally, "I know nothing about horses myself; and since you cannot allow time for him to be examined, forty pounds must be my last bid."

"Say fifty."

"No; forty."

"Forty-five."

"No; forty."

"Well, at least you will make it guineas."

I agreed to that; and he came into my study, where he drew up a receipt and warrant; and then I gave him a cheque for forty-five guineas, the three extra to include the saddle and bridle, which he reasonably urged would be troublesome to take with him. When he had eaten some dinner and was departing, I said to him: "The bargain is made now, for good or bad, and if the horse dies to-morrow it is my loss, so just tell me fairly, what is his fault?"

"Fault, sir?" replied the dealer. "None at all that I know of. Honor bright; if I knew anything against the horse, I would tell it to you."

I determined to ride over at once to Mr. Flew, the nearest farmer, and ask him to give me horse board and lodgings for a day or two, till I should be able to get a man to act as groom, and make other necessary arrangements. On my way, I met my wife returning from a house where she was ill, and asked her how she liked my new purchase. "What a beauty!" she exclaimed. "I knew you would be able to give us a horse. What did you give for it?"

"Forty guineas."

"Really! Oh, what's its fault?" Mr. Flew readily acceded to my request.

"You have got a good one to look at, at least, anyhow," said the farmer. "A good price too, I guess. Forty guineas! You got that for forty guineas! What's his fault?"

"I grew so tired of that perpetual question, that I began almost to wish that I could find some blemish in my bargain, if it were only to be able to give a satisfactory answer, but really the animal seemed to be perfect, his sole undesirable quality being, that he was so quiet in harness, that my wife could drive him, and liked to do so, which interfered occasionally with my rides. Before I had had him six weeks the squire offered a hundred guineas for him and I refused it. That one fact is more eloquent than several pages of eulogistic description."

Six months after I had acquired this cheap paragon, my wife went to stay with our married daughter, who was settled near Lincoln, and I was to make a shorter visit before she left, making a clergyman's week of it. From my parish to Lincoln it was seventy miles, and an old friend of mine had a living forty miles off on the direct road. So I determined to kill two birds with one stone, riding to Lincoln in two days, and spending the intermediate night at Hughes, whom I had long promised to look up. And a very enjoyable ride I had with all my luggage in the saddle bags before me. Ah! it was not the railway, but the coach that destroyed the pleasurable romance of travelling. When the usual way of going about was on horseback, and nobody was expected to carry much luggage with him, and there was a good chance of being robbed and murdered, and a certainty of losing your way every now and then, a journey had some excitement about it. The exercise of riding is of itself both enjoyable and health-giving; to sit in the corner of the most comfortable carriage is neither.

Hughes received me with signs of joy, admired my nag, asked his price, and made the usual remark on hearing it: "What's his fault?"

"Not much, I imagine," I replied. "I have ridden him forty miles to-day and he is as fresh and elastic in step as when I started."

"And you are not a feather," added Hughes, unnecessarily.

I started again next morning, and stopped half an hour to bait. The host admired my horse very much indeed; I was quite surprised at the notice he took of it, and at last I got rather offended, for his manner impressed me with the idea that he thought it rather strange that I should be riding so good a one.

Mr. Higgins ought to see that there are animals," he remarked to his hostler in my hearing, as I sat by the coffee-room window, eating my bread and cheese. "Go and ask him to step round."

"I was in the saddle again and on

the point of starting, when this Mr. Higgins made his appearance on a cob.

"That's a nice horse of yours," this gentleman observed; "I should like to have a look at him, if you do not mind."

"Thank you, sir," I replied stiffly, "my horse is not for sale and I have a long ride still before me."

And I started off at a round trot, Mr. Higgins following on the cob. The man may have been going to Lincoln whether I had come by or not, but he certainly appeared to be dogging me. When I trotted, he trotted; when I checked my pace to let him pass, he did the same. At last I urged my horse, which was a very fast one, and tried to trot away from him; but though he had to run his cob on the hard road to do it, he kept within hail of me. This rapid manoeuvring brought us to Lincoln in less than two hours. At the entrance to the town we met one of the county constabulary; and Mr. Higgins, who was now about ten yards in rear of me hailed him:

"Hi! Constable. Take that man into custody. Mind that he doesn't slip past you."

I reined up and looked right and left for the culprit, but saw no one but the man on the cob, and the policeman; and then it flashed across me that I was the culprit!

The constable laid his hand on my rein apologetically.

"Are you sure there is no mistake, sir?" he asked.

"None at all. It is most likely that rascal, Bob Bradshaw, who gets himself up so capably as a parson; does duty sometimes 'I told.'"

I was taken to prison, and brought up presently before—my son-in-law, who was not so unkind as to commit me for trial, but, on the contrary, indignantly abused the poor constable for doing his duty.

You have guessed my poor horse's fault, I suppose. He was not spavined, broken-winded, or glandered; he was afflicted with neither thump nor splint. He had been stolen.

Moral.—Take care how you buy a horse from a total stranger.

The Hurling Woman.

There is, says the Burlington Hawkeye, one "hurling woman" in every street. A woman who never goes after anybody, but always comes across the street. Who never looks for her children, but rushes to the front gate and shrieks for them until, in the pauses of her shouting, she hears them answering from the room she has just left. Every street has one "hurling woman." No street is more so, for as soon as two "hurling women" are thrown by pitiless fate upon one street, the neighbors vacate and emigrate until rents come down, or, as it often happens, one of the "hurling women" pulls up stakes and goes elsewhere, for she cannot brook opposition. The "hurling woman" generally manages to keep her street in a lively state of elocutionary excitement, and if you happen to live within understanding distance your diurnal serenade is something like this: "Tommy! Tommy! Tommy! Oh, Tommy! Tommy! Come right along here and break up one of these dry wood, or I'll break your back! Mary! You, Mary! You get right down off that tree-box this minute, you great tom-boy, or I'll skin you within an inch of your life! Mary! Oh, Miss Pinkhard! Miss Pinkhard! Oh-h-h! Miss Pinkhard! Won't you tell my milkman, when he comes, to stop at my gate? Mine comes this morning before we was up. Erasmus! Erasmus! Erasmus! Come right home and take this pile of molasses back to the grocery and tell him if he can't send what I ordered I don't want any. Erasmus, I say! Oh, Miss Harshorn! How's the baby's measles? Did you try that tea I sent you last night? Who cut your new policeman? Mary! Mary! Where's Emmeline gone to? I'd like to know? Didn't I tell you not to let her get out of your sight a minute? Now, you bust her up and bring her right home. Good morning, Miss Barnaby. Did you know they was burglars over to Throop's last night? Got in at the kitchen window, and took a pair of Mr. Throop's pants, with a dollar and a half in 'em, and Miss Throop's bigest brasspin! Where you going? Tommy! Tommy! Oh, Tommy! Mary! The serenade continues at random all day long and is familiar to every one who has lived within gunshot of the "hurling woman."

A lady examining the handsome display of gloves and hosiery at the fair, wisely remarked, as her eyes rested upon a pair of button knits, "Yes, they are very handsome, but one doesn't want to wear them unless she has a handsome arm." And likewise those, significantly added her companion, and she pointed to a pair of handsomely embroidered stock—yes, she can pardon, did you know say "Oh?"—Rochester Democrat.

An exchange says: "It has been observed by the writers of the watering-places that the female swimmer never learns to use her other limbs as gracefully as her arms. This fact should be considered by the strong-minded sisterhood as natural proof that lovely woman's mission is to embrace, and not to kick."

Winter is coming. The leaves are reddening along their tips like a young woman's ears when she is proposed to by a man of fifty.

Why is the Sea Salt?

According to Professor Chapman, of University College, Toronto, the object of the salting of the sea water is to regulate evaporation (see page 98, current volume). This suggestion does not answer the question why, or by what cause, the sea be came so salt; but it assumes to tell us wherefore or for what object the sea is salt. The cause of the saltness should be answered first and if we have ascertained this, it is proved that the salting accomplished a secondary ultimate purpose, the other question arises. But we believe that a careful consideration of the Professor's hypothesis will quickly expose its fallacy.

In the first place, then, the sea is salt as a simple and necessary consequence of the fact that it must contain all the soluble matter which the rains have washed out of the most exposed portions of the earth's crust, and which the rivers have carried, and are still carrying, to the ocean. And as the rivers do not carry water as pure as that which evaporates from the sea, because they are without any exception, carry various salts in solution, which can never be raised from the ocean by evaporation, the sea has, in the course of ages, become more and more salt; and the process is still going on. Such a nice regulation of the amount of evaporation as the Professor suggests is quite unnecessary, as it is well known that the regions under the influence of the evaporation of our large fresh water lakes do not much differ in agricultural value or sanitary conditions from those under the influence of salt water evaporation, the sole conditions for agricultural success being, next to the nature of the soil, a liberal supply of moisture and heat; while in a sanitary point of view, a moderate supply of both is more desirable.

We must, however, give credit to Professor Chapman for his experiments; he proved that the amount of evaporation of fresh water, compared with that of salt water under the same circumstances, may differ largely; so that the evaporation becomes less and less, in proportion as to the relative amount of salt increases. But we would give this fact an interpretation different from that of the Professor. In the condition of things preceding the carboniferous era, when the rivers had not yet dissolved so much saline matter out of the exposed earth's surface, nor the rivers carried it to the seas, the ocean necessarily contained much less salt at present; therefore the amount of evaporation must have been much larger. This condition of things was not favorable to animal existence but it was to vegetable life. From that time, however, the excessive luxuriant vegetable growth which was the parent of our coal deposits. When in the course of ages the ocean became more salt, the evaporation became less; the air was not so continually saturated with moisture, and was more favorable to animal life. If the saltness has since increased continually, and the dryness of the air as augmented in proportion, we must not be surprised that regions of the earth, once fertile and inhabited by man, have become deserts. We know this to be the case with the lands on which Babylon, and Palmyra, and other cities, were situated, which, as well as the whole of Upper Egypt, Palestine, etc., were formerly fertile and populous, and are now deserts, the dryness of their atmosphere. In order to become convinced of the influence of moisture on vegetation, one needs only to visit the dry highlands of New Mexico and Colorado, and compare the vegetation of what the moist southern part of Louisiana. If we take the former in summer, and latter in winter, so as to have the same temperature in both, the difference will be obvious and remarkable.—Scientific American.

A Unappreciative Audience.

A gentleman discovered an exquisite poetic gem, and in his delight at the discovery, invited the attention of two ladies to it. They listened with intent ear while the reader gave voice to the glowing and graceful thoughts of the poet. When the reading was finished, the gentleman turned to his companions for a word or look of appreciation. He saw their faces aglow, their lips parted in an intensity of feeling, and their eyes bright with—what? Shade of Homer! "Look, look there!" exclaimed one of the ladies, with the utmost eagerness, "that woman" pointing to a lady on the opposite side of the street—"has got on a policeman buttoned up in the back! I should think" addressing her companion, "she'd have a good time getting into it when she wanted to dress in a hurry." "I should think so, too," returned the other, "but she hangs pretty, don't you think so?"

A Bold Robbery.

A SAFE BROKEN OPEN AND TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN DIAMONDS AND JEWELRY STOLEN.

From N. Y. Herald.

The officer on post in front of the jewelry store Mr. Franklin Horton, No. 42 Fulton street, discovered through a hole in the window shutter that the safe was open and that all of the boxes and trays belonging to it were scattered around the store in great confusion. An alarm was immediately given and Captains Petty and Williams and a number of officers from the First and Fourth precincts were soon at the spot. A thorough examination was then made of the premises, when it was found that the burglars had taken from the safe. Nothing was left behind but the silver and plated ware in the showcases. The proprietor estimates his loss at \$28,000, and states that some of the valuables were not his own, but left with him on sale and memorandum.

The plan of operations of the burglars was similar to the one followed in the robbery of the jewelry store on Chatham street, when they made way with nearly \$30,000 worth of goods, and it is suspected that the same parties are at the bottom of both jobs. The building next door is untenanted, and on the third floor the thieves began their work. By means of chisels and other tools which they left behind a hole was dug through the brick wall leading to the head of a stairway in No. 42. It was made just large enough to allow a man's body to pass through. Having got in the building they descended to the hall way on the ground floor, and with an anger bored a hole through the board partition, dividing the hall from the store. Wedges and jimmies were then brought to bear on the safe door and it soon gave away. The trays were taken out and laid on the floor, behind the counter, which fronts the street, and there, free from observation, their valuable contents were piled up for carrying off. Some of the trays were carried out of the store and emptied up stairs. The time of the robbery cannot be learned, as the store has been locked up since Saturday night. It was probably done during yesterday, as there was no evidence of lights, food or cigar stumps to be found about the place, which is generally the case when a long job has been carried out successfully. The store has and is now burning and fronts on Fulton street, which in the locality is a lively thoroughfare both day and night on account of the great amount of travel to and from the Brooklyn ferry. It is supposed the robbers procured a key to the unoccupied building next door, through which they made an entrance, and that the booty was carried out that way. They made a clear escape leaving nothing in the shape of a clue by which to trace them. "It's a clean job and no mistake," said an officer, and he was right.

The Man to Live Long.

He has a proper and well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of a middle size and somewhat thick-set. His complexion is not too florid; at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is not a sign of longevity. His hair approaches to the fair rather than to the black. His skin is strong but not rough. His head is not too big; his shoulders are round rather than flat; his head is not too long; his abdomen does not project; his hands are large, but not too deep; his feet, his foot is rather thick than long, and his legs firm and round. He has a broad, arched chest, a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. There is harmony in all his parts; his senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular, his stomach is excellent; his appetite good and digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of importance; they tune his mind to serenity, and his passions to the pleasures which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the sake of eating, but each meal is an hour of daily festivity. He eats slowly and has not too much thirst, the latter being always a sign of rapid self-comsumption. He is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love and hope, but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger and avarice. His passion never becomes violent or destructive. If he ever gives way to anger he experiences rather a useful glow of warmth, an artificial and gentle fever, without an overflow of the bile. He is also fond of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculations. He is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity. He has no thirst after honor or riches and banishes all thought of to-morrow.—Detroit Free Press.

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Business Cards.

L. B. BOTSFORD, M. D.
Office: In the Store lately occupied by M. Wood & Sons.
Residence: - - - at Mr. Robert Bell's, Sackville, July 20, 1876.—6m

H. S. & T. W. BELL,
Soap Manufacturers, - - - Shediac, N. B.
The best and cheapest Soap in the Market.

JOS. HOWE DICKSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office: - - - Over the Sackville Drug Store, SACKVILLE, N. B.

CHRIS. W. COLE,
AUCTIONEER,
SACKVILLE, - - - N. B.

A. E. OULTON,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
Office: - - - A. L. Palmer's Building, Dorchester, N. B.

HENRY OLDRIGHT,
BARRISTER & ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
Office formerly occupied by Judge W. A. D. Morse, AMHERST, N. S.

C. A. D.
D. C. ALLEN, M. D.
OFFICE: - - - AT THE DRUG STORE.
RESIDENCE: - - - AT HON. A. McQUEEN.

POINT DE BUTE, N. B.
REMOVAL NOTICE.
W. D. KNAPP, M. D.
Physician & Accoucheur.
May be consulted at the residence situated opposite the store of Mr. John Bell, Sackville.

COLONIAL BOOK STORE,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Musical Instruments,
Paper Hangings, School Books, Stationery, Periodicals.

THOMAS H. HALL.
G. F. THOMPSON & SONS,
Walls Lead, Zinc, Paint, and Color Works.
OFFICE AND SAMPLE ROOMS
73 Princess St., St. John, N. B.

POGSLEY, CRAWFORD & POGSLEY,
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,
90 PRINCE W. ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
G. B. Pugsley, E. H. Crawford, W. Pugsley, Jr., aug 30 '76

Dental Notice.
Dr. Anderson, Dentist,
Will return to Sackville next week, where he expects to remain permanently, from date. He guarantees satisfaction, at moderate charges. Sackville, Sept. 29th, 1876.—4t

L. WESTERGAARD & CO.,
Ship Agents & Ship Brokers,
(Consulate of the Netherlands.)
(Consulate of Austria and Hungary.)
No. 127 MARKET STREET,
L. WESTERGAARD, J. Philadelphie.
GEO. S. TOWNSEND, July 24

CHARLES R. SMITH,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c.
AMHERST, - - - N. S.

Prompt attention paid to the collection of debts and transaction of business generally.

George Nixon,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
PAPER HANGING,
Brusnes and Window Glass.
King St. - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.