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Lunenburg Progress.

A MISCELLANY OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

VOL. IV. LUNENBURG, NOVA SCOTIA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1882. NO. 41.

The Bang.

Oh, the bang, the horrible bang!
Worse, even worse than the modern girl's
slang;
Covering, hiding her forehead so fair,
Warning young men of that girl to beware.

See it disfigures the head of a child,
Spoiling her features so fresh and so mild
Cut with the kitchen clip down to her
eyes,
Leaving her brows an affair of surmise.

Plenty of charms has the sweet little girl,
Eyes of clear azure and teeth of pure
pearl,
Yet we must ask of her head and its shape,
"Is it human or is it an ape?"

See her grown sister, her bang all in curls,
Deeming herself the most lovely of girls,
Making that bang, with such exquisite
care,
Look like a plaster or poultice of hair.

Young fellows stare at such girls as they
stop,
Not to admire, but to quiz their make-up,
Saying with utterance quiet but deep,
"Pipestems and mucilage ought to be
cheap!"

Grandmother, too, must come out with a
bang,
Nearly as bad as the rest of the gang,
Hiding the forehead that grandpa admires
Under a frizz that she borrows or hires.

Why should our women the loved of our
hearts,
Make themselves frightful by hideous art?
Why should they cover their foreheads so
fair?

Surely the serpent bequeathed us a bang.
Let it depart, and by no more insidious
Ways make the beautiful make themselves
hideous!

FOR TWENTY YEARS.

It doesn't seem much of a story to tell, although it was a tough one to live. You see, it was more than twenty years ago that my twin brother and I sold out our home tead in New York and went to Philadelphia to seek our fortunes. All the rest of the family were dead, and we were the more attached to each other for that.

Well, we tried mining, and we tried everything that we could think of, but nothing seemed to prosper with us; we only grew poorer and poorer. Finally we thought of the idea of separating, so as to work two fields at once, before the last of our capital was gone. There was great talk just then about some new gold region, and we agreed that one of us should go there and try his luck, while the other remained in San Francisco and carried on a little business we had started.

Of course everything was in partnership. I never thought of an interest separate from his, and he, I know, felt the same. Well, the question arose which of us should go. It wasn't very tempting, the mining life, and neither of us was anxious for it, and so we drew lots to see which of us should go. The lot fell to me.

There was another reason why I didn't want to go beside the uncomfortable life, but I would not tell Rob, for I could not drive him off to the mines, and I knew his generous heart so well that I was sure he would insist upon going if he knew all. But—well, the truth was in one word, I was in love, and I could not bear to leave my dainty Susy to fight the world alone—she was a music-teacher—nor for other fellows to fall in love with.

However, of course I submitted to the lot and made my preparations to go. It was a sad heart I bore around to Susy's rooms that night, and I could not bear to tell her; but, bless you! she no sooner saw my face than she knew something was coming, and she braced herself up to meet it before she asked me a question. After we had spoken of the weather and the book I had brought her the day before, she said quietly,—

"Well, Ralph, what is it? I know you have bad news for me."

"It's bad for me, Susy," I answered, "and I am afraid it will be bad for you, too; though of course you know—"

I couldn't go on, and she spoke again, brave as she always was.

"Ralph you know I'm used to misfortune. Tell me at once."

So I told her, and she bore it nobly, as I knew she would—though I was the only friend she had in San Francisco, except her pupils. But I had thought of another plan to make my going a little easier. That was to make her my wife before I left, so as to leave her in care of Rob, and relieve her from her hard life.

After some persuasion she consented to it. So a day or two afterwards, we three—I had told Rob—went into a quiet church, and she was given me to cherish and protect until death.

Brave little woman! How trustingly she gave me her heart, and how basely I failed her! How ready I was to believe—But let me go back. I took her to our cozy boarding-place, which was indeed a home to us, installed her as its mistress, made every provision that love could suggest for her comfort, enjoyed the bliss of a few hours' honeymoon, and then left her.

I needn't speak of that. It was hard to tell you. Ah, well! I'm an old man—older by sorrows than by years; but I never shall forget the fresh, dainty look of my darling as I left her on the steps that bitter day—a bride in the morning, a widow at night. And I did not forget it through all the black years, though it seemed as if the memory of it would drive me mad.

Well, I went to the mines, and I tried faithfully, eagerly, for my heart was longing to go back to her. But I could not succeed.

Mails were not then established, so I did not hear from my two dear ones, but all the harder I toiled, for never a thought of doubt entered my mind. I was only too glad to have a brother to care for her, and save my darling from all rough contact with the world.

Finding no luck in the mines, I determined to push on to the Indian country, and try a little hunting and trapping—for there was good business then I succeeded a little better at that; but wandered on, and finally came out at Frazer River, where the fever of the gold excitement had just broken out most fiercely.

I don't know whether it was months or years—days and weeks were alike to me for a long time—but at last I was successful and got together five thousand dollars in yellow dust. Of course, my only thought was of my wife, and I seized the first opportunity to send off my treasure.

A miner at home willingly took charge of my little pile, and I soon began to look for letters. Rob's I could easily imagine—noble, manly, like himself. Susy's I thought of, and tried to fancy hundreds of times, for I'd never had a letter from her. I knew it would be delicate and pretty, and like my beautiful snow-drop.

Well, well, fancies may do very well but they will not feed a hungry heart. Day after day passed and no letters. My heart grew sick. I made all sorts of excuses for them. I imagined all sorts of delays. But the long, dreary days went by with leaden feet, and not a word came to the wanderer from his loved ones.

I grew morbid and bitter, and at last I wrote to an acquaintance in San Francisco asking for tidings of my brother and my wife. The friend was not so neglectful as the wife and brother. Soon—too soon—I received a reply. I can see it now in letters of fire:

"MY DEAR FELLOW:—I have made inquiries, as you requested, about your wife and brother, and I can only find that they disappeared from here a few months ago, telling no one whither they were going. They seemed at the time to be in possession of plenty of money."

What more the letter contained I never knew; that much was burned into my brain, and at that point I lost myself. They say I was a raving maniac. Perhaps so, I don't know. I only know I found myself an old man, blasted before my time, like a tree struck by lightning.

Yet I could not feel angry. How could I blame him? Was not I mad to leave, with his tender heart, to care for a beauty like my Susy? How could he help loving her? Was not she all that was lovely? He was not to blame poor fellow! And she? Did she not love me, and was not he my twin brother? Was it so strange that, seeing his love, she grew to return it?

What should I do? Should I search them out, and blast them out forever? Should I come with my ignoble revenge, and tear her from his arms? Would she love me for it? Should I get back my wife and my brother? Oh, no; I had been gone long enough to give her a divorce—she had undoubtedly got it, and was even now his wife! His wife! O God! Could I live?

Weeks, months, years, dragged on. I scarcely knew they passed. Mechanically I worked on. Fortune, no longer sought, showered gold on me. I cared not for it, but instinct prevented me from throwing it away. Gambling was utterly repugnant to me. No form of dissipation lured me. I was an old man at thirty. I only worked and thought, and lived over the old days—and my one brief day of unclouded joy!

I never cursed them. The hurt was too sharp and too deep for curses. From the depth of my torn heart I pitied them.

Well, twenty years rolled on, and I had got to be forty years old, feeling and looking more like sixty-five, bent and stiff and gray-haired. One day in my wanderings I came on a travelling party of miners, bound to the gold regions. I joined the n frontier fashion, and was soon seated at their fire, exchanging news with the Indians and those from the States. I chanced to mention my name.

"We've got a namesake of yours in camp," said one fellow.

"Have you? It isn't a common name," I replied carelessly.

"No, and there's where it's odd," said he. "Beside, you somehow remind me of him, though you're much older than he can be. By the way, there he comes."

I turned around—something, I know not what, seemed to shoot through me. I rose, and recognized Robert, my brother. My heart gave one bound. I forgot my wrongs, I saw only my dear other self, the beloved companion of my boyhood's days. I sprang forward eagerly.

"Robert, dear old boy, is it you?"

He looked at me incredulously.

"Ralph, it can't be you!"

"It is," I cried; and—well, I don't know as I am ashamed of it—I embraced him like a school girl and wept.

And so did he, poor fellow, though he could hardly believe the wretched old man was his brother. But what struck me even then as strange was that he did not shrink from me, nor act as though he had injured me.

"Robert," I said, when we were alone and calmer, "I've forgiven you long ago. We won't speak of the past. Let me be happy in the bliss of seeing you once more I will never come round to trouble you, brother."

"Forgive me?" he said inquiringly, "I don't understand. You'll never trouble me and we won't speak of the past? Why didn't you write to us? Your poor wife—"

"Do not speak of her, Robert!" I interrupted in sudden agony. "I can bear anything else—spare me that!"

"But, Ralph, there's something very strange here. Why didn't you let us hear from you? Why can't I speak of her? Since you are not dead as we supposed, why did you desert her?"

"Desert her—my wife! My angel!" and I fairly laughed.

A horrible laugh, I dare say, for Robert turned pale. I could see he thought I was mad. I resolved to control myself, and, since we must have it out, to talk it over. So after a turn or two, I came back and stood by him.

"Now, Robert, if there is any mistake here, let us understand it at once. I left you, twenty years ago, in charge of my wife—'

"You did, and I—,'

"And you," I interrupted, "took the best care of her—and did not hear from me; and she grew tired of waiting and loving a shadow, and you grew to love her."

"Hold!" he shouted, his eyes blazing. "Who told you that?"

I went on not heeding him.—

"And she grew faint and tired; she saw your love and returned it."

Robert seized my arm as though he would murder me.

"Hush, till I have done," I said. "When you received the money I sent, you were too far gone to go back. She got a divorce, you married her, and left the city."

"And you have believed this thing for twenty years?" he said calmly, though it was the calmness of a smothered volcano.

"I have."

"You have for twenty-one years believed that both your wife and your brother were infamously false to you?,'

"I have."

His form seemed to fairly dilate and grow grand as he said,—

"Then hear me, Ralph, while I swear solemnly that the whole story is an infamous falsehood! That your wife is as true to you to-day as she was the day you left her.,'

'What do you mean, Robert?,' I cried frantically, overwhelmed by the earnestness of his manner and words.

"What I say, Ralph. Oh, there has been great a mistake! Hear my story. After you left us, I struggled on with the business, though not succeeding very well. Susy drooped at first, but soon grew cheerful, and, after a while, began to plan for your return."

The words brought the dear little creature so plain before my eyes that I sank to the ground and covered my face.

"As weeks and months and years passed on," he went on slowly, "her cheeks grew so thin and pale, and a hungry look came into her eyes. I saw she was pining, and wrote a letter to you, but no word could we hear. There came to me in a little letter, directed to both of us, a draft of five thousand dollars, with not a word to tell how or from whom it came. Of course we knew it came from you, but whether gift or legacy, who could tell? We instituted new inquiries. Nothing that love could suggest was left undone. At last we were forced to conclude that you were dead. By my advice the money was invested in a small farm some distance from San Francisco, and Susy went to live on it, while I started out on a sort of wandering, vagabond life in the hope of at least finding your grave, for we never believed you were alive all these years and never let us hear from you. That life I have lived for fifteen years, returning once in three or four years to see to the comfort of Susy, and now I have found you—"

"You have found me," I interrupted "a wreck—a miserable wretch, who has blasted three lives by his criminal weakness, his childish credulity in believing evil, and who will soon rid the earth of his presence."

I started to go, for verily despair had seized upon me. That I should have believed that horror for so many years, and find it a stupid [illegible], that I should have thrown away my life, the blessed love of my true wife, the warm affection of my brother, for an idle scandal? It was too much for him to endure.

Robert laid a detaining hand on my arm as I moved away.

"But Susy, Ralph; what shall I say to the loving little woman who has suffered so many long years for you?"

"Let her still believe me dead, Robert," I replied gloomily.

"Nay, brother, let me rather restore you to her. Ralph, go home, and let us be so happy together as to partly make up for these years of mistake and grief."

Well, he teased me, and soon I was eager enough myself. Now the gold I had despised was valuable, as it could add to Susy's comfort. I gathered it up, and we started for home. Home! I had not spoken the word for fifteen years.

As we went, Robert tried to prepare me for a change in Susy.

"She has had a life of sorrow as well as you, my dear brother, and you must remember she ain't the girl of eighteen you left. She is nearly forty years old."

As I drew near I seemed to grow young again, and I wanted to rush through without stopping a minute. But Robert refused; he wanted to get me into civilized clothes and under the hands of a barber. He wouldn't take such a wild man of the woods to a little waiting wife.

So we stopped a few hours in San Francisco. I had my long white hair and beard trimmed, and my dress arranged to suit Robert, and hastened on toward home.

As we approached the blessed spot where my darling lived I could scarcely breathe, and I dreaded to frighten her to death. In sight of the house, I sent Robert ahead to tell her, and I basely hid in the shrubbery where I could look in through the open window.

There she was! The same dainty little figure—the same lovely face; but dressed in widow's weeds, and her bonny brown hair thickly sprinkled with silver. I saw the color come quickly to her face, then leave it pale as death. I saw her turn to the door and fly; I sprang to meet her, and—and—

Well, I shouldn't like to tell about that. And what said that little woman when she knew that I had remained away all these long years, had blasted her life love, made deep misery for all by my stupid belief of a piece of gossip that even to reported she shrank from as though it would wither her life? With quivering lips she said,—

"Dear Ralph, let us forget the past. This dread suspicion has wrought work of sorrow upon us both. It has been a fearful mistake, but we may be happy again in each other's love.

How it Worked at the Murray House.

Among the cosiest hotels in Ontario is the Murray House of St. Cathrines, kept by Mr. Thomas Scully, where the writer always stops when in that city. Upon a recent trip, the writer was speaking with Mr. Scully concerning his old ailment, a weak back, when Mr. S. observed: "I take sincere pleasure in recommending St. Jacob's Oil to all sufferers. I have found it a most excellent remedy myself, and I know of others who have used it with great success. I would not be without St. Jacobs Oil, nor do I believe any sensible man ought. I caught a cold about three years ago, which settled in my back and sorely afflicted me between my shoulders. The pain was almost unendurable at times, especially at impending changes of the weather; and at such times, I used to be incapacitated for attending to my business. I tried electric baths, salt baths, various strengthening plasters and other such means without success. Finally I tried St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, and was cured at once and permanently. St. Jacobs Oil is a most excellent remedy and I would not be without it at any price."

A gentleman in a neighbouring town who had suffered two years with chronic diarrhœa and was so reduced that he could not walk, was cured and restored to sound health by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. This Liniment is worth its weight in gold.

An Army in Blue Specs.

It is said that Arabi, the general of the Egyptian revolutionary forces, is going to be very circumspect and hold his ground quietly; expecting that the English army will soon be disabled by ophthalmia, without the need of fighting. The glare of the sun and the fine sand that float in the air have been found to play the mischief with foreign soldiers. It is affirmed that during the Egyptian campaign of the great Napoleon two-thirds of his men were at one time distressed with eye diseases. According to the English papers, every precaution is to be taken to save the British troops, now pouring into Egypt, from such maladies; and among other speculations 25,000 pairs of blue spectacles have been purchased at five cents per pair. Probably Arabi will laugh at the spectacle of an army in specs; but blue glass is held to possess various healing virtues, and if the British expectations are realized, they will yet laugh at Arabi

*** Unbidden guests are often welcomest when they are gone." Disease is an unbidden guest which Kidney Wort almost invariably "shows the door." Here is a case in point: "Mother has recovered," wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern relatives. "She took bitters for a long time but without any good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort she got a box and it completely cured her so that she can do as much work now as she could before we moved West. Since she got well every one about here is taking it."

A POISONED THREAD.—A dressmaker admitted into the Leeds Dispensary was found to have a distinct blue line on her gums, with simultaneous symptoms, such as a furred tongue, inflammation of the lips, and general debility—all signs pointing to the probability of poisoning by lead. The doctor in attendance on her for some time failed to discover the source, and was beginning to think the blue line had been caused in some other way, when he accidentally learned from a merchant that silk en thread, being sold by weight, and not length, is sometimes adulterated with sugar of lead. He then questioned the patient, and she informed him that it had been a common practice with her, when at work, to hold silk, as well as other kinds of thread in her mouth, and that she had done this the more readily with silk, inasmuch as it often had a sweet taste. This characteristic is a sure indication of the presence of lead, and all thread possessing it should either be rejected or used with caution. It will be found that the silk thread of the best makers is tasteless, whereas some inferior threads are sweet.—*Household Words.*

*That wonderful catholicon known as Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given this lady a world-wide reputation for doing good. It is like a living spring to the vital constitution. Her Blood Purifier will do more to cleanse the channels of the circulation and purify the life of the body than all the sanitary devices of the Board of Health.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE.—"Rough on Rats.' Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmunks, gophers. 15c.

"Why do good little children go to heaven when they die?" asked the teacher. "Because," answered the bright boy at the head of the class, "because it's unsafe to trust children where there's a fire."

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER.—Stinging irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1.

THE pompous lawyer, who supposed himself to be very sarcastic, said to the keeper of an apple stand: "It seems to me that you should quit this business and go at something which is not so wearing on the brain." "Oh, 'taint business," said the apple seller, "it is lying awake nights trying to decide whether to leave my fortune to an orphan asylum or to a home for played out lawyers, as is a-killing me."

☞The Scarlet, Cardinal Red, Old Gold, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Diamond Dyes give perfect results. Any fashionable color, 10 cents.

The blighting effects of impure blood sad to behold in those we meet day by day. This ought not and need not be. Parson's Purgative Pills make new rich blood; taken one a night for twelve weeks will change the blood in the entire system.

A GENTLEMAN, while bathing at sea, saw his lawyer rise up at his side, after a long dive. After exchanging salutations, says he, "By the way, how about Gunner?" He is in jail," replied the lawyer, and dived again. The gentleman thought no more of it, but on getting his account he found, "To consultation at sea, anent the incarceration of Gunner six and eightpence."

THAT HUSBAND OF MINE is three times the man he was before he began using "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

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A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.
[From the Boston Globe.]

Messrs. Editors—
The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.
On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."
It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.
It costs only $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.
For Kidney Complaint of *either* sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.
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All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.
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NOTICE!

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the "Lunenburg Progress Publishing Co.," the following Resolution was passed and ordered to be sent to the Shareholders, viz.:

Resolved, "That a fourth call of Twenty-five per Cent. upon each Share of the Subscribed Capital in this Company shall be, and the same is hereby declared to be, payable to C. W. H. KAULBACH, Esq., Treasurer, on or before FRIDAY, the 25th day of August, inst.

By Order,
A. J. KNIGHT,
aug3 Secretary.

PATENTS.

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