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VOL. 13.--NO. 31. SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1882. WHOLE NO. 654.

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Col. Bill Williams Mine.

From the Century Magazine.

CONTINUED.

There was a flourish of rocks, and a chorus of approving voices. The Colonel was hardly in a more exalted state of mind than his men. The prospect of selling a mine for half a million, together with the flood of Colorado whisky, had lifted them far above the plane of ordinary expectation. "The 'Col. Bill Williams Mine' is a bigger bonanza than the Comstock," roared the miners as they rallied around their chief, and flourished their long, ragged arms in the air.

As this proceeding was at its height, the stout, dumpy figure at the gateway, clad in a very rough, soiled suit of gray, advanced down the narrow stone pass to the inner edge of the wall, and looked on in mute amazement.

The Colonel was delighted with the enthusiastic behavior of his boys, and, with head high in the air, shouted:

"That's splendid! That's glorious! Keep it up! Keep it——." Observing something unusual in the look of the crowd, the Colonel turned, saw the figure in the narrow passage, and pausing and lowering his voice, queried: "Now, who in the name of Old Nick is that? Get out of the way thar! Thar's a lord a-comin'; do you hear?" roared the disgusted Colonel. "Get out or come in, you bloated old loafer. Who is he, Ginger, anyhow?"

"Oh he's a tender-foot, I guess. Get out of the way thar!"

"Oh, get out or come in!" shouted the Colonel. "Do you hear? We are lookin' for a gentleman."

The double chin of the stout, dumpy figure dropped an inch or two, perhaps, but the man himself did not move back, forward, or aside one single inch to make way for the distinguished nobleman who had come to Colorado to buy a mine.

The enraged Colonel leaped down from the rocks at last in a fit of desperation, and, rushing forward, took the stranger by the collar.

"If you wont go out, come in and clear the pass, I say." And with one jerk he brought him half way across to the bar. "There is a lord a comin' here, all lace and gold and ruffles. Do you hear?" And then he shook him till his teeth chattered. "Do you hear, I say; or are you deaf? Or are you dumb? Or what's the matter with you? Haint you got no manners?" Again he shook him till the breath was out of him, and the stranger attempted in vain to speak. "No! Don't you speak! Don't you dare to speak to me! If thar's any speakin' to be done, I'll do it myself. And don't you dare to speak to that lord when he comes; for I know your grammer's bad. Now you stand thar and pose!" and here, being quite out of breath, he planted the half-strangled man by the shaft as if he were a post, and belonged there as a part of the machinery of the mine.

"Pose, I tell you, and make an impression. And when that old Lord Howard comes———"

"Why, why, bless me soul, —I—I—I'm Lord Howard!' at last grasped the honest Englishman.

"Eh? Eh? Be you the lord?"

"I—I am."

The Colonel fell back against the bar. He did not cry out. He did not curse. He did not even ask for anything to drink.

"Beaten agian boys," at last murmured the Colonel meekly, aside to the miners. "Another fortune slipped through my honest grasp. Ah, Colorado's a hard country to make a livin' in."

One minor, a green one, who had not been there long, swore furiously for a moment, but, seeing he was alone, and feeling how inadequate were even the most massive oaths, and then the silence that followed was painful. They could hear the wicked little coyote calling from the hills above, but that was all. At last the two men began to gasp and gaze at each other as they got their respective breaths. The Englishman, who had been rubbing his throat, saw the bar, and, as if resolved to see if he could still swallow, called up the crowd with a jerk of his thumb, and treated promiscuously. This broke the ice; for he swore lustily as he drank, with the very first breath he had to spare.

"He's a gentleman," squeaked the Doctor aside to the Colonel, as he wiped his mouth on his sleeve.

"Swears like a gentleman," answered the Colonel.

"Treats like a gentleman," creaked Kit.

"And pays like a gentleman," as he raked in and clinked two sovereigns.

"Well, who cares for a live English lord, anyhow," half sneered the Doctor, taking part again from his full tumbler of Colorado lightning.

"We licked 'em at Bunker Hill, didn't we?" courageously responded the Colonel, aside to his piping little partner, and then, with the new inspiration upon he advanced and, bowing profoundly to Lord Howard as he reached his hand, he exclaimed with a flourish of the arm that took in the whole Rocky Mountains: "You are welcome, sir. Welcome to the balmy breezes, the lofty altitudes, and the aurif'rous regions of Colorado." He broke down, struck an attitude again and went on: "The British Lion, sir—and the American Eagle, sir. The American Eagle, sir—sir—sir—I—I—I'd like to sell you a mine, sir. No—no—not this one. Another one. Got another up canon. Can have it in full operation in two hours, sir."

My Lord seemed a bit dazed and did not respond.

"Come to Colorado for your health, I s'pose, my lord?" piped in the Doctor edgewise.

"Ho! ho! bless me soul, no!" puffed the old nobleman at last, with his glass to his eye, and a hand still to his throat.

"Well, that's queer. Everybody comes to Colorado for their health," answered the Doctor.

"Of course, then you came to Colorado, my lord, to buy a mine?" cried Colorado Bill. "Got the biggest thing in America, sir!"

"Why, bless me soul, no! I want no mine. I want neither mine nor medicine. I—I—will you drink, gentlemen?" He had learned a Colorado trick or two. "The bloody alkali dust of Colorado makes me throat hurt; or was it the w'isky? Hot! bless me soul, that was not!"

The old nobleman wrestled bravely with the burning liquid, and Colonel Bill, who now stuck like a burr to his elbow, continued:

"Climate! Climate, my lord! Colorado's a hot country. But I'd like to sell you a mine up the canon, sir; or down the canon, or anywhere you please, my lord; forty foot vain, dips, spurs, and angles, all solid silver, 'cept the gold in it. 'Spect to find it in a liquid state on next cross-cut and intersection level. Like to sell you that mine, my lord. Buy a silver mine, sir? I'll sell you a gold mine; sell you a diamond mine!"

"Why, bless me soul, do you Colorado men think of nothing but selling a mine?" blustered the old nobleman, finally, after he had screwed his eye-glass in its place and had looked long and curiously at the giant before him. "Why, at Danver, dozen men wanted to sell me a mine before I got the dust out of me eyes; and here you all seem to think, talk, dream of nothing else."

He went over to the bar and reached his hand to Ginger for his change. He had heard enough and wanted to go away.

"Oh, that's all right. "That's all paid," answered Ginger.

"I want me change. I gave you two sovereigns, me man. I gave you two sovereigns."

"Yes, yes, I know. That's all right. You see that sovereigns are at a discount in Colorado."

"Bless me soul! Then I'd better go at once, and get on into Canada."

And he walked aside, and, big with unborn English oaths, looked down into the now empty shaft.

"Don't want any mine," said the Colonel, mournfully, to the Doctor.

"Nor don't want any medicine," gloomily answered the Doctor. "He's a sort of ole'margarine lord, anyhow, he is. Let's go for him!"

"Says he wants to get into Canada," chuckled the Colonel.

The big-hearted Bill Williams was reckless now. He had met with many failures in his stormy life on the border, but none so inglorious as this he had just encountered. He was in disgrace before all his men, who had been appalled at the audacity of the stranger, and were correspondingly losing confidence in Colonel Bill. Now they stood about, gloomy, helpless, almost penniless. If he could not sell the mine, he thought to himself he would at least sell the very green old Englishman. Assuming a gay air of banter, he began:

"Didn't you say you wanted to git to Canada, my lord? I say you ain't got far to go to Canada. The line runs right through my silver-mine here," and he winked at the crowd back over his shoulder, as he advanced toward my lord and drew a line with his foot. "That's Canada and that's the United States. You pays your money and you takes your choice."

The nobleman looked at him a moment in admiration of this unexampled impudence. Then as if believing all, and quietly accepting the situation of things, he stepped forward and said: "Why, bless me soul! Is that Canada?" and this seemingly simple old man looked at the spot with his glass. "English soil! God bless old England! I love her! I love every foot of her!" and the honest old Briton crossed over and set down his foot firmly. "And this is Canada, hey? Bloody glad to be again on honest English soil." Then, winking an eye, not to that crowd, but to the north star that just grazed the brow of the steep bluff above him, he pompously pretended to take possession. His face was toward the narrow pass in the great stone wall by which he had entered, and taking three or four puck-like strides forward, he passed out and they never saw him more.

The miners melted away in the darkness, one by one, as the lights grew lower, and as the last torch flickered out, the great speculator, whose feeble imitators have since overrun the world, rolled himself in a blanket by the side of his prospect hole, and left Colorado to the wonderful stars and the coyote howling from the hill.—*Joaquin Miller.*

Samathy's Elopement.

"Yes," said the old lady, as she wiped her eyes and proceeded to tell sympathizing neighbours about the elopement of her daughter. "Yes, Mrs. Blobbs, you may well say ar' a dreadful stroke. I ain't had such another shock since that last spell o' rheumatiz. To think that darter of mine would do such a disgraceful thing after all the care an' affection me an' her father lavished on her from her infancy up. I couldn't bear up under the affliction nohow."

"Did you not suspicion that they were contemplating such a move?" asked the neighbor.

"No, we never suspicioned nary contemplation. After I'd run the conceited upstart off the premises with the mop, I did'nt think he'd have insurance to speak to Samathy agin. An' she appeared so consigned that I never respected her of having any underhand contentions. But all the time—so I've heerd sence—they used to meet clandestinely, when I thought Samathy was at meetin,' an, decoct their plan to run off an' 'lope. Well, Samathy has made her bed an' she'll have to lie on it. I wash my hands of the ongrateful girl from this time forthwith.

"Did you make any effort to intercept them?"

"No; you see, we did'nt know it, or else we'd a intercepted 'em within an inch of their lives."

"I mean did you try to have them stopped when you found they were gone?"

"Yes, indeed. Father telescoped to five or six towns, an' gave their prescription—cost him a lot o' money too; but he said he would'nt mind spendin' the price of a cow to get Samathy back; but we never heerd nothin' from them, an' I told father to let 'em alone, and they'd come home after a while with five or six children behind 'em. But I tell you, Mrs. Blobbs, they shan't set a foot in this house except over the dead body of my defunct corpse. You just remember that."

Look to Health.

The liver is the assistant of the stomach, and, like that organ, that it may be in its best possible condition, it demands simple food, nutritious and easy of digestion, taken at proper times and in moderate quantities, thoroughly chewed, and as thoroughly insalivated, that the starches may be chemically changed. While the excessive use of fats and sweets tax and irritate it, acids are in special demand in the warm weather, as a means of purification and cooling, this being particularly true in the early hot weather.

In my own experience I find no acid so well adapted to the wants of the stomach and liver as the acid phosphate, as an aid to digestion. Indeed, the pure fruit acids I consider far superior to vinegar, which at best, is the product of putrefaction. To secure the best effects from all acids—if acids cool and sweets heat—they should be used without sugar.

I commence the use of this acid early in the spring as a table drink, adding just enough of it to water to make it agreeable, and continue it during the warm weather, at any time in the day when a drink is demanded, depending on it at any season when an aid to the stomach or liver seems in demand. We are well satisfied with its use, and feel that it is of service to us in the matter of the sustenance of the brain and nerves.

The female drinker of tea, and the consequent victim of neuralgia—if the tea is strong—cannot do better than discard her neuralgia-producer and substitute this highly agreeable and valuable drink, since her nerves need nutrition far more than a fruitless attempt to quelt and restrain them by opiates! Let her heed the cry of the nerves for food, take an abundance of such, with a glass of this acid water on retiring, and the neuralgia will soon abate.—*Selected.*

Significance of Different Musical Intervals.

An interesting investigation might be made of the various musical accents which answer to different conditions of feeling. To ascertain this correctly would require a long and minute course of experiments. It is curious to observe, however, that Gluck, Mozart, Eerlioz, Meyerbeer, and Wagner, when they have the same situations to depict, whether in recitative or melody, use the same musical intonations. It thus appears that the major third is generally employed in interrogations and appeals, and that the appellative character of that interval becomes more marked and impressive in the fourth descending, while the fourth ascending denotes affirmation, decision, command. The minor and major fifths express the feelings from prayer to violent desire and menace. The sixth is the interval of passion: it is the symbol of a very accentuated emotion, and is inevitably met where love is declared. A semitone higher conveys the idea of something painful, which is resolved into a real expression of grief in the cry of the seventh, the symbol of an excess of suffering. There are in effect no two ways of saying the same thing in music, and it is only in the way the phrase is introduced and sustained by the harmony that authors vary. We are speaking, of course, only of those passages of the songs in which the emotions are exploded, for it is in these only that the author, not caring to expend his force over the whole phrase, aims to bring out his full meaning. From these comparisons of emotions and intonations we are able to discover the physical reason of the correspondence between the note and expression. The smaller intervals are congenial with indifference, monotony, doubt, melancholy, and sadness; the group of moderate intervals affirms occupation, pleasure and desire, which grow more ardent as we approach the extreme intervals; and in these we look for the most intense feeling. Melancholy sentiments involving diminished vitality, we might naturally conceive them to be expressed musically by diminished intervals, the compass of which requires little effort; while earnest desires, strong passions, and pleasant and happy feelings, being accompaniments of a more active vitality, provoke more vigorous expressions; and these expressions, by giving an outlet to the excess of vitality, furnish one of the best means for calming violent passions.—M. Hericourt, *in Popular Science Monthly for December.*

Habits of the Codfish.

From the Laramie Boomerang.

A correspondent of the *New York Post* says that the codfish frequent "the table lands of the sea." The codfish no doubt does this to secure as nearly as possible a dry, bracing atmosphere. This pure air of the submarine table lands gives to the codfish that breadth of chest and depth of lungs which we have always noticed.

The glad, free smile of the codfish is largely attributed to the exhilaration of this oceanic altitoodleum.

The correspondent further says that "the cod subsists largely on the sea cherry." Those who have not had the pleasure of seeing the codfish climb the sea cherry tree in search of food, or clubbing the fruit from the heavy laden branches with chunks of coral, have missed a very fine sight.

The codfish, when at home rambling through the submarine forest, does not wear his vest unbuttoned, as he does while loafing around the grocery stores of the United States.

—If pride leads the van, poverty brings up the rear.

—Two young men out riding were passing a farmhouse where a farmer was trying to harness an obstinate mule. "Won't he draw?" said one of the men. "Of course," said the farmer, "he'll draw the attention of every fool that passes this way." The young men drove on.

—She kept a boarding-house, was the mother of five romping boys, and had a nervous old bachelor lodger who was too civil ever to complain of the annoyance their pranks caused him. One day when they had been particularly frisky, and were galloping along the corridor on which his room was situated, she encountered him at the doorway and observed, with a feeling of maternal pride: "Splendid little fellows, aren't they, Mr. Martin? What would you do if you had them?" For a moment he looked like a man in whom the soul of a titcod was struggling for utterance, but resuming his natural reserve replied with deadly calmness: "Turn them into an apple-orchard, madame, while the fruit was green."

The By-Products of Coal-Burning.

In using raw coal for heating purposes these valuable products are not only absolutely lost to us, but in their stead we are favored with those semi-gaseous by-products in the atmosphere too well known to the denizens of London and other large towns as smoke. Professor Roberts has calculated that the soot in the pall hanging over London on a winter's day amounts to fifty tons, and that the carbonic oxide, a poisonous compound, resulting from the imperfect combustion of coal, may be taken as at least five times that amount. Mr. Aitken has shown, moreover, in an interesting paper communicated to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, last year, that the fine dust resulting from the imperfect combustion of coal is mainly instrumental in the formation of fog; each particle of solid matter attracting to itself aqueous vapor; these globules of fog are rendered particularly tenacious and disagreeable by the presence of tar-vapor, another result of imperfect combustion of raw fuel, which might be turned to much better account at the dye-works. The hurtful influence of smoke upon public health, the great personal discomfort to which it gives rise, and the vast expense it indirectly causes through the destruction of our monuments, pictures, furniture, and apparel, are now being recognized, as is evinced by the success of recent Smoke Abatement Exhibitions. The most effectual remedy would result from a general recognition of the fact that, wherever smoke is produced, fuel is being consumed wastefully, and that all our calorific effects, from the largest down to the domestic fire, can be realized as completely and more economically, without allowing any of the fuel employed to reach the atmosphere unburnt. This most desirable result may be effected by the use of gas for all heating purposes, with or without the addition of coke or anthracite.—C. William Siemens, F. R. S., *in Popular Science Monthly for December.*

—A man had a miserable yellow cur of no use to anyone and very dangerous; but he had no way of getting rid of the brute's body if he killed him, and, besides, a pistol shot would start the neighbours to asking questions. There being no other way out of the dilemma, he bought the cur a twenty-five cent collar and engraved a name on it. Within two days the dog was stolen.

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THE subscribers doing business as General Dealers under the name of Baird & George have this day dissolved partnership. All parties owing the said firm will pay to Mr. Baird, who assumes all liabilities of the said firm.

J. M. BAIRD.
FLETCHER E. GEORGE.

Sackville, Nov. 20, 1882.

NOTICE

ALL PARTIES owing the late Firm of Baird & George will please arrange the same without further notice immediately. Accounts unsettled on the 31st of December will be placed in process of collection.

J. M. BAIRD.

Sackville, Nov. 20, 1882.

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Accommodation for Moncton,..9.17 a. m.
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill.....8.52 p. m.

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Express for St. John.....3.16 p. m.
Accommodation for Moncton..10.00 a. m.
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill.....8.03 p. m.

The Express Train from Quebec runs to Halifax and St. John on Sunday morning, and the Express Train from Halifax and St. John runs to Campbellton on Sunday morning.

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