1889


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Our Country with its United Interests.

W. C. ANSLOW — EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XXII.—No. 48. Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, September 11, 1889. WHOLE No. 1140.



## 1889. FALL ARRIVALS 1889.

## 8 CASES, 2 BALES.

—oOo—

New Fall Goods, part of my Fall Importation are now ready for inspection.
Grey and White Cottons, Flannels all colors,
Grey and White Blankets, Camp Blanketing,
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Turkey Red Cottons, Jeans, Lining Cottons,
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**J. D. PHINNEY.**
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OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.
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**Dr. R. Nicholson,**
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Jan. 22, 1889.

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**Dr. W. A. Ferguson.**

OFFICE up stairs in SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN'S building. Residence Waverley Hotel.

Newcastle March 12, 1889.

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**Dr. H. A. FISH,**
**Newcastle, N. B.**
March 20, 1889.

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**Puttner's Emulsion To all who are suffering from affections of the throat and Lungs and I am certain that for wasting Diseases nothing superior to it can be obtained."**

"I have been suffering from Pulmonary Diseases for the last five years. About two years ago, during an acute period of my illness, I was advised by my physician to try **Puttner's Emulsion.** I did so with the most gratifying results. My sufferings were speedily alleviated, my cough diminished, my appetite improved, I added several pounds to my weight in a short time and began to recover strength. This process continued until life which had been a misery to me became once more a pleasure. Since then, **Puttner's Emulsion** has been my only medicine. As one who has fully tested its worth, I heartily recommend it to all who are suffering from affections of the Lungs and Throat, and I am certain that for any form of Wasting Diseases nothing superior can be obtained."

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Sackville, N. B., Aug. 18, '89.

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For further particulars address the President for a Calender.

Sackville, Aug. 1st, 1889. 3m.

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## Selected Literature.

### A HARD CASE.

CHAPTER I.

'Yes, dear reader, a very hard case. Everybody said so and everybody keeps saying so. There can be no reasonable doubt on the subject. So if you try to be patient and charitable and all that sort of thing I'll tell you something about it. You see, I am just dying to tell somebody, so I'll just fancy you're sitting over there by the fire, and while it rains and rains outside enough to fret a saint, I'll talk it all over with you. Well, to begin: I am the hard case. I, Belle Hardy, aged nineteen and a half, well born, well educated and well disciplined generally. I am a very pretty girl. I may say uncommonly pretty. There! I see your eyebrows go up and I know the cause. You are shocked, of course, because I say I am pretty. The difference between other pretty girls and myself is that I am honest enough to declare what I know so well. Haven't people been telling me so always? Don't I see myself in the glass a dozen times a day? Aye, and don't I see it in other people's eyes every time I walk in the streets? Why, I know it well. Of course, I know it well. I've got a pretty figure, too, and such a pretty foot, and oh, me! these two pretty feet do walk me into such a lot of trouble!

We are living in the South—in Florida, papa and mamma and I. We had a lovely home there—not a stately home, but a bird's nest of a place, all flowers and shade and quiet and fragrance, and besides this, almost too many alligators and snakes, all things considered. I was the only child about, and it goes without saying that I was Queen Bee and 'ruled the roost.' My dear old mulatto mammy said I was the very best child in the world, and mamma said just as often that I was the worst. (There will be such little differences of opinion in the most harmonious families.) My papa was an old man, with snowy hair and feeble step, even in my first recollection of him, and people were always mistaking my pretty, youthful mother for his daughter.

One hot day I remember nurse took me over to the Bantneze Plantation to stay a few days. I was then about ten years old. Well, we stayed a week there, where I was very happy playing with the Bantneze children, and then we went back, home, and there was my mamma in a black dress, looking sad enough, and she told me my poor papa was dead and buried, and that she had only me to love now. After this it was teachers and lessons, lessons and teachers, all the time. Generally these (the teachers, I mean) came from New England and were very nice and kind and faithful with me, but one and all agreed with mamma that I was 'a hard case,' and my mulatto mammy hated them all accordingly. One day, when I was about eighteen, I had been all the morning on the lake with Carlos (Carlos Haleen was one of our neighbors, and a handsome, graceful creole he was too.) He had just asked me to marry him, and I had told him, 'maybe I would and maybe I wouldn't, I'd see about it'—so I had just come in and found a tall, ugly, long faced man sitting with mamma. He looked at me awfully hard, with his eyes half closed, and she said:

'Oh, Louis! don't you remember Belle.'

He said (gracious! what a gruff one he was to be sure):

'No; how could I, when she was only seven when I saw her last?'

He really looked as if he was angry with mamma for asking the question.

'Belle, my daughter, speak to your Uncle Louis.' Thus was poor little mamma trying to smooth him out again.

'How'do, Uncle Louis?' I said.

'H'm, she's as independent as a woodsawyer,' he remarked very pleasantly; 'and just like she was ten years ago.'

'Yes, that's her way, Louis. I am afraid she is a little too independent.'

'Seems so indeed.'

'But she's grown up pretty?'

'Eyes too large and too much, entirely too much hair. I don't like redundance, you know, Kate. I like a girl with a cool eye—her's ain't.

'No, I am afraid her's ain't.'

'Mamma,' I said, 'if you and Uncle Louis are quite through interviewing me, I'll go up and take off my bonnet.'

'Very well, dear, go along, if you like; you'll find us both in here when you come down.'

'No, I won't either,' I thought, as I slipped out at the back door and went over to mammy's cabin to tell her that my Uncle Louis, whom I hated, had come—we both knew he was expected—to take mamma and me to live with him in his dismal, hateful, stupid, brick and mortar house in that far-off New York, where it snowed from year's end to year's end, and where the people's hearts were as cold as the climate.

You see, dear reader, you needn't mention it, but I had never been farther from the plantation in my life than St. Agustine one way and Savannah the other.

Sure enough the plantation was sold and all our pretty furniture and every thing, and we came here to New York to live, and I'd no sooner gotten here than I fell in love with New York, and have been faithful to this sentiment ever since. We have lived with Uncle Louis in his bachelor home all this time. Mamma says Uncle Louis is a good man, and is a father to me, and I suppose she knows; but, dear reader, I'll tell you in strict confidence the Bible says 'it is not good for man to live alone,' and Uncle Louis has been trying it fifty-seven years, and oh! ye 'gods and little fishes,' how he has soured on it. You see, the trouble is he cannot let me alone.

'Belle, are you going out again?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What for?'

(Now it just riles me for people to ask questions.)

'What for, I say?'

'Mamma wants some thread and I want a walk, and I'm going for it.'

Stepping back to the sitting room door, he says:

'Kate, why do you send Belle out shopping? She is in the streets entirely too much. I'll get the thread. Call her back.'

As he closes the front door, mamma, who always obeys literally, says:

'Come back, Belle; your uncle will get the thread.'

'Very well; let him get the thread."

This I say as I watch his back going up one square, and then ran off the other way.

He would stop me anywhere and at any time, just to have a few cross words. One day on the stairway he says:

'Belle!'

'Sir!'

'You are absurdly vain.'

Then after a moment—

'Have you nothing to say? I repeat it—you are absurdly vain.'

'Not a syllable."

'Ah! You're a hard case—you are.' Late in the evening mamma and I are in the sitting room, very quiet and comfortable, when he comes in looking black enough. It is evening, and he hates snow.

'Where's my paper! Where's this morning's World?'

My heart jumps into my mouth. I knew where his World was, but how could I tell him?

'Haven't you read your World to-day, Uncle Louis?' I ask, trying to get time.

'Yes, but there's something in it that I want to see, and I must have it, and I will have it. You know where it is. I see you do. Tell it—tell it.'

'Oh! my gracious! how he glared, and all about a pitiful morning paper already stale and old.

'Do you know where it is?' he asks, leaning towards me with such a scowl.

'Yes, I know.'

'Then where?'

'I have got it on this very moment for a bustle. There?' I said.

Well, after what followed, I felt that I never could again engage the World in another bustle on my own account.

CHAPTER II.

Now, I don't literally love work; of course I don't, but I'm not lazy. So I do whatever I have to do, and then I consider my time my own; but, you see, mamma cannot understand this. I like a brisk walk up and down Broadway on the sunny afternoons. I love to watch the people—all possible sorts and sizes—and the shop windows in their tempting array, and (now don't even tell this, dear reader,) I don't mind having the dudes look at me with most evident admiration and say under their breath, but quite loud enough for me to hear, 'Very pretty girl, too,' and I love to walk on as if I didn't hear and have the same thing repeated half a dozen times within the hour. I suppose all this is very wrong, very wrong, but as I am a 'hard case' I'm bound to do wrong. Of course mamma don't know all this, but she suspects that I set a proper value on my looks, and so she tries to be what is called 'very particular' with me. You see, she thinks she must go through a certain formula every time I go out alone, thus:

'Belle, dear, don't look at the men. Hear?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'And don't let the men look at you.'

'No, ma'am.'

'I wouldn't walk by the Fifth Avenue Hotel.'

'No, ma'am.'

'Nor Delmonico's.'

'No, ma'am.'

'Nor the club house.'

'No, ma'am.'

'And, Belle, my darling, do get back early. You know your uncle will fret so.'

'Yes, ma'am.'

We go through this little entertainment every time, and go through it much as gaping irreverent sinners go through the grand ritual, and with as little interest in its meaning.

One day—it was on Thursday, I remember—I had been having a tremendous tilt with Uncle Louis, and was feeling more like 'a very hard case' than usual. I was walking down Broadway and had stopped to cross at Madison Square. But it was a hard thing to do. The cars, carriages, vans, hansoms, cabs and busses kept coming. Finally despairing of an opening. I determined to start anyway and risk getting caught between wheels. A very foolish thing to do, of course, but I suppose a 'hard case' would naturally be expected to do a foolish thing. So I started, but in five seconds, feeling the warm breath of a pair of fiery horses in my face, my poor cowardly heart forgot to keep beating. I felt giddy and sick, and then—and then streets and horses and houses and people, all seemed to fall into a big heap together, and the 'subsequent proceedings interested me no more' somehow, for I have never been able to recall them, only a little later—it might have been ten hours or ten minutes—I found myself sitting on a bench in Madison square, leaning back against a tree, and a man—a rather large middle aged man—with glasses on, was sitting close by me, holding my hands, and as I look at him, he says:

'Better now, ain't you?' and I say, 'Oh, yes!'

But my hands are trembling and I feel a little sick still.

'That was a foolish, thoughtless thing to do, you know,' he goes on; 'being thoughtless, you've had a narrow escape. I knew you'd do it sooner or later.'

I could feel the red blood come rushing into my cheeks when he said this, because I knew so well what would inevitably follow.

'Yes, I knew you'd do it sooner or later. Every afternoon you will cross there in the most crowded place, and I knew you wouldn't always make a safe trip. I have seen you cross fifteen times—the sixteenth came perilously near being the last.'

And didn't I know it all? Hadn't I seen him in the very same place watching me, following me up and down with his eyes day after day—such handsome, soft, gray eyes, too.

He wasn't a dude—no, indeed!—nor was he very young—thirty-five, perhaps forty—but in all the crowded street there was not another face like his.

'Why do you always walk alone?' he asks.

'Because I don't know anybody here in New York.'

'You've no father? No brother?'

'None.'

'Are you alone in the world?'

'Oh, no—I've mamma at home and Uncle Louis.'

'What would 'Uncle Louis' think of this afternoon's escapade?'

'He'd scold most awfully. I tremble to think of it.'

'Is he—is he cross?'

'Excessively.'

He laughed a little at this, and then looking very grave, said:

'Promise me you won't do that again.'

'What, cross out there.'

'Yes, or in any other such place?'

'Oh, I don't like to make promises. I never did.'

'Child—child!' he says, 'you know you run across there to show your little feet.'

'Well, they are pretty, and most of the feet about here ain't you know.'

'True, very true; but what value would they have if you had got killed, or had to have them amputated?'

'Oh! for pity's sake, don't talk about such horrid things; and by the way, I must go home. Uncle Louis will make things warm for me.'

'May I take you home?'

'Why, no indeed, sir. You know you and I are not even acquainted.'

'We'll remedy that,' he said, taking a card from his pocket and handing it to me.

I read the name, John Paul Wearing, offices of Wearing, Cult & Co., Wall St., New York, opposite Stock Exchange, and ever so much more about deposits received and interest allowed, and stocks and bonds and all manner of such rubbish. The only part I cared for was the John Paul, you know.

'And your name?' he said.

'Oh! I'm so very sorry,' I said, 'but really I forgot my cards.'

So he just laughed and bade me good evening and walked off, and I almost ran home; and just as I closed the front door right on the opposite side of the street was John Paul, standing by a gas lamp (how in the world had he got there so quickly?) and he just lifted his hat and bowed and smiled, and I went in and got a blessing, so to speak, from Uncle Louis, and mamma said, whispering from behind her sewing:

'You didn't go by the Fifth Avenue Hotel, did you, Belle?' And I said, 'No, indeed, mamma;' and I really didn't. I crossed this side.

Now, it isn't strange if after this I had rather a habit of looking out for J. P., is it? And he was always there, in the same place, waiting patiently, I suppose, to see me get killed at that crossing. He always smiled and lifted his hat and looked handsome (some kinds of dark gray eyes look so soft through glasses,) but of course I never spoke or bowed even, because he and I were not acquainted. Once, I remember, just as I was about to cross the street he raised a warning forefinger and shook his head, and I gave it up that time. But very queer things can come about sometimes. One afternoon Uncle Louis called me down stairs and said:

Belle, I had a letter from your Aunt Charlotte to-day. She lives in New Orleans, you know, and she wants me to send her your photograph. So get your bonnet and we'll have one taken right away. It's all stuff and nonsense, but I suppose she must be humored.'

I was all dressed, fortunately, for if I had been in my Mother Hubbard wrapper he would have ordered me out all the same. Think of my walking on Broadway with Uncle Louis! It was anything but an unalloyed pleasure. He scolded every foot of the way and people around us could hear every word.

'Come along, Belle, what are you staring at? Don't stop at that window, don't walk so fast, bless my life, what a hard case you are, to be sure,' and all such pleasantries.

Suddenly he pulled me into an open door on Twenty-sixth St., near Broadway, and said:

'Wait here a little, I want to send a despatch.'

At this very moment who should walk into the door, right after us, but J. P. He didn't appear to see me, but walked up to my uncle and slapping him on the back, said:

'How are you, Louis, old fellow?'

Good gracious, me! I thought it was all a sort of bravado, and I knew it wouldn't go down with my amiable kinsman. But he turned around and said with his pleasantest manner (which, by the way, wasn't anything to boast about.)

'Why, Paul! is it you? How are you? I haven't seen you for an age;' and then they fell to talking like old acquaintances; but of course, Uncle Louis never thought of introducing me, until J. P., getting very impatient, says:

'I didn't know you were a domestic character, Louis. I suppose this young girl is your daughter?

Much scorning the insinuation, my dear uncle replied:

'Heavens! No. She's my niece, and a hard case too, let me tell you. Come here, Belle,—her name is Bell Hardey—and speak to Mr. Wearing.'

He came over and spoke to me, much as if I were a promising tot of five or six. Indeed, he was so very paternal I thought he was going to pat me on the head, after the manner of benevolent elderly gentlemen. Then Uncle Louis (poor, blind, old bachelor) urged J. P. to call and see his sister, and dine with us the next Sunday, about which J. P. pretended to look doubtful, but finally said, 'he thought he was disengaged that day,' etc.

Of course J. P. came to dinner, and of course J. P. came very often besides—and—and—now this part ain't so very easy to tell, but of course I found out something very wonderful about myself very soon, and that was that I loved J. P.—beyond the whole world, and had promised to marry him some day.

Just before Christmas, J. P. came in one night just as usual. Uncle Louis was deep in his evening paper and mamma was sewing. He had hardly taken his seat when he turned to my uncle and said:

'Louis, I want your attention for a while.'

'Yes, Paul; yes certainly,' (reluctantly folding the paper.)

'I suppose you are Belle's guardian?'

'Yes—yes, I'm her guardian.'

'Well, I want you to give her to me.'

'Bless my soul! Give her to you?'

'Yes, certainly—give her to me.'

'For what?'

'To be my wife, of course.'

'Man alive do you know what you are doing?'

'Certainly.'

'No you don't. Why, she's nothing but a badly-spoiled child—wild, self-willed, reckless, unmanageable, a hard case.'

'All the same, I repeat I want you to give her to me.'

'It can't be done, Paul. It cannot be done.'

'Why? Why cannot it be done?'

'Dear me, dear me. This is what comes of having to do with girls and women. 'Why she's engaged to be married.'

'*What?*

This time J. P. looks at me with flashing angry eyes.

'I say she is engaged to a young Creole in Florida. He told me all about it when I was down there. His name is Carlos Haleen, and it is a good match for her. A Florida plantation is the place for her.'

'Belle, (J. P. is stern enough now) what does this mean?'

'It means—I say—that Carlos did ask me to marry him before I came to New York. I put him off, but the night we left Florida, I told him I didn't care for him and never would.'

Uncle Louis interrupted me right here.

'Paul, I've known you for twenty years, and have not one word to say against you, but I've given my word to this young fellow, and my word is bond. She will have to marry him.'

'But Louis, she don't care for him.'

'Oh fiddlesticks! what does she know about it?

'She nows this much, that she loves me, and has promised to be my wife, and she will be.'

'I don't propose to be defied in my own house, Paul,' Uncle Louis said.

'Excuse me,' J. P. said, recovering himself immediately, 'the subject excited me, naturally enough.'

He took a little piece of paper out of his pocket, wrote something on it, and handed it to me, saying, 'I will see you again, Louis,' bade us good night, and walked out.

The next day I obeyed his little written order:

'Meet me at the corner of Sixth avenue and Twentieth street to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock.'

Well, I met him there, and found a church—a pretty church, with two willow trees bending over it—how cool, I thought those trees would look in summer, and we found a minister there, too, and he asked J. P. and me a few questions and prayed for us, and when we came out he (not the minister) said:

'You cannot run under horses' heads to show your pretty feet now, little girl, for you belong to me forever and forever and forever.'

Then we walked home just as demurely as if nothing unusual had occurred—I don't mean to Uncle Louis' house, but to a pretty up-town flat that 'he' had been getting fixed up for me all these weeks. And mamma didn't cry, though she was awfully frightened, but she said, 'it was the only thing to do,' and Uncle Louis was very angry—and is very angry—and says it is 'for life,' and J. P. says (we have been married seven whole weeks now, you know) he is 'so sorry for all the other men who didn't and couldn't marry a hard case.'

### CURE FOR VANITY.

A student who had finished his studies at the Divinity Hall in Scotland, appeared before his Presbytery to deliver a trial discourse, seemed vain of his supposed ability, delivered his discourse with a great amount of self conceit. An old Minister who listened to him, was much grieved with the young man's excessive vanity. After the young man had concluded his oration, the old Minister was asked to engage in prayer. He reverently lifted up his hands, and with a solemn tone, said, "Oh, God jag him, and prog him, and let the wind oot, o him," (Pierce him, and bore him, and let the wind out of him.) It is to be hoped the prayer of the old man was answered, and that the young man became a sober, and acceptable Minister.

## Temperance.

I believe that the demon of strong drink is the gigantic foe of God and man; that it ruins man alike for happiness on earth and blessedness in heaven; and that two-thirds of all the pauperism, crime and woe of earth may be traced to him as his progeny; that he was conceived of Satan, born of the depraved appetites of men, and inflicts only suffering upon his victim; that under his rule reason is crucified, love dies, and conscience is buried; that man descends into a hell even upon earth, and has no resurrection for his manhood, nor redemption for his enslaved soul, but in the power of God; that no drunkard can enter into the kingdom of God or abide in his presence who shall come to judge the living and the dead. I believe in the saving and keeping power of the Holy Ghost; that the whole catholic church should unite to assault and overthrow this awful traffic in strong drink, and deliver humanity from the curse of the drink habit, that the only salvation for humanity is in uncompromising total abstinence for the individual, progressive prohibition for the community, and above all, the embrace of the Gospel of Christ, who alone can redeem body and soul from the slavery of sin and thrill us with the power of life everlasting.—*Arthur T. Pierson, D. D.*

### THE SALOON KEEPER'S GAINS.

"I have made a thousand dollars during the last three months," said a saloon keeper, boastfully, to a crowd of his townsmen. "You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener. "What is that?" was the quick response. "You have made wretched homes—women and children poor and sick and weary of life. You have made my two sons drunkards," continued the speaker, with terrible earnestness: "you made the younger of the two so drunk that he fell and injured himself for life. You have made their mother a broken-hearted woman. Oh, yes; you have made much—more than I can reckon up, but you'll get the full amount some day—you'll get it some day?"—*Selected.*

Dr. Norman Kerr, a well known scientific man, and a most careful statistician, declares that the loss of life by the drink plague in England, for a year, is at least 120,000 lives, being as many every year as were lost altogether in the "great plague" of 1666.

Philips Brooks says. "If we could sweep intemperance out of the country, there would hardly be poverty enough left to give healthy exercise to the charitable impulses."


**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**