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Devoted to Home and Foreign News, Social and Intellectual Advancement, Material Prosperity and Political Reform.

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Poetry.

Broken Flowers.

I gave her a half-blown rosebud,
My darling of three years old,
Its pliant green stem was thornless;
Its petals yellow as gold.
One moment her red lips kissed it
Inhaling its perfume rare;
One moment her bright eyes sparkled
To find it so fresh and fair;
Then, ruthless, the baby-fingers,
Unhooked by my look of pain,
Were scattering all the petals
Like a shower of golden rain!
O, it was a pretty pastime!
And she snatched with baby glee
Till she came to the hard, green calyx
And stole a shy glance at me.
"Is it 'all gone' my baby,
The beauty, the sweetness, the grace?
A quivering grin in answer
Steals over her speaking face,
As she stoops for the scattered petals,
While her eager hands implore
Each radiant bit of color
To stand where it stood before!
In vain! At her childish sobbing
My own eyes fill with tears,
As I ask: Will she pull to pieces
The flowers of her later years.
Or learn, from this spring-time sorrow,
The worth of sweetness and grace
We willful and heedless mortals
May destroy—and can never replace!
Ah, baby, when next my fingers,
Round a thornless blossom close,
Shall I mar it forever and grace
Or cherish it fondly! Who knows!
—C. M. Harris, in *Okio Union*.

Select Tale.

JUNITA.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

CHAPTER II.

"A glorious wedding it was, solemnized in the church. Margaret was more queenly than ever—jewels made her regal. Junita was pale and drooping, yet looked very lovely in her robes of white and ornaments of pearl.
"Is not that Lord Dudley?" whispered the bride's father to grim Roger Melville, at the same time pointing to a man of noble presence, who stood near the altar, his soul in his eyes, his glances bent on the gentle bride's maid.
"Yes, a fulsome and pestilent king's churchman," was the reply. "If I mistake not he is much taken with the gentle face of my betrothed. Mark the man!"
At that moment the ceremony was ended, and as the father looked warily he saw Junita flash at him once, while a radiant change made her face more than beautiful. He turned his eyes and saw that Lord Dudley was regarding her also, and as the bridal train went out another significant look passed between the two.
"Faith, 'tis a pretty sight," said Roger Melville between his teeth. "Where hath Junita met him, since she seems to recognize him."
"I know nothing about it, but I shall see to it," was the father's reply, as they followed the wedding train to their carriage.
Towards night of the same day, Batti burst into the room of her mistress.

"Miss Nita," she cried, "there are some lovely corals down stairs—a Jew brought them. Shall I bring them for you to see, or will you go down to the hall?"
"Bring them up," said Junita. "No I will come down—it is not likely I shall buy, and it would be a pity to encourage the poor man to hope." She flung a lace scarf over the rich dress she had still worn after the bride's departure, and went slowly down the stairs. Batti disappeared. Junita stood for a moment, her eyes fixed, her hands clasped.
"Henri," she exclaimed, in a low voice, "why have you come? Why subject yourself and me to fresh tortures? I could not unsay what I have said—and it is not right for me to see you."
"Dearest," he exclaimed, placing his box of corals upon a stand, and gazing at her with delight, "how beautiful you look! Ah, you cannot suffer as I do if you do not see me to perpetual absence. I cannot lose you—come with me, let not this tyranny—fly from the man who would sacrifice you, to a happy, ay! a splendid home. My mother and my sisters wait for you."
"Henri, it is useless for you to plead," said Junita, firmly. "No other man will ever marry—I will die first, but I cannot favor your proposals—no, not for a moment."
"You are cruel," he said, in a low, broken voice. "But hear me. I will not give you up. To that new world I will follow—in that savage land I will find you. Take this ring—it is exactly like the one I wear, and if ever you see its counterpart know that it is Lord Henri Dudley who waits for you and loves you undyingly." The young girl drew the ring upon her finger. It was a plain band of gold, with a minute cross set within a circle. She did not dare to wear it, but she placed it among her treasures, as the dearest of them all.
On that evening Junita was called into her father's library.
"My child," he said, "I have already told you that the good and noble Roger Melville has asked for your hand. You, as a dear and dutiful daughter, will not gainsay my wishes in this particular, as I regard Roger with more than ordinary esteem. He wishes the marriage to take place before we leave England, and—"
"O father!" exclaimed the young girl, springing from her seat. "Indeed, he must not ask that."
"Why not?" he asked, since I have destined that he, my child, since I have never slighted my requests before."
"I must ask for more time, father," she murmured tremblingly. "Surely he will not deny me that when he is aware that my wishes have not been considered in the least. Wait till we are settled in our new home, and then if—if I love him—I will not—" the words died on her lips; she sank almost fainting to her seat.
"Daughter, we do not compel thee," said the stern old man, "but I have a question or two to ask. Do you know any young nobleman in this city?"
She looked up, frightened and ashy pale.
"Answer me," he said, the gloom growing deeper on his brow.
"Father—I—"
"I will not have subterfuge, either assent or denial," exclaimed the old man. "I—I have seen—"
"Speak quickly," was the sharp response.
"I never knew he was a nobleman till—her voice failed her again.
"So you have known him—you have deceived me! Child, your soul is in peril. The enemy of my religion, the son of the enemy of my family has dared to meet her lips and sally your pure mind with his wicked views. Roger was right—he is always right. Girl, his eagle eye read your secret where my glance was dull. How dared you countenance this man! When and where have you met him—you whom I deemed so good and innocent—you the child of my sainted wife. Would you become an alien and an outcast?"
"I will not listen to words like these," said the young girl, retaining the composure she had lost; "no, not even from my father. I have done you no discredit. I have listened to no false words. One day when I was out riding with my sister, my horse ran and carried me nearly a mile ahead of her. His speed was checked by the skill of a horseman who saw my peril. I thanked him, he bowed and passed on. Gratitude preserved his

image in my mind. Casually I saw him again and again, once at the bedside of a poor woman whom I found nearly starving. This enemy of yours, is, it is an injunction to care for the sick and helpless. But in all I have said to you, I have remembered you, and the vows that as a child I have taken upon me. You need never fear for me."
"It is well," said the old father. "I lay upon you my command never to see him again. He has been to me but a vision toward the man her father had chosen for her, while bright and beautiful to her imagination came the private face of Lord Dudley. His gentle voice so different from the harsh tones of the other—his dark eyes, full of the ingenious light of a noble heart, came in strong contrast before her, to the cold, glittering eyes of the man who had won the favor of her father.
"I will be a good and dutiful child to him in all things else," she said, "but I will never be the wife of Roger Melville. Not that I care for a life of splendor with the one I love I could live in the humblest dwelling, but my heart would starve for the want of love if I marry any other, and my life would be false."
Batti was busy now from morning till night, sewing, folding, packing. The servants, many of them were discharged, only two or three, tried and faithful, being willing to undergo the discomforts of the journey. As for Batti, she had lost her mother and was devotedly attached to her young mistress. Her love overbalanced the terror she often felt at the stories which were poured into her willing ears.
"They say that the natives there are monstrous heathens, and brown as copper-kettle," she remarked to her mistress.
"Do you believe they eat people?"
"To be sure not," replied Nita, laughing. "Do we not have long letters from my uncle and cousins who live there? I expect it is a lovely country, and if things were but a little different I should be very happy."
"That reminds me," said Batti, "of something that happened last night. Do you think that man your father told Roger, met me in the hall yesterday and asked me impertinent questions?"
Junita looked up flushed and eager.
"What were they, pray?" she asked.
"O! whether I look notes from gentlemen to you—if you spoke of him, and what you said. Then he ducked me everything and made me very angry."
"The craven! And what did you tell him?"
"That my mistress did not pay me for talking about her—that her gentlemen friends were in the house, and I should charge more than he or anybody could give, for telling anything I heard either to his advantage or disadvantage."
"You could not have answered better," replied Junita. "He is a selfish, prying man, just as I thought him; he is not worthy of a true woman's love."
"If I had dared tell him all I thought," said Batti, "he would never ask me again."
(To be Continued.)

Under every guilty secret there is hidden a brood of guilty wretches, whose unwholesome, infecting life, is cherished by the darkness. The contaminating effect of deeds often less than the commission of our desires—the enlistment of our desires—the enlistment of our self-interest on the side of falsity.—(George Eliot.)

"Father! When a hen sets on an egg three weeks and it don't hatch, is the egg spoiled?" "As an article of diet, my son, the egg is therefore a failure, but as a species of testimonial it is strikingly aromatic and expressive."

Watermelons.

Watermelons of excellent quality may be grown in the States which are naturally suited to them on account of the shortness of the season, or where the soil is not sufficiently sandy to furnish the necessary heat for their rapid growth, by starting the plants in a hot bed. My plan, which is very successful, is to put two seeds in a small earthen pot, two inches in diameter, filled with rich earth. The pots are then placed in a hot bed, and the spaces between them filled with sand. The plants should be left in the hot bed until they begin to run, by which time the earth will be sufficiently warm about the plants, and retain the heat for their transplanting. Holes should be dug in the garden or field, in a sunny spot, and filled with well-rotted manure mixed with soil, in which the plants should be set. A hole a foot in depth, and large enough to contain two shovel-fuls of manure is large enough. One board should be set in a hill. They can be readily removed from the pots by a slight blow on the bottom from the hand. A hill of sand two feet in diameter and about four inches thick should be placed around the plants, which serves to both increase and retain the heat, and at the same time act as a mulch to the bed underneath, in which the plant has been set. The south side of a stone wall or board fence is a nice place to grow melons, as the fence reflects the heat and at the same time breaks the wind. The Mountain Sweet is the best variety I have grown, as they are early and of superior quality. The Excelsior is sweet, managed in this manner, will give an affluence of this delicious fruit than an ordinary family can consume. The surplus will find ready market at good prices.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

Clothing of Glass.

The ingenuity that led to the manufacture of articles of clothing from paper has been eclipsed, as similar articles are now made from glass. An up-town dry goods house has on exhibition a glass table cloth several feet square of various colors, with ornamented borders and fringed edges. The fabric is flexible, and only a little heavier than those woven of silk, while it is claimed that it can be washed and ironed like the ordinary table-cloth. Glass has been spun and woven in Austria for some years, but is a new undertaking in this country. A prominent glass-manufacturing firm of Pittsburgh, Pa., recently engaged in the manufacture of this brittle substance into fabrics, which they claim are as perfect, delicate, and durable as the finest silk. A representative of that firm said yesterday that they can spin 250 fine threads, each ten miles in length, in one minute. The weaving is done with an ordinary loom, but the process is more difficult and much more interesting than the spinning of cotton or other threads. "We can duplicate in glass any costume," said this gentleman, "and can make it just as brilliant in color, elaborate in finish, perfect in fit, and equal in its smallest details, even to the buttons on the original. The fabric is very strong, cannot be ripped or torn, and can be sold at a less price than linen, cotton, or silk, or other fabric imitated. It is also very warm, easy fitting, and comfortable, whether worn as dress, shawl, or other garment in ordinary clothing."
Among the articles already manufactured of glass are beautiful towels, napkins, and table-cloths.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

Age of Sheep For Fattening.

Sheep fatten most rapidly at two or three years of age. By feeding with rich fodder, one year old sheep will increase in weight more rapidly than when older, for the period of growth is not yet passed. Whilst they will also fatten at the age, the flesh is not esteemed as taken very young and fed high are made very palatable. But when fattened for profit as well as palatable flesh, sheep as other animals, should be matured in growth first. It is also true that after animals have become too old, neither profitable fattening nor the most palatable flesh can be secured with the best of food. Whether for economy in feeding or choice meat, the best is attainable when the animal is well matured; neither before nor much after that period.

Gentleness With Horses.

A horse cannot be screamed at and cursed without becoming less valuable in every particular. To reach the highest degree of value the animal should always be gentle and reliable, but if it expects every moment that it is in harness to be "jawed" at and struck, it will be in a constant state of nervousness, and in its excitement is as liable, through fear, to do something which is not expected, as to go along doing what you started it to do.
It is possible to train a horse to be governed by word of mouth, almost as completely as it is to train a child, and in such training the horse reaches its highest value. When a horse is soothed by the gentle words of his driver—it may be fairly concluded that he is a valuable animal for all practicable purposes, and it may be certainly concluded that the man who has such power over him is a humane man and a sensible one.
But all this simply means that the man must secure the animal's confidence. Only in exceptional instances is he stubborn or vicious. If he understands his surroundings and what is required of him, he gives no trouble. As almost every rider must know if the animal set when frightened can be brought up to the object he will become calm. The reason is that he understands that there is nothing to fear. So he must be taught to have confidence in the man who handles him, and then this powerful animal which usually no man could handle if not were disposed to be vicious, will give no trouble.
The very best rule, therefore, which we would lay down for the management of the horse, is gentleness and good sense on the part of the driver. Bad drivers make bad horses usually.

Don't Waste Vital Energy.

The waste of vital energy is a fault very common in all ranks in the present generation. A most unfortunate fault, too, for the most vigorous persons in this country do not have vitality to spare. Most persons inherit far less than they need, or at least find upon reaching mature age, that much of most necessary vital energy, what physicians call vital force, have been hopelessly lost in childhood or youth through the carelessness and ignorance of their parents. Often it is permanently impaired by bad habits and evil indulgence of early manhood. All persons should endeavor to make the most of their vitality, whether they have little or much, for they will need it all before the end of life has come. It is this end we recommend the following code of laws for living:
1. Don't do anything in a hurry.
2. Don't work too many hours a day, whether it be farm-work, shop-work, or house-work.
3. Don't abridge sleep. Get the full eight hours, and that, in a ventilated and sun purified room.
4. Don't eat what is indigestible, nor too much of anything, and let good cheer rule the hour.
5. Don't fret at yourself or anybody else, nor indulge in the blues, nor burst into fits of passion.
6. Don't be too much elated with good luck, nor disheartened by bad. Positively—be self-controlled, calm and brave. Let your brain have all the rest it needs. Treat your stomach right. Keep a good conscience, and have a cheerful trust in God for all things and both worlds.

Boiled corn beef is much improved if cooked in plenty of water, and when thoroughly done, left until cold in the same water that it was boiled in. Lift the pot off the fire, and let pot, water and meat grow cold together. This will make it much more moist and juicy, besides tender and sweet, than if taken out, and all the moisture in it dried out by standing and steaming until it grows cold. Hams, tongues, etc., should be cooked in the same way.

A young man of Port Jervis was engaged to marry a young lady, but she retrograded on him. He then took a step farther and proposed to the mother. They are now bossing that girl together.

A Michigan man told his daughter— "That if she learned to work he would surprise her." She learned the art, and he "surprised her" by discharging the hired girl.