THE

Weekly Observer,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

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JOHN N. WELLS,

Editor and Proprietor.

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☞The Proprietor will spare no pains to furnish first-class entertainment to the travelling public.

Terms Reasonable.

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A Share of the Public Patronage is Respectfully Solicited.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS CONNECTED.

D. A. MURPHY.

The Weekly Observer

Devoted to Literature, Education, Temperance, and General Intelligence.

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The Weekly Observer.

HARVEY, N. B., DEC. 11., 1886.

IF.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battlefield and glory;
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than a song and story;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate and to abbor it:
If more relied on love to guide it,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in deeds and bonds fraternal;
If love's work had more willing hands
To mend the world to the supernal:
If men saved up love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human souls would pour it,
If "yours" and "mine" would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If bigotry would sheathe its knife
Till good became more universal;
If custom, grey with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If talent shone for truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when wrong beats down the right,
Would strike together and restore it;
If right made might in every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

HOW STEVE TENNEY CAME TO CHANGE HIS MIND.

The school directors of District No. 19, Perry Township, were holding a meeting.

Nobody would have thought it. The chairman was leaning against his front gate with his checked shirt sleeves turned back and an axe in his hand, surveying the other two members of the board, who stood outside the fence.

It was a meeting, nevertheless; and its object was nothing less important than the selection of a teacher for the fall term.

"Lyman Doty spoke to me about having the school," said the chair dubiously.

"Lyman Doty!" exclaimed Steve Tenney, a stalwart young fellow, with thick brown hair, white teeth and a square chin, to make up his lack of downright good looks.

"Why, Lyme Doty!" couldn't teach a baby. He quit school long before I did, long enough, and he hasn't studied anything but potatoes and winter wheat since, that I know of. Better stick to his farm—eh, Larken?"

"Guess you're right," responded the third member of the board, a little man with a cheerful face and a tuft of hair sticking straight out from his chin.

And the chairman nodded his agreement.

"Well," continued little Mr. Larkin, with an air of importance, "I've had an application that I guess will suit. It's a sort of relative of my wife's, and just as nice a girl as ever was. Smart too. She's got a certificate for two years, last examination. She'd make a splendid teacher, Molly Sanborn would."

"Sanborn!" said Steve Tenney shortly. "Any connection with the Sanborns over on the river?"

"That's where she's from," said Mr. Larkin. "She's old John Sanborn's girl—him that died last winter."

Steve frowned.

"You won't put her into that school then, with my consent!" he said determinedly.

"What!" said Mr. Larkin with a gasp, while the chairman stared.

"What would you think," the young man responded, "if a man sold you fifty head of sheep, at a good price, and half of them died off in the next week of a disease he must have known beforehand? That was the trick John Sanborn served me. And he laughed in my face when I wanted my money back. No, sir! I can't conscientiously consent to putting any of the Sanborns in that school. Bad lot, in my opinion!"

Mr. Larkin's small, bright eyes snapped.

"Old Sanborn wasn't too straight, and everybody knows it," he admitted "But what that's got to do with Molly is more than I can see. She's as fine a girl as you ever set eyes on; not a bit of her father about her."

"Well, well, fight it out between you," said the chairman, good naturedly, and returned to his wood-chopping.

The tall young man, and the little old man walked up the street together, talking briskly.

Mr. Larkin was hot and indignant; Steeve was cool and immovable.

"There don't seem to be any mercy in you," said the former almost tearfully, as Steve was preparing to turn in at his gate. "If they'd been left well off, it would be different; but they're as poor as poverty, and Molly needs the place the worst way."

"You hadn't mentioned that," said the young man, turning back. "If that's the case—"

Mr. Larkin walked away triumphant, five minutes later.

But Steve Tenney had surrendered with bad grace.

"I couldn't hold out after that, you see," he said to his mother, relating the story over their tea; "But I don't approve of it. "There's not much good in the Sanborns or I lose my guess!"

School began two weeks later, when the first cool wave was depopulating front porches and increasing the attraction near the kitchen stove.

Steve Tenney held to his opinion concerning the new teacher and acted accordingly.

He did not call at the school the first day, as was his custom, to leave the register and see if anything was wanted—the chairman having turned these duties over to his younger colleague.

He sent the register by a boy and was utterly indifferent as to whether anything was wanted. He turned the subject when the new teacher was mentioned; and he avoided Mr. Larkin's comfortable home, where the teacher boarded.

The little man made him a call, however, a month or so after school began.

"Guess you'll have to own up to being in the wrong, Steve," he began. "We hain't had a teacher for years that's given the satisfaction that Molly does. The children rave about her—all of em."

But Steeve was unimpressed.

"My opinion has yet to be altered," he said, rather stiffly.

And Mr. Larkin looked discouraged.

"She spoke about needing a new broom and water pail," he said as he rose. "I told her she'd better come to you about it."

"That schoolhouse had a new broom last term, and water pail term before last!" said the young director emphatically.

And Mr. Larkin took a discomfited leave.

That next Sunday evening the young man, sitting in the pew of a small wooden church with his mother, and allowing his eyes to rove about during the rather long sermon, suddenly discovered a new face, and sat studying it for the remainder of the evening.

It was of a young girl, but fair and fresh and innocent, with a bright intelligence in her eyes and a sweetness in her full lip.

"Who is she?" was his first question, after the services were concluded, addressed as it happened to little Mr. Larkin, who had come in late.

"That?" the latter repeated in astonishment; "why that's our teacher—that's Molly Sanborn. That's my wife she's with, don't you see? I am waiting to take 'em home.

Steve Tenney found himself wishing quite frequently after that that the new teacher would come to him about the broom and water pail.

Not that he should furnish them if he found they were not needed, but he should not object to an interview with the school teacher.

He even mentioned the subject to Mr. Larkin carelessly, when he met him one day.

"Well, you see," was the response, "she sort of hates to come to you. The way you felt about her having the school has got all around town, and I s'pose she'd heard of it. She can't help what her father was, Molly can't, and she's real sensitive.

The young man looked disturbed.

That afternoon he left his work at an early hour—not however, admitting to himself his purpose in doing so—and strolled down the street, turning off—but he persuaded himself that it was not intentional—in the direction of the schoolhouse.

"I might as well go in and see about that broom and water pail," he said to himself, when he stood opposite the little barelooking building.

And he went accordingly.

The little teacher looked considerably startled when she opened the door to him. She dropped the spelling book she held, and her voice was hardly steady as she expressed her gratification at seeing him.

Evidently Steve reflected, some idiot had pointed him out to her at church the other evening. He sat down in a front seat feeling unpleasantly ogreish.

She was hearing the last spelling class. How pretty she looked, standing there in her dark blue calico dress and white apron. What a sweet voice she had, though putting out "hen, men, pen," to a long line of fidgetting youngsters could hardly show it to the best advantage.

When the class was dismissed, and the last small student had rushed, whooping down the street, the teacher and the young director stood looking at each other with some awkwardness.

"I thought I'd come in," said Steve at last apologetically, "and see if anything was needed."

He did not mention the fact of his being some weeks late in the performance of this duty.

"I—don't think so," she murmured

"What a brute she must think me!" Steve reflected, with some self-disgust.

He turned carelessly to the corner where the broom stood.

"Isn't this pretty far gone?" he said with a conscience-stricken glance at its stubby end.

And the little teacher nodded.

"Your water pail seems to leak," the director went on, indicating the empty bucket and the wet floor.

"Yes," the girl assented.

"I'll see that you have new ones," Steve concluded.

And he was rewarded by a grateful glance from the teacher's soft eyes as she took her hat from its nail.

He took her lunch basket from her hand as they started away together; and having taken it did not give it up short of Mr. Larkin's gate.

He was a little reluctant to release it even then. For their first awkwardness had quite worn off: their talk had been far from unpleasant, and they were feeling very well acquainted.

He did not pause to consider that it was old John Sanborn's daughter of whom he was thinking; he was only conscious that she was a bright young girl, whom it was charming to look at and listen to.

His pleasant mood was rudely interrupted by little Mr. Larkin, who dropped in that evening.

"Lyme Doty could keep the school," he observed with a chuckle, "but it looks as though he was going to have the teacher!"

"What!" said Steve, with a sudden unexplainable sinking of the heart.

"He's hanging around considerable, anyhow," said Mr. Larkin. "Went to visit the school last week, and he was asking me to-day whether Molly's got anyway of getting home Friday night. He said he'd just as lief take her in his buggy as not. Molly generally walks; but I guess she'll be glad of a lift."

"You don't mean to tell me," said Steve warmly, "that she'd have anything to do with him?"

Mr. Larkin stared. What could Steve care with whom old John Sanborn's daughter had to do?

But he only said, deprecatingly:

"Well, Lyme's a good steady fellow."

"Humph!" was the scornful rejoinder.

The young man mused long and seriously when his visitor was gone, and went to bed with a light heart, having come to a firm conclusion.

When the new teacher closed school the next Friday night, she was feeling rather worn out, as she was apt to feel at the end of the week; nor did the prospect of her four miles' walk home serve to cheer her.

She locked the door and started down the path with a sigh.

A neat little buggy was coming briskly up the road. Molly gave a start as the driver pulled up the horse and sprang to the ground.

It was the young director and he was coming toward her.

"I won't make any excuses, Miss Sanford," he said, with a humorous solemnity. "I won't say I'm going over the river on business, and happened to think you might like to ride. The truth is that it's a carefully laid plot. Will you be an aider and abettor?"

The little teacher laughed appreciatively as he helped her into the buggy.

"I must stop at Mr. Larkin's and leave my dinner pail," she said demurely.

Mr. Larkin was standing at the front gate. He stood staring at the young director, as the latter assisted the teacher to the ground, and sat down on the horse block to wait for her.

"Lyme Dotty was here after Molly just now," he said gaspingly. "I sent him down to the schoolhouse."

"We met him," said Steve. "You see," he added, making a bold attempt at carelessness, but speaking nevertheless in a shamed-faced way, and avoiding the little man's eye—"you see, I feel as though it's my bounden duty to keep Lyme Dotty away from her. Pure impudence, his hanging around her that way."

The little teacher came tripping back, and the young director's buggy whirled away in a cloud of dust.

"Steve Tenny's taking Molly home in his buggy," said Mr. Larkin, joining his wife in the kitchen, and sinking dazedly into a chair. "I guess the world's coming to an end!"

"Steve Tenney ain't a fool," his wife responded practically. "I knew he'd get over that ridiculous notion of his—and especially after he'd seen Molly."

"Says he's doing it from a sense of duty," said Larkin, chuckling slowly as the humor of the situation dawned upon him. "Wonder how far his sense of duty will take him?"

"I shouldn't be surprised at anything!" said Mrs. Larkin mysteriously.

The Larkins—and—perhaps Lyme Doty—were the only people who were not surprised when the new teacher gave up the school at the end of the term, and was quietly married to the young director.

The chairman of the school board is wondering over it yet.

Funny Sayings.

FIVE CENTS GONE.

Kindly old lady—"What's the matter, little boy?"

Little boy (crying bitterly)—"I jes lost fi' cents."

Kindly old lady (giving him a nickel)—"Well, here is five cents more for you, so don't cry. How did you lose it?"

Little boy (feeling better)—"I lost it pitchin' pennies."

SAID a little school-girl to her teacher:—"Mamma gives me two cents every day for taking a dose of thoroughwort tea without making any fuss about it."

"Indeed! And what do you do with so much money?"

"Oh, mamma takes care of it for me, and uses it to buy more thoroughwort tea!"

MISS ETHEL—"Yes, indeed, we girls are fully alive to the justice of the popular criticism on chattering women, and that is the reason we organized our Thought Club?"

Mr. Blank—"Thought club!"

"Yes; and it's doing us such a world of good."

"I don't doubt it."

"No indeed. Why, at the last meeting we talked for five whole hours on the advantages of silent meditation.

THE INFANT CLASS.

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO.

Sixty little smiling faces,
All in their accustom'd places;
Each a happy household's treasure,
Teaching them a perfect pleasure.

Sixty pair of eyes, whose gladness
Shows no trace of care or sadness,
Are fix'd on me with glances bright,
Like twinkling orbs of purest light.

Sixty voices in a chorus:
"Childhood's years are passing o'er us"
May those years to God be given,
Walking in the way to Heaven.

Grateful hearts are rais'd in pray'r,
Craving God's peculiar care;
Waiting for the children's blessing,
Faith and love their hearts possessing.

Childish words, brimful of trust:
"Jesus, Thou canst make us just,"
May we now and ever share
In our Father's watchful care."

Now they listen to the story
Of redeeming love and glory:
How Jesus took the sinner's place,
In boundless love and matchless grace.

Simple words and illustration,
Suited to their humble station;
"Line upon line" they learn to know
The word of God and wiser grow.

Their minds, thus stored with heavenly truth,
'Twill fence them from the snares of youth,
And thus a safe foundation lay
To lead them through life's rugged way.

Oh, blessed are the children dear
Who love the Lord, and in His fear
Do walk in his most holy way
That leads to everlasting day!

And blessed is the teacher's part,
To educate the infant heart;
A Saviour's love to them unfold,
Truths ever new and never old!

THE DANGER OF WEARING EARRINGS.

Dr. Morin, a French physician, in his new work on the hygiene of beauty, makes a dead set against earrings. In numbers of cases he has known erysipelas proceed from their use. The idea that they are good for weak eyes he quite disposes of. It is possible, he says, that in cases of inflamed eyes they might act as a counter irritant, but if they did they would make the lobe of the ear, which, not being rich in blood vessels, has little recuperating vitality, in a state of permanent ulceration. There is no surer test of a good or bad constitution than the state of an ear which has been pierced and exposed to the irritation of heavy earrings. If the lobes keep red and swollen, they proclaim bad blood and scrofulous tendencies.

A FEW FACTS.

A pace is three feet.
A span is 10½ inches.
A palm is 3 inches.
One fathom is 6 feet.
There are 1,750 languages.
Two persons die every second.
A storm moves 36 miles per hour.
One mile is 1,760 yards in length.
One square mile contains 640 acres.
The average life is 31 years.
One barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds
Sound moves 1,118 feet per second.
One barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
Slow rivers flow 4 miles per hour.
One acre contains 4,840 square yards.
A hurricane moves 80 miles per hour.
Light moves 186,000 miles per second.
One firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.
A hand (horse measure) is 4 inches.
Rapid rivers flow 7 miles per hour.
Moderate winds blow 7 miles per hour.
The world now uses 40,000 barrels of coal oil daily.
The first steam engine was brought from England in 1753.
Electricity travels at the rate of 288,000 miles in a second.
The first use of the locomotive in this country was in 1829.
The first almanac was printed by Geo. von Purbach in 1460.
Until 1776 cotton-spinning was done by the hand spinning-wheel.
The imperial canal in China is over 2,000 miles long and passes forty-one cities.

A TEMPERANCE SERMON.

"I hear that Smith has sold out his saloon," said one of a couple of middle aged men who sat sipping their beer and eating a bit of cheese in a Smithfield street saloon last Friday night.

"Yes," responded the other, rather slowly.

"What was the reason? I thought he was just coining money there."

The other nibbled a cracker abstractedly for a moment and then said: "It's rather a funny story. Smith, you know, lives on Mt. Washington, right near me, where he has an excellent wife, a nice home and three as pretty children as ever played out doors. All boys, you know, the oldest not over nine, and all about the same size. Smith is a pretty respectable sort of a citizen, never drinks or gambles, and thinks the world of his family.

"Well, he went home one afternoon last week and found his wife out shopping or something of that sort.

He went on through the house into the back yard, and there under an apple tree were the little fellows playing. They had a bench and some bottles and tumblers, and were playing "keep saloon." He noticed that they were drinking something out of a pail, and that they acted tipsy. The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist, and was setting the drinks up pretty freely. Smith walked over and looked in the pail. It was beer, and two of the boys were so drunk that they staggered. A neighbor's boy, a couple of years older, lay asleep behind the trees.

"'My boy, you must not drink this,' he said, as he lifted the six-year-old from behind the bench.

"'We's playin' s'loon, papa, an' I was sellin' it jes like you,' said the little fellow. Smith poured out the beer, carried the drunken boy home and then took his own boys in and put them to bed. When his wife came back she found him crying like a child. He came down town that night and sold out his business, and says he will never sell or drink another drop of liquor. His wife told mine about it, and broke down crying while she told it."

This is a true story, but the name was not Smith.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE PEACEMAKER.

One of the most recent and novel inventions is a small steamer called the "Peacemaker," which will float on the surface or dive like a porpoise, at the pleasure of the engineer. She is 30 ft. long, with a convex upper deck and water-tight. It is proposed to use this craft in warfare to dive down by the sides of the enemy's ships, place torpedoes covered with magnetized iron on the sides of the man-of-war vessels, withdraw a few hundred yards, have fine wires attached to the torpedoes and explode with electricity. This looks well on paper, and an experiment on an old hulk at Fortress Monroe will give an idea what she can do in actual combat.—[Ex.

NOTICE.

Lime! Lime!

The subscriber keeps Lime constantly on hand at the works of

Brick Lime and Cement company,

and will fill all orders on the shortest notice.

JOHN F. MILTON,
MANAGER.

Hopewell, July 28th, 1885.

HARRY'S MISSIONARY BOARD.

"I can't afford it," John Hale, the rich farmer answered, when asked to give to the cause of missions.

Harry, his wide-awake grandson, was grieved and indignant.

"But the poor heathen," he replied, "is it not too bad that they cannot have churches and school-houses and books?"

"What do you know about the heathen?" exclaimed the old man, testily. "Would you wish me to give away my hard earnings? I tell you I can't afford it."

"Grandfather, if you do not feel able to give money to the Missionary Board, will you give a potato?"

"A potato!" ejaculated Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper.

"Yes, sir; and land enough to plant it in; and what it produces in four years."

"Oh, yes!" said the unsuspecting grand parent, setting his glasses on his calculating nose in a way that showed he was glad to escape from the lad's persecution on such cheap terms.

Harry planted the potato, and it rewarded him the first year by producing thirteen; these the following season became a peck; the next season, seven and a half bushels; and when the fourth harvest came, lo! the potatoes had increased to seventy bushels; and when sold the amount realized was with a glad heart put into the treasury of the Lord, even the aged farmer exclaimed, "Why, I did not feel that donation in the least! And Harry, I've been thinking that if there was a missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato, or something else as productive for the cause, there would be quite a large sum gathered.'

Little reader, will you be that missionary at home?—[Gospel in All Lands.

WOMEN—MEN.

Women jump at conclusions and generally hit; men reason out logically and generally miss.

When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.

Some women can't pass a millinery store without looking in; some men can't pass a saloon without going in.

A woman never sees a baby without wanting to run to it; a man never sees a baby without wanting to run from it.

A woman always carries her purse in her pocket so that other women can see it; a man carries his in his inside pocket so that his wife won't see it.

A man of fashion hates the rain because it deranges the set of his pantaloons: a woman of fashion hates it because it deranges her complexion.

When a woman wants to repair damages she uses a pin; when a man wants to repair damages he spends two hours and a half trying to thread a needle.—[Chicago Tribune.

A MONSTER GUN.

What must be considered the heaviest gun at present in existence has been just shipped at Antwerp for Italy. It was manufactured by Krupp, is 46 ft. long, weighs nearly 116 tons without the breech piece, and 118 tons 3½ cwt. with the breech. It arrived at Antwerp on a specially constructed carriage, 105 ft. long, and running on 32 wheels. It was at first intended to send the gun overland; but the St. Gothard railway and other Swiss railways objecting on account of its great weight, and fearing for their bridges, the weapon had to be taken to Antwerp, and thence forwarded to Italy by sea. Its ultimate destination is said to be Spezia, where it is to be mounted in one of the iron clad ports guarding that harbor.

BUILD AN ICE-HOUSE.

In winter prepare for summer by storing away a sufficient amount of ice to carry you through hot weather. It doesn't require much of a building for an ice-house; yet a good one, well built, is a good investment. The principal thing is to have the sides well sheathed, the bottom well drained, and the space above ice well ventilated. With these conditions fulfilled it doesn't matter much what your house is built of. It can be kept in a pit dug in the ground, as some farmers do whom we know. In storing, be sure it is packed carefully. Have the cakes the same size throughout if possible. Ice is a wonderful convenience to butter-makers when the thermometer registers ninety degrees in the shade.

AN UNERRING MARKSMAN.

"Whiskey never misses fire" said a man to us the other day. No, it never does. It is sure to bring down its victim sooner or later, whether he be high or low in the social or intellectual scale And fluttering all about him will always be the wounded hearts of mother, father, wife, children, sisters, brothers and friends, while behind and beyond all this is too often a train of ruined virtue and accumulating influences. At least six hearts on an average, every a life-long overshadowing, dreary sorrow for every victim alcohol brings down. The undutiesons of all family and society life is largely all at a crowd and drag heart-ache over the victims of alcohol. No, whiskey never misses fire, never.—[Advance.