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Poetry.

Sunrise and Sunset.

By Robert Burns Wilson.

SUNRISE.

Flame-hearted lover of the Earth—great Sun!
Rise from thy purple couch; stretch forth thine arms
Through morning's parted curtains; Let the charms
Of waiting love—which it were death to shun—
Persuade thy clasp. Now hath the earth begun
To loose her robes of mist; with mock alarms
She yields her beauty, which love's longing warms,
Forestalling the embrace thy kiss hath won.

Arise, great god of light and life, Arise,
Enfold the fond Earth in the deathless glowing
Of thy fierce love; Bend from the shimmering skies
Which burn before thee in thine onward going.
No cheer have we and not of thy bestowing:
Thou art the joy of all hope-lifted eyes.

SUNSET.

Within thy burning palace in the west
Thou art awhile withdrawn. Yet doth thy face
Look from the closing portal for a space
Back to the Earth, which thy dear love hath blessed;
While she with tears and soft sighs half-repressed
Beholds the sinking in thy resting-place,
As with up-gathered folds of dewy lace
She hugs remembrance to her yearning breast.

Thy glory darkens, and the careful night
Hangs out the moon's pale lamp while yet the flush
On Evening's face—with thy departing light—
Turns from rosy-pink to crimson, till the blush
Dies with the coming stars, and slumber's hush
Wraps thy warm bride, who waits thy waking Might.

—*December Century.*

The Private of the Buffs.

The incident which these verses celebrate was recorded in the China correspondence of the London *Times*, and the hero of it was one Moyse, an English soldier, who after falling into the hands of the Chinese, refused to perform the ketow, whereupon he was knocked on the head and his remains thrown on a dunghill.

Last night among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all his race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered and alone,
A heart with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame;
He only knows that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seem'd
Like dreams to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossoms gleam'd
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke, above his father's door,
In grey soft eddyings hung;
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doom'd by himself, so young?

Yes, honor calls! with strength like steel
He puts the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink.
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
Vain, those all shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

—*Sir Francis Hastings Doyle.*

Select Literature.

The Two Marthens.

Exact similarity of names between two individuals who are not related in any way, is generally cause for considerable amusement to those who know of it, but Anson Marthen, civil engineer and railway builder, whose headquarters were in New York, suffered more or less nearly every day of his life for the reason that there was another man of exactly the same name who also lived in New York, but had no business or profession whatever. The men were unlike in almost every particular, except that both were bachelors and fond of ladies. Anson Marthen, the engineer earned a pleasing number of dollars every year, and always paid his bills as soon as they were presented; his nominal double never earned a penny and never paid a bill when he could avoid it, and as his peculiarity had become prominent enough to be talked about, it occasionally subjected the honest Marthen to exasperating indignities from persons who knew the name, but not the man who bore it. The dishonest Marthen, on the contrary, got all necessary credit at tailors' shops, livery stables, and even at hotels where the existence of two Marthens was not known; he had merely to devise some excuse to talk of railroad and engineering to be taken in for his entirely reputable double. His bills, in the course of time, reached the engineer's office, and were the cause of much profane language from the wrong Marthen, and much fun among the two or three clerks and draughtsmen whom the busy railroad builder employed.

Worse still, the honest Marthen was sometimes chillingly received by persons to whom he was introduced and who had heard of the other bearer of the same name. Worst of all, ladies sometimes seemed disappointed when he was presented to them, for his rascally double was handsome enough to be talked about, while the engineer, although of perfect manner, unfortunately had rugged and disproportinate features. When, finally, he was arrested one afternoon on a charge of obtaining goods under false pretences, the complainant being the father of a lady to whom he had just been presented, and the officers catching him as he emerged from her house, the lady herself beholding the affair from a window, he went in his wrath to his lawyer and prepared a petition to the Legislature, that for reasons already stated in this story, he might be permitted to assume his mother's family name as a middle name.

But even this relief be could not expect, until more than half a year later for the arrest occurred in June and the Legislature would not meet again until January. One thing, however, he could and would do; he would manage to see his troublesome double so that he might afterward know him by sight and defend himself against him whenever he found himself in close social or business proximity to the rascal. To find the dishonest Marthen was no easy task; it required a fortnight's effort on the part of two different detectives, but at last Marthen was informed that the man who lived upon the engineer's reputation was at Saratoga, so the indignant man hastily packed his trunk and hurried off to the crowded village.

On the train he chanced to find a pleasant and entirely innocent traveling acquaintance. A well-dressed, not uncomely lady who sat in front of him endeavoring to raise a window and Marthen hastened to assist her, getting a pleasant smile and a word of thanks in payment. Marthen skilfully involved the lady in conversation and finding, to his great delight, that she was amiable but not smart, quite susceptible, yet not inclined to flirt, he became very devoted. He detested smart women; several of his friends had married such beings and never ceased to regret the step; smart women had often tried to "catch" Marthen himself, for an income of a thousand a month was not to be despised, and he had not always escaped with ease. Marthen fully intended to marry some day, but he had been determined that he would be entirely satisfied with a plain, rather stupid woman if only he could find one who was amiable.

The trip to Saratoga consumed six hours when Marthen first made it; and as one-sixth of this time has often been sufficient to the birth of violent admirations of men for women, it is not remarkable that when the journey ended Marthen was so favorably impressed by his new acquaintance that he regretted, on leaving the train that he had not strained his habitual courtesy enough to learn her name, and ask the honor of being again allowed to meet her for she had let drop the fact that she was a widow. It was now too late to do this, but not too late to hope; he was sure of finding friends at Saratoga; he could hardly help seeing her somewhere, somehow, if he remained, for she had intimated that she expected to spend a month with some relatives; his profession consisted in the work of overcoming obstacles so he felt sure he would make his way again to the side of this pleasant little lady, and perhaps—

His reverie and resolution were interrupted as he signed the hotel register, for when the clerk read the signature that official winked at rather a rough-looking man with whom he had been talking, then the rough-looking man read the signature and exclaimed:

'You're just the man I'm looking for, Mr. Marthen—I've only just been able to find out where you were stopping, can't you give me a check for this carriage bill; its been running nearly a month, and the boys said you—'

'I'm not the man you want,' said Marthen, first saying something that would not look well in print.

'Your name is ——

'Yes, yes, yes,' interrupted Marthen; 'but there is another man of the same name and he is a swindler. I came here to run him down; I've got detectives after him; come here this evening and they will put you on his track.'

For an hour or more Marthen was in very bad temper, but he grew calmer when, strolling out to look at the crowds of carriages and their occupants, he met several acquaintances who had temporarily adjourned billiards or flirting for the same purpose. As he chatted with one of these a carriage passed slowly and Marthen saw in it the amiable little widow he had met on the train in the morning. She did not seem to recognize him, but his friend raised his hat and was smiled upon.

'Who is she, Jenks?—tell me, quick.

'She's Mrs. Whitlayton, widow of Wm. Whitlayton, who was just starting to make a fortune in wool when a couple of years ago, he took pneumonia and died. He left her twenty or thirty thousand dollars, though—enough to make lazy well-dressed fellows swarm around her like flies around a sugar barrel.'

'Has she any family?' asked Marthen.

'No; she makes her home with an uncle and aunt whom she doesn't love any too well, I'm told. A young widow must have a home though you know, if she doesn't want to be talked about Excuse me a moment,' continued Marthen's friend, taking the arm of a gentleman who was about to pass them, 'here's a good fellow you ought to know, Cranch; do you know my friend Anson Marthen? Mr. Marthen, Mr Cranch.'

'I'm very glad to meet you, sir,' said Mr. Cranch, 'but, if it isn't too impudent a question to ask you on so short an acquaintance, why are you strolling on foot with Fred here, while your charming fiancee is riding alone?'

'My fiancee?' exclaimed the engineer in astonishment, while his friend looked inquiringly

'I hope I am not mistaken,' said Mr. Cranch. 'I've been told that Mrs. Whitlayton was soon to become Mrs. Anson Marthen.

Marthen's face blackened, as he exclaimed through tightly closed jaws:

'Gentlemen, this is horrible. I never knew the lady's name until five minutes ago. My villainous double—you know all about him, Fred—that rascal has probably made love to her for her money and persuaded her to marry him. What is to be done?'

One gentleman shrugged his shoulders and the other raised his eyebrows; Mr. Cranch finally said:

'I suppose it's nobody's business; the lady has been married before; she ought to be able to choose for herself.'

'I'll make it my business,' hissed Marthen, as he turned abruptly and hurried to his hotel, where he had the good fortune to find one of the detectives awaiting him and full of news. The scapegrace Marthen, he said, had been living quietly at a small boarding house, but his servant who had not been paid for so long that he was willing, for a ten dollar bill, to tell all he knew, had divulged the fact that the rascal knew he was being watched; he was frightened, and he was up to some new dodge, though he did not know what, that very evening; all the African could say was that his master had twice visited a sickly-looking man whom the servant had seen some where, the prescher, and that Marthen was to go there again that very evening and meet the sickly man in a garden The servant suspected a wedding, for his master had ordered his dress suit and spring overcoat brushed with extra care.

Marthen almost lost his head in his rage, but the detective rapidly laid a plan to entrap the rascal. He would hire the negro to steal his master's overcoat and hat, which he, the detective, would put on and then call upon the minister, just after dark with the hope of successfully assuming the manner and appearance of the rogue and worming himself into the secret. Marthen approved the plan in general, but insisted upon one change; he would wear the coat and hat himself; the detective consented, for, after all, money was what he was working for, and he was being well paid for his services.

The negro was again bribed, and he not only stole the overcoat and hat, but named the hour at which his master had told him he would go out. Then the faithful servant led Marthen to the sickly minister's boarding house, while the detective prevented the other Marthen escaping. The other Marthen scarcely knew what to do; he paced the sidewalk opposite the designated garden; he saw figures occasionally enter and emerge, but none that he could recognize.

Suddenly, however, just after two plainly-dressed women had passed in, a thin figure crossed the street and whispered:

'She is there.'

Marthen followed the preacher, wondering in what words to break gently to Mrs. Whitlayton the intelligence that the man she had promised to marry was a worthless scamp. But before he could say anything the lady was leaning on his arm, and the minister was saying,

'As night air—ahem—is very dangerous to my lungs—ahem—I know you will excuse me for losing no time. Anson Marthen, do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?'

Marthen was so astonished that he could scarcely maintain his position or find his tongue. He recovered, however, as Mrs. Whitlayton pressed closer to his side and whispered:

'Speak—quick—if you love me!'

'I do,' said Marthen, softly yet earnestly.

'Yes,' whispered the lady.

'Then,' said the minister, 'I pronounce you man and wife, and what God has joined together let no man put asunder. Mr. Marthen, I will have the certificate ready in the morning if you will send for it.'

'Come away at once,' whispered the bride. 'If the dreadful enemies you wrote me about should see you, what would happen?'

Marthen talked little but thought rapidly as he drew his wife away and rapidly along. At the first secluded spot they reached, however, he placed his arms around her, and with one hand ready to place over her mouth should she attempt to shriek, he rapidly explained himself. As he had already discovered Mrs. Whitlayton was not smart. She was so dazed by all she heard that she knew nothing but that she had been legally married to a man whom she had then determined was very much of a gentleman. What could she do in her delicate position but act according to his advice, which was that they should take the night train for New York and go to her husband's home and his mother? So they did, and when they reached there, and the son had explained to his mother, the bride confided to her mother-in-law that it seemed she had know her husband for a year.

And the Anson Marthen who remained a bachelor recovered his hat and overcoat without recourse to law.

Greatest Discovery since 1492.

For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, laryngitis, and consumption in its early stages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.' It is also a great blood-purifier and strength-resterer, or tonic, and for liver complaint, and costive condition of the bowels it has no equal. Sold by druggists.

Your meHo Paper,

Friends, when you are about to discontinue your subscription and patronage to your home paper in order that you may subscribe for some more expensive and better patronized foreign paper, have you ever thought that it is the home paper that is really the source of most profit and pleasure to you? Your home paper is the only one that is directly indentified with the interests of your home and the neighborhood in which you live. Have you ever read in the columns of any foreign newspaper anything that so thrilled your heart with joy and pride as did the item relating to your success and prosperity or the advancement of your son or daughter, or the tender tribute paid to some departed friend—all of which you have clipped from the columns of your local newspaper, and have laid away as sweet mementoes, to be read and re-read each time with greater interest. Your home paper is directly concerned in your welfare and the welfare of your neighbors. No other paper will so willingly speak the word of encouragement or warning to your sons and daughters. No other paper can feel pride and interest in the noble achievements of yourself and neighbors that your home paper manifests. And yet some ridicule and reject their home paper as being unworthy of a place alongside the larger foreign newspapers in their homes. Friends, is this generous—is this sensible? No, your first duty is to your home paper. To its prosperity you can contribute by words of encouragement and generous patronage. No one thing can do so much towards the general welfare of a town or community as can your local newspaper. Ought not business men and citizens generally feel a deep interest in the welfare of their home paper and contribute generously to its support? We are willing to devote our means and energies together with whatever talent we may possess to the building up and improving of your paper. Will you assist us—will you encourage us, will you patronize us liberally? An affirmative to each of these questions will settle the whole matter and we will guarantee that your home paper will be a grand success and be a welcome visitor to every household.—*Ex.*

A Cure for Diphtheria.

R. Munch, proprietor of a drug establishment in Leipsig, Saxony, publishes in the Pharmacist, a medical paper, a remedy for diphtheria which has had surprising success. He urgently presses all physicians to try it for the benefit of all patients suffering from the disease, and also requests the press to publish it. He says:

'My little daughter, seven years of age, has had diphtheria twice within some weeks, with severe fever, about 105 degrees. We gave with great success rectified oil of turpentine (oleum terebinthinæ rectificatum). Dose, one teaspoonful in the morning and the same at evening. Adults should take one tablespoonful. Afterwards drink a little lukewarm milk to allay the burning in throat. For children the second dose can be mixed with milk which will render it easier to take. The result is really marvelous. The inflammation of the abnormal diphtheric spots in the throat grow lighter at the edges, and in this way they gradually shrink until in twenty-four hours they disappear entirely, leaving no sign. To quiet the inflamed tonsils the throat was gargled at first every two hours, and then every three hours, with the following gargle: One ounce chlorate of potash to forty ounces distilled water. This remedy has been used with perfect satisfaction both by adults and children, not one case ending fatally.'

The Milwaukee *Volksblatt* quoted this remedy from the German paper, and afterwards received a letter from a subscriber in Mitchell county, Iowa, saying that 'a child in the writer's family was attacked by diphtheria, treated by local physicians and died; then four members of the same family were similarly attacked, treated by this remedy, and, I am happy to tell you, all recovered.'

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Evangelical Celebrities.

Two pretty large words, and they represent two great men, the evangelist D. L. Moody and Gen. Booth, the founder and commander-in-chief of the salvation army. The personal appearance of the former, his methods of religion and work, and his wonderful success, are so well known that we will only say concerning him, that he has, by invitation of a large number of Harvard students been holding meetings in Cambridge for a few days. The latter held services in Tremont Temple, on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday 23rd., and a prayer meeting was kept up all night. Your correspondent entered the meeting a little after midnight, and glanced around for the General. A large powerful looking man, with something of a military air was praying fervently, and upon inquiry it was found that he was *not* the General. Any of the male soldiers on the platform might have passed as a commander-in-chief except one feeble looking man, who was partly kneeling and partly reclining, and who, without changing his posture, began praying in such a weak, incoherent, manner, that most of his words could only be understood by those who were very near him. And this was General Booth. Not a man of imposing physical presence and martial carriage, but spare, nervous, almost puny in appearance, and round-shouldered even to deformity. He and his soldiers must have been wearied with the services they held both on Monday and Tuesday, and this may account in part, for the lack of vim displayed in this meeting, as compared with the usual salvationist attacks on the kingdom of darkness. But at times the General would warm to his subject and display a wild energy that would seem sufficient to consume his strength, and waste still further his attenuated frame. At such times his squilinc feature, his long iron-grey hair and beard, his fiery eyes, and his wild gestures rendered him the exact counter-part of the fanatical hermit of the middle ages, as the latter has been represented to us by the historian and the painter.

The following extract is from the *Herald* correspondent's report of the meeting in Argyle Rink, on Monday evening 22nd inst:—

"Gen. Booth has a weak voice, and could not be heard distinctly in all parts of the rink, but it appeared that, so far as his words reached, they fell very largely upon good ground and brought forth a quick crop. His addresses were not confined to any one topic, but covered the whole subject of salvation in a general way. His sentences were usually short and exclamatory, expressing rapture rather than being the vehicles of argument, and his manner was anything but pleasing. His long arms at times were twisted into most painful tangles, and he clasped his hands convulsively, or ran them through his long, thick hair, until the spectator's nervous system was played upon and excited to an uncomfortable degree. Now kneeling, now standing, talking in husky whispers or shouting at the top of his voice, he worked the assembly up to a pitch of religious excitement seldom seen in the first week of a Methodist or an orthodox revival.

In prayer Gen. Booth was particularly agonizing. Clinching his long hair in fistfuls, or scratching his head, he was, at times, the very personification of despair But this mode of converting sinners, which excited ridicule in some parts of the rink, had a very different effect in other parts, and when the climax was reached at 10 o'clock, those who had been won over to the good cause stood shoulder to shoulder, singing and shouting amens and hallelujahs, and swaying to and fro like a herd of elephants in a zoological garden.

IT SELDOM FAILS.

J. D. Cameron, of Westlake, Anelie, Cape Breton, had inflammatory rheumatism which Hagyard's Yellow Oil cured after all other treatment had failed.

Schr. Ivica,
Capt. Longmire.
This well known packet schooner will commence running on her regular trips between
Bridgetown & St. John
about March 20th. All freight carefully handled.
LIME
will be kept constantly on hand and for sale
Apply on board or at residence of subscriber
JOHN LONGMIRE.
Bridgetown, March 9th '86. 48tf.

The December Century.

There is hardly a reader of The Century that will not turn first of all to the "Life of Lincoln," so unique in its interest is have the graphically written opening chapters proved to be. From all parts of the country, and even from Europe, The Century has received innumerable evidences of the deep hold which this enterprise has already taken upon the reading world. The second part deals with "Lincoln as Soldier, Lawyer, and Politician"—one might also have said "as wrestler"—and, together with what has already been printed, forms a sort of epitome of life in the Mississippi Valley down to 1835. The characteristics of the future President are clearly distinguished in the young man—his humor, his pluck, his simplicity, his homely resources, above all, his devotion to principle. The style of the history is buoyant, spirited and entertaining, and shows a good sense of proportion and a carefulness that inspires confidence. The narrative is brought down to the close of Lincoln's "pioneer period" and into the first years of his legislative experience, including events which first gave him prominence as a legislator and a politician. The pictorial material which accompanies the text forms a valuable addition, including documents, portraits, views of the home of Lincoln's father, Lovejoy's printing-office at Alton, an engraving after the cast of Lincoln's hand made in 1860, etc., etc.

"The Food Question in America and Europe" is a vital and suggestive study.

A curious article is "A Little Millerite," by Mrs. Jane Marsh Parker, being reminiscences of Millerism in 1843 and 1844, the time set for the end of the world.

The topic in the War Series is "The Second Day at Gettysburg."

The number contains two short stories by American writers: one a London society sketch, "An American Beauty," by Mrs. Houltney Bigelow, the other a tale of the Far West, entitled "A Coward," by a new writer, Miss Ellen Mackubin. Mr. Howell's novel, "The Minister's Charge," comes to a conclusion, and in the second part of Stockton's "Hundredth Man," the boycott is touched upon, and toward the last is begun the serious part of the story, the theme being the interference with an engagement to marry.

Other departments are as usual strongly sustained. The Century Publishing Co., Union Square, New York City.

THE GREAT PORT OF GLASGOW.—The Clyde forms Glasgow's entrance to sea and and Glasgow's entrance to the fine harbor views of the world. Originally it was a sluggish and unnavigable stream, but by the dredging of forty years it now admits the largest ocean vessel, and at the wharves of Glasgow you will find ships from all parts of the world. The harbor of Glasgow is 2½ miles long, and below it shipbuilding yards line the Clyde for many miles on the way to sea. Glasgow is the shipbuilding centre of the world and she has built ships for every nation of note. Great Britain has 55 per cent. of the carrying trade of the world and her steam vessels have increased in tonnage over 200 per cent. within the last ten years. She pays her seamen less than half the wages of the sailors of the United States and gets more out of them. The average wages of English sailors are $195 per annum; those of the American sailors $475 per annum. So that the American sailor gets $260 more than his British brother.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Seavey's East India Liniment is acknowledged by all who have used it to be the best in use. For sale by dealers and druggists. Price 25 cents. See advertisement.

—There is to be more light in the world. It has been singularly predicted that within five years the magnesium light will be as familiar a light in many places as the electric light to-day. Only the high cost of magnesium has hitherto kept it from extensive use, and its price, which was $40 a pound a few years ago, is said to be reduced to $8 a pound by a new German process with the prospect of still further cheapening. A wire of a modern size equals the light of seventy-tearne candles making the cost at present but little more than that of gas, while no expensive work of street mains are required, for its use. The magnesium is simply burned in lamps provided with clockwork movement to feed the ribbon of metal regularity. There is no danger.

—The Mayor of Halifax writes: 'I have on several occasions used EGAR'S PHOSPHOLINE in my household, and believe it to be a very valuable remedy in building up and strengthening the system.' For sale by druggists.

NOVA SCOTIA STONE.—Samples of precious stone are shown from Nova Scotia. They are of the hardness of the amethyst family, and can be obtained in fairly large quantities, in crystals or in solid massive deposits, of all colors from a very light to a very dark purple and from a clear crystal to a very dark, smoky quartz. Several pieces have been cut for jewelry, and are very pretty. It could be used in large pieces for the ornamentation of the interior of public or private buildings such as hall ornamentations, mantels, floors, and numerous other purposes.—*Chicago Mining Review.*

The editor also states that some fine specimens of the stone have been presented to the *Mining Review* cabinet by Mr. Adam McKay.

—For languid circulation, the cause of chilliness and cold feet, the best treatment is exercise. A walk of twenty minutes in the open air three or four times a day will be mainly instrumental in the accomplishment of a cure. Weak people, who in very cold weather cannot walk fast enough to excite sufficiently increased action in their systems to make and keep themselves warm, will do well, just before starting, to drink a small quantity of hot broth or tea to stimulate circulation.

—Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption, and kindred affections, cured without physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

—A Buckingham, England, farmer, presented his first born for christening at his parish church with twenty-six Christian names from the Scripture, and representing every letter of the alphabet. The names began with Abel and ended with Zachariah. It was only with the greatest difficulty that the clergyman persuaded the farmer to content himself with the first and last of the appellations proposed. The surname of the infant is Jenkins.

A HEAVY LOAD.

'When I ate, my food it was like a lump of lead in my stomach. I took Burdock Blood Bitters. The more I took the more it helped me, I am like a new man now,' says Ezra Babcock, Cloyne P. O., Township Barrie, Ont.

—Warm water and a warm stable will double the milk as compared to barnyard protection.