

CHICAGO POST.

WILLIAM C. MILLER,
Proprietor.

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Reserve Success and you shall Command it.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1878.

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WHOLE NO. 397.

LITERATURE.

(From Harper's Bazar for March.)
Marrying to Accommodate.

At fifty, David Yopp was a simple, child-like bachelor, with no more thought of matrimony than a newborn baby. All his life he had lived with his parents upon the little homestead, and apparently it had never occurred to him that they three might not continue to live there unseparated till the end of time; for when palsy laid low his mother he looked about him in grief-stricken bewilderment, telling each condoling friend that he could not understand how she came to die; she had never suffered any exposure, and had always had plenty of good nourishing food.

At her decease the care of his blind old father naturally devolved upon David, who, having recovered from his first surprise that Providence should have used him so, tied on his mother's apron, and essayed to take her place in the domestic work. Ah! those were dreary days, chronicling culinary results never before attained, let us hope, by mortal man—results that tried even the serenity of the sightless octogenarian, who had borne affliction and bereavement without a murmur.

"Seems to me, my son, I wouldn't worry so about the cooking," he at length suggested mildly. "That is more handy to the women-folk."

But let cooking come never so "handy" to the "women-folk," that availed it to the "Yoppes" so long as the women-folk would not come to them, or would come only to go?

Jane Burrill, an apple-cheeked country lassie, hired out to David of a Monday, and left of a Tuesday before the clothes were dry upon the line; the widow Mulliken, her successor, departed at the end of a week; Margaret Ramsay wouldn't stay where there were no children; and Ellen Dunlap wouldn't stay where there was no man. This one by one a long procession of females passed in and out of the hip-roofed house behind the ills, till August found the Yoppes again alone. In this extremity David came to his mother.

"I don't know what father and I will do for a housekeeper, Miss Farnsworth—fact," said he, plaintively. "Do you suppose Lovisa Braun would help us a spell, just to accommodate?"

My mother smilingly shook her head. "You forget how sensitive Miss Lovisa is, David, and that you are a bachelor. She'd be afraid people would talk."

"Sho, ma'am; you don't say so!" and David's face seemed to redder in fury, till it was almost to drain all color from his tawny beard, leaving it positively pale.

"Really, David, I don't see but you'll have to marry," laughed my mother, mischievously, going on with her sewing.

His lower jaw dropped as if the remark had been a blow, and had hit him on the chin.

"You do not think, Miss Farnsworth, I shall be necessitated to go that length?" he gasped.

"Oh, no, no; certainly not. I only spoke of it as the best means of securing permanent help."

"I don't know but I'd oughter marry," mused poor David, uneasily. "But the idea comes to me rather sudden. I hadn't calculated on any thing like that, and it seems as if it was too much to expect of me."

A few days later he again appeared before my mother, twining at his coat collar in the vain endeavor to hide his embarrassment.

"If so be, Miss Farnsworth," he stammered, "with a characteristic awkward twist of his neck—no, no, I couldn't get round marrying, what's your notion about Lovisa? According to the best of your belief, would she be favorable to changing her situation?" He ended with his head quivering to one side, and tipped backwards like a chicken drinking, which forced my mother to address her reply to his occipital curls. She could hazard no opinion on the subject, she said. She would advise him to confer with the lady herself.

"I hate to, misterly," grumbled he, with engaging candor; "but this I know—if I ask any woman to leave me it'll be Lovisa."

Oddly enough, our minister gave a good sermon on the duty and joy of matrimony the next Sunday.

"Is it not good for man to be alone," ran the text, and David, in his corner pew, cast down his eyes, feeling that he himself was the man indicated.

It was not good for man to be alone; he had suspected this for some months, and now the bible confirmed his suspicion. He wanted to be good; he wouldn't be alone any longer—fact; not if he could help it; and he stole an inquisitive glance across the aisle at the lady of the parlor, before he made his choice. He did more. Beneficence pronounced, he slid over to her, his face glowing like the perennial carnation in her bonnet, and asked her opinion of the discourse. Didn't she think it was a noble text?

Poor Miss Lovisa, taken quite by surprise, murmured something about it being good sound doctrine, but to go live up to, and hurried across to open her house to her usual Sunday guests. These were chiefly farmers' wives from distant parts of the parish, who found in her tiny cottage a convenient retreat during the noon intermissions. Here they ate their lunch, always remembering

to present a liberal offering to their hostess, who in return poured out for them a steaming libation from the stumpy tea pot which during the morning service stood on the kitchen stove, puffing and blowing as if it had a polypus in its ugly little pug nose. These Sabbath donations were important items towards the support of Miss Lovisa, who, save this house and its humble furniture, had no assured patrimony. It is true, she often helped her neighbors in their sewing or household labors, but not for wages. It would have pierced her to the heart had these been offered to her. She wanted it distinctly understood that she only went to accommodate. If her friends felt disposed to give her presents, why, that altered the case. She accepted them with an alacrity worthy of Mr. Dorrit.

As these testimonials reached her on Sunday, it followed that, wherever she went, she was the guest of the week, the Lord's day found her in her queer little cottage opposite the church. Hither came David in the twilight of the Sabbath of which I have spoken, anubling up the narrow path with his own peculiar gait quite like that of a boy riding the paternal cane. Lovisa, at the moment regaling herself with the diluted drugs of the company tea, spied him above the inclined rim of the cup, and in her perturbation scolded her throat with the burning liquid.

"Good evening, Lovisa," said he, resting his elbow on the sill, as he looked in at the open window.

"Good evening, Mr. Yopp," she replied, pushing the tea equipage out of sight with one hand while extending him the other.

"I've been a tolerably warm day, Lovisa," he said, with a grin, as he took her hand, and she, as a rule, he considered this a pretty fine world, this world of ours, but Lovisa knew contrary.

"Does the old gentleman feel the heat much?" she asked, presently, uneasy because David made no move to get up.

"Desperately—fact!" answered he, chucking his head backward and forward to pump out the words, which clogged his throat more and more the longer he delayed his errand.

An embarrassed pause succeeded, during which Lovisa's finger danced restlessly along the two curving bays that encroached right and left upon the bold bluff of her forehead, and David anxiously watched their progress. Once he half opened his mouth to speak, but it sprang shut like a trap door, and he was left to his dog day weather.

Lovisa grew each moment more uneasy. She was afraid it did not look well, Mr. Yopp standing at her easement in the gloaming; she was equally afraid it would not sound well, should she invite him in; and yet he was her neighbor—she could not bid him go.

"I suppose grandpa feels your mother's death a good deal?" was her next tremulous remark, thrown out as a sort of plank to bridge over the silence.

"Yes, father misses her and I miss her," said David, crowding the words out better-asker, lest his lips should close upon them. "Seems as if we couldn't get along without mother."

He was wondering, Lovisa—that is, I want to ask you—what do you say, Lovisa, ain't you willing to take her place? I do wish you would. There's nobody would suit father so well."

No-body would suit his father so well as a daughter-in-law, David meant, of course; but how was Miss Braun to wear this meaning from his words? How was she to suspect that in begging her to be a mother to him he had honestly intended to ask her to be his wife? She was no clairvoyant, but at that moment most indignant woman, with an unwonted flash in her eye.

She married Grandpa Yopp, indeed! How old did they take her to be? "Father'll hardly look for another partner; his age and infirmities considered, you couldn't really expect it," pursued David, in a considerate tone; "and his obligations to make some other arrangement. You see it would, Lovisa."

Whatever she saw, she showed no outward manifestation, though her anxious glance towards her deprecatingly to assure himself that she appreciated his domestic needs, and justified him in contemplating marriage.

"We've had no end of housekeepers," he blundered on, "and none of them gave satisfaction. Now I want somebody permanent—somebody to take an interest. You know I always set a great deal by you, Lovisa. So can't we make a bargain?"

A matrimonial bargain David had intended and desired—nothing less. But his stupid tongue had this time conveyed to Lovisa the impression that he wished to engage her for a housekeeper, and she bridled up at once.

"I don't know what you can be thinking of, Mr. Yopp, to propose such a thing," she cried, vehemently. "I never did hire out for wages," she was about to add; but she recalled

from the mercenary expression and remarked, with dignity, "I have never lived anywhere except as a friend."

"Well, I'm sure I don't want you to live with me if you don't feel friendly," responded her suitor, very much hurt. "I'd sooner rub along alone—fact."

"I do feel friendly, Mr. Yopp—that is, I did; but as to going to anyone's house in the way of my employment, I can't bring myself to do it."

"What do you mean to say you have any objections against getting married, Lovisa?"

It was not yet so dark that David's eyes, peering at her from beneath his projecting buff awnings, could not see the sudden agitation caused by his words, and he took courage.

"Because, if you've no objections to matrimony generally, and feel friendly towards me individually, and I'm disposed, I don't see, Lovisa, what to hinder us from making a bargain."

"I couldn't, Mr. Yopp, I couldn't, anyways, though it's very kind in you to mention it," she faltered, while her face, usually like wax—yellow wax—glowed a lurid red.

"Maybe you're afraid I wouldn't make you a good husband, Lovisa, because I'm getting along in years, and never had any experience," suggested he, turning his averted face towards her with a curvilinear jerk; but I'll do my best, and mother always gave me credit for doing my duty. Suddenly now, Lovisa, it does appear to me it would convene both on us if you was to make up your mind to have me."

"Again she shook her head, but more feebly this time. David almost fancied the motion might be only the dying vibration of her former protest, and went away not altogether hopeless.

At first, as we have seen, the thought of matrimony had been to him rather distasteful, but Lovisa's persistent refusal in respect of the combative nature of his nature, and more she would not marry him, the more desirable she seemed to him, and he never let slip an opportunity for pressing his suit till he had wrung from her a promise to reconsider his proposal.

With this weighty subject on her mind, she came to visit us and help about the current jelly—and precious little help she was!

"I feel so exercised, Mrs. Farnsworth," she confessed to my mother, privately. "Do you think I should make a great deal of talk if I should get married?" The second week she was lamenting that Mr. Yopp was not a professor. Might she not be the chosen instrument to lead him to the light? By the end of the third her sympathies had gone out to the blind old father in need of a woman's care, and she was querying where duty lay. Ought she not to ask the presiding elder?

Having sounded her by a few adroit questions, that revered smilingly advised the union, and she virtually decided the matter for Lovisa.

"I will go to you, Mr. Yopp—that is, if it will be any accommodation," said she, timidly, when, at the close of the month, David came for his answer.

They were married the following Thanksgiving, in the bride's small parlor, while the stumpy little table in the kitchen gurgled and choked with glee. And, the service over and the wedding picnic discussed, my father lent his horse to David, and the happy pair drove away on their bridal tour, and were gone at least three hours, during which the nuptial guests transferred Lovisa's modest spinster belongings to her matrimon home.

For thirty years these mature lovers lived together like cushioned doves, and never to the end of their days did Lovisa regret the hour when she married David, "just to accommodate."

The Maxwell family's adventure, near Fort Bozeman, was like an incident in an Indian dime novel. They numbered six men and two women, and were travelling in a wagon, on their way to a border settlement. Seeing the approach of a band of hostile savages, they decided to select a favorable position in which to defend themselves, and soon found a spot that was bounded on two sides by a deep, wide gorge. They hastily built a barricade of the wagon, stones, and earth, working all of one night at it. In the morning the Indians made an attack, but the men in the fort, armed with breech-loading rifles, repulsed them. During two days the fighting was kept up, and then a reasoning party of soldiers arrived. Eight Indians were killed, and one of the white men was injured.—N.Y. Sun.

The well informed Ottawa correspondent of the Montreal Witness says that the liquor legislation is to be in the way of an improved prohibitive bill, selling to be entirely prohibited, there being no five-gallon clause; every local authority, from villages up to provinces, to be empowered to adopt it; the vote to be by ballot with only two days polling in sub-divisions of municipalities, as in other elections. The bill is to be brought down to the Senate, and is in the hands of Mr. Scott.

A new periodical for women devotees eighteen pages to fashion and only one to cookery. Malstaff had to endure the same censure: "Oh! monstrous. But one half-pennyworth of bread, to this tolerable deal of noose!"

Chiquetto Post.

Sackville, N. B., February 23, 1878.

An Institution for the Promotion of Profanity.

MR. EDITOR.—Can you imagine it is possible that in this christian Province of New Brunswick, in this enlightened day, a million of dollars or more has been spent in creating an institution, whose avowed object is the promotion of profanity? And yet startling as the statement may be, I have facts to support it. I refer to the New Brunswick Railway, known as Gibson's Narrow Gauge, running from St. Mary's, York, to Grand Falls. We left the Barker Hotel, Fredericton—one of the best hotels in the country, at 7 o'clock a. m., one November morning before the river had closed up. We broke the ice in front of the ferry boat, with long poles, worked our way through the ice and safely arrived on the other side, believed our troubles were all over, took our seats and looked pleasant! The hour of starting arrived, and the conductor cried "all on board," and yet for some mysterious reason the car moved not! Seconds passed into minutes, ten, twenty minutes passed, and no signs of starting—not a soul to be seen on the platform. An old gentleman sitting in the corner, who looked as though he were a deacon, suddenly popped up, and ejaculated, "I'll be dashed, a bit as suddenly slipped back into his seat and into silence. Then there was silence for a few minutes, and another man rose up and commenced a speech on the crisis. He explained that at home, he was considered a pattern man; but he would assert and assert it in the face of all Synods and Legislatures, Parliaments, Conventions, and Conferences, that this Railway was the dashedest humbug that was ever invented. Barnum's woolly horse not excepted. This was received with cheers, the ladies present waving their handkerchiefs in token of approval, and the strange man, proceeding with the discourse, when the car made a sudden jolt, and the orator was pitched forward into the lap of the lady in front of him and we were off! We had hardly ceased congratulating ourselves, that the apices and roof of Fredericton disappeared, when we remarked the funeral pace of our iron horse. It was only a slight modification of standing still. A French gentleman accosted the Conductor, with the bland enquiry, "Ven desee horse car arrive au Vestibule?" The reply, "plaid inutilement in 'horre car' was received in frowning silence. A fine opportunity was afforded for examining the country in detail. A gentleman of leisure, provided with sketching materials could have completed a panorama of the whole route! The half a dozen business men on board did not view the ride in an aesthetic or moral sense; they held out their watches and dashed their eyes in a most improper way. At one station, two men got out and said good bye to an acquaintance. They said "we will join you ahead. Sure enough after travelling an hour or so, they came into the car. They said they had been sitting on a rock for some time waiting for us. Finally we arrived at Woodstock. The Hotel was waiting. I asked the coachman how he knew when to there—did he hear the whistle? "Oh," says he, they don't whistle—that wastes steam, which, costs money. Passengers on the line all raise a storm of swearing, and I feel it coming up the River, just like a thunder squall, but not nigh so fast."

Yours, etc.,
Dorchester, N. B., Jan. 9, 1878.

Old Times in Botsford.

To the Editor of the Post.

SM.—Not long since while travelling through the Parish of Botsford, I could not but notice the improvements which have been made in agriculture, since I first visited that part, about twenty-two years ago.

No doubt that parish is second to the wilderness in point of the most natural facilities for farming, for the progress which has been made in that line, through the efforts of those stalwart agriculturists, shows for itself. Chiefly all of the first settlers migrated from England, Ireland and Scotland. They had all the old, old homesteads where their forefathers had lived and died, and to all the home privileges which surrounded them under that flag, which they still hold dear to their memory; they braved the perils of the Atlantic, notwithstanding the facilities for travelling in those days were not as speedy and fascinating as they are at the present. They arrived in America, most of them with very little of this world's goods. Strangers in a strange land; they were not disheartened, but ventured into the wilderness in search of a soil from which they could by toil and privation gain a livelihood for themselves and their little ones. You see these pioneers or their descendants scattered through the Parish located here and there, and making the wilderness bloom. Some find it very difficult to make a scanty living for several years. During the summer season they subsisted chiefly on what they could gather from the shores or flats, such as lobsters, clams and other fish. So much were they put to it by times, and I have heard of them having actually to dig up the sets, after they were planted, for the purpose of sustaining life for the time being. And as for means of travelling to and from a market, it was footing it through the wilderness, by the way of foot paths, and carrying those few necessities with which they had learned to work out an existence. Many of them have been known to carry on their backs, a half barrel of flour, a keg of nails, a drin of butter, &c., from ten to fifteen miles. Here I must speak of one man in particular—Mr. Richard Mitten, I think—who backed a heavy plough from Mount Whitley Corner to the Emigrant Bay, a distance of about twenty-seven miles. Think of that ye men of the present generation! These are only a few among the privations which might be mentioned, but now those times have passed away, and prosperity has grown to affluence. That parish has become rich, and is now an important section of our Province; and here I may add in parenthesis that the Cape Tormentine Railway ought long since have been built, because the resources of the Parish justify it.

During my tour I was very much interested while having a short interview with Thomas Oulton, Esq., of Mount Pleasant, who gave me an outline of his history in reference to bear killing. This gentleman has killed thirteen of those animals himself alone, and helped to put an end to several more; he has had several hand-to-paw combats with them also.

Continued on fourth page.

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Manufacture six per week.
Send for Circular and Price List.

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Patronage respectfully solicited.
J. F. ALLISON.
July 26

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Prices twenty per cent. lower than any other establishment in the Province.

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THE Subscriber, having a large amount of superior ITALIAN and AMERICAN MARBLE on hand, is prepared to sell Gravesstones and Monuments of Either Quality, at greatly reduced prices. He has also a large amount of MARBLE and first quality FREESTONE at extremely low prices. Also, Italian Marble Table and Counter Tops.

Persons are cautioned against buying Southern Falls American Marble for the Italian, as on account of their resemblance, it is frequently sold for the latter. Persons wishing to purchase will find it decidedly to their advantage to call and examine for themselves before buying elsewhere.

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THE Subscriber has opened a Harness Shop opposite the Lawrence House, where he intends to

Manufacture Harnesses
and do general repairing, at moderate rates.
NATHAN G. BULMER,
Sackville, Sept. 20, 1877.

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I HAVE OPENED, in connection with the old stand, a
Retail and Repair Shop,
in CHIGNETO HALL, Lower Sackville, where all my customers will be attended to promptly and at cheap rates.—Mr. O. B. Estabrooks in charge.

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HARNESSES at either establishment will be sold for prompt pay or cash at three months, Cheaper than at any other establishment in the Province. Call and obtain prices.

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ALTHOUGH we have suffered heavily by the late fire, we still intend to carry on the LUMBER BUSINESS, at the

AMHERST
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In new and spacious premises, near the Station.

WE HAVE NOW ON HAND:
LUMBER & SCANTLING,
Laths, Shingles, Clapboards, and other Pine Lumber.

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YOU ask WHY we can sell First-class 7-13 Octave Rosewood Pianos for \$290. Our answer is, that it costs less than \$300 to make any \$300 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per cent. profit. We have no Agents, but sell direct to Families at Factory price, and warrant five years. We send our Pianos everywhere by rail, and require no payment unless they are found satisfactory. Send for Illustrated Circular, which gives full particulars, and contains the names of over 1500 Bankers, Merchants and Families that are using our Pianos in every State of the Union. Please state where you saw this notice.

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