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WHOLE No. 529

Original Tale.

WED TO DEATH.

BY S. B. MC-MONTOX.

Miss Clark's own conduct was no discretion itself, and such as left no handle to criticism, since, without pointedly avoiding Luther, she contrived to be very seldom in his company, and never for an instant, to converse with him, save under circumstances which insured that the words spoken should be such as the public ear might have repeated, had that functionary been so minded, in the streets of the village.

Time went on. The necessary preparations which precede the linking together, for woe or joy, of two lives, were completed. It was the eve of the wedding day itself. Mrs. Bell was quite happy in the near accomplishment of her schemes for her son's welfare. No one knew better than worthy Mrs. Bell that in the island village of Amherst, the possession of adequate means produced a wonderful effect, in smoothing the road of the young aspirant to fame and power. She had, as good mothers should, made up her mind, long since, that her bright boy ought to become great and famous—a probable senator, or Chief Justice, a possible Governor—and her dear had been little Luther, who was very impulsive, should from someasty attachment, break off the engagement with Mary, and compromise his prospects in life by an imprudent marriage. That fear was now dispersed. To-morrow would be his wedding day, and if the young man would but have borne somewhat more of the radiant aspect fitted to the occasion, there would have been no cloud to mar her selfish delight.

The day, a magnificent one, was waning towards its decline and fall. The sun as it sank towards the western horizon, threw on the flowers started from the plant shadows of the trees; relics of primrose forest, that but recalled the beautiful vale through which ran the beautiful stream on which was built a large reservoir, for the purpose of supplying the village with water. On a mossy bank just below the reservoir, overshadowed by a beautiful tree, Luther Bell and Mary were seated. The spot was a favorite one with Mary, nor did Luther care to acknowledge that her choice was fraught with pain to him, on account of the reminiscences which were conjured up by the sight of the fairy dell, where once he was wont to keep tryst with Annie Clark.

The young man's face was somewhat thoughtful and careworn, and his betrothed bride sat, with only a partial success, to charm away the gloom from his brow.

Mary and Mrs. Bell had held long consultation as to the cause of the too evident moodiness of Luther, and the incident that his active mind was chafing for lack of contact with more intellectual society than the village could afford him, and that the sooner the young husband assumed his place in life's battle the better. When Mrs. Bell began to talk, with that pretty air of importance which a good girl sometimes puts on for a man's benefit, of the life which the young couple were to lead, and of the pride which she should feel when her own chosen one should have begun to make a man in the world and to do work worthy of him.

Luther could not be invariable to the usual fondness of poor Mary, and to the artless simplicity of a disposition in which there was indeed much that was lovable. He bent forward and kissed her as if she had been a child indeed.

"My little Mary," he said, it shall not be my fault if—but what is this, glittering through the bushes?"

And Mary, her eyes following the direction of the young man's pointing finger, saw a dancing ball of water, crystal clear, glistening among the tangled thickets below. How beautiful! exclaimed the girl, breathlessly watching the bright fountain as it leaped and fell among the trailing vines and wild flowers.

"Can it be, do you think, that the reservoir is leaking?"

The answer was given by a rush and a roar, as though from the rocky cliff there spouted a hissing column of water, boiling and bubbling like a geyser in the first energies of its roving power. For a moment the spectators of this scene looked on as the water rose and rose, seeking and bubbling like the

eruption of a witch's cauldron, until Luther, becoming gradually aware of the approaching danger, exclaimed, "Mary, dearest, we must not stay here. The whole of the glen will be flooded in a few moments, and unless—"

Another deafening roar, and bearing away rocks and trees, and bank, there broke forth an imprisoned torrent of angry water, furious, resistless. Then before Luther could realize what had occurred, he felt that he was waist deep in the turbulent water, clasping Mary to his breast, and then that the inundation had swept him and her away like straws before the blast of a tempest.

A strong swimmer, he did battle bravely with the raging flood, and by desperate efforts succeeded in clinging to poor little Mary, who but for him, would have been washed away to drown, at the first outburst of the reservoir. But the rush and onward force of the swift tide were such as human muscles could not stem, and already amidst the foam flakes on the surface were floating dead branches, saplings newly uprooted, logs half mouldered by age, and Luther sustained more than one severe blow in whirling Mary's delicate form from the rough contact of the drifting wood.

They he clutched instinctively at the tough bough of a birch tree half submerged, and held his grip strongly, supporting Mary's fair, passive head upon his shoulder, and bidding her be of good cheer, since he'd not soon arrive.

It was a situation of deadly peril. Within a few hundred yards of the birch tree, which Luther clung to, the deep sudden waters of the Salmon River. To reach them was to perish. Should fatigue cause him to let go his hold, or should his strength prove unequal to the task of supporting Mary's light weight against the furious rush of the inundation, death was imminent and certain; the river would bear to the sea the bodies of both himself and Mary, and swept by the fast flowing tide into the measureless expanse of the Atlantic, neither would be seen again by mortal eye.

Roaring and leaping, the turbid waves washed over Luther as he held desperately on to the quivering boughs of the old tree, and felt the rough stem whither and reel under the force of the hurrying tide.

A raw fear now assailed him. How if the tree itself, his one citadel of refuge should be uprooted, like many a sapling and many a hollow stem, that now came driving past him, torn up by the violence of the current.

The fast running flood was scooping away the soil with a rapid rapidity, as if impatient for its prey. And Luther, dazed and dazzled by the noise and flash of the waters, that by this time had risen as high as his waist, began to despair of the arrival of aid. It was with increasing difficulty that he could support his precious, helpless burden.

"Let me go," whispered the girl, with white lips, but with a smile on her pale, fair face, as she looked up at him she loved. "Save yourself, Luther; you can swim." Why should both die thus? See, I am not afraid except for you, my own!

For all answer, as she strove to release herself from his grasp, he passed his arm around the branch of the tree, and contrived to bind her firmly to himself with a silk handkerchief.

"Help may come! Heaven send it soon," he muttered through his clenched teeth; "but come what may, our fates are not divided."

And yet, as Luther clung to the reeling boughs of the green birch, now trembling like a reed in the rush of the yellow flood, it was another image than that of poor Mary that arose before his mental vision.

Annie Clark's beautiful face seemed to haunt him to the last. Would she be very sorry when—

The end must come soon. Drenched and killed by the foaming water, Luther held on but mechanically; while Mary seemed to have sunk into a swoon, and made no reply when he addressed her in tones of encouragement.

The two were yielding too, evidently, to the fury of the flood. The water broke over their heads as the trunk began to droop. He bent down and kissed Mary's forehead.

"Good-bye, dear one!" he murmured, but there was no reply. It fanny he again saw Annie, and in that moment of supreme anguish he seemed for the first time to realize how intensely general her virtues, and would, are im-

puted about madness to any course, he had prophesied that ere another century had passed, no queen of England would be able to do likewise without arousing the disgust of all beholders of her ineffectuality.

While the spoon was the only implement used in feeding the mouth, entertainers were not required to provide the guests with one. Whether he came for a month or a day, to a series of banquets or a single repast, every guest always brought his spoon in his pocket. Never travelling without the implement, as universal a piece of personal equipment as a watch is at the present time, the modish my of old England no sooner found himself seated at a strange board than, taking his spooncase from its place of concealment, he exhibited the spoon, which had usually been given him by one of his baptismal sponsors. It was the same with women and children. When every one used a spoon and both sides thought of providing spoons, the spoon was a piece of portable property that went wherever its owner went.—*Appleton's Journal.*

A Leap Year Story.

There is a young gentleman in this town who is looked upon as a sort of a woman later, and who, it was believed until recently, would not marry the handsomest and best woman on earth if every hair on her head was a Koh-i-noor diamond. On account of leap year, some young ladies concluded to put up a job on this young man and arrange it for one of their number to propose marriage to him, while the others watched the fun through holes bored in the partition.

The gentleman was invited to call at the house of the young lady who was to do the proposing, and on the designated evening he was there, seated in the parlor, while the actresses to the plot were stationed at their eye-holes. After some desultory conversation about the weather and the club party, the young lady suddenly dropped on her knees before the gentleman and in endearing terms declared her passion.

"Darling," she said, "I long have loved thee, but the cruel conventionalities of society have forced me to conceal my passion. Leap year, which gives to oppressed women one blessed privilege, is now here, and I take advantage of it to tell thee I adore thee. Look not thus coldly on me, dearest. Spurn me not from your presence. See me on my bended knees imploring that you will not say me nay. Grant me but one kiss from those ruby lips; fold me in these arms and say that thou wilt be mine; only mine, forever and for ever."

Contrary to expectation, the gentleman displayed not the least astonishment during the foregoing recital, and when it was concluded he went over to the stove, and folding his hands under his coat thus replied:

"I'm told your dad gives a hundred shares of North Carolina, and that you've got two brindle bulldogs in your own right and without incumbrance. I likewise am informed that you are a good hand at making slapsacks and biscuit; that you don't chew gum, which by the way, is powerful expensive these hard times. In view of these facts I consent, and leave it to you to name the day."

A Scene from Life.

Said the landlord to a young man who entered the bar-room of a village tavern and called for a drink; "No, you have had delirium tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more." He stepped aside, to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord watched upon them very politely. The other had stood by silent and sullen, and when they finished, he walked up to the landlord and thus addressed him: "Six years ago, at that age, I stood there; those young men are now; I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a drunk, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I furnished the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glasses more, and your work will be done. I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can't be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell our own, by God faith in our Government, the vile disorder and vicious politics in the

legislative bodies which ought to be founds of truth, honor, and reverence; law corruption in our officials, from the members of the Cabinet to the post-office clerk; boot-licking partnerships with crime, or bought indifference to it, in our courts of justice; shameless abuse of the godlike privilege of soliciting or receiving punishment in our executives; and trickery, fraud, and open violence almost universally turning the elective franchise into a worthless name or a miserable instrument of traitorous chicanery to defraud the country of its noblest inheritances and best possessions.

What a Costa to Write Well.

Excellence not matured in a day, and the cost of it is an old story. The beginning of Plato's "Republic," it is said, was found in his table written over and over in a variety of ways. Addison was told, went out the patience of his printer; frequently, when nearly a whole impression of a "Spectator" was worked off, he would stop the press to insert a new proposition. Lamb's most sportive essays were the results of most intense brain labor; he used to spend a week at a time in elaborating a single humorous letter to a friend. Tennyson is reported to have written "Come into the Garden, Maud," more than fifty times over before it pleased him; and "Locksley Hall," the first draught of which was written in two days, he spent the better part of six weeks, for eight hours a day, in altering and polishing.

Dickens, when he intended to write a Christmas story, shut himself up for six weeks, lived the life of a hermit, and came out looking as haggard as a murderer. Balzac, after he had thought out thoroughly one of his philosophical romances, and amassed his materials in a most laborious manner, retired to his study, and from that time until his death he had gone to press, say his him to more. When he appeared again among his friends, he looked, said his publisher, in the popular phrase, like his own altered and copied, when it passed into the hands of the printer, from whose slips the book was rewritten for the third time. Again it went into hands of the printer—two, three, and sometimes four separate proofs being required before the author's leave could be got to send the perpetually rewritten book to press at last, and so have done with it. He was literally the terror of all printers and editors. Moore thought it quick work if he wrote ninety lines of "Lalla Rookh" in a week. Kinglake's "Balaclava," we are told, was written five or six times, and was kept in the author's writing-desk almost as long as Wordsworth kept the "White Doe of Rylstone," and kept, like that, to be taken out for review and correction almost every day. Buffon's "Studies of Nature" cost him fifty years of labor, and he recopied it eighteen times before he sent it to the printer. "He composed in a singular manner, writing on large-sized paper, in which, as a ledger, first distinct columns were ruled. In the first column he wrote down the first thoughts; in the second, he corrected, enlarged, and pruned his; and in the third, he had reached the fifth column, within which he finally wrote the result of his labor. But even after this, he would reconpose a sentence twenty times, and once devoted fourteen hours to finding the proper word with which to round off a period." John Foster often spent hours on a single sentence. Ten years elapsed between the first sketch of Goldsmith's "Traveller" and its completion. La Rochefoucauld spent five years in preparing his little book of maxims, altering some of them, Segrais says, nearly thirty times. We all know how Sheridan polished his wit and finished his jokes, the same things being found on different bits of paper, differently expressed. Rogers showed Crab Robinson a note to his "Italy," which he said, took him two weeks to write. It consists of a very few lines.—*A. P. Russell.*

Advice to a Girl who Finished.

Getrude, you tell me that you have been two years in a boarding school, and have just finished your education, and want to know what you shall do next.

Listen, my dear Getrude, and I will tell you.

Get up in the morning in good season, go down into the kitchen, seize a potato by the throat with one hand and a knife with the other, skin the potato, and a dozen more just like it, stir up the buckwheat batter, and help your good old mother get breakfast.

The Household.

On Cooking.

In preparing food for the table, we advise you to discard the boiler and substitute the steamer. Boil nothing, and steam everything you used to boil. Boiling loses those essences which are soluble and go into the water, while it often hardens the outside fibre; now it may, as we say, not be possible to have the right meats at once: then use the best you can in the old way. Many clever people advise us not to be thrown into boiling water, so as to save the juice within by hardening the outer crust; it is anything but a good way. Meat that cannot be steamed in a meat steamer ought to be placed in a little warm water—only sufficient to cook it, not to cover it—ought to be closely covered with the lid and be gently simmered, so that the water evaporates,

while the steam created in the saucepan softens the fibre. The goodness of the meat should be left within, not be driven out into the water; when the meat is done very little water should be left. It need not burn for that, for, it should never be put over a tremendous fire. Fish ought even to be more delicately used, and ought never, on any account whatever, to be put in a saucepan of boiling water; only a little water should be used, while the fish rests above it on a tray, and is merely softened by the evaporating water. Even vegetables should not be boiled, as their good qualities are liable to be boiled away. But of all bad cooking operations, frying is the most to be abhorred; it actually makes almost all substances indigestible. The dreadful black ring frying-pans are, beyond doubt, great wastes of food and nourishment.

Origin of the Spices.

Nutmeg is the kernel of a small, smooth pear-shaped fruit that grows on a tree in Malacca Islands, and other parts of the East. The trees commence bearing in their seventh year, and continue fruiting until they are seventy or eighty years old. Around the nutmeg, or kernel, is a bright brown shell. This shell has a soft scarlet covering, which, when flattened out and dried, is known as mace. The best nutmegs are solid, and emit oil when pricked with a pin. Ginger is the root of a shrub first known in Asia, and now cultivated in the West Indies and Sierra Leone. The stem grows three or four feet high, and dies every year. There are two varieties of ginger, the white and black—caused by taking more or less care in selecting and preparing the roots, which are always dug in winter, when the stems are withered. The white is the best. Cinnamon is the inner bark of a beautiful tree, a native of Ceylon, that grows from twenty to thirty feet in height, and lives to be centuries old. Cloves—native to the Malacca Islands, and so called from resembling to a nail. The East Indians call them "changkok," from the Chinese "Tschongka," (fragrant nails). They grow on a straight smooth-barked tree about forty feet high. Cloves are not fruits, but blossoms gathered before they are quite unfolded. Allspice—a berry so called because it combines the odor of several spices—grows abundantly on the beautiful alspice or bay-berry tree, native of South America and the West Indies. A single tree has been known to produce one hundred and fifty pounds of berries. They are purple when ripe. Black pepper is made by grinding the dried berries of a climbing vine, native to the East Indies. White pepper is obtained from the same berries, freed from their husk or rind. Red or cayenne pepper is obtained by grinding the scarlet pod or seed-vessel of a tropical plant that is now cultivated in all parts of the world.

Statistics for 1875.

Name of Factory	No. of cows	Lbs. of cheese	Value of milk
Anderson	75	11,416	130,240 18
Anderson	181	22,977	228,074 18
Barnham	80	14,425	146,230 18
Corinth	30	22,000	215,446 12
Corinth	170	20,000	205,229 18
Dixfield	201	34,000	340,000 18
Dixfield	170	22,440	218,940 18
Dixfield	150	20,000	200,000 18
East	200	18,000	177,100 18
East	230	34,000	340,000 18
Frederick	100	18,127	181,270 18
Frederick	100	34,000	340,000 18
Houlton	160	34,000	340,000 18
Industry	60	7,020	70,200 18
Jay	175	24,267	242,670 18
Jaffrey	100	20,000	200,000 18
Kanawha	300	66,481	664,810 18
Livermore	125	27,712	277,120 18
Livermore	150	24,000	240,000 18
Morris	125	22,230	222,300 18
Misio	100	22,000	220,000 18
Misio	150	21,127	211,270 18
Minot	150	28,343	283,430 18
Montville	50	23,000	230,000 18
Newport	60	6,925	69,250 18
Newburg	215	44,157	441,570 18
Newburg	225	43,827	438,270 18
Phillips	175	30,000	300,000 18
Powall	100	11,680	116,800 18
St. Albans	180	22,850	228,500 18
St. Albans	240	40,000	400,000 18
Six Mile Falls	237	27,260	272,600 18
St. Albans	210	30,000	300,000 18
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Whitton	100	18,242	182,420 18
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Season one quart of rich cream to your taste, or say, put five ounces of sugar and ten drops of extract of vanilla, lemon, or rose. Whip the cream in a stiff froth. Four or five of cold water on one ounce of ingredients; let it simmer on embers until perfectly dissolved. When lukewarm, pour the cream slowly in, beating it all the time, till stiff enough to drop from the spoon. Then put it in moulds.

BAKED PLUM-PUDDING.

One pint of grated bread-crumbs, one pint of mince or best dried cherries, three-quarters of a pint of suet chopped fine and shredded, one pint of sugar, one pint of milk, three eggs, half a pint of chopped apples, and one nutmeg. Put the milk on last. The eggs must be beaten very light, and stirred into it with enough flour to make the mass stick together. Bake only half an hour, and serve with French sauce.

FOR A COUGH.

Two table-spoonfuls of brown sugar, one tea-spoonful of powdered saltpetre, and one tea-spoonful of alum pounded and mixed well together, are recommended as very soothing to a cough by the best authors we know.

A young lady in Marshall county, Indiana, runs her father's farm of eighty acres with the aid of a younger brother, and this winter she cleared seven acres of land, chopping all the trees herself.

To prevent boils from squeaking, boil lard and saturate the sole with the same.



John Hunt
Post Car Tree