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April 20 187

KING'S HOTEL,
Pelham Street, Lunenburg,
J. W. KING, PROPRIETOR.
The above Hotel is thoroughly fitted up for the accommodation of permanent and transient orders. Good Sample Rooms. Good Stable.
March 17

J. & T. W. CRAGG,
Book-Binder, &c., Bridgewater, N. S.
BOOK-BINDING
In all the various kinds, executed with very neatness and dispatch.

Books of the Bible, with notes, executed with very neatness and dispatch.
Hart's Bible, \$1.00
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Customers in Lunenburg can leave their orders with E. L. Nash, who will also deliver the work when completed.
Orders by mail promptly attended to.
Aug 3 187

James & Abbot,
Commission Lumber Merchants,
Kilby Street, Boston, U. S. A.
Consignments and correspondence solicited.
Cash advances made on consignments.
Aug 3 187

Subscription for the
"LUNENBURG PROGRESS."
\$1 per Year.

The Bang.
Oh, the bang, the horrible bang!
Woe, even worse than the modern girl's bang!
Covering, hiding her forehead so fair,
Warning young men of that girl to beware,
See it disgrace the head of a child,
Spelling her forehead in fresh and would cut with the kitchen clip down to her eyes,
Leaving her brows an affair of surmise,
Plenty of clumps, like those of little girls,
Of clear azure and death of pearl,
Yet we must ask of her head and its shape,
Is it human or is it an ape?

See her grown a story, but lamp all in curls,
Deeming herself the most lovely of girls,
Making that bang, with such exquisite care,
Looking like a plaster of politesse of hair.
Young fellows stare at such girls as they pass,
Not to admire, but to quiz their make-up,
Saying with utterance quiet but deep,
"Popestians and nunsage ought to be cheap!"

Grandmother, too, must come out with a bang,
Nearly as bad as the rest of the gang,
Hiding the forehead that grandpa admires
Under a friz that she borrows or hires.
Why should our women the loved of our hearts,
Make themselves frightful by hideous art?
Why should they cover their foreheads so fair?

Surely the serpent bequeathed us a bang,
Let it depart, and by no means insidious!
Why make the beautiful make themselves hideous!

FOR TWENTY YEARS.
It doesn't seem much of a story to tell,
Although it was a tough one to live.
You see, it was more than twenty years ago
That my twin brother and I sold our
home in New York and went to
Philadelphia to seek our fortunes. All
the rest of the family were dead, and we
were the more attached to each other for
it.

Well, we tried trading, and we tried
everything that we could think of, but
nothing seemed to prosper with us, only
grew poorer and poorer. Finally we
thought of the idea of separating, so
as to work two fields at once, before the
last of our capital was gone. There was
great talk just then about some new gold
region, and we agreed that one of us
should go there and try his luck, while
the other remained in San Francisco, and
carried on a little business we had started.

Of course everything was in partnership,
I never thought of an interest
separate from his, and he, I know, felt the
same. Well, the question arose which of
us should go. It was a very perplexing
thing, and neither of us was
anxious for it, and so we drew lots to see
which of us should go. The lot fell to me.
There was another reason why I didn't
want to go beside the uncomfortable life,
but I would not tell Rob, for I could not
drive him off to the mines, and I knew his
generous heart so well that I knew he
would insist upon going if he
knew all. But—well, the truth was in
one word, I was in love, and I could not
bear to leave my dainty Susy to fight the
world alone—she was a music teacher—
nor for other fellows to fall in love with.

However, of course I submitted to the
lot and made my preparations to go. It was
a sad heart I bore around to Susy's
room that night, and I could not bear to
tell her; but, like you see, no sooner
saw my face than she knew something was
coming, and she braced herself up to meet
it before she asked me a question. After
we had spoken of the weather and the
book I had brought her the day before,
she said quietly—
"Well, Ralph, what is it? I know you
have bad news for me."

"It's bad for me, Susy," I answered,
and I am afraid it will be bad for you, too,
though of course you know—"
I couldn't go on, and she spoke again,
bravo as she always was.
"Ralph, you know I'm used to mis-
fortune. Tell me at once."
So I told her, and she bore it nobly, as
I knew she would—though I was the
only friend she had in San Francisco,
except her pupils. But I had thought of
another plan to make my going a little
easier. That was to make her my wife
before I left, so as to leave her in care of
Rob, and relieve her from her hard life.

After some persuasion she consented to
it. So a day or two afterwards, we three
—I had told Rob—went into a quiet
church, and she was given me to cherish
and protect until death.
Brave little woman! How bravely she
gave me her heart, and how basely I
failed her! How ready I was to believe—
But I'm going back. I took her to our

boarding-place, which was in a
one to us, installed her as its mistress,
made every provision that lay in our
power for her comfort, enjoyed the bliss of
a few hours' honeymoon, and then left
her.
I don't speak of that. It was hard
enough. Ah, well! I'm an old man
—older by sorrow than by years; but I
never shall forget the fresh, dainty look
of my darling as I left her on the morning
that began a bride in the morning,
widow at night. And I did not forget
through all the black years, though it
seemed as if the memory of my boyhood
was dead.

Well, I went to the mines, and I tried
industriously, eagerly, for my heart was long
to go back to her. But I could not
find it.
Matters were not established, so I
did not hear from my dear ones, but
I felt the harder I toiled, for never a thought
didn't enter my mind. I was only
to have a brother to care for her,
and have my darling from all rough con-
tact with the world.

Finding no luck in the mines, I deter-
mined to go on to the Indian country,
and there was good business then. I
sold a little better at that; but I was
not on, and finally came out at Fran-
cisco, where the fever of the gold excitement
had just broken out.
I don't know whether it was months or
years—days and weeks were alike to me
at a long time—but at last I was suc-
cessful and got together five thousand dollars
in gold. Of course, my only thought
was of my wife, and I seized the first
opportunity to see her.

A messenger came with the news of
my little pile, and I soon began to look
for letters. Rob's I could easily imagine—
kind, kindly, full of sympathy. Susy's
I thought of and tried to fancy hundred-
times, for I never had a letter from
her. I knew it would be delicate and
pretty, and like my beautiful snow drop.
Well, fancy me! I could not do so very
well, but they will not pass a hungry heart.
Day after day passed, and no letters.
My heart grew sick. I made all sorts of
excuses for them. I imagined all sorts of
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by with no word from her, a sad and
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"We've got a namesake of yours in
camp," said one fellow.
"Have you? It isn't a common name."
I replied eagerly.
"No, and there's where it's all," said
he. "If you've got a name like mine,
I'll be glad to see you."
I turned around—something, I know
not what, seemed to shoot through me.
My heart gave one bound. I felt that
my wrongs, I saw only my dear, dear
beloved companion of my boyhood
days. I sprang forward eagerly.
"Robert, dear old boy, is it you?"
"It is I, Ralph, my dear friend."
"Ralph, it can't be!"
"It is I, I tell you, and—well, I don't
know as I'm ashamed of it—I embrace
him like a school girl and wept.
"And so did he, poor fellow, though he
could hardly believe that wretched old man
was his brother. But what struck me
even then as strange was that he did not
shrink from me, nor act as though he had
injured me."
"Robert," I said, when we were alone
and calmer, "I've forgotten you a long
time. We won't speak of the past. Let me
be happy in the bliss of seeing you once more.
I will never come round to trouble you
again."
"Forgive me?" he said inquiringly. "I
don't understand. You're never trouble
me, and we won't speak of the past. Why
do you write to me now? Your poor
wife—"
"Do not speak of her, Robert!" I in-
terrupted in sudden agony. "I can bear
nothing but—speak me that!"
"But, Ralph, there's something very
strange here. Why did you let us hear
from you? Why didn't you speak of
my little pile, and I soon began to look
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of wandering, vain and life in the hope
of at least finding your grave, for we never
believed you were alive all these years,
and never let us hear from you. That
life I have lived for fifteen years, retaining
once in three or four years to see to the
comfort of my dear old wife I have found
you—"
"You have found me?" I interrupted.
"A wretched, miserable wretch, who has
blasted three lives by his criminal weak-
ness, his childish credulity in believing
evil, and who will soon rid the earth of
his presence."
I started to go, for my despair had
seized upon me. That I should have
believed that I should see you so many years,
and find it a simple matter that I should
have thrown away my life, the blessed
love of my true wife, the warm affection of
my brother for an idle scandal? It was
too much for him to endure.
"Robert, I am a falling man on my
arm as I moved away.
"But Susy, Ralph, what shall I say to
the loving little woman who has suffered
so many long years for me?
"Let her see if I have my dear, Robert,"
I replied gloomily.
"Nay, brother, let me rather restore
you to her. Ralph, go home, and let us
be so happy together as to partly make
up for these years of mistake and grief."
Well, he teased me, and soon I was
over my despair. Now the gold I
had despised was valuable, as it could add
to Susy's comfort. I gathered it up, and
we started for home. Home! I had not
spoken the word for fifteen years.
"Do not speak of her, Robert!" I in-
terrupted in sudden agony. "I can bear
nothing but—speak me that!"
"But, Ralph, there's something very
strange here. Why did you let us hear
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I grew morbid and bitter, and at last I
wrote to an acquaintance in San Francisco
to keep for tidings of my brother and my
wife. They seemed at first to fancy hundred-
times, for I never had a letter from
her. I knew it would be delicate and
pretty, and like my beautiful snow drop.
Well, fancy me! I could not do so very
well, but they will not pass a hungry heart.
Day after day passed, and no letters.
My heart grew sick. I made all sorts of
excuses for them. I imagined all sorts of
causes. But the longer, drier days went
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An Army in Blue Specs.
It is said that Arabi, the general of the
Egyptian revolutionary forces, is going to
be very circumspect and hold his ground
quietly, expecting that the English army
will soon be disabled by ophthalmia, with-
out the need of fighting. The glare of the
sun and the fine sand that float in the air
have been found to play the mischief
with foreign soldiers. It is affirmed that
during the Egyptian campaign of the
great Napoleon two-thirds of his men
were at one time distressed with eye-
disease. According to the English
papers, every precaution is to be taken to
save the British troops, now pouring into
Egypt, from such maladies; and among
other precautions, 2,000 pairs of blue
spectacles have been purchased at five
cents per pair. Probably a few will be
sent to the spectacle of an army in spec-
tacles, but blue glass is held to possess various
healing virtues, and if the British expectations
are realized, they will yet laugh at Arabi.

Unbidden guests are often wel-
comed when they are gone. Disease is
an unbidden guest which Kidney Wort
will invariably "show the door." Here
is a case in point: "Mother has recovered,"
wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern
relative. "She took bitters for a long
time but without any good. So when
the heard of the virtues of Kidney Wort
she got a box and it completely cured her
so that she can do as much work now as
she could before she moved West. Since
she got well I try one about here is taking
it."

A POISONED THREAD.—A dressmaker
admitted into the Leeds Dispensary was
found to have a distinct line on her leg
mark with simultaneous symptoms, such
as a turned tongue, inflammation of the lips
and general debility—all signs pointing to
the probability of poisoning by lead.
The doctor in attendance on her for some time
failed to discover the source, and was
beginning to think the blue line had been
caused in some other way, when he ac-
cidentally learned from a merchant that silk
thread, being sold by weight, and not
length, is sometimes adulterated with
lead. He then questioned the patient,
and she informed him that it had been
a common practice with her, when at
work, to hold silk, as well as other kinds
of thread in her mouth, and that she had
done this more readily with silk, inas-
much as it often had a sweet taste. This
characteristic is a sure indication of the
presence of lead, and all thread passing
it should either be rejected or used with
caution. It will be found that the silk
thread of the best maker is tasteless,
whereas some inferior threads are sweet.
Household Words.

That wouldst catholicus known as
Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound has given this lady a world-wide
reputation for doing good. It is like a liv-
ing spring to the vital constitution. Her
Blood Purifier will do more to cleanse the
channels of the circulation and purify the
fit of the body than all the sanitary de-
vices of the Board of Health.

Don't Die in the House.—Reach on Rate,
Clear out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, anti-
moths, silverfish, spiders, etc.
Dear Ralph, it is so

