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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 26, 1869.

Vol 36

Poetry.

Three Words of Strength.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen—
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ thee,
And gloom hides her face in scorn;
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm'st of port, the tempest's mirth,
Know this: God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love: and not alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith, and Love, and thou shalt find,
Strength when Life's surges rudest roll,
Light where the cold evert blind.

Interesting Case.

ONLY A BLUNDER.

Don't you know of some one who would
make me a good wife, Doctor Ellsworth?

Salmon Hayden chewed anxiously on a bit
of shaving as he spoke.

Well, Hayden, I don't know. Can't you
find somebody for yourself? replied Dr. Ellsworth,
folding a powder in a bit of blue paper.

No, Doctor. I can't, answered Hayden,
hopelessly. I have been refused so many
times I feel rather delicate about trying. If
you could do something for me! I should
like to get married. It is very difficult find-

ing help, and the best of help don't take that
interest in a wife would. Why, everything's at
these ends in my house. Lamentable—that's
my old-timer—the best she can; but what do
young girls know about planning and
contriving?

Sure enough, responded the Doctor, feel-
ingly. Having taken to himself a "child wife" in
his old age, he was supposed to know what
"childlessness" is.

And then, again, continued the would-be
Benedict, rolling the shaving under his tongue,
as if it had been a bit of sweet and bitter
fancy—when again it cuts a sight of money
to live so much. Says I to myself, mor'n six
months ago, says I, Salmon Hayden, do you
look round for some smart driving, go-ahead
woman, and marry her if you can! But some-
how I haven't seemed to have any luck.

The Doctor rubbed his left ear reflectively.

Suppose now I should say Priscilla Dan-
ley? She would make an excellent wife, I
am sure; and I really think she would be wil-
ling to change her situation. There is nobody
else who occurs to me at this moment.

Salmon Hayden's eyes lighted like the eyes
of Jonathan after he had tasted the honey in
the wood.

Well, she's a woman I don't know; but if
you think she will do, why, all right. I must
consider my children, you understand, and
get somebody who will make a good mother
to them. But I have a great deal of confi-
dence in your judgment, Doctor, and if it is
your opinion she will suit all around, you
would confer a great favor by saying a word
for me.

Doctor Ellsworth folded another powder in
a bit of white paper.

I think, said he, you had better do the speak-
ing. I am not accustomed to such business
myself; never did anything of the kind but
once, and that was on my account.

If you only would help me this once I shall
ways account you my best friend, said Hayden,
in a pathetic tone which struck home to the
Doctor's benevolent heart.

So he promised; and that very evening took
occasion to call at Mr. Danley's residence
of asking after old Mr. Danley's rheu-
matism.

Priscilla met him at the door.

I would like to see you a few minutes alone,
Miss Danley, said the Doctor, blushing like
Aurora.

To be sure you may, answered Priscilla,
briskly, if you'll step into the kitchen where
I'm paring apples. It's a busy time just now,
and I can as well keep my hands going while
I talk.

What has he got in his head now? thought
she, as they walked along together. Come to
borrow money, I'll warrant. He may as well
save his breath; for I've taken all the money

out of my stocking to pay off that mortgage—
as far as the heel.

Miss Danley, said the Doctor, after a few
desultory coughs and a few preliminary sile-
nces, "I would like to ask you your candid opinion
in regard to matrimony."

Priscilla punched the apple-corer a little
way into the wall of her thumb.

My opinion, Doctor? You did not come
all this length of way to hear that? If you
did it's a pity you shouldn't get it, though; so
I'll tell you, and not wait to be asked.

It's my candid opinion that matrimony does
very well in its place.

But in your own case, Miss Priscilla? Sup-
pose now a good, likely man, and an excellent
provider—

Priscilla sprang up as if one of Cupid's ar-
rows had suddenly hit her, and ran to the sink
in the most irrelevant manner to wash her
hands.

A man that would give you a comfortable
home—

No more of your 'supposes, Doctor Ellsworth.
If you've got anything to say, say
it.

So I will, all but the name. I've no idea
of trifling with you, Miss Priscilla. He is a
man I can recommend.

A widower?

Yes.

How many children?

Six.

What are his means?

Well, to do, Miss Danley, or I wouldn't have
come here on any such errand.

What do you want me to say, Doctor? I
shouldn't like to have the certificate made out
for you, and the minister spoken to, before
I had set eyes on the man!

Doctor Ellsworth laughed. The worst was
now over, and Miss Priscilla's matter of fact
manner had set him quite at his ease.

All I ask of you, Miss Danley, is this:
Will you or will you not see him?

I will, certainly; why not? replied Miss
Priscilla, looking at her questioner with eyes
as penetrating as two blue gimlets, and with
as much composure as though it had been a
suit of clothes instead of a wife Doctor Ell-

sworth was bespeaking.

Oh well! Then it's all right. I will call
over with the gentleman and introduce him,
returned the Doctor, hastily drawing on his
gloves. By the way, he added, remembering
his pretended errand, and turning back at the
door, "how is your grandmother, Miss Pris-

cilla?"

Miss Priscilla threw up her nose, which was
as sharp as a fish-knife, disapprovingly—
"Grandmother is no better," said she, and
she will be no better while she continues to live
on blue-pills and Dover's powders. All my
wonder is that she is alive.

I have told the old lady, observed Doctor
Ellsworth, mildly, as became a warrior who
would not speak to the prejudice of his own
weapons, that too much medicine may affect
one as unfavorably as too little; but she thinks
she has lived long enough to judge for her-

self; and as I can do nothing for her, I will
wish you good-bye for the present, and call
again soon, with your leave, to introduce the
gentleman referred to.

Of course. Only not Monday of the week,
or Saturday—that is, taking-day. Men are
such fools, and the most foolish thing about
them is, they don't know they're fools, said
Miss Priscilla aside, taking up a pan of apples
and setting it down again with an emphasis.

Miss Danley's figure was adapted to wiry
strength rather than grace, and she carried de-
votion and capability in every thread of her
chocolate curls. Her hair, which was the
color of white pepper, looked by an in-

flexible steel comb, and her complexion was
more like a russet apple than an apple-blossom.
But, though not strictly beautiful, Miss
Priscilla Danley had other attractions besides
those in her money-stocking. She never
made a failure of anything she turned her
hand to, from pies to poetry; and in sickness
she was worth her weight in diamond dust.

Dr. Ellsworth was quite conscious of this
as he shut the door of the thrifty Danley man-
sion; yet somehow, such is the perversity of
the heart of man, he went home to his silly
"child-wife's" pretty face and gay spirits with
special satisfaction that night.

Next week, on the afternoon of ironing day,
which everybody knows is Tuesday, he called,
with the impatient Mr. Hayden, on Miss
Priscilla.

And this was the way the fates had ordered
it: She and her cousin Mrs. Pillsbury, not
expecting visitors before tea, were engaged in
taking to pieces and putting together again
the sewing machine. "Now, Miss Priscilla, the
slender waist was tied a blue checked apron;
in her left hand was a kerosene lamp with
the top off; while in her right hand brandish-

ed the back of her head was stuck full of knitting
needles.

Introductions were hurried over, and the
Doctor took his leave, feeling very guilty, and
very much the severe glance which the gim-
let eyes were boring into his soul.

So that is your widower, is it? And a
pretty time of day to bring him here, without
so much as a word of warning!

The Doctor lingered for no further re-
proaches, but shut the front door behind him
with the utmost dispatch, while Miss Pris-
cilla ran up stairs to arrange her toilette, leaving
Mr. Hayden and her cousin together.

As it was a day of blunders, and the fates
had matters in their own hands, it is not to be
wondered at that Mr. Hayden had made a
mistake at the outset—the trifling mistake of
supposing Mrs. Pillsbury was the lady of his
love.

I am glad it was not the other one, said he
to himself, complacently; for Mrs. Pillsbury's
comely face and plump little figure did cer-
tainly contrast very favorably with the grim
ness and angularity of "the other one."

There was not the shadow of a doubt in Mr. Sal-
mon Hayden's mind that the lady with her hair
full of knitting-needles had left the room on
purpose to give him an opportunity to express
his sentiments. There was no time to be lost,
he thought; for she might come back again as
suddenly as she had gone.

I am a poor bereaved man, said he trying
to get a view of the sole of his left foot, whom
I suppose my friend the Doctor has told you.

Mrs. Pillsbury looked up sympathetically,
I am sorry for you Mr. Hayden.

There was a tear in her eye, which was
very encouraging to the poor stammerer.

Yes, a poor bereaved man, repeated he, in
more earnest tones, and really Madame, a word
of condolence from you is worth a great deal
to me—worth more than you can think.

Mrs. Pillsbury looked up again this time
with innocent surprise. It was not really
clear to her why her sympathy should be so
especially valuable.

You have a feeling heart, Madame.

I hope I have Mr. Hayden; but your lon-
ely condition must touch any one, I am sure.

I always thought a house must seem utterly
desolate when a man goes home and finds
motherless as children in place of his wife.

Mrs. Pillsbury, as she spoke, looked up in-
to the eyes of the bereaved man, with such
tenderness as head. She would as lief pour tea for
him as for any man she knew; and being a
woman who did what she had to do in the
shortest space of time and with the fewest pos-
sible words, she soon made the ecstatic man
acquainted with the state of her heart; where
upon he smiled like the sun after a shower,
and immediately called together all the scatter-

ed rays of his affections and beamed down upon
her tropically.

After supper Mrs. Pillsbury stepped into
her cousin's parlour once more. Not, as before
in the affection of her sister, but this time
more accurately in her work of clearing away
the table and overlooking Miss Sam Danley's
little children, who, from oldest to youngest,
inherited their mother's incapacity; "Hannah
all over," as their Aunt Priscilla often said,
with a discouraged sigh. And thus Miss Dan-

ley had time for a little necessary conference
with her elected bridegroom in the parlor. A
season not wholly lost, for Miss Danley always
carried a ball of yarn and a crochet hook, in
her pocket, and many was the tidy yard of
edging that had grown out of such odd mi-
nutes.

I hope, said Mr. Hayden, with the impa-
tience of a householder rather than a lover—
I hope you won't keep me waiting long.

Nothing to wait for, as I know of; I never
was one to dawdle. When there is anything
to be done, do it, say I, returned the intended
bride, making a rapid calculation of the neces-
sary time for the preparation of a state dress
and bonnet, with the inevitable contingencies
of washing, baking, and ironing thrown in.

Tuesday, said she, with a reflective thrust
of her hook into the heart of a tidy, already
predestined to cover Mr. Hayden's best rock-
ing chair—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
yes, well—two weeks from today is as early
as I can arrange to leave here. There are
theodresses to finish for the children, and I
have promised to make some bottles of kaba-
parilla and cordial for grandmother; and then
there will be some little things for myself—
Yes, to day two weeks, we will say, and you
can call again next week; there may be
something to talk over. I shall not expect
you more than that once, for I shall be very
much engaged, and it must be just the busy
season with you.

Thus, in her practical way, Miss Priscilla
took at once the family reins, which she held
with a firm hand ever after. As a housekeep-
er, a wife and a stern recommended, giving Mr.
Hayden no reason to regret that his momentary
adoration for any lady but herself proved to
be only a blunder.

There is nothing so fearful as a bad coun-
sellor.

He watched her, sitting upright before the
little Japan tray, pouring a steam of tea as
nearly at right angles with the nose of the tea
pot; and thought within his own soul that this
other one would rule his house better than
the sympathetic Mrs. Pillsbury, on whom he
had wasted five minutes of hopeless and un-
lawful adoration. Yes, he was satisfied that
the happiness of his future life depended upon
one short word from Miss Danley's decisive
lips, which as yet had only opened to ask her
guests if they would take sugar and cream in
their cups.

Miss Priscilla did not for a moment forget
the proprieties of the occasion; but while she
was acting her part as hostess with the strict-
est decorum, her mind was busy with thoughts
of the future. Should she, or should she not
accept the horny hand of Salmon Hayden, and
with it the six responsibilities which rumped
around his hearthstone?

There was Sam—that was Priscilla's broth-
er—he had a wife just now gone a visiting—
she usually was gone visiting—and eight chil-
dren. Was it Priscilla's duty to stand for-
ever over those children with a towel, a cake
of soap, a darning needle and a pair of scissors?

She had done it thus far ever since Sam had
married that incapable Hannah Lovejoy, and
did it she might to the end of the chapter, and
who was there to thank her for it? Six was
not as bad as eight. She could take these six
into her own hands as no maiden aunt might
dare, and there would be only an irresponsible,
easy going man to say, why do you so?

Miss Priscilla considered and considered,
as for the mistake Mr. Hayden had made in
himself, it did not weigh a feather with the
sensible Priscilla. It only showed what an
absent minded, flighty man was the doctor to
risk the possibility of such a blunder. If the
distracted Salmon had made love to Sarah
Matilda, he supposed he was making it to
Priscilla; so pray what was the difference?

It is not best to split a hair from west to north-
west side, and Miss Danley never wasted time
on such a purely employment. She had been
weighing this matter of marriage ever since
the Friday before; and now that she had seen
the bridegroom expectant she had no particu-
lar fault to find with him, except he would
talk with his mouth full, and before the pile of
fruits had sunk to nothingness Mr. Hayden's
prospects had risen in inverse proportion.

Miss Priscilla had decided that which she pre-
sented to sit at the foot of the table at which she pre-
sented as head. She would as lief pour tea for
him as for any man she knew; and being a
woman who did what she had to do in the
shortest space of time and with the fewest pos-
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GAS EXPLOSION.—There was a serious
gas explosion in Portland, Me., on Saturday
evening. The Press says:—

Saturday a workman took off a gas bracket
in a chamber in the third story, but, neglected
to plug the pipe. About 11 o'clock at night
Mr. Barnum noticed that the upper part of the
house was filled with gas, and proceeded to
ascertain the cause. He lighted a gas jet at
the head of the stairs in the second story, and
then went up to the room in which the gas
was escaping. No sooner had he opened the
door than a terrific explosion took place throw-

ing out the whole of the upper story of the
building next to the Clapp mansion and also a
portion of the front on Congress street, start-
ing the stairs, smashing the glass, destroying
the furniture and setting fire to the house.

Capt. Barnum was prostrated by the shock
and was terribly burned, his clothing being al-
most reduced to cinders. The explosion was
so loud that it was heard a great distance, and
hundreds of people were soon on the spot.

The alarm of fire was sounded which quickly
brought the firemen to the scene, but the
flames were extinguished without using the
machine. Capt. Barnum was rescued from his
 perilous situation by his wife, who had one of
her hands badly burned. Several of our
most eminent medical men were quickly there,
and all was done that was possible to relieve
his sufferings. It was thought he could not
survive so badly as he was burned. The skin is
literally stripped from his whole body. Yes-
terday there were more hopes of him though
his pains were intense, and he was unconscious
most of the day. In the evening he recovered
consciousness and was comparatively comfort-
able. The house was visited by thousands
yesterday who were astonished to witness the
effect of the explosion of gas. Gunpowder
could not have made greater havoc.

CHEAP WASH FOR BUILDINGS.—Take a
clean, water-tight cask, and put into it a half
bushel of lime. Slack it by pouring water
over it boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity
to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly
(it thoroughly slaked). When the lime has
been slacked, dissolve it in water, and add
two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of
common salt. These will cause the wash to
harden, and prevent its cracking, which gives
an unseemly appearance to the work. A beau-
tiful cream color may be given to the wash
by adding three pounds of yellow ochre; or a
good pearl or lead color, by the addition of a
lamp of iron black. For lawn color, add four
pounds of amber, one pound of Indian red
and one of common lamp black. When ap-
plied to the outside of houses and to fences, it
is rendered more durable by adding about a
pint of sweet milk to a gallon of wash.—
[Scientific American.]

Funny Facts for Fancy Farmers.

A distinguished agriculturist contributes the
following valuable and seasonable hints to
fancy farmers, which may be of service to them
in their Spring's work:

To have your fields well dressed you must
sow as large a breadth as possible. A grain
of foresight in this matter will insure a sight
of grain at harvest.

A man may fleece his sheep, but not his
land. The farmer's game is to "give and
take."

Mind your peas—the ge will take care of
themselves.

It is not a lazy farmer who takes to his bed
in the morning and stays till night—if the bed
is in his garden.

Ploughshares are the best investments—
the dividends are sure in the fall.

Fencing is not commendable, but there is
no objection to carrying favor with one's cat-
tle.

The best motto for dealing in short hay is
—never full stop!

It is sheer nonsense to shear sheep too
early, take off your own and your flock's over-
coats at about the same time.

Now is the time for the farmer to mend his
ways—highways and byways.

Fences should be looked to. Defence of
the crops is often staked on a single post.

Raise all you can. If you can raise the mor-
tgage on your farm, so much the better.

Thorough cultivation is essential; the har-
row in pains you take, the better off you
will be in the end.

It is also better to whitewash your own
walls than to blacken your neighbor's char-
acter.

Dull days may be spent in practicing den-
distry on your rakes and harrows.

If any one choose let him spend his tobacco
money for the benefit of the "greggians"
in the back hair of his coat and shoes.

A little soot from the chimney will suit the
early cucumbers and non-suit the bugs.

"I say, boy, is that the fire?" asked a gen-
tleness of a fogged archer, and pointing to a
dense volume of smoke that was issuing from
the windows of a warehouse. "No, sir, that
is only the smoke," replied the boy.

MEDICAL ASSISTANCE. THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY



RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY FOR ALL THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAIN IN A FEW MINUTES.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Proves its superiority to all other Remedies at once. It is the FIRST INDICATION of the disease, and its use is the first step towards recovery. It is the only remedy that can be used in all cases of acute pain, and it is the only remedy that can be used in all cases of chronic pain.

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Refined Petroleum

20 B. Ex. Steamer from Boston.

RELS. No. 1. Kerosine Oil.

J. W. STREET

DAISON, SALT, & CO.

The Subscriber has in store, and offers for sale

at reasonable prices:-

6,000 LBS. B.A. CON.

2000 lbs. Leaf Lard.

500 Hides, smoked and dried

100 Hides. PORK.

500 Sacks Liverpool Salt.

2000 Bushels OATS.

1000 do. Seed Barley.

500 do. Harey Glass Seed.

12 do. Vetches.

500 do. POTATOES.

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