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St. Thomas Reporter.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1880.

TWAIN'S TRAVELS.

We heard his horn, and instantly we got up. It was dark and cold and wretched. As I tumbled around for the matches, knocking things down with my quivering hands, I wished the sun would rise in the middle of the day, when it was warm and cheerful, and one wasn't sleepy. We proceeded to dress by the gloom of a couple of sickly candles, but we could hardly button anything, our hands shook so. I thought of how many happy people there were in Europe, Asia and America, and everywhere, who were sleeping peacefully in their beds, and did not have to get up to see the Rigi sun rise—people who did not appreciate their advantages, as like as not, but would get up in the morning wanting more boons of Providence. While thinking these thoughts I yawned, in a rather ample way, and my upper teeth got hitched on a nail over the door, and while I was mounting a chair to free myself, Harris drew the window curtain and said:

"O, this is luck. We shan't have to go out at all—yonder are the mountains in full view."

That was good news, indeed. It made me cheerful right away. One could see the Alpine masses dimly outlined against the black firmament, and one or two stars blinking through rifts in the night. Fully clothed, and wrapped in blankets, we huddled ourselves up by the window with lighted pipes, and fell into chat, while we waited in exceeding comfort to see how an Alpine sunrise was going to look by candle-light. By and by a delicate, spiritual sort of effulgence spread itself by imperceptible degrees over the loftiest altitudes of the snowy wastes; but there the effort stopped. I said presently:

"There's a hitch about this sunrise somewhere. It doesn't seem to go. What do you reckon is the matter with it?"

"I don't know. It appears to hang fire somewhere. I never saw a sunrise act like this before. Can it be that the hotel is playing anything on us?"

"Of course not. The hotel only has a property interest in the sun; it has nothing to do with the management of it. It is a precarious kind of property, too; a succession of total eclipses would probably ruin this tavern. Now what can be the matter with this sunrise?"

Harris jumped up and said: "I've got it! I know what's the matter with it; we've been looking at the place where the sun-set last night."

TWAIN AS AN ARTIST.

We had had the best instructors in drawing and painting in Germany—Hammering, Vogel, Muller, Dietz, and Schumann. Hammering taught us landscape painting, Vogel taught us figure drawing, Muller taught us to do still life, and Dietz and Schumann gave us a finishing course in two specialties—battle-pieces and shipwrecks. Whatever I am in art I owe to these men. I have something of the manner of each and all of them; but they all said that I also had a manner of my own, and that it was conspicuous. They said that there was a marked individuality about my style; inasmuch as that if I ever painted the commonest kind of a dog, I should throw something into the aspect of that dog, which would keep him from being mistaken for the creation of any other artist. Secretly I wanted to believe all those kind sayings, but I could not; I was afraid that my masters' partiality for me, and pride in me, biased their judgment. So I resolved to make a test. Privately and unknown to any one, I painted my great picture 'Heidelberg Castle Illuminated'—my first really important work in oils—and had it hung up in the midst of a wilderness of oil pictures in the art exhibition, with no name attached to it. To my great gratification it was instantly recognized as mine. All the town flocked to see it, and people even came from neighboring localities to visit it. It made more stir than any other work in the exhibition. But the most gratifying thing of all was, that chance strangers, passing through, who had not heard of my picture, were not only drawn to it, as by a lodestone, the moment they entered the gallery, but always took it for a 'Turner.'

When the landlord learned that I and my agents were artists, our party rose

perceptibly in his esteem; we rose still higher when he learned that we were making a pedestrian tour of Europe.

He told us all about the Heidelberg road, and which were the best places to avoid and which were the best ones to tarry at; he charged me less than cost for the things I broke in the night; he put up a fine luncheon for us, added to it quantity of light green plums, the pleassants fruit in Germany; he was so anxious to do us honor that he would not allow us to walk out of Heilbronn, but called up Gotz Von Berlichingen's horse and cab made us ride.

I made a sketch of the turnout. It is not a work, it is what artists call a 'study'—a thing to make a finished picture from. This sketch had several blemishes in it; for instance, the wagon is not going as fast as the horses is. This is wrong. Again, the person trying to get out of the way is too small; he is out of perspective, as we say. The two upper lines are not the horse's back, they are the reins; there seems to be a wheel missing—this would be corrected in a finished work, of course. That thing flying out behind is not a flag, it is a curtain. The other thing up there is the sun, but I didn't get enough distance on it. I do not remember what that thing is in front of the man who is running but I think it is a haystack or a woman. This study was exhibited in the Paris salon of 1878, but did not take any medal; they do not give medals for studies.

Mark says he can understand German as well as the mania that invented it, but he can talk it best through an interpreter.

A BRAND NEW BRIDE.

At the Jungfrau Hotel, Twain met a 'brand new bride.' In the drawingroom was a clattery, wheezy, asthmatic thing, certainly the very worst misarrangement in the way of a piano that the world has seen. In turn, five or six dejected and homesick ladies approached it doubtfully, gave it a single inquiring thump, and retired with the lock-jaw. But the boss of that instrument was to come, nevertheless; and from my own country—from Arkansas. She was a brand new bride, innocent, girlish, happy in herself and her grave and worshipful stripling of a husband; she was about 18, just out of school, free from affectation, unconscious of that passionless multitude around her; and the very first time she smote that old wreck one recognized that it had met its destiny. Her stripling brought an armful of aged sheet music from their room—for his bride went 'heeled' as you might say—and bent himself lovingly over and got ready to turn the pages.

The bride fetched a swoop with her fingers from one end of the key-board to the other, just to get her bearings, as it were, and you could see the congregation set their teeth with the agony of it. Then, without any more preliminaries, she turned on all the horrors of the 'Battle of Prague,' that venerable chivaree, and waded chin deep in the blood of the slain. She made a fair and honorable average of two false notes in every five, but her soul was in arms, and she never stopped to correct. The audience stood it with pretty fair grit for awhile, but when the cannonade waxed hotter and fiercer, and the discord average rose to four in five, the procession began to move. A few stragglers held their ground ten minutes longer, but when the girl began to wring the true inwardness out of the 'cries of the wounded,' they struck their colors and retired in a kind of panic.

There never was a completer victory; I was the only non-combatant left on the field. I would not have deserted my country-woman anyhow, but indeed I had no desire in that direction. None of us like mediocrity, but we all reverence perfection. This girl's music was perfection in its way; it was the worst music that had ever been achieved on our planet by a mere human being.

I moved up close and never missed a strain. When she got through I asked her to play it again. She did it with a pleased alacrity and heightened enthusiasm. She made it all discords this time. She got an amount of anguish into the cries of the wounded that shed a new light on human suffering. She was on the war path all the evening. All the time crowds of people gathered on the porches and pressed their noses against the windows to look and marvel, but the bravest never ventured in. The bride went off satisfied and happy with her young fellow, when her appetite was finally gorged, and the tourists swarmed in again.

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6-tf

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WOMAN ITEMS.

A daughter of Brigham Young has become an actress under the name of Cecile Grey.

The Duchess of Leeds sets a good example to her class by serving on an English school-board.

Lightning has killed two husbands for a Minnesota woman. Some women merely give their husbands thunder.

A woman can't put on any side-saddle style when she goes in a swimming. She has either to kick out like a man or get drowned.

A young lady in New Haven snuffs candles and cores apples with a revolver. The young men are exceedingly respectful in their attentions to her.

The proper time for a girl to marry is after she has counted up her cash and found that she can support herself in case her husband turns politician.

Love is deaf as well as blind. If it wasn't, how could the tendrils of a woman's affection wind themselves about the man who talks through his nose?

A Colorado girl, Miss Eunice Stone, always kisses the editor she visits. Oh! Eu-nice Stone. You think that very euphonious, don't you? Oh! eu-phony fellow.

A woman who never rode seventeen miles in her life will wrap herself up in her own conceit, and occupy three whole seats, while a man is thankful to get a berth on a wood box, or hang on the bell-cord for a change.

The following correspondence explains itself: 'Dear Mrs. Jones: Please let me have half a dozen tomatoes if you can—Sallie Smith.' 'Dear Mrs. Smith. We are not going to can; we propose to pickle—Hannah Jones.'

Some of the female bathers at Long Branch have taken to wearing masks of wire net, or of oil-silk on wire frames, which conceal the features from the impudent stare of male loungers, who watch their exit from the water. This precaution applies only to the features, by-the-way.

When the youngest of Mr. Bearling's five daughters eloped with a patent right agent, he didn't get down his double-barreled gun and start off in pursuit. Not at all. He rubbed his hands gleefully, and cheerfully remarked: 'I always did say that Elizabeth had more sense than all my other gals put together.'

A little girl of six in Georgetown, D.C., after leaning some time over the window-ledge, drew back and exclaimed, with her hand on her stomach: Oh, that hurt right on the place where God forgot to put any bones! Another time, gazing out upon a cloudy evening, she said: 'Mamma, there isn't a single star in bloom.'

We expect to see Miss Anthony rush out into the back-yard some day, and, keeping her bonnet on, try to stand on her blessed old head. The event will occur when a lady is elected to Parliament and the telegraph has already announced that the English radicals of Southwark talk of nominating Miss Helen Taylor, niece of the late John Stuart Mill, to that position.

'Is this seat next to you engaged?' asked the traveler of a young lady in the cars. 'Yes, sir, it is.' 'Who's engaged it?' 'A gentleman, I believe,' she said. 'Well, he can't engage a seat this way and not sit in it. I don't see any baggage. Where's his baggage?' And he was on the point of sitting down, when the young lady, mustering all her courage, exclaimed: 'Oh! sir, I'm his baggage.'

A SAD SNAKE-STORY.

'Is the snake-editor in?' 'Amid the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, he never forsakes his post. Behold in me the snake-editor.'

'Well, I've killed a rattler—' 'How long was it?' 'Nine feet four.'

'W-what! less than ten feet? This paper is no receptacle for miserable fishing-worm stories,' and the exasperated editor seized the visitor by the throat and shut off from his insides the breath of heaven.

'Yaas, gurgled the poor wretch; 'but it had eighty-seven ra—'

'No back talk!' yelled the editor; 'we want no rattlesnakes less than from ten to twelve feet in length,' and the snake-killer was dashed to pieces on the flinty pavement below.

BILLINGS' ADVICE TO JOE.

'By awl means, Joe, get married if you have a fair show. Don't stand shivering on the bank, but pitch in and stick your head under, and the shiver is over. There ain't any more trick in gettin' married after you're ready than there is in eating peanuts. Many a man has stood shivering on the shore until the river all run out. Don't expect to marry an angel; them hav awl bin picked up long ago. Remember, Joe, you ain't a saint yourself. Do not marry for buty exclusively; buty is like ice, orful slippery, and thaws dreadful easy. Don't marry for luv, neither; luv is like a cooking stove, gud for nothing when the fuel gives out. But let the mixture be sum buty becomingly dressed, with about \$240 in her pocket, a good speller, handy and neat in her house, plenty uv good sense, a tough constitution and by-laws, small feet, a little step; add to this sound teeth and a warm heart. This mixture will keep in any climate and not evaporate. If the cork happens to be off for two or three minutes the strength ain't all gone, Joe. Don't marry for pedigree; there isn't much in pedigree unless it is backed by bank stocks. A family with nothing but pedigree generally lacks sense.'

ATTEMPTED OUTRAGE.

Saturday night, Mrs. Emma Porter, about 40 years of age, was enticed into the country, from her home in Jackson, by a coal miner in the employ the Eureka mine, calling himself Michael Smith, and another man at present unknown, on pretense of procuring her a situation.

On reaching a secluded spot they made improper proposals, and on her refusing to comply with their wishes endeavored to compass their ends by force. A desperate struggle ensued, in which the woman's clothing was nearly all torn from her. She finally succeeded in breaking away from her assailants and escaping in the darkness and took refuge in a neighboring barn, where she remained until morning, emerging in a half-clad and half-frozen condition and making her way back to town. The men meanwhile had returned to town, taking with them the dress and shawl of their intended victim, which they left at her place of residence, making a plausible excuse for their being in their possession and then left town, it is supposed, for the most diligent search for them has proved unavailing.

A YANKEE EGG REGISTER.

An invention is credited to a Bridgeport Yankee to prevent marketmen from palming off old eggs for fresh ones. The inventor proposes to arrange a rubber stamp in the nest of every hen, with a movable date. This stamp is arranged with a pad that is saturated with indelible ink. When the hen lays an egg, as is well known, she kicks slightly with her hind leg. An electric disk is arranged so that her foot touches it, and the stamp turns over on the ink pad and then revolves, stamping the date on the egg. The hen then goes off about her business, the farmer's hired girl removes the egg and replaces the stamp, which is then ready for another. Each evening after the hens have retired to roost the date of the stamp is altered for the next day and the work goes on. In this way there can be no cheating. You go to the grocery and ask for fresh eggs and the grocery man tells you he has some eggs of the vintage of January 29, 1880, for instance. You look at them, and there are the figures, which cannot lie.

Read, the humorist city editor of the Little Rock Gazette, has a heart in him as big as a ton of wool. While yet to fortune and to fame unknown he was learning to stick type on a country paper in Southwestern Kentucky; he one Saturday night resolved to expend what was left of his week's salary in a trip to the home of his parents, about twelve miles distant. Before starting for the train he called at the room of his foreman, to whom he was greatly attached, and found that gentleman very sick, penniless, and suffering for medicine. Read, without explaining the amount of his fortune, or alluding to his proposed trip, freely gave his friend every cent he had and walked home. The roads were exceedingly muddy and the hour late. Read is a tall, heavy individual, and his feet are in proportion to his body—and would be, in fact, if he were twice as big. To this day the tall trees along his route bear in their topmost branches huge lumps of dried mud, tossed there by Read's heels on that memorable tramp.