POOR COPY

"THE CLEANER"
WILL BE DELIVERED AT ANY ADDRESS IN FREDERICTON AT
25 Cents a Month.

The Gleaner.

"THE CLEANER"
WILL BE DELIVERED AT ANY ADDRESS IN GIBSON AND MARYSVILLE AT
25 Cents a Month.

VOL. V. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1889. No, 143

Professional Cards

DR. M'ALLISTER,
Dentist,
IS HOME AGAIN AND READY FOR BUSINESS.
Good Reliable Dental Operations at Lowest Rates.
PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH A SPECIALTY.
Office hours 9.30 a. m. to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m.
Office Queen Street, opp. Queen Hotel.
Fredericton, March 7.

G. D. CARTER,
Dentist.
EXTRACTION AND PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
DENTAL ROOMS OVER E. A. M'CAUSLAND'S JEWELRY STORE 250 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, July 17th, 1888.

FRED ST. JOHN BLISS,
Barrister, Notary, Etc.
OFFICE:
QUEEN STREET, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
Fredericton, May 5th, 1888—1yr.

DR. H. D. CURRIE,
Surgeon Dentist,
164 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

WILLIAM WILSON,
SECRETARY-TREASURER, YORK,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
CONVEYANCER, &C.
OFFICE: QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

GEO. F. GREGORY,
(OF LATE FIRM OF GREGORY & BLAIR.)
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
NOTARY PUBLIC.
OFFICE: NEXT BELOW QUEEN HOTEL, LATELY OCCUPIED BY GREGORY & BLAIR.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

B. H. TORRENS, D. M. D.
Dentist,
FISHER'S BUILDING,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

DR. CROCKET
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
CARLETON STREET.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

GREGORY & GREGORY
Barristers and Notaries.
OFFICES: CARLETON ST., FREDERICTON.
ALBERT J. GREGORY, FRANK B. GREGORY, Registrar of Probates.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

C. E. DUFFY,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law.
Notary Public, Etc.
SECY-TREASURER OF SUNBURY.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED AND MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Office: West Side of Carleton Street, Second door from Queen.
Fredericton, Nov. 1st, 1887

Auctioneers

H. G. C. WETMORE,
AUCTIONEER, &c.
Has taken a Store on the Upper Side of
PHŒNIX SQUARE,
Next to L. P. LaForest, Tin Smith, where he is prepared to receive Furniture and Goods of all kinds for Auction or Private Sale. He will also give attention to Auction Sales of every description.
Terms Moderate. Returns Prompt. All business confidential.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

Hotels

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N.B.
J. A. EDWARDS, - Proprietor.
FINE SAMPLE ROOMS IN CONNECTION.
—ALSO—
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

COLOSSUS
GUNTER'S BIG SLEIGH,
Seating nearly Half a Hundred, Drawn by Four or Six Horses.
ON HIRE AT REASONABLE RATES.
Parties of any number wishing to visit Marysville Rink will be called for at their residences
Telephone your Orders.
GEO. I. GUNTER.
Fredericton, Dec. 11th, 1888.

HARVEY'S PHOTOS!
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
STUDIO: 164 Queen St. F'ton.
LARGE SIZED HEADS A Specialty.
Fredericton, Jan. 12, 1889.

New Advertisements.

BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Is the Best in the Market.
BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Is famous for its Strength and Quality.
Belding's Spool Silk
Is Always Preferred by Dress Makers.
Belding's Spool Silk
Is Free from Knots and Imperfections.
BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Always Measures Number of Yards Marked on Spool.
BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Is the Most Popular Silk in United States and Canada.
LADIES—Ask for this Popular Spool Silk and take no other. See that the name of Belding, Paul & Co. is on Every Spool. For Sale by all Dry Goods Houses.

James D. Fowler.
WATCHES;
WATCHES;
WATCHES.
GOLD,
SILVER,
GOLD FILLED,
AND
NICKLE CASES,
FROM
$2.50 TO $150.00
EACH.
Best Value in the City.
REMEMBER THE PLACE.
James D. Fowler,
Opp. POST OFFICE,
FREDERICTON, - N. B.
Fredericton, Dec. 15th 1888

JUST RECEIVED
The following MALTINE PREPARATIONS:
Maltine Plain,
" Wine,
" Ferrated,
" Yerbine,
" With Cod Liver Oil.
" " Alteratives,
" " Peptones,
" " With Pepsine and Pancreatine.
Elixer Lactopeptine
Peptonized Beef.

DAVIS. STAPLES & Co.
DRUGGISTS.
Cor. Queen & York Sts., Fredericton
Fredericton, Dec. 15, 1888.

'Golden Fleece.'
FALL 1888
New Ulster Cloths,
New Mantle Cloths,
New Dress Goods,
IN SUITINGS & MELTON CLOTHS
New Dress and Mantle
TRIMMINGS
FEATHERBONE CORSETS.
T. A. SHARKEY.
Fredericton, Nov. 2.

WEST END
SAW MILL & LUMBER YARD.
SEASON 1889.
THE Subscribers intending to keep greater attention to the RETAIL LUMBER TRADE than for the last few seasons, wish to inform the public generally that besides the usual stocks of SPRUCE, PINE, and HEMLOCK LUMBER on hand or sawn to order, will keep constantly on hand
DRY SPRUCE FLOORING AND SHEATHING,
PINE SHEATHING DRY HEMLOCK
SPRUCE AND PINE BOARDS, AND PLANK PLANED ON ONE SIDE.
Also intends to keep LATHS and PICKETS constantly on hand.
and all sorts of CEDAR SHINGLES well and Smoothly Sawn and Very Carefully Assorted.
Office on QUEEN STREET, directly opposite mill.
R. A. ESTEY.

READY MADE BARGAINS.
The Subscribers will open on the First Day of May next, on the
CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STREETS,
At present occupied by Mr. Cropley, one of the best stocks of
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.
Ever offered in this City. They are now selling the balance of their Fall and Winter Stock at Prices which are nothing less than Ready Made Bargains. For CASH only.
LUCY & CO.
Fredericton, Feb. 23, 1889.

TAKE NOTICE.
You can buy all the fine grades of
T-E-A-S!
At Yerxa & Yerxas,
Such as India, Fine Japan, Farmosa, Oolong, Orange, Pekoe, Fine Congous, and English Breakfast. Also a Fine Tea in 5 lb. Baskets.
LOW PRICES ON
Canned Goods and Evaporated Apples.
Lowest Prices on all Shelf Goods, and Prices marked in Plain Figures at YERXA & YERXA'S.
Fredericton, April 2

LACE
CURTAINS,
MADRAS CURTAINS,
SARIM CURTAINS,
Corsets, Sunshades,
Parasols, Gimps and Ornaments.
JOHN HASLIN.
Fredericton, April 13.

EDGECOMBE & SONS,
YORK STREET, - - FREDERICTON.
Now is the Time to Leave Your Orders for
SLEIGHS & PUNGS
We Have on Hand, and are Finishing Up, 200 Double Seated and Single Seated Pungs and Sleighs, which we are Determined to Sell Out at
PRICES THAT WILL ANYWHERE DEFY COMPETITION.
Leave Your Orders Early.
EDGECOMBE & SONS.
Fredericton Oct. 6th, 1887.

We have now the Finest Stock in the City of
ACCORDEONS, STATIONERY, BOOKS FOR
Normal School and College Students.
A Full Supply of Office Requisites always on hand
AT HALL'S BOOKSTORE,
QUEEN ST. FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, Feb. 13.

The Largest, Choicest and Best Assortment of
TEAS!
In the City are for sale by the
LONDON TEA CO'Y.
13 YORK ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.,
Congous, Saryunes, Paryongs, Oolongs, Indian and other Blends, Indian Pekoe, Orange Pekoe, O. S. Pekoe, Ceylon, Hyson, Hoyune, &c., &c.
W. H. TIPPET, Manager.

ARCADIA IN A CANYON.

A Queer Colony of Vegetarians—Prosperous Women Members of It.

The route from San Diego to the desert slope on the eastern side of the county's mountain ranges, which was partially described in Wednesday's Sun, stopped midway at Ballena, 2,750 feet above the sea. From this point the road ascends through a narrow canyon shaded with ancient oaks, which soon open out into a great valley of surprising beauty. Turning south a side road leading to San Vicente runs down a long canyon where some interesting people, devotees of the vegetarian cult, have made their homes. They, too, wandered down from Colton, a distance of 130 miles or more, nearly three years ago.

The party comprised Mr. Le Beuf, his wife, and their ward, Miss Hadley, all from St Louis, Mo. Mr. Le Beuf pushed a large wheelbarrow before him filled with their possessions, and the women—notable for their short hair and bloomer dress—trod cheerfully along beside him. They were seeking a location for a home on government land, and they chose it in the wildest part of the canyon. Mrs. Le Beuf's health had broken down in kindergarten work at St. Louis, and for this reason they came to the coast. The invalid had found the weight of ordinary clothing intolerable, and both of the women had therefore adopted the bloomer costume, with high shoes of gray cloth buttoning up the leg instead of the usual trousers. Mr. Le Beuf went to work clearing the land, and in a short time had stretched a circular canvas over the saplings for their dwelling, making it resemble a bee hive. Linseed oil was rubbed on the cloth to make it waterproof. Furniture was constructed of the natural woods with their bark and mosses. A garden was planted and grain sowed.

Then Miss Hadley found a pocket in the rocks a little higher up the canyon, which pleased her, and she filed a pre-emption claim to eighty acres. A canvas dome also arose on her clearing, which is now a marvel of productiveness. Miss Cook, another vegetarian, came out from Missouri to assist her. These industrious young women now have one and a half acres in grain, with not a weed on the entire place. They make their own flour. They have sweet peas, onions, lettuce, celery, etc., with blackberry bushes and various other small fruits. They chiseled ten steps in the granite rocks leading down to a spring which breaks a fissure in the rocks. A cellar built in the bank contains some 200 bottles of a peculiar grape cordial, which is their only drink. It is boiled down without being sweetened, and is considered a sort of grape cure.

These resourceful people manufacture all their own garments, including shoes. Le Beuf's garments are somewhat like a bathing suit.

Several years ago a man named Weidenmiller, also a vegetarian, appeared in the canyon, and week before last he brought Miss Hadley down to San Diego in the stage, and here they were married. Miss Cook continues to reside with them. The two men work on the ranches thereabouts as opportunity offers, while the women devote their leisure to books and the cultivation of the gardens.—San Diego Sun.

Runaway Husbands.

Perhaps one of the saddest effects of the late war which yet remain is the great number of people who are still missing from their former homes and their old friends and relatives. For instance, I had an uncle who came home shortly after Appomattox. He arrived about 3 o'clock one afternoon at his home in Kentucky, dismounted and kissed his wife fondly, walked about the place for an hour with her, scarcely speaking and very moody. Then mounting, remarked: "Mary, I'm going off for a little while; be good to yourself and the baby until I come back," and he has never been seen by a relative since. We have indirectly heard of him a number of times, but on going to the point where he had been seen he had, invariably, just left. We traced him to a point in Dakota, finally, where he had established quite a large sheep ranch, but a week before his nephew got there uncle had sold at a great sacrifice and left. Southerners can relate hundreds of such cases from personal knowledge. There are secluded regions in the Ozark country which are inhabited only by these broken hearted men, now hermits, self isolated from society and their relatives. Their fastnesses seclude many a husband of a supposed widow, or father of children who have mourned him as dead for more than a quarter century.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Cutting a Lion's Claws.

At the Clifton zoological gardens a lion in the collection had for some time been tortured by a claw growing into the flesh of its left fore paw, but owing to the uncertain temper of the king of beasts it was not considered prudent for any one to try and relieve him. The only way open to the keepers of the maimed lion was to place it in such a position that it could not turn round and then to seize a happy moment for the extraction of the claw. This was done by inducing it to leave first one cage and then another until it was confined in one so small that it could not spring either to the right or to the left. Then, while its injured paw was protruded through the bars, the claw was promptly whipped out of the flesh, into which it had grown more than half an inch.—Philadelphia Times.

Will Steal Tobacco but Not Gold.

In the largest jewelry shops in New York, where $5,000 worth of gold is used in a day, the gold is not weighed out to the workmen, and nothing but the honesty of the employes prevents loss. But while the gold is allowed to be thus exposed, tobacco has to be locked up because it has been found that the man who would not steal a grain of his employer's gold would not hesitate to appropriate his neighbor's tobacco.—Detroit Free Press.

Literature is full of poetic declarations of love, but sometimes the ring of truest feeling is to be found rather in real life. Jennie and Jim are twins, and inseparable companions. They walk to and from school together, and they play together, pore over the same lessons at night. Both rejoice in this close companionship, and neither dreams of forsaking it for newer ties.

"Come, Jim, come along with us," called one of the boys, as they issued from school on a snowy afternoon. "Don't hang round there waiting for Jennie. She can take care of herself."

"Perhaps she can," said Jim, stoutly, "but she shan't as long as I've got an umbrella and she hasn't."

"Then leave it for her and come along with us. I'd be ashamed to go round with a girl under an umbrella!"

"I say, Jim," said another, "I should think you'd get awfully tired of that sister of yours!".

Jim had been growing more and more crimson. He seemed to consider whether he should resort to words or blows.

"I tell you what, fellows," he burst forth, at length, "I'm not tired of her, and I shouldn't be if the days were twice as long, and there were two of her instead of one!"

Surely, no declaration could have been more effective.—Youth's Companion.

WINGED FEET.

Heavily trample steeds of war,
Which shake the earth with their tread;
Marshaling hosts are heard afar
And fill the nations with dread;
But through the din are, soft and fleet,
Noiselessly moving winged feet.

Ruthlessly crowds surge to and fro
With conflict, tumult and strife;
Merrily others come and go
In all the revels of life;
But here and there we chance to meet
Noiselessly moving winged feet.

They may not be in stately hall
With gilded trappings around;
Nor yet in mansions great and tall,
Where wealth and comforts abound;
More oft we find in lane and street
Noiselessly moving winged feet.

Quiet as comes the morning light
Which brings the beautiful day;
Softly as falls the shades of night
Our cares to banish away;
So come sometimes to lone retreat
Noiselessly moving winged feet.

Lightly they climb the garret stair,
Enter the cottager's door,
Bringing relief against despair,
Enriching homes of the poor.
Welcome these give, with joy replete,
Noiselessly moving winged feet.

Charity maketh no display;
No sound of trumpet it brings;
Light are its tasks, be what they may,
Burdens to it are as wings;
Heaven and earth conspire to grass
Noiselessly moving winged feet.

—New York Mail and Express.

Photographing Stars.

When we place in the focus of the telescope a highly sensitive photographic plate, the vibrations of the rays of light throw themselves assiduously on the plate and steadily apply to the task of shaking asunder the molecules of silver salts in the gelatine film. Just as the waves of ocean by incessantly beating against a shore will gradually wear away the mightiest cliffs of the toughest rock, so the innumerable millions of waves of light persistently impinging upon a single point of the plate will at length effect the necessary decomposition and so engrave the image of the star. It will be obvious that this process will be the more complete the longer the exposure which is permitted, and thus we see one of the reasons why photography forms such an admirable method for depicting the stars. We can give exposers of many minutes, or of one, two, three, or even four hours; and all the time the effect is being gradually accumulated. Hence it is that a star which is altogether too feeble to produce an impression upon the most acute eye fortified by a telescope of the utmost power, may yet be competent, when a sufficient exposure has been allowed, to leave its record on the plate. Thus it is that photographs of the heavens disclose to us the existence of myriads of stars which could never have been detected except for this cumulative method of observation that photography is competent to give.—MacMillan's Magazine.

Full of Business.

It has often been said that the industrious newsboy, though shoeless and poorly clad, has in him the making of the successful business man. An incident which occurred on La Salle street the other night was a potent argument in favor of this assertion. Near the corner of Washington street a big bully picked a quarrel with a small but wiry newsboy. The latter was not looking for a fight, but he responded nobly to the call and was punishing the big fellow severely, greatly to the delight of a crowd of his friends who would have gladly rushed to his assistance had he appeared to be getting any the worst of it, when up rattled the patrol wagon. Of course the officers took the wrong man, and the valiant gamin was hustled into the wagon in short order. Then it was that his business instinct asserted itself. As the wagon started off he singled his "partner" out in the crowd of boys and yelled instructions to him as to the proper care of his route the next morning. His faithful associate ran along with the wagon for a block or two, making a mental note of the "reg'lar customers" referred to by his unfortunate friend, and the instructions given were carried out to the letter. A newsboy who thinks so much of his business and his newspaper route in the face of such a misfortune as a ride in the patrol wagon is bound to make his mark in the world sooner or later.—Chicago Herald.

The Job Was Open.

One cold day during the war, a fugitive slave was standing before a fire in Washington warming himself. "Where did you come from, uncle?" asked a pro-slavery bystander. "From Culpepper, sah." "Leave your master?" "Yes, sah." "Was he bad to you?" "No, sah; very good, kind master, sah." "Gave you all you wanted to eat and wear, did he?" "Yes, sah, never wanted for much of anything, sah." "Well, don't you think you'd be much better off with him as a slave than grubbing around Washington for yourself?" "Well, sah, the job up dah is open for any one dat wants it," responded the negro calmly, and in the laugh that went up the admirer of slavery disappeared.—Chicago Mail.

An End Accomplished.

Little Randall was pounding vigorously at the door one day and calling his mother to unlock it and let him in. One of the neighbors hearing him, said, "Why, Randall, you are making an awful noise; what if you should break the door down?" "I could get in then," was the reply.—Portland (Me.) Argus.

Illiteracy.

There are in South Carolina 15,000 whites who cannot read or write, an equal number in Tennessee, 20,000 in Georgia, 20,000 in Alabama, 15,000 in Mississippi, 20,000 in Louisiana, 20,000 in North Carolina, and 25,000 in Virginia.—Brooklyn Eagle.

About 100 years ago a man named Drox made a very curious clock. Upon the top sat a negro, a shepherd and a dog. When the clock struck the negro played six tunes upon a flute and the dog moved toward him as though glad to see him.

The narcotic properties of certain members of the vegetable kingdom have caused many superstitions. In Brazil it is the custom among the Indians to the present day to give narcotic drinks to children, in order, by the resulting dreams, to gain information about the future. In several parts of Europe the four leaf clover under the pillow will cause prophetic dreams. The somniferous qualities of the hop pillow are well known, but the Russians go a step further than ourselves in the use of a plant named nontrava, which induces dreams presumed to be prophetic. Firstly, to dream of white flowers has been supposed to prognosticate death; with which may be compared the popular belief that, "If a white rose bush puts forth unexpectedly, it is a sign of death in the nearest house."—dream omens, in many cases, reflecting the superstitions of daily life.—Folk Lore of Plants.

The Frog and the Ball of Butter.

A lady of this town recently set a pot of cream in a spring near the house, so that it might keep cool. During the night a frog fell into the cream pot, and in his struggle to get out actually churned the cream, so that when the lady visited the pot the next morning she found the frog sitting on a ball of butter, washing his feet in the buttermilk.

The Lantern Slide.

In proportion to the skill and labor involved in its preparation, the lantern slide confers greater pleasure upon the amateur photographer than is embodied in any product of the camera and dark room. It and its counterpart, the transparency, are sources of an enjoyment in which profit to the artistic sense forms a very large percentage. The manipulation of the lantern slide calls for simpler processes than is the case with the negative destined for the making of prints, and these processes can be carried on successfully with less care as to the light employed. The slide is pre-eminently calculated to give satisfaction to the amateur whose home appliances for developing are not of the best. Once made and ready for the lantern, the slide is an epitome of prints. The flood of light poured through its translucent glass and the image thereon becomes, upon the screen, a life size picture, possessed of a fidelity and clearness of detail that a Meissonier could hardly hope to equal. In this form the slide appeals to the eye with a potency no print can possess, and stands next to nature's self in reproducing the beauties of a landscape, the charm and majesty of the ocean, the subtle power of architecture and of sculpture, or the portraits of men and women loved and esteemed by their fellows, or of childish beauty caught unerringly by the instantaneous process.

There is no end to the variety of charm possessed by this form of photographic art, and the rapid increase of interest among amateurs, in this direction, must make the lantern slide a dominant feature in the art. The establishment of the International exchange for the encouragement of lantern slide exhibitions, vastly widens the scope of this adjunct to amateur photography. The portability of the slide renders it available in this direction. A hundred slides can be sent half way around the globe, to show forth, at the distant point, the scenes familiar to the eyes of the senders, yet so novel and interesting to the recipients. The dweller in Calcutta can look upon a life size portrayal of the most interesting establishments of Pittsburg, and episodes of social life in the East End can be laid before the members of an amateur society in Paris, or Berlin, or Vienna.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Author Murray.

A gentleman who has just returned from a six months' residence in London, where he spent much of his time among the literary men, has some interesting gossip to tell concerning one or two of the novelists which will bear repeating. Speaking of David Christie Murray, the author of "Val Strange," "Joseph's Coat," and numberless other stories, he said: "Murray is one of the most interesting men in London. He has had the hardest of work to attain his present position. From boyhood he has made his way unaided and like many other writers of fiction he came up from newspaper work, and his early journalistic training has been of inestimable value to him. After working for a long time on The Birmingham News, he resolved to see London, and arrived in the city with but little to keep body and soul together. While casting about for some road to fortune he wrote an article on "Impecunious London," which was printed in one of the weeklies and served to open a new field of work to him. The paper, it need hardly be said, was founded upon his own experiences, and its success encouraged him later to set out on an extended tour as an amateur tramp. To put it out of his power to enjoy creature comforts he mailed a bank note to the care of a post office nearly 100 miles away and started to walk to it. He had not a penny to buy lodging or food, he stopped at many of the poor house hotels which lay on his path, worked a bit when nothing else would secure food in true tramp style, and, arriving at the longed for postoffice, secured his money and reveled in luxurious comforts. He is a member of the Savage club, London, and one of its shining lights."—Philadelphia Times.

Too Much for the Mosquitoes.

W. A. Sanders thus expresses himself in defense of a tree upon which there has of late been a disposition to open warfare: "I have more of these trees (eucalyptus) growing than can be found anywhere else in the San Joaquin valley—great monsters 120 feet tall, containing over a cord of wood each, grown from seed in the past ten years. You can see my eucalyptus groves from the cars of the Southern Pacific railroad from Goshen to Fowler, a distance of over twenty miles. I wish to add a fact to your recommendation of this tree—a fact too important to be overlooked. The eucalyptus globulus, when grown in large quantities, gives entire exemption from mosquitoes. Here at my home we have acres of dense shade, a big, sluggish ditch that is always full of water, and in all of our prolonged summer and autumn heat never a mosquito, while among the willows of King's river, two miles away, they swarm at times in clouds and literally devour their unprotected victims."—Tulare (Cal.) Register.

An Ample Excuse.

In an uptown church last Sunday evening, when the pastor had got well into his sermon, he noticed an unusual commotion among the choir, at his right. He tried to ignore it, but the trouble became so lively that he felt it his duty to rebuke the singers in a loud voice. The disturbance finally quieted down and the services proceeded with due dignity. A member of the choir managed to communicate to the much put out pastor the cause of the uneasiness before the services were concluded. It was a mouse—only a little mouse. But with the perversity of its kind, this little mouse had managed to get under the skirts of one of the ladies. The good pastor forthwith explained to the congregation that the trouble had been unavoidable—that no blame attached to the choir.—Buffalo Courier.

Grant's Laconic Vicksburg Letter.

President Guild of the Boston Art club possesses a letter written by Gen. Grant after the fall of Vicksburg, which furnishes an example of the remarkably concise expression for which the great captain was noted. Even the magnitude of the event did not excite any exuberance of jubilation.

VICKSBURG, July 6, 1863.

Dear Father: Vicksburg has at last surrendered after a siege of over forty days. The surrender took place on the morning of the 4th of July. I found I had continually underestimated the force of the enemy, both in men and in artillery. The number of prisoners surrendered was 30,000. The process of paroling is so tedious, however, that many who are desirous of getting to their homes will escape before the paroling officers get around to them. The arms taken are about 150 pieces of artillery and over 50,000 stand of small arms. The enemy still had about four day's rations of flour and meat and a large quantity of sugar. The weather is now exceedingly warm and the roads intolerably dusty. It cannot be expected under these circumstances that the health of this command can keep up as it has done. My troops were not allowed one hour's time after the surrender, but were at once started after other game. My health has continued very good during the campaign which has just closed.

Remember me to all at home. ULYSSES.

—Springfield Union.

Fully Equipped.

"Bromley, I hear you are going to housekeeping?"

"Yes, Darringer."

"What have you got toward it?"

"A wife."—Detroit Free Press.

FLIGHT OF WILD DUCKS.

The Canvasback Said to Be Good for Eighty Miles an Hour.

While a reporter talked to a prominent member of the Wawasee Gun club the other day, the conversation turned on the speed of wild ducks, a subject in which the gunners of this city seem particularly interested, and one on which there is some diversity of opinion. The member said:

"I have held my watch on several kinds of ducks and geese, but the main part of what I am going to tell you comes from several old hunters who have favored me with their experiences, and one of these old timers in a letter says: 'I can tell you just about to the sixty-third part of a dart how much space any one of them can get over in an hour. There is not a railroad train that can hold a candle to one side of the slowest duck that flies.'

"The canvasback can distance the whole duck family, if it lays itself out to do it. When this duck is taking things easy, enjoying a little run around the block, as it were, it goes through the air at the rate of about eighty miles an hour. If it has business somewhere and has to get there, it puts two miles back of it every minute, and does it easily. If you don't believe this, just fire square at the leader in a string of canvasbacks that are out on a business cruise some time. Duck shot travels pretty fast, but if you happen to hit one, you see if it is not the fifth or sixth one back of the drake or leader. A drake does not always lead, but it generally does if there is one in the flock; if there are more they will seldom take the lead. If you wish to bring down the leader you must aim at a space of at least eight feet ahead of him, and if he falls you will find him a long distance, probably two or three squares off.

"The mallard is a slow one; it is all he can do to make a mile a minute, but he can do it if he wants to. His regular rate is about forty-five miles per hour.

"The black duck is a slow coach. He is about as good as the mallard, and the fintail widgeon and wood duck cannot do much better. The red head can go easily and make ninety miles an hour as long as he likes, all day if necessary. The blue winged teal and its beautiful cousin, the green winged teal, can fly side by side for a hundred miles in an hour and take it easy.

The gadwale, you see them here very seldom, though well known further west on the Allegheny river and at Kishammock, though looking like the mallard, is a smarter duck and harder to shoot. It can make ninety miles in an hour and not try hard.

"Maybe you think a goose can't fly? Why, it can double the speed of the fastest trains on any of our railroads. Of course I mean a wild goose. Well, it has a big carcass, but it can get from feeding ground to feeding ground so suddenly that it fools our best wing shots.

"If you see a flock of honkers moving along so high up that they seem to be scraping the sky with their backs, you would not think that they were making close on a hundred miles an hour, but they are. The wild goose is not much on foot, but it means business every time.

"The broad bill goose comes next to the canvasback duck in speed. Put the two together and in an hour the broad bill would not be more than ten miles behind.

"This information has been derived from experience and correspondence with life long gunners, and any gunner will tell you that what I have said hits the mark very close."—Wilmington News.

"Mrs. Partington's" Old Age.

B. P. Shillaber, better known as "Mrs. Partington," now lives at Chelsea, one of Boston's many suburbs. He is 74 years of age and crippled with rheumatism. He walks about the house with a cane and goes out of doors only in a carriage. He has not been to Boston for seven years. He began life as a printer, entering The Boston Post in 1838. He once gave two or three years of his life to a lecturing tour, and though he was successful, he regretted it, feeling himself not cut out for that line of work. Now, he says, he goes nowhere. "With pen, paper, pipe and pills I sit here from year's end to year's end, patient as may be, receive my friends and wait for a better life."—Pittsburg Commercial.

Pictures in a Kettle.

Recently outlines of trees and shrubbery appeared in a large kettle belonging to Mrs. Goode, of Tocoa, Ga. Two explanations of what caused them to appear have been suggested. One is that the smooth surface of the kettle, from unknown causes, may have been susceptible to impressions of the rays of light, the kettle acting as a camera, and thus the trees and shrubbery from some distance away were photographed around the sides of the kettle. The other suggestion is that the inside of the kettle may have been damp, covered by a thin film of water which froze, and in crystallizing the minute ice spangles shot in the peculiar form seen in the kettle, just as window glass covered with many brilliant and beautiful outlines on frosty mornings in mid-winter.—Atlanta American.

Highly Accomplished.

After Lucia Zarate, the smallest living human being on the face of the earth, is Puygn-Fra, who resides at Shigaken, Osaka. This pocket edition of a human being is but fifteen inches tall by measurement taken by Dr. Burns in 1887. Americans who have been in that country twelve to fifteen years, and who have known the little wonder ever since their arrival, say they do not doubt that Pnygn is as old as he claims—36—as he has been a man in every particular, except in height, since the beginning of their acquaintance with him. The foreigners have taken him in hand and educated him to a high standard—high even for one of ordinary physical capacity. He is a fine linguist, and writes a hand that a teacher would envy.—J. W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

Very True.

Stern Parent—Young man, I am astounded at your impudence. You seek to marry my daughter knowing her to be wealthy in her own right, while you haven't a cent.

Self Possessed Youth—That's all right. What's the need of my having money when she has plenty?—Boston Courier.

Has Some Rhythm.

"There may be neither rhyme nor poetry in mathematics," remarked the high school girl, "but the science is not devoid of rhythm."

"What do you mean?" asked her papa.

"I refer to logarithms."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Becoming Americanized.

Citizen—Don't you know, Mr. Ah Sin, that if you kill that enemy of yours you will be hanged?

Ah Sin (vengeful laundryman)—No, I allee lightee. I gottee money. I go looneo 'sylum.—Philadelphia Record.

Unprofessional Conduct.

Copeland—I don't think Chinkins is the sort of a man for a bank cashier, do you?

Raynor—Why not?

Copeland—I saw him miss a train yesterday.—Burlington Free Press.

A Waste of Ammunition.

Mrs. Quizzly—Why, general, you don't seem to like to see the ladies kiss each other."

Gen. Oldbeau—The result of a military education, madam. I never like to see good ammunition wasted.—Troy Times.