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LY SUN, ST. JOHN.

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VOL. 8.

ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1886.

NO. 30.

AN ITALIAN LEGEND. BY GEORGE T. LANIGAN,

Adam—although it is not Written in Sacred Lore— Had children many in Eden; Their number twenty-four.

One day as Adam with them Was sporting on the sward, 'Neath the tree, he saw a-coming The Angel of the Lord.

Fearing lest he'd be derided That they so many were, Adam hid half his children In a rosy thicket fair.

Their guests sets down among them;
And such discourse they bore
As children and angels might
With heaven just next door.

When they had ceas'd their sporting,
"A special blessing I bear,"
Upspoke the smiling Angel,
"To these, thy children fair.

"To all the children of Adam, Gathered about my knee, Of health and wealth, the breezes, The dews of prosperity;

"And may they ne'er know sickness, Or death, when such things shall be, But life be as on this green sward, And under this garden tree."

The up spake Father Adam, Half in sadness and helf in shame: For these, my other children, A blessing I crave—the same. "When I saw thee approaching, Mid the roses I bade them hide;

But repeat to them the blessing, For the goodness of God is wide.

Slowly the puzzled Angel
Made answer: "That cannot be,
I bore the Lord God's blessing
To the children that I could see; But it shall be on earth here, Through all the coming years, When one of the children hidden At this time is found in tears.

"His happier brother or sister
May the blessing with him divide;
Nor be its own share diminished,
For the blessing of God is wide."

And so it ever has been, And so it ever will be ! When the fortunate child shares his blee

With the ore in misery, Somehow, around about him In the dull world, he descries The scent of Eden's thickets

And the glance of an Angel's eyes. A THRENODY. Dead! Dead! Dead! By the wild sea's a cold lips kissed; And hearts that are lightest will know

For them that shall ever be missed. Mourn! Mourn! Mourn!

For the dark clouds of sorrow and nigh; And weep till the heart-strings and dulle And the fountains of sorrow are dry.

Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!
To the music of fairy shells;
But the still, cold lips shall smile no more
At the sound of marriage bells. Ah! the star of life has set

In the gloomy alshe of the deep; And dear hearts are breaking for one swee Of eyes closed forever in sleep.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

'This is about it,' said John Scott, the en-

Emily Vaughn looked to left and to right, and was conscious of a feeling of disappointment. She had pictured the top of the Rocky Mountains as something quite different from this. Here were no frowing heights or sudden gulfs, only a wide rolling plateau, some distant peaks which did not look very high, and far ahead a glimpse of lower levels running down into plains. It seemed hardly worth while to have come so

as they did yesterday!'
'Naturally, ma'am,' responded the engin-

eer; 'things don't appear so high when you're as high as they are. We're atop you know.' But there's no look-off, no wonderful distance, as from the top of Mount Washing-

ton. I confess I am disappointed.'
'It's kind of queer,' said John Scott, with a dry chuckle, 'how folks from the East keep alluding to that 'ere little hill as if it were the standard of measurement. We don't think so much of it this way. Why, ma'am, you'reabout two thousand feet higher at this minute than if you was at the top of that little shuck of a Mount Washington that they all think so much of.'

Miss Vaughn smiled, but she experienced a shock nevertheless. The New England mind does not easily accustom itself to hearing its sacred mountain thus lightly spoken

'Have you ever seen Mount Washington? she asked 'Oh, bless you, yes?' replied John Scott, cheerfully. 'I was raised over to Fryeburg, and grew up alongside of it. I thought it was a pretty big concern when I was a boy, but now—' He closed the sentence with a

stuck in the snow seven days-perhaps you'll remember about it; it was in all the papers. I sha'n't ever forget that, not if I live to be as old as my grandfather, and he didn't die till he was ninety odd.'
'Tell me about it,' said Miss Vaughan, persuasively, seating herself on the high side bench of the cab, with that air of atten-

amusements are few and far between in the long monotony of the overland journey to California; besides which, Miss Vaughn dearly loved a story.

"There sint much to tell,' said John Scott, with something of the feeling which prompts the young vocalist to complain of hoarseness. 'I ain't any hand at telling things, either.' Then, won by Miss Vaughn's appealing eyes he continued:

"We ran all fair and on time till we was about two hundred miles hevond Omaha."

about two hundred miles beyond Omaha. Then the snow began. It didn't seem much at first. The women-folk in the train rather liked it. They all crowded to the windows to see, and the children hurrahed. Anything seemed a pleasant change after he sage-brush, I suppose. But as it went on coming, and the drifts grew deep, and the cars had to run slow, the older ones began to look serious, and I can tell you that we who had

the charge of the train felt so. 'We was just between two of the feeding tations, and we put on all the steam we could, hoping to push through to where provisions could be got at in case we had to stop. But it wa'n't no use. The snow kept coning. I never see it come so. flakes looked as big as saucers, and the drifts piled so quick that, when we finally stuck, in about ten minutes no one could see out of the windows. The train would have been clear buried over if the brakemen and the porters hadn't gone the whole length over the roofs every half-hour, and swept it off with brooms and shovels. We had a lot of shovels aboard, by good luck, or else nothing could have saved us from being banked up outright. But it was terrible hard work, I can tell you. There wa'n't no more laughing among the passengers by the time it come to that, and the children stepped hur-

'Oh, the poor little things! What did they do? Were there many on board? Was there plenty for them to eat?' 'That was the worst of it. There wasn't plenty for any one to eat. We had atuck ust midway of the feeding stations, and there wasn't a great deal of anything on boards besides what the passengers had in their lunch baskets. One lady she had a tin of condensed milk, and they mixed that up for the bables—there was ten of 'em—and so they got on pretty well. But there was so they got on pretty well. But there was about five ether children, not babies, but

young lady." 'The young lady?' said Miss Vaughn, looking up with some surprise, for with the words a curious tremble had come into the engineer's voice, and a dark flush into his oronzed face. What young lady was that?'
It was a moment or two before John Scott

answered the question. 'I don't know what she was called,' he said, slowly. 'I never knew. She was the only one on the train, so we just called her the young lady. She was travelling alone, but her folks had asked the conductor to loek after her. She was going out to some relative of hers—her brother, I guess, who was sick down to Sacramento. That was

how the come to be there.' 'Were the children under her care?' you; but she took them under her care from the very first. They had their fathers and mothers along—three of them had, at least, and the other two had their mother and a sleep. It was mighty pretty always to see her with them children. They never seemed her with them children. All of them wanted nurse-girl—but somehow no one but the young lady seemed to be able to do anything with them. The poor little things was half starved, you see, and there wasn't anything to amuse 'em in the dark oar, and one of them gradual grade. 'You're atop of the Rocky Mountains, now, ma'am.'

Mountains, now, ma'am.'

Mountains, now, ma'am.'

Mountains, now, ma'am.'

Mountains, now, ma'am.' ever the young lady came round, that sick

ing, and seemed just as ehipper as if it was summertime out doors and the whole train full of candy.
'I don't see how she did it,' he went on, meditatively, throwing a shovelful of coal in at the furnace door. 'Some women is made that way, I suppose. As soon as we look very high, and far ahead a glimpse of lower levels running down into plains. It seemed hardly worth while to have come so far for so little.

'Really!' she said. 'But where are the mountains? They don't look nearly so high as they did yesterday!'

'Was she pretty?' asked Miss Vaughn, urged by a truly feminine curlosity.
'Well, I don't know if you'd 'a called her so or not. We didn't think much how she looked after the first. She was a slender-built girl, and her face looked sort of kind and bright both to me. Her voice was as soft—well, as soft as a voice can be, and it kind of sang when she felt happy. She looked you straight in the eyes when she spoke. I don't believe the worst man that ever lived could have told that girl a lie if it had been to save his life. Her hair was

brown. She was different from girls in general, somehow.' 'I think we may say that she was pretty, observed Miss Vaughn, with a little smile.
'I sin't so sure of that. There's plenty of ladies come over the road since that I suppose folks would say was better-looking than she was. But I never see any face quite like hers. It was still, like a lake, and you seemed to feel as if there was depths to it, And the farther you went down, the sweeter

it got. She never made any rustling when she walked. She wasn't that kind.' short, expressive laugh.

Miss Vaughn changed the subject. She was not offended. She had grown to like this rough, good-natured engineer in the course of the three days' journey, during course of the three days' journey course of the Another pause, which Miss Vaughn was

which, favored as a relative of one of the directors of the road, she had several times been privileged to ride, as now, in the engineer's cab for a better view of the country. 'Have you been long en this road?' she asked.

'Pretty near ever since it opened. I run the third through train that come out from Chicago, and I haven't been off the line since,

edies,' suggested one of the porters; for we'd all got into the way already to turning to the young lady whenever things were wrong.

Well, I went for her, and you never see She knew just what to do; and she had the right medicine in her bag; and in less than an hour that poor lady was quite comfortable, and her husband the most relieved tion which is so enticing to the story-teller; amusements are few and far between in the and her suspend the most releved man that ever was. Then the young lady come along to where I was standing—there wasn't nothing for me to do, but I was waiting, for I didn't know but there might be—and said she: 'Mr. Scott, I am growing anxious about the fuel. Do you think there

is plenty to last? Suppose we were to be kept here a week?'
"Now just think of it? not one of us dumb lools had thought of that. You see we was expecting to be relieved from hour to hour, for we had telegraphed both ways, and the snow had stopped by that time, and none of us had any notion it was going to be the job it was to dig us cut. Only the young lady had the sense to remember that it might take longer than we was calculating on. 'Says I, 'If we are kept here a week, there

won't be a shovelful of coals left for any of won't be a shovelful of coals left for any of the fires, let alone the engine.'

'Then don't you think,' says she, in her soft voice, 'that it would be a wise plan to get all the passengers together in one car, and keep a good fire up there, and let the other acoves go out? It's no matter if we are a little crowded,' says she.

'Well of course it was the only thing to

'Well, of course it was the only thing to do, as we see at once when it was put into our heads. We took the car the sick lady was in, so's she'd not to have to be disturbed and we made up beds for the children, and somehow all the passengers managed to pack in, train hands and all. It was a tight queeze, but that didn't matter so much, because the weather was so awfully cold.

'That was the way I come to see so much of the young lady. I hadn't anything to keep melabout the engine, so I kind of detailed myself off to wait on her. She was busy all day long doing things for the rest. It's queer how people's characters come out at such a time. We got to know all about each other. People stepped siring and ma'aming and being polite, and just showed for what they were worth. The selfishness, and the shirks, and the cowards, and the mean cusses who wanted to blame some one besides the almighty for sending the weather -there wa'nt no use for any of them to try to hide themselves any more than is was for the other kind. The women as a rule, bore up better, than the men. It comes natural, I suppose, for a women to be kind of silent and pale and patient when she's suffering. But the young lady wasn't that sort either. so they got on pretty well. But there was about five ether children, not babies, but quite little, and iI don't know what they would have done if it hadn't been for the was having just the best kind of a time!

Toan see her now, standing before the stove roasting jack rabbits for the others' supper. Some of the gentlemen had revolvers, and when the snow got crusted over, so's they could walk on it, they used to shoot in the standard was the standard or the standard standard to the standard standar shoot 'em. And we were glad enough of every one shot, provisions were so scanty. The last two days them rabbits and snowwater melted in a pail over the stove was all we had to eat or drink,'

'I suppose there was nothing for you to do but wait,' said Miss Vaughn. 'No, ma'am there wasn't nothing for you to do but wait, said Miss Vaughn.
'No, ma'am; there wasn't nothing at all for me to do but help the young lady now and then. She let me help her more than 'Were the children under her care?'
'No, ma'am; she was all alone, as I told on; but she took them under her care from he very first. They had their fathers and aothers along—three of them had, at least,

she should put them to bed, and sing to them, and tell them stories. Sometimes she'd have all five swarming over her at once. I used to watch them.'

"Well, how did it end?' asked Miss Vaughn, as the engineer's voice, which had gradually grown lower and more dreamy,

came to a stop.
'Eh? what? Oh!'—rousing himself. 'It ended when three locomotives and a relief train from Cheyenne broke through to us on the eighth morning after we was block-aded. They brought provisions and coal, and we got on first rate after that. Did the slok lady die? No, maam. She was living, when I last heard of her, down to Santa Barbara. Two years ago that was."

'And what became of your young lady?'
'She left at Saoramento. Her brother or some one was down to meet her. I saw him a moment. He didn't look like her.' 'And you never saw her again? You never heard her name?' 'No, ma'am; I never did.'

The engineer's voice sounded gruff and husky as he said this. He shovelled in coals with needless energy.

'Are fyou a married man?' asked Miss Vaughn. The question sounded abrupt even to herself, but seemed revelant to something in her mind.

John Scott looked her squarely in the face as he replied. His countenance was rather grim and set, and for a moment she feared that she had offended him. Then, as he met her deprecating gaze, he reassured

her with a swift smile,

'No, ma'am, I ain't; and I never shall be
as I know of,' he added. 'Second-rate
wouldn't satisfy me now, I guess.' He
pulled the cord which hung ready to his
hand, and a long screeching whistle rang out
over the plain, and sent the prairie-dogs
soutling inte their burrows.

"This is a feeding station we're coming to," he explained. "Twenty minutes here for supper, ma'am; and it ain't a bad supper either. I reckon you'd like to have me help you down, wouldn't you?"

The total amount expended by the government of Canada in money during the past ten years in aid of the extension of railways is \$97,-233,398.

A camel was born in Central Park, New York, a few days ago. The new comer stood three fest six inches in height, and weighed 105 peunds. For the first 24 hours it was unable to stand, and kept up a bleating cry like that of a lamb, bur after that it was as frisky are a coat.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

[To correspondents—Write on one side of the sheet only, and make your letters as brief as possible. In every instance the name of the writer must be forwarded to secure attention, as anonymous correspondence consigned to the waste-basket,

Federation of the Empire

To the Editor of The Sun :-SIR-I notice in THE SUN of the Stat ult., a letter from George R. Parkin on the federation question, which has of late received considerable recognition by writers on both sides of the atlantic, and on all sides of politics, but it is the only question of the day which is not presented in an intelligible form; its meaning, therefore, it is no the Editor of The Sun: most difficult to understand. Mr. Parkin is SIR-During the recei a gentlemen of culture, abilities and great a gentlemen of culture, abilitles and great earnestness, and ranks very highly in my estimation as a man and a gentleman. This subject of federation has engaged his thoughts for a long time. He lectured upon it in your Institute two seasons ago, and his remarks attracted much attention and seme criticism. He is, moreover, the chosen delegate of the Federal Association of Young Men in, I think, Toronto, to represent them at a general convention to be held in London (Eng.) some time in the course of the summer. I believe, therefore, that no gentleman is better qualified to discuss the merits of the great scheme proposed than Mr. Parkin, that is if there is any chame at all to discuss. We are told :-It is of the utmost importance that the question should be fully discussed from the particular point of view of each portion of the

Now, it seems to me that until the plan itself is unfolded before the people there is really nothing to discuss. The mere abstract proposition, "Federation of the Empire," is as yet only an abstraction. It is like Mr. Gladstone's Irlah bill before its introduction into the house of commonssubject of speculation, its details and principles unknown to any one outside of the government, and upon which every thing was to hinge. Now that the bill is known in all its aspects, hon. mem Empire—greater I say than the Irish ques-tion; for it is not only an endayor to dis-

Empire—greater I say than the Irish questions for it is not only an endeavor to give autonomy to Ireland, but it is to unite the English world into one representative body—peoples composed of diverse races, divers interests, antipodal distances, embracing one-fourth of the habitable globe. All this is to be done—how—why—then what the gain, sepcially to Canada—and yet this is an age of great possibilities, and little short of implementations provided—the platform laid—and then we shall have something upon which to raise a superstructure for our opinions altogether. Therefore, I say, let the scheme be propounded—the platform laid—and then we shall have something upon to change our opinions to dwell upon. Until, then, I cannot, as six, Parkin does, see what we have to discuss, in order that the young men of the league may have the expression of public opinion for their guidance. Upon this branch of the subject I here pause for want of material to work upon; but beg to offer a few speculative remarks for the consideration of the general reader, as was done by possibilities of the Clief and the marked by the large and active force or wince of the ground the marked on the ment of the most note worth to ment and the marked on the marked within the markle counter stand six young measurement of the within the markle counter stand six young ment of the American Institute of Instruction, which the markle content stand six poung ment of the Promothe in the markle counter stand six young ment worthy conventions ever held within the markle counter stand six young ment within the markle counter stand six young ment within the markle counter stand six the within the markle counter stand six young ment within the markle counter stand six voing much the within the markle counter stand six tony the within the markle counter stand six voing much within the markle counter stand six voing much the markle counter stand six voing much within the markle counter stand six voing much within the markle counter stand six voing much within

tion of the general reader, as was done by politicians before the launching of the Glad-stone Irish bill, already referred to. Some forty years ago the Hon. Joseph Howe addressed a series of letters to the colonial secretary—Lord John Russell—upon the subject "Federation of the Empire"—in which he gave numerous and able reasons why the colonies should be represented in the Imperial Parliament, especially when colonial subjects were brought forward. These letters never bere fruit. I doubt if they were ever answered. But whatever the necessity forty years ago for a confederation, everything now is changed. Then, we had, what I may call a confederation tariff—high duties. Eagland threw her mantle of protection over her col-onies. Our ships and timber were protected in her markets; and we in turn used her manufactures to the exclusion almost of the foreigner. We had two customs establishments in St. John—one Imperial, the other Provincial. If a case of cutlery, boots or other manufactured articles, came to St. John from Boston, the importers had to pay the Imperial as well as the Provincial duty -if from London, only the Provincial duty. Then, again, our system of Government is altogether changed since then. Forty years

ago, we were governed by Downing Street, though the Lieut. Governor and by the old Council. We had the privilege of enacting our local laws, but the Governor and Counoil had the power of disallowing them. Re-presentation in the Imperial Parliament forty years ago, would have given us a voice and we might have been heard when Pro-vincial grievances challenged attention. How is it now? Responsible Government independence in every thing (with imma-terial exceptions) but name. In the idea of all that is patriotic let us maintain this independence, and hand the boon we had so long struggled for and bore against fearful odds, unimpaired down to our children. In huntunimpaired down to our children. In hunting after shadows mind we do not lose the

substance.
This question is so vast and con This question is so vast and contains so many aspects, that it is impossible to do more than glance at it in a simple article. But it is my humble opinion that Canadians before committing themselves to the adoption of the scheme propounded, should look well into the subject and not be led away by mere sentiment, or they may repent when too late. At the same time I beg to add that I believe that Mr. Parkin is singare and honest in the advocacy. Parkin is sincere and honest in the advocacy of his views upon the abstract (for that is all there is of it) question of "Confedera-

tion of the Empire."
Yours, &c.,
G. E. FENETY,

for him to overburden himself with anxiety regarding the organization of such a society, as the league in Eugland is to all intents and purposes as dead as Julius Cæsar. Nor is it likely to again occupy any great chare of public attention till Sir Charles Dilke, one of the most prominent of its founders, comes of the most prominent of its founders, comes from under the cloud which now overshadows him, and until some means are devised of liquidating the debt of-if I remember

their value endeavors to vivify the rather pleasing image they set up for colonial homage.

Yours, etc.,
S. M. Bent.

rightly-£8,000 incurred by the league in

Charlottetown, May 29.

Unfermented Wine. Is There Any Such Thing?

SIR-During the recent Scott Act campain, those who either from platform or pulpit, asserted that there were two kinds of wine—fremented and unfermented—were by many charged with falsehood or ignorance

of chemistry, or both combined. My observation, however, has satisfied me of one thing, and that is, that there is a certain class with whom it is useless to reason, who will believe or accept nothing that does not come within the range of their five senses. I have, therefore, secured from a wine growing country a case of unfermented wine, which I am willing to submit for analysis to any professional chemist of reputation for veracity and acknowledged ability. So far as I am concerned I am willing allow the two wine theory to stand or fall by the result, as falsehood or ignorance is

empire, in order to obtain the date for forming a comprehensive judgment. Discussion is the chief present object which the members of the league have in view, as they believe that all careful discussion will tend in the direction of purposes than this. I have no controversy purposes than this. I have no controversy with brethren of my own denomination, nor

> St. John, June 2, 1886. Our School-Master (?) Abroad.

To the Editor of The Sun :-SIR,-I recently read in one of the newspapers published at Portland, Maine, this bers have something tangible to talk about, So with the great subject—Federation of the gradiloquent announcement: "At Bar Harbor, opening July 6th, and closing July 9th,

Superintendent of Education for the Province of New Brunswick, and that the prefix Honorable is a gratultous title of courtesy bestowed by an amiable editor or public Sec-

ing one, bearing some such title as this:

ing one, bearing some such title as this:

"The Function of a Superintendent of Schools: being an attempt to explain the methods by which he may secure good Pay and Pickings for himself, while he cuts down the Salaries of Teachers."

With such a subject, and with the aid of the Honorable and learned Atty. General Blair, who might accompany him on this nice holiday excursion to Bar Harbor, the accomplished Mr. Crocket might teach even our acute neighbours on the other side of the boundary-line, a neat little trick or two. That would be the peculiar and appropriate Function of these gentlemen. And I dare say, the expenses of the trip could all be silipped into the bill, when the next account of contingencies of office and travelling expenses has to be made up.

penses has to be made up. Yours, truly, A NORMAL SCHOOL MAN. St. John, May 30, 1886.

DESPERATE TRAMPS. An Army of Vicious Vagabonds Along the Line of the Erie Railway.

SUSQUEHANNA, Pa., May 31.—The Eric railway and the country through which it runs have been inflicted for two weeks past by a the summer on Bull Moose Hill. winter or summer, except for three months when I was laid up with a broken leg."
This must look very differently in winter, stated the first three conductor, looking as pale's g given. This must look very differently in winter, stated with stated under the conductor, looking as pale's g given. Then have must display the conductor, looking as pale's g given. Then have must display the conductor, looking as pale's g given. Then have must display the conductor, looking as pale's g given. Then have must display the conductor, looking as pale's g given to be left.

The must look very differently in winder, stated with the conductor, looking as pale's g given. Then have must display the conductor, looking as pale's g given. Then have must display the conductor, looking as pale's g given to be left.

The must look very differently in winder, as a look of the line of the most dangerous tramps of the most dangerous tramps and helped them to dear the was might your display the conductor, looking as good.

The summer's the end of the line since, was highly coursed the same a goal.

Imperial Federation.

The have stemment to have provided about the region. They have astempted to take forcible posses alon of trains, and they have forced their was mide quite to conductor, looking as goal.

The have stemment to have as and the pale them the was might good to the stratume of the most dangerous trains, and they have forcible posses alon of trains, and they have forced their was mide quite to the line of the most dangerous trains, and they have forced the man discovered them and ordered became the most discovered them and ordered became the mass of several of the Billiance train that the look of the line of the most dangerous trains, and they have forced became the was might good to the stratume of the most dangerous trains, and they have forced because the was might good to the stratume of the most dangerous trains, and they have forced the same train to the line of the most dangerous trains, and they have forced the same train

seized and thrown from the train.

The same party got on a train soon afterward, and endeavored to route the trainment from it. After a long fight the tramps were again defeated. In the same vicinity, a few nights later, Engineer Leslie Hough of Port Jervis was shot twice by some one who fired a pistol through the cab window. He was badly injured, the balls lodging in his side. A number of tramps were seen in the vicinity just before the shooting, and three were taken off a freight train and arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the shooting.

The tramps have been especially troublesome near Hornellsville. They have literally overrun that vicinity, and robberies and outrages of all kinds are of almost nightly occurrence. On Friday Alanson Stephens, an old farmer living two miles from this village, saw smoke rising from a field on his farm. He went to see what was the cause of the smoke, and found three healy transpoint the field which

rising from a field on his farm. He went to see what was the cause of the smoke, and found three burly tramps in the field, which had just been sown. They had built a fire and were seated about it cooking potatoes, which they had stolen on the farm. Stephens ordered them to leave the premises, when the three seized the old man. One of them knocked him down, and then all began to kick and jump upon him. The outrage was witnessed by some boys who were fishing near, and they ran and gave the alarm. When others arrived on the scene the tramps had fied. Stephens lay unconscious on the ground. His face was besten to a jelly. There were a number of bad enter on his head, and his body was covered with bruises. He was unconscious an hour after being taken home. The farmer is 68 years eld, and it is believed that his injuries are fatal.

The Hornellsville police started in promit of the murderous tramps, but although in the search no less than fourteen victous vegabores have been arrested, none of them answers the description of Farmer Stephens' assailants.

A Temperance Barroom.

NE OF THE INSTITUTIONS OF BOSTON THAT COMMENDS ITSELF TO A GEORGIA MAN.

A writer in the Atlanta Constitution tells of temperance barrom in Boston that is a great success in every way. It is on Washington street, and advertises in big laters, "Temperance drinks." Mr. Eaton, who started this establishment three years ago, says that he lost several thousand dollars the first six months of his experiment. But he is willing and able to wait. He let his saloon advertise itself by the refreshing drinks and attractive furnishing. No prettier barroom can be found in Boston. Be-

the hot season for egg phosphates alone. That means that 1,200 people took a glass of this one fascinating drink on that day. What the sales of other drinks were he did not say; but

Honorable is a gratuitous title of courtey between by an amiable editor or public Secretary in the land where such titles are even more abundant and cheap than they are in this country. The subject he has chosen is quite enough to establish the identity of the cruditic essayist, It is so profound a subject, you see; and Function (Function is a good word, in its proper place) gives the whole matter an air at once so metaphysical and so remarkably practical "you will obtained in the proper state of the think that I have heard that essay, or address, or lecture, or whatever it may chance to be called, once or twice before. I I think that I have heard that essay, or address, or lecture, or whatever it may chance to be called, once or twice before. I Indeed, I fanpy I can hear it now, with all its ready-made and cheap hand-book philosophy, its remarkable contotions of the English tongue, its stale references to Pestalozzi and other enthusiasts, its unacknowledged extracts from authors whom the essayist or lecturer readily supposes that none of his auditors have read, its pompous and inflated conclusion, introduced by the inevitable, "sum up the whole matther?"

A fresher, and perhaps more attractive subject for our great Chief Superintendent's address, among such an assembly of really respectable scholars, would have been the more modest, and for him the more becoming one, bearing some such title as this:

"The Function of a Superintendent of the country cancillings."

Kings Cannty Pancillings

Kings County Pencillings.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.) SPRINGFIELD, May 31 .- The new public Union Hall of Case Settlement is up and

nearly enclosed.

The constant heavy rains have acted as a damper to farm work. Several farmers have not yet finished potato planting and oat sou-ing, to say nothing of gardening. The fields and woods are dressed in a beautiful

robe of green,
Miss Ida Parlee, teacher of Belleisle Creek
school, has been very ill. She is slowly improving under the careful treatment of Dr. Lawson, Norton. E. L. Perkins, Norton station, is still quite ill, though recovering slowly.

Milton McLeod, of the same place, has opened up his store. He displays a large stock, and gives good bargains to his customers.

Quite a number of logs are hung up between Norton and Bloomfield, awaiting to be pulled through.

Rising Star Division, Belleisle Creek, in progressing favorably. Additions are constantly being made to its membership.

A Sabbath school has been organized for