

# POOR DOCUMENT

## The Scientific Aspect.

"It's a terrible thing about poor Jennie Cramer," observed the managing editor of the *Eagle* had given her church fair, and arose to go. "But what I can't understand is how they can tell whether she was drowned or poisoned."

"That's easy enough," replied the managing editor with a smile; "if you're found in the water with your gullet full of sand and your nose eaten off by fish, and your mouth all froth, then you were drowned. If you don't froth and clench your hands, you weren't drowned."

"I know that's what they say," murmured the girl, "but I don't see how that shows that she was poisoned."

"It doesn't," conceded the managing editor. "When you find you are not drowned you begin to look around to see what was the matter with you. You take your stomach and cut it into shreds and pound it in a mortar and feed it to a cat. If there's organic poison there, then you go by cat! Then you chip a corner off your esophagus, cut off your left arm, flake a slab of skin off your spine, bake your liver, boil your heart, fry your spleen and hang your intestines up in the sun for a week or two and then you test away at it until the whole business looks to you like charcoal. See?"

"Certainly," replied the girl, with her mouth and eyes wide open.

"Then you take your carbonaceous matter and soak it a day or two. After that you stir the whole business up together and steam it. Then you pour in sulphuric acid and scrape the refuse off the side of the dish. If that process gives you arsenic, you know just where you stand. If it doesn't, you're all right."

"But if they don't find any arsenic, Jennie Cramer wasn't poisoned?" asked the girl, enlightened by the explanation.

"Assuredly not," replied the managing editor. "And she wasn't drowned?" queried the astounded young lady.

"Of course she wasn't," grinned the managing editor.

"Then she isn't dead?" suggested the girl.

"Certainly not!" assented the editor. "She is alive and well. That's what science is for."

"It's curious," murmured the young lady pensively.

"It would be anywhere outside of New Haven township," muttered the editor, "but the combined possibilities of proof and science are remarkable in that locality."

And the young lady left with an expression of gratitude, while the editor turned to a half-completed article demonstrating that the fish that bit Jennie Cramer's lip might have dropped some arsenic out of his pocket which the dead girl ate to relieve the itching sensation caused by the sand in her gullet.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

## The Latest in Garters.

The fashion for wearing jeweled garters has spread so rapidly that jewelers all keep the article in stock. They are very expensive. A member of a conspicuous firm explains: "The rage is recent, but none the less strong, and it promises to spread indefinitely, as a rage is unlimited as the purse. All the prominent society women and many who are not in society wear them. You see, women, constitutionally delight in pretty things and their adornment is of more interest and enjoyment to them than any thing else. If you will go down stairs I'll show you the stock."

There was a show case full of them, each pair mounted in a velvet box. The pattern was the same in all as far as the band was concerned. The band was a full inch wide made of fine elastic and covered with beautiful woven silk of every conceivable shade, pale blues and warm reds predominating. They are designed to match the tint of the dress worn by them. In one case two heart-shaped clasps of colored gold, inlaid with cross bars of turquoise and pearls, joined the ends of a scarlet band with little frills of silk along the edges. The price \$100. A pair with two oval clasps of lustrous gold, perhaps an inch in length, could be bought for \$48, while the cheapest pair with plain gold clasps was \$46.

"It is a curious fact," said the jeweler, "that the cheap ones won't sell. When a customer wants an elegant garter he means she is willing to pay for it."

A pair that costs \$225 had two shiraz with three big pearls in each and little diamonds at the edges. Another pair was expensive through its delicate lace, which was arranged in a fluffy knot, with two little gold disks clasping in the center.

At another establishment the jeweler said: "The majority of them are made to order. Your visit is opportune, as I have just finished the most expensive pair that ever left my factory. The price is \$1200." In this the lace and pearl-colored silk band was joined by elaborate clasps. On one side was the lady's monogram in pearls; on the other the coat of arms with frosted stone's head, a cross of delicately carved gold and a motto set in chip diamonds. It was a present from a mother to her daughter who is to be married soon.

"Has the demand for such garters increased?"

"It is a hundred percent greater than last year and grows constantly."

## An Apparition.

THE LATE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

It is believed in Russia that the late Czar appears every night in the Casan Cathedral. One of the watchers there said to have first seen him, and to have forthwith reported it to the senior priest. The latter watched one night, saw the apparition, and mentioned it to his bishop. The bishop went to the church in the evening, and waited several hours before the high altar. Adjoining this is the so-called Emperor's door, through which only the Emperor and the ecclesiastics have access to the altar and near the door is a picture of the Virgin, believed to have miraculous virtues, the tradition going that it was not made by the hands of man. It was formerly in Moscow, but when the French occupied that city it was removed to St. Petersburg, and afterwards placed in this church. It is one of the most revered relics of the Russian church, and is enclosed in a gold frame, the jewels, diamonds, rubies and emeralds of which, represent a value of millions (of rubles). After waiting some hours, the bishop was convinced that it was all imagination on the part of the watcher and the priest, when all at once the Emperor's door slowly opened and the dead Emperor entered, dressed in full parade uniform worn just as when he lay in his coffin. The bishop prostrated himself to give him a benediction, but the Emperor motioned him away with his hand, and stepping up to the before mentioned picture of the Virgin, knelt down before it, and remained for a long time absorbed in prayer; he then left the altar by the same way he came. The whole story is not only related, but entirely believed, in the best society. In all social circles one hears of nothing but this apparition and the most extraordinary conclusions are quite seriously deduced from it. It is observable that the Cathedral, by order of the Metropolitan, is closed from six o'clock in the evening and no one obtains admission.—*London Court Journal.*

Extraordinary.

A gentleman, while out hunting wild turkeys in the vicinity of Hardeeville a few days since, shot at a very fine gobbler (which he had alluded to yelping, to within a reasonable distance), using his breech loading rifle. After the report the gobbler stood still a second and then spread his wings and slowly soared away. Surprised at this, and confident that he had struck the turkey, the sportsman hastened forward to the spot, and, examining around, discovered on the ground a number of feathers, which he picked up and examined closely. Concealed in the feathers was the rifle ball, flattened and with a piece of flesh clinging to it. Knowing from this that the turkey had been badly hurt, he followed quickly and found the bird had fallen dead to the ground several hundred yards distant from where he was shot.

An examination of the body revealed the fact that the ball had passed entirely through the breast, barely missing the heart, and knocked the feathers off the opposite side, falling with them. The shot was fired at a considerable distance, and it is presumed that the force was nearly spent when it passed through the bird, and hence dropped to the ground with the feathers it tore away.—*Saratoga News.*

An English Princess and a Chair.—A Prussian Princess is not allowed by her mistress of the robes to take up a chair, and after having carried it through the whole breadth of the room, to put it down in another corner. It was while committing such an act that Princess Victoria was lately caught by Countess Perponcher. The venerable lady remonstrated with considerable degree of earnestness. "I'll tell you what," replied, nothing daunted, the royal heroine of this story; "I'll tell you what, my dear Countess; you are probably aware of the fact of my mother being the Queen of England?" The Countess bowed in assent. "Well," resumed the bold Princess, "then I must reveal to you another fact; her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland has not once, but very often, so far forgotten herself as to take up a chair. I speak from personal observation. I assure you, Nay, if I am not greatly deceived, I saw my mother carrying a chair in each hand in order to set them for her children. Do you really think that my dignity forbids anything which is done by the Queen of England?" The Countess bowed again and retired, perhaps not without a little astonishment at the biographical information she had heard. However, she knew her office, and resolved to prove not less staunch to her duties than the Principles.—*London Society.*

Trunks.—Paris, May 1.—A lady was delivered of three children here this week under rather singular circumstances. She was looking at the beans in the Jardin des Plantes when the first child was unexpectedly brought into the world. Some compassionate bystanders hailed a carriage and put mother and infant into it. Before she reached home, however, the lady was delivered of the second child. Hardly had she got to her journey's end when she presented her unhappy husband with a third. It is satisfactory to know that the mother of the triplets is well. The father has threatened to commit suicide.

## Alibi.

The last words of Webster: Zythepary rithum.

Why would coal dealers make good lawyers? Because they know all about coke and little ton.

A Russian proverb says: "Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice; before getting married, pray three times."

A returned East Indian was complimented on his genial disposition and large heartedness. "Yes," he replied, "I need less heart and more liver."

A lecturer is telling "How we Hear." Easily told. Somebody tells a friend of ours, and tells him not to tell. That's the way we hear.

Robinson has positively declined an offer to come to America and give a series of piano recitals. Robinson evidently entertains nothing but the kindest feelings for America.

It does aggravate a man to think that while his wife isn't afraid to tackle him and nearly yank his head off, she is indifferently terrified by a cow that he can chase out of the yard at any time.

The only musical performers who are perfectly engaged to play at private parties are the cornetists. They can easily make noise enough to drown the conversation.

The editor of the Sauguito Register suggests that persons sending in big eggs will please accompany them by several ordinary sized ones, not for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

A Wisconsin woman who was lost in the woods for three days, says she didn't suffer so very much, but was greatly annoyed by her absence of mind in not bringing along a small looking-glass.

Sara Bernhardt carried a Greek across the Continent to London, married him, and rushed off to Madrid, where she is now taking him to the bull-fights. The fragility of Sara's health prevented a bridal tour.

The King of Siam has promised to loan Bannu a white elephant to accompany Jumbo in his tour of America. White elephants are held sacred in Siam, and it is said no one has ever been allowed to leave the country.

Bedsteads with looking-glasses over head are things of the past. If a man cannot tell when he wakes up without looking in a glass to be sure of it, he is in a condition that cannot be helped by furniture.

When a lightning rod agent mysteriously disappears in Michigan the matter is never investigated. People are glad to have him gone, and nobody dares to hunt for him for fear they'll find him and be bull-dozed into buying a rod.

"Are girls worth anything?" is a recent high class conundrum. That depends. Some girls are worth \$250,000 in their own right, and some girls aren't worth a cent of money, and yet their value cannot be estimated.

"Don't go to bed with cold feet," is the advice of a hygienic authority. How's a fellow to help it. Not one wife in forty knows enough to warn her feet before getting into bed.

Nine American colleges have adopted the Oxford cap. This is well. Heretofore about the only thing that distinguished a college student from other people had been the bad spelling in his letters home asking for money to "buy books."

Post obit; Mrs. Malloy.—Shure, Mrs. McGinnis, an it's rather poorly yer looking this morning." Mrs. McGinnis.—"Indeed, thin, Mrs. Malloy, an' it's good reason I'm havin' to look poorly. Here's the postman just to the door to tell me there's a dist letter waitin' for me at the postoffice; an' I can't fir the life of me think who it is that's dead."

A Connecticut doctor knows of thirty-one cases where young ladies have crooked their legs all out of shape by wearing high-heeled shoes.—*Detroit Free Press.* Always go away from home to learn the news. There are not thirty-two young ladies with crooked—we beg pardon, our attention is called an I'll finish this paragraph at another time.

Before returning to his sea-girt home on Capers, Garibaldi visited Montreal, where the entire population thronged the streets to greet him, with bared heads and in silence. They filled his carriage with flowers, and the president of the university made a brief address, saying that the heroism and suffering of Garibaldi had made Italy; to which the venerable patriot responded: "Nay, Italy was made by Italians, and when certain gentlemen beyond the Alps say they made it, they lie."

A lady who resides at Whitty, in England, boasts of a famous tree, of the description known as the Marochal Nio, which was planted eighteen years ago and now has an extreme growth horizontally of 48 feet to the left and 54 feet to the right of the parent stem. The average depth of the tree is 5 or 6 feet, and last year 2,500 roses were plucked from it and this season 3,500 distinct buds in formation have been counted already.

You make a great mistake in thinking that the world will break all in pieces when you leave it. It is barely possible, on the other hand, that you are persistently standing in the way of a better man.

## BURIED AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

Border town, N. J., May 1st.—A strange burial took place at Palmyra, on the Amboy division of the Pennsylvania railroad, a short distance from this city, last Tuesday, when the bodies of three children, who had been dead a number of years, were laid to rest in the cemetery in that village. It was ascertained that some twenty years ago, a child of Mr. Henry Coy died, and the father being unwilling to have the child buried, had the remains sealed up in a bronze casket, which he stored away in a room in his residence. A year later two more of his children died, and they were put in caskets and disposed of as the first one was. All attempts to induce the father to have the remains buried failed. In all his travels through the country the bodies were taken with the family. He at one time lived at Camben, where he manufactured doctors' instruments, and had been a resident of Philadelphia and other places. He finally settled one and a half miles from Palmyra, where he died recently at the sixty-one years. He was a very eccentric man, and was unwilling to see the acquaintance of any one near him. It is stated that he would sit for hours in the room with the caskets, and seemed to take pleasure in being with them.

THE FAN IN CHINA.—In early times the fan in China served as the general's flag or baton—was a rallying sign like the white plume of Henry of Navarre. They were at first made of bamboo-leaves or of feathers; then of silk—first white and afterwards embroidered. Their original form was rectangular; afterward they took the shape of the nenuphar or great white water-lily. M. de Bourloulon, in his "voyage en Chine," gives a formidable list of the uses to which the fan is put. The dandy is known by his nice conduct of a silken fan, as his brother of Western lands by his crutch cane, Young Celestial misses flirt with their fan-telegraphs as expertly as do the Spanish senoritas. Mothers fan their children to sleep, school-masters correct negligent pupils with the handles of their learned fans. The employment of the fan as an autograph is an old Chinese idea, but the Occident has adopted the stiff fans of this golden leaves, ivory or jade of the East, nor yet the bronze or iron fan of commandment of the Japanese middle ages, which was baton and battle-axe in one.

A little mouse ran across the floor of the elephant cavern in the Madison-square Garden the other night. It stopped to listen and look at every sound, and was ready to scamper away to its hole at the first sign of danger. The performance was over, and the elephants were lying on their sides fast asleep.

Without stopping to calculate the consequences of the mouse's jump upon the outstretch trunk of one of the largest elephants in the herd. Instantly the great beast sprang to its feet, trembling in every limb, and sounded a shrill blast which plainly bespoke fear. The frightened mouse vanished, but the trump aroused the other elephants and terror spread among them. It was some time before they could be induced to lie down again, and much longer before they closed their eyes in slumber.

NIAGARA FALLS AND THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—An agreement has been made between the Prospect Park Association at Niagara Falls and Leonard Henkle, inventor of Rochester, N. Y., through which the power of the Niagara River at the Falls will be made available for generating electricity for illuminating purposes. Henkle claims to have perfected a plan by which the electricity will be taken on underground cables as far east as Boston, an as far west as Chicago in sufficient quantity to light the streets and private residences. Henkle's plan is to erect enormous hydraulic machinery on the American side, just below the Falls. He is to pay the Park Association a million dollars for fifteen acres of land.

Mary Cathcart has been sentenced to imprisonment for life in Massachusetts for selling rum without license. At least such will be her punishment unless the Legislature should pass a pending bill to release her. She was sent to jail for six months, and additionally condemned to pay the costs of prosecution. She had no money. The statute formerly provided that in such cases three months more of duration should satisfy the sentence, and then, on a report by the Sheriff to a Justice, the prisoner should be discharged. But in a recent revision the latter provision was accidentally omitted. Hence there is no present authority for letting Mary out.

THE SHINER.—A silver dollar with a bit of concave mirror set into one side is by gamblers called a "shiner." By laying it among the coin and dealing over it, the operator can know what every player holds for that deal, the cards being reflected in miniature. A member of the gaming club of Lemont's has been caught using a shiner. By means of it he won \$2,600 in a night at poker.

Dill objected to Henkle as a suitor for his daughter Henrietta, at West Milton, O. A letter from Henkle asking the girl to meet him in the orchard fell into Dill's hands, and he substituted himself for her, going to the trusting place in her clothes. When the ardent lover clasped the figure in the dark he received the contents of a pistol in his shoulder.

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