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VOL. VI. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1889. No, 65

Professional Cards

DR. M'ALLISTER'S
CASH RATES UNTIL THE 1st MAY, 1890.
A Full Upper OR Lower Sett of Teeth, $8.00. A Full Upper AND Lower Sett of Teeth, $15.00.
XTRACTING 1 TOOTH 50C, EACH SUBSEQUENT TOOTH 25C.
Any Desired Anesthetic Administered.
BEST OPPORTUNITY EV^R OFFERED
Office hours 9.30 a. m. to 5 p. m.
☞ Office Queen Street, opp. Queen Hotel. ☜
Fredericton, August 24th, 1889.

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

FRED ST. JOHN BLISS,
Barrister, Notary, Etc.
CLERK OF THE COUNTY COURT AND CLERK OF THE PEACE Sunbury County.
OFFICE: QUEEN ST., OPP. 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 BLAIR & BARRY'S 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.
SEC'Y-TREASURER OF SUNBURY.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED AND MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Offices: West Side of Carleton Street, Second door from Queen.
Fredericton, Nov. 1st, 1887

Auctioneers

H. C. 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

SWEET POTATOES AND FRUIT.
Receiving Each Week from Boston.
Bartlet Pears,
Bananas, Grapes,
Oranges and Lemons,
Water Melons.
ALSO:
New Brunswick Apples,
Fruit Puddins.
—AT—
W. H. VANWART'S.
Fredericton. Aug. 24 1889

WEST END
SAWMILL AND LUMBER YARD.
SEASON 1889.
THE Subscriber, intending to pay greater attention to the RETAIL LUMBER BUSINESS than for the last few seasons, begs 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.

Hotels

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N.B.
J. A. EDWARDS, - Proprietor.
FINE SAMPLE ROOMS IN CONNECTION.
—ALSO,—
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Fredericton, Oct6th, 1887

HAWARDEN HOTEL
Cor. Prince Wm. & Duke Sts.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
WM. CONWAY, - - PROPRIETOR.
BEST $1 00 HOUSE IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.
July 20—3m

HOTEL STANLEY,
(Late Continental.)
KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.
J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor.
THOROUGHLY RENOVATED AND NEWLY FURNISHED. FIRST CLASS IN ALL ITS APPOINTMENTS.
July 18—6m

LORNE HOTEL.
JOHN KELLY, - - Proprietor
THIS HOTEL has lately been re-fitted and refurnished thoroughly, and is now supplied with all modern conveniences. I am now prepared to receive permanent and transient boarders at reasonable rates. Good Sampling and a hostler always in attendance.
REGENT STREET
FREDERICTON - - N. B.
Fredericton, May 7th.—1 y

VICTORIA HOTEL,
DANIEL HANSON, - - Proprietor.
THIS HOTEL has been thoroughly Renovated and Furnished in First Class Style, and I am prepared to give good accommodations to the travelling public. I am now prepared to receive Permanent and Transient Boarders at reasonable rates.
Meals at all hours.
Good Stabling and a Hostler always in attendance.
Regent Street, Fredericton, N. B.
Fredericton, May 11—wtwly

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.

HARVEY'S PHOTOS!
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
STUDIO: 164 Queen St. F'ton.
LARGE SIZED HEADS A Specialty.
Fredericton, Jan. 12, 188

TRAVELLING COLLECTOR, $12 and expenses; Office Manager, $15 and 10 per cent. on new business; Time-keeper, 134 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

LADY TRAVELLING NURSE, $25 and expenses; equal share in pleasure and amusements. 134 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B.

LADY BOOK-KEEPER, $9; Salesladies, $5; Stenographers, $8; Parlor Maid, Cooks, Chambermaids, at 134 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B.

A THOROUGHLY Practical book-keeper, Manufacturing house; Road Collector, Public Works Time-Keeper, Travelling Confectionery Salesman, Office Superintendent, Tea and Coffee Salesmen, at the Exchange, 134 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B. Call at once.

LADY STENOGRAPHER, Cashier for Boot and Shoe Store, Lady to attend Laundry Office, a practical Lady Office Attendant. These orders must be filled at once. Ladies' Exchange, 134 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B.

GRANDMA'S CANDY KITCHEN AND FAMILY SUPPLY STORE. Choice French Coffees; Richly Flavored Teas, (all brands; Home Made Bread; Boston Baked Beans; Jersey Buttermilk; Sweet Cream; Rich Milk from Grandpa's Farm; Goodies for the little folks; Cooling Summer Beverages at WILLIE SHEPARD'S, corner Duke and Prince William streets St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE.
20,000 DRAIN TILE,
2, 3, and 4 inch.
ALSO:
200,000 BRICK.
Apply to
M. RYAN,
FREDERICTON N B.
Fredericton, Aug. 6—3mwtw

J. M. LEMONT,
Piano & Organ Tuner,
FREDERICTON N. B.
Orders may be left with Lemont & Sons.
Fredericton, Aug. 6—3mtw

New Advertisements.

SEWING SILKS.
Ladies who are annoyed at not finding a strong SEWING SILK will please ask for our brand:
BELDING, PAUL & CO.
This quality has for a quarter of a century sustained its supremacy over all competitors, and its SALE FAR EXCEEDS any other make.
Do not be misled into taking an inferior article by the assertion that it is our make, but see that every spool has our name printed on the end, and
TAKE NO OTHER.
BELDING, PAUL & CO.

For
Cramps, Chills, Colic, Diarrhœa,
Dysentery, Cholera-Morbus
and all Bowel Complaints,
NO REMEDY EQUALS
PAIN-KILLER
AND
40 Years' Experience proves that PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is the best Family Remedy for
Burns, Bruises, Sprains,
Rheumatism, Neuralgia
and Toothache.
Sold Everywhere at 25c. and 50c. a Bottle.
☞ Beware of Counterfeits and worthless Imitations. ☜

HANGING LAMPS.
HALL LAMPS. STAND LAMPS.

PIANO LAMPS.
LEMONT & SONS
Fredericton, Sept. 18

FEED! LIME!
LANDING AND IN STORE: VERY CHOICE
MIDDLINGS
Suitable for Feeding Pigs.
RAYNE'S NO. 1 LIME, Manufactured at GREEN HEAD,
This Lime has stood the severest tests the last seven years, and endorsed by all the leading Masons. We are the SOLE AGENTS in Fredericton. See that our name is on every Cask in Red.
ALSO IN STORE: FIRST CLASS
BRICK, STRAW & GENERAL GROCERIES.
W. E. MILLER & CO.

OATS. OATS.
Just Received 1 Car of Extra Ontario Oats, Clean and Sweet. Selling Low.
Also: 1 Car Feed, Bran and Middlings.
G. T. WHELPLEY
310 QUEEN STREET FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, Aug. 24, 1889

Buildings Moved and Raised.
WITH MY NEW TRESTLE and Improved Tallow Slides, I am now prepared to execute all orders promptly for Moving Houses and Barns. Buildings separated from one another replaced. Buildings raised, silled, and levelled up. Horses or other stock in barns to be removed or raised, carefully looked after. All shaking and knocking off of plaster carefully avoided. Rigging, racking and erecting derricks and cranes also done.
Orders may be left at R. CHESTNUT & SONS, also at Mr. NEILL'S and Mr. EVERETT'S Hardware Stores. Fredericton.
C. McCLUSKY, Gibson.
Gibson May7

GAINED THE DAY!
Our Parlor Suits take the Lead. Cannot Produce them fast enough to meet the wants of Our Customers. Leave your order early and get best Value in Canada.
J. G. McNALLY.
Fredericton, Sept. 4th

FALSE PROMISE.

"Paint thou the infant Christ," the abbot said;
And to the youthful artist forth they brought
A lovely child, angels a-fairer head
'Mid heavenly cherubim had vainly sought.
Ere long, immortal, on the canvas bright
Shone that sweet face of innocent delight.

From his pure brow celestial radiance poured;
Beneath his eyes the sinful heart grew dumb
Such loving, tender eyes, that ever seemed
Wondering, yet prescient of the grief to come.
Within those thoughtful depths one yet might trace
The promise of the healing of the race.

Long years had passed; the artist famous grown,
With deeper knowledge, had expressed the whole
To paint that last and supper, where is shown
The fell betrayer's fingers in the dish.
As one the Judas fit to represent
A murderer, chained, was from the gallays sent.

Sullen he stood, while from his furtive eye
Gleamed all the evil passion of the soul.
Shuddering the painter wrought, regretfully,
Thoughts of that earlier labor o'er him stole,
When, as the six seamed features he did trace,
Aghast, he saw it was the self same face!

A child to you is born; before life's mystery
Pause and be dumb! Ye know not what may be.
—The Academy.

To Politicians.

The sailors are quarreling with one another about the steering; every one is of the opinion that he ought to steer, though he has never learned and cannot tell who taught him, and will even assert that the art of navigation cannot be taught and is ready to cut in pieces him who says to the contrary. They throng about the noble captain and do all they can to make him commit the helm to them, and, having first chained up his senses with drink or some narcotic drug mutiny and take possession of the ship and make themselves at home with the stores; and thus, eating and drinking, they continue their voyage with such success as might be expected of them. * * * But they have not even a notion that the true pilot must pay attention to the year and seasons and sky and stars and wind and whatever else belongs to his art if he intends to be really qualified for the command of a ship, * * * and they think that to combine the exercise of command with the steerer's art is impossible. In vessels which are thus circumstanced, and among sailors of this class, how will the true pilot be regarded? Will he not be called by the mutineers a prater, a star gazer, a good for nothing? — Plato's Republic, Jowett's Translation.

Much Lost.

A neat proverb advises you to "Pocket your watch, and watch your pocket;" and Iago's famous "Put money in thy purse" needs an addition, telling us how to keep the purse. A Florida paper mentions one that had a faculty for getting lost equal to that of any umbrella.

It contained one hundred dollars, and was owned by one Cummins, who dropped it while returning to New Smyrna from Daytona. He did not discover his loss until he reached town, when he immediately started back to look for it, but, owing to the darkness, he did not find it, and went as far as Port Orange.

In the morning he started toward Daytona, and was fortunate enough to find the purse lying by the roadside near Sutton's creek. He put it into his pocket, and on his arrival in town, discovered that it was once more gone.

He again started in quest of it, and was lucky enough to find it near Rolfe's house. His wife, who accompanied him, tied the halter around it and tied it to the buggy seat, and they finally got it home, safe.—Youth's Companion.

Eastern Beggars.

Beggary throughout the east is a thriving profession. There are guilds of beggars, besides the numerous communities of dervishes, who are semi-religious mendicants. Many families have been beggars for generations, and are mendicants from choice. Some of these professional beggars are actually wealthy. Four-and-twenty years ago the writer well remembers a case. The Chief Beggar (the title was not conferred in derision) gave his daughter in marriage to a substantial farmer. The girl's dowry consisted of two freehold houses, the rooms of which were entirely filled with dry pieces of bread, and the sale of these begged crusts subsequently realized a considerable sum, being disposed of as food for cattle. It must be remembered that in the east there is no organized charity, that most Musulmans are exceedingly charitable, many giving away a fifth and some even a third of their income. Under such circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the professional beggar thrives.—Good Words.

Richard Plantagenet.

Richard I of England, who was born about the middle of the Twelfth century, was a ruler of great muscular strength. His valor and prowess have been praised by all commentators on the lives of English kings. Thousands of readers, no doubt, remember how he unhorsed the burly champion of Isaac of Cypress and hurled him with such force against the ground as to break almost every bone in his body. On another occasion when he was the prisoner of Henry VI, in the castle of Tyrol, an insolent son of the jailer challenged him to a boxing match.

The first blow, which was a stinging one, enraged the imprisoned monarch to that degree that he forgot his prodigious strength and struck his assailant with vengeance. The blow killed the young man as dead as a bolt of lightning would have done. It broke his neck in two places and shattered the skull as if it had been an egg shell.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

The Term is Defective.

Drummer (to country merchant selecting jewelry stock for his country store)—I can sell you all sorts of movements, nickel and gilt, and can furnish you cases from seventy-five cents up.

Merchant—I'll take a dozen o' them nickel movements and the same number o' seventy-five cent cases. That'll let me out with twenty cents on a dollar watch, an' will about suit my trade.—Jewelers' Weekly.

A Thing to Have Left Unsaid.

Miss Northcote (who has been beaten at tennis)—I am afraid I don't take defeat gracefully.

Mr. Longshot—Oh, yes, you always do.—Burlington Free Press.

Bright Boy.

Indignant Guest (after climbing six flights of stairs)—Why, the clerk promised me a room on the second floor.

Bell Boy—Yes, sir, second floor from the top.—Hotel Mail.

His Rough Diamond.

The Bride—Oh, mamma, how can I—how can I leave you!

Mrs. Pelbinder—Reginal' d' Coarsey Biddell, you wanter remember that if Selindy asks for four pieces of punkin pie at dinner, she's been used to it an's got to her it. Take her off new silary! Hubbey.—Judge.

LITTLE HELEN KELLER.

Remarkable Intelligence Displayed by a Blind Deaf Mute.

Helen Keller has a wonderful memory and seldom forgets what she has once learned, and she learns very quickly. She is a wonderfully bright child, and her teacher, instead of urging her to study, is often obliged to coax Helen away from some example in arithmetic, or other task, lest the little girl should injure her health by working too hard at her lessons. But her marvelous progress is not due to her fine memory alone, but also to her great quickness of perception and to her remarkable powers of thought.

To speak a little more clearly, Helen understands with singular rapidity, not only what is said to her, but even the feelings and the state of mind of those about her, and she thinks more than most children of her age. The "Touch" schoolmistress has done such wonders for her little pupil that you would scarcely believe how many things Helen finds out, as with electric quickness, through her fingers. She knows in a moment whether her companions are sad or frightened or impatient—in other words, she has learned so well what movements people make under the influence of different feelings that at times she seems to read our thoughts.

Thus, when she was walking out one day with her mother, a boy exploded a torpedo which frightened Mrs. Keller. Helen asked at once, "What are you afraid of?" Some of you already know that sound (i. e., noise of all sorts) is produced by the vibrations of the air striking against our organs of hearing—that is to say, the ears; and deaf people, even though they can hear absolutely nothing, are still conscious of these vibrations. Thus, they can "feel" loud music, probably because it shakes the floor; and Helen's sense of feeling is so wonderfully acute that she no doubt learns many things from these vibrations of the air which to us are imperceptible.

The following anecdote illustrates both her quickness of touch and her reasoning powers. The matron of the Perkins Institution for the Blind exhibited one day to a number of friends a glass lemon squeezer of a new pattern. It had never been used, and no one present could guess for what purpose it was intended. Some one handed it to Helen, who spelled "lemonade" on her fingers, and asked for a drinking glass. When the glass was brought, she placed the squeezer in proper position for use. The little maid was closely questioned as to how she found out a secret that had baffled all the "seeing" people present. She tapped her forehead twice and spelled, "I think."

I cannot forebear telling you one more anecdote about her, which seems to me a very pathetic one. She is a very good mimic, and loves to imitate the motions and gestures of those about her, and she can do so very cleverly. On a certain Sunday night she went to church with a lady named Mrs. Hopkins, having been cautioned beforehand by her teacher that she must sit very quiet during the church service. It is very hard to sit perfectly still, however, when you can't hear one word of what the minister is saying, and little Helen presently began to talk to Mrs. Hopkins, and ask what was going on. Mrs. Hopkins told her, and reminded her of Miss Sullivan's injunction about keeping quiet. She immediately stopped, and turning her head in a listening attitude, she said, "I listen."—St. Nicholas.

Wagner.

Wagner is a wonderful prodigy, an aberration of genius; a visionary haunted by all that is colossal, he cannot estimate aright the powers of his brain. With no sense of measure or proportion in his mind, he flies beyond the limits of human observation, and, face to face with his prodigious endeavors, his gigantic labors, and his overwhelming expenditure of talent and hard work, one feels tempted to quote to him the cruel remark of Agnes to her lover Arnulphe: "Horace in two words would make more of it than you." The true sign of genius is the sober employment one's means proportioned to the wealth of one's ideas. Now, compare Wagner's excessive use of crashing chords, his extravagances of harmony, with the simple construction in the sense of the commandant. When the Emperor Joseph II said to the author of "Don Giovanni," on the first night of its representation, "Your opera is very graceful, Herr Mozart, but it has a huge quantity of notes in it," Mozart could with justice make this reply: "Not one too many, sire." No one could say the same of Wagner.—Gounod.

The Good Old Songs.

Minstrelsy may grow old as the hills, and companies may keep on putting flashy novelties on the stage, but the people will never get over enjoying a sentimental ballad or a pathetic song of plantation life; any of Steve Foster's, "My Old Kentucky Home," or "Nelly Gray." A simple song about babies and a parent's love or the love of a man for a woman, when well sung, brings an encore every time. Topical songs will always be relished, but the audiences are growing more and more critical, and the music must be sprightly and the wit neatly worked out to secure a hit for the singer. The smaller the town the more love songs and negro melodies are appreciated, but no matter how familiar a song is, a sympathetic male voice will always make it a go.—Interview in Globe-Democrat.

A Jacobite Curse.

Many curious documents connected with the two Jacobite risings, not merely from the Stuart side, but (what are rarer) from the Hanoverian side, still exist. Many of them are quaint and humorous, but space prevents the quotation of anything longer than the succinct Jacobite curse, which was written on folded slips of paper and handed to likely persons in the streets of Edinburgh. It ran simply, "May God damn Hanover, Vivat Jacobus."—Athenæum.

The Fall.

Now cooler winds begin to blow,
The solar fires less fiercely glow.

The heated term is nearly o'er,
The paper collar wilts no more.

The girl puts up her bathing suit,
Their hats of straw the wealthy shoot.

The fat man laughs aloud with glee,
No more like melted lard is he.

The yachts are fast at wharves and docks,
We're near the autumnal equinox.

And people who regaret their health
For autumn clothing spend their wealth.

And every merchant who is wise
Doth hump himself and advertise.
—Boston Courier.

Physico-Financial Scheme.

"Look here," said Grabbinger to Slopeigh, "when are you going to pay me that hundred dollars you borrowed about eight years ago?"

"Do you mean to say that I owe you a hundred dollars?"

"To be sure. You certainly haven't forgotten it."

"My dear sir, I do not doubt that you loaned a hundred dollars to some one eight years ago; but I can demonstrate by science that I am not the man."

"I'd like to see how the mischief you are going to do it."

"Very well. It is a fact demonstrated by scientists that men undergo an entire change of being every seven years; consequently I can't be the same person to whom your money was loaned."—Merchant Traveler.

HUMAN HAIR.

Its Qualities—A Million Pounds of It Change From Head to Head.

Perhaps there is no staple article about which less is known by the public than human hair as an article of commerce. It will doubtless surprise many when it is stated that the dealers in human hair goods do not depend on chance clippings here and there, but that there is a regular hair harvest which can always be relied on. It is said that over 1,000,000 pounds of human hair are used annually in the civilized world for adorning the heads of women. In New York city alone over five tons of this class of goods are imported every year. Much of the hair used in this country comes from the heads of American women and is fully as fine in shade and texture as the imported article. There has been some talk recently of forming a trust in this business, and if this untoward event should occur our American women would have to dispense with a considerable portion of their tresses or pay a much higher price for them.

A well known hair dealer of this city gave a reporter recently some interesting facts about the hair business and the source from which the beautiful locks are obtained. "Most of the hair which I use in my business," he said, "I obtain from ladies in this city. We had a big harvest during the recent craze for having the hair cut short.

"Many of the ladies who had their locks shorn at that time have since bitterly regretted it. In many instances the hair grew so slowly that it became necessary to wear a wig or switch as the fashion changed. After women have reached a certain age the hair seems to partially lose its vigor and, if cut, it will not grow again. Blonde hair seems to be going out and the demand for bleaching preparations is not nearly so great as it was a few years ago. Not enough human hair can be procured in this country to supply the home demand, and, in consequence, there is a large amount imported annually. The largest supply of hair comes from Switzerland, Germany and the French provinces. There is a human hair market at Morlons, in the department of the lower Pyrenees, held every other Friday. Hundreds of trafficking hair dressers throng to the little place from far and near to buy up the hair of young peasant girls. When a bargain is struck the dealer lays the money in the open palm of the seller, applies his shears, and in a minute the luxuriant tresses fall on the floor. Of course, a maiden can rarely see her long braids pass into the dealer's possession without crying, but she consoles herself for their loss with the thought that they will grow again. A woman's hair may grow to the length of six feet. Mme. Hess, of Paris, refused 5,000 francs for her 'crown of glory,' which was about that length. It has been proved that a single hair will bear up a weight of four ounces without breaking, but the hair thus heavily weighted must be dark brown, for blonde hair breaks under a strain of two and one-half ounces. What wonder is it then, that 'beauty can draw love with a single hair?' There are over 5,000 importers, manufacturers and dealers of hair in the United States."—Rochester Post-Express.

"Tipping."

Humility is one of the marked characteristics of British serving people.

Nothing is more amusing to the American than the hauteur and arrogance of a typical London man, or gentleman, since the distinction is very sharp in the English metropolis, when dealing with people who serve him.

He says, "Please do this," and "I'll thank you for that," because it's the jargon of the town; but his politeness is put forth with such an indescribably arrogant air that it is scarcely less offensive than a slap in the face. It is accepted everywhere with the inevitable "Thank you, sir."

The old story is still told of the Yankee who stood on the stern of the steamer as she swung out of Liverpool, and, holding a shilling aloft, cried out:

"If there's a man, woman or child on this blessed island I've not tipped, come forward now, for this is your last and only chance!"

I remember very well an experience I had on my first day in London. I started out with a typical London man to lunch at his club, and we stopped at a druggist's—or chemist's, as they say in England, with the ch pronounced softly—to make some purchases. My companion bought a few shillings' worth of one thing and another, and when his change was brought to him he pushed two coppers toward the druggist, and said carelessly:

"Heah, you take these."

The druggist picked them up with a grateful smile, and muttered, "Thank you very much, sir."

It was a fine, large shop on the corner below Bond street on Piccadilly, and the druggist was a handsome, full bearded, and perfectly dressed man of about 60 years. Fancy making the proprietor of a showy New York drug store a present of a few cents!—New York Sun.

A Hodge Anshun.

Mr. Gasphard—'Xcuse me for grunting, ladies, but d' tide runs so mitey strong heah I kin jess mek d' boat move.—Judge.

A Neat Translation.

The late Henry S. Leigh met an acquaintance who had recently lost his tooth, and whose utterances, in consequence, were almost unintelligible. "It was Greek to me," remarked Odell, as the man left. "Greek!" replied Leigh; "gum arabic, I should call it."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Mutual Interrogatories.

"William," said she, severely, "how many more times are you going to ask me to marry you?"

"Clara," said he, with equal sternness, "how much longer are you going to persist in refusing me?"—Merchant Traveler.

Drew the Line.

"Yes," said the sheriff, "I can do almost anything without compunction, but as for hanging—well, I draw the line at that." And he was surprised when some one said that they didn't see how he could do any other way.—Lawrence American.

Prudent.

Mrs. Slimdiet (the landlady)—Mr. Dashaway, let me help you to a little more chicken.

Dashaway—Thank you, madame, but my doctor has ordered me not to overwork myself.—New York Sun.

That Was What It Was For.

"How do you like your new saddle horse, Miss Mabel?"

"Why, I'm fairly carried away with it, Mr. Dolley."—Munsey's Weekly.

Winged Wishes.

She—I would I were a bird.
He—I wish onts flew.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

SCOTLAND'S GYPSIES.

First Recognized, Then Outlawed—The Romance and Death of a Gypsy King.

When the restless, wandering gypsy crossed over from Europe to Great Britain he saw in the Scottish highlands a country after his own heart. Hence many of his tribe favored the land north of the Tweed with their presence; and there are few counties or cities in Scotland today that have not an array of gypsy stories of their own. It was about the time of the Tudors that the gypsies, or "Egyptians," as they were called, made their first appearance in England, and their invasion was largely in consequence of decrees of expulsion issued in Spain, Germany and France, and carried into execution with heartless severity. They met with scant welcome in Great Britain, and early records speak of them in such uncomplimentary terms as "sturdy rogues," "rascals," "vacabonds, masterless men, ydle, vagraunte, loiteringe, lewde and yll disposed persons, going aboute usinge subtilite and unlawful games or plaie," "tellers of destinies, deaths or fortunes, and such lyke fantasticall imaginations."

An expose of legerdemain and jugglery in 1612 says of the gypsies that they came into the country about a sentury previously, and that in spite of repressive legislation and many executions, they still "wandered uppe and downe as before, and met once in a year at a place appointed, sometimes at the Peake's hole at Derbyshire, and at other whiles by Retbrook at Blackheath." In Scotland the gypsies started out under more auspicious circumstances and obtained recognition as decent and law abiding colonists. In the year 1540 James V issued a writ in favor of "Johnnis Faw, Lord and Erle of Little Egipt." Even prior to this the plucky Faw had secured letters under the great seal, calling on all magistrates and village officers to support his authority in execution of justice upon his company in accordance with the laws of "Egipt," and in the punishment of who rebelled against him. The subsequent writ, which was confirmed in 1553, bore reference to rebellious gypsies, who were mentioned by name, and who were made subject to arrest by the government authorities. Faw evidently completely hoodwinked the canny Scots of the Sixteenth century. At last, however, the true character of the followers of Faw began to be appreciated, and a stringent act was passed suppressing "Egiptianis, bards, minstrels and vagabond scholars." Finally, in 1603, a measure of outlawry was passed, and his majesty's subjects were called upon to arrest and deal with the gypsies as with condemned thieves.

Vigorous measures of oppression did not wipe out the gypsies by any means. On the contrary, they grew and multiplied, and left throughout the length of the land a number of the most remarkable records. Some of the stories are undoubtedly true, while others are only founded on fact, but all are interesting and may be valued as at any rate illustrative of the manners and customs of the times. The elopement of the Countess of Cassilis with Johnnie Faa or Faw, one of the gypsy knights of the last quarter of the Sixteenth century, has been described repeatedly, both in prose and poetry, but the main facts appear to have been these: The Earl of Cassilis was betrothed to a nobleman's daughter, who objected to the match, and who was detected in clandestine meetings with a handsome, though low born, lover, who was no other than Faw. Her relatives first upbraided, then persuaded, and finally threatened, so that the gypsy's sweetheart at last became the Countess of Cassilis. Faw waited for an opportunity, and when this arose on the earl undertaking a journey, he collected his tribe and prepared for an elopement or abduction.

It turned out to be the former, for the fair lady was nothing loath. The gypsies and the maiden started south, hoping to escape vengeance by crossing the border into England. But the earl returned home a little sooner than expected, and he lost no time in summoning a host and starting in pursuit. Just on the border the fugitives were overtaken, and a battle ensued, in which Faw and his followers were slain. The earl ordered the fallen gypsies to be beheaded, and took his wife home. The unfortunate, if erring, woman was consigned to a life long imprisonment in a tower built for the purpose at Maybole Ayrshire. Eight heads carved in stone below one of the turrets are pointed to by local inhabitants as effigies of the leaders of the episode.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Good Bag.

We mean one on which fifty to a hundred brace can be bagged in the beginning of the season by four guns and who observe the rule laid down by old Christopher North in his somewhat wild rhapsody on the moors, to shoot like a philosopher, which he proceeds to define as shooting "in a style equidistant from that of the gamekeeper on the one hand and that of the bagman on the other." Of course such a bag as this is absurd in the sight of some men, and in numbers contemptible beside what is done every year. The record one, over dogs, and likely, we imagine, long to remain so, is the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh's one of 220 brace, made in 1872, on Grantully, in Perthshire. It is said that he commenced at daybreak and shot until he was not able to shoot any longer. In 1872, par excellence the jubilee year for grouse—or perhaps grouse shooters—four guns at Dalnaspiedal shot, over dogs, 2,856 birds in five days.—National Review.

When Mrs. Tom Thumb was in Bath, Me., her coachman, a very little man, made the acquaintance of Judge Foster; and as they left the Bethel house together, he spoke to the guests of the house who lined the piazza, as he looked up into Mr. Foster's face and said, "This is the long and short of it." The supreme court had heard this joke before, but it laughed, just the same.

One Pair of Gloves for Two.

Gen. Joe Hooker, a member of congress from the Seventh Mississippi district, was one of the heroes of the late war against the Union. He carries an empty sleeve as a relic of his experiences on the field. Maj. Powell, the chief of the geological survey, was in the Union army, and he also carries an empty sleeve. Gen. Hooker's lost arm was on the right side and Maj. Powell's on the left. Their remaining hands are of the same proportions, and they have a mutual agreement under which they purchase gloves in common, Maj. Powell using all of the "rights," and Gen. Hooker the "lefts." No difficulty ever occurs between them about the selection of these gloves, for they pay little attention to the perennial changes in modes and fashions.—Washington Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Social Amenities.

Clara (patronizingly)—It is a good plan for a person in society to try, at least, to look wise.

Debutante—True! But don't you sometimes find it hard to do so?—Drake's Magazine.

An Adequate Cause.

Ed—I have a pain in my ear.

Ned—Ah! been talking to yourself.—Exchange.