POOR COPY

Dept: Public Works

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

The Gleaner.

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

VOL. V. FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1889. No. 139

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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 F. J. McAUSLAND'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.
Offices: West Side of Carleton Street, Second corr 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.

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. 5.

WEST END
SAW MILL 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.

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.

WINTER'S GONE. SUMMER'S COMING.
—AND—
ADAMS, the FURNITURE Man
Still keeps in County Court House Square.
Chamber Suites, Parlor Suites, Centre Tables, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Lounges, Chairs, Rockers, &c., As Cheap as the Cheapest.
☞ CABINET WORK MADE TO ORDER.
Furniture Upholstered, Repaired, Called for and Delivered Free of Charge.
Jackson Adams,
COUNTY COURT HOUSE SQ., OPP. QUEEN HOTEL.
Fredericton, March 23

Do You Want a Watch?
IF SO, GIVE US A CALL.
We have Waltham Watches, Elgin Watches, Springfield Watches, Hampden Watches
And the Celebrated Rockford Railroad Watches,
WHICH WE CAN PUT UP IN
Solid Gold, Gold Filled, Solid Silver and Nickle Cases at the Very Lowest Prices. Try us and be satisfied.
ESTATE OF
S. F. SHUTE,
302 Queen Street.
Fredericton, March

R. COLWELL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs and Pungs built to order in the latest and most durable styles. Material and workmanship of the best. Particular attention given to painting, trimming and repairing Carriages, etc.
Terms, etc., to give satisfaction.
FACTORY
KING STREET, FREDERICTON.

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

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. 15.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

News from the Districts About Us

As Reported by Our Active Correspondents.

Accidents, Personal Intelligence, and Things in General.

HARVEY STATION.

The News of the Week as Reported by an Untiring Correspondent.

HARVEY STATION, April 15.—The ball at the Grange on Thursday night last was not as good as was expected, on account of bad roads.

Mr Matthew Little, Sr, who has been very sick all winter, is not showing any signs of improvement.

Mr Wm Robison, Sr, is very ill.

Mrs Smith is having the old Campbell house near the station rebuilt. She intends to make it a model cottage.

Mr Jas Wilson is engaged putting up a very large barn.

Geo Robison is building a neat and tasty house on the Coburn road, opposite the Elkington place.

Mr Daniel Holland has a crew at work on his new house. It is going to be a good one. Particulars will be given when finished.

A very neat piece of joiner work is the emblem plough made for the Grange by Alex Wilson.

The roads are good——for corns.

Mr Alex Burrell has laid up his wood cutter for the season. He has handled some hundred cords of wood.

New suits for men and boys at the Grange.

Willie Donahue, son of our popular blacksmith, caught a three and a half pound trout on Thursday.

Good accommodations at the Lorne for fishermen. No embargo on the fish, as the lake is not leased.

Our issuer of marriage licenses says that the young folks seem to be on a strike, as very few papers are called for. Now or never is the time.

Mr Matthew Piercy has moved into the Taylor house opposite the school.

Great quantities of logs are lying at Tweedside awaiting the advent of the portable mill.

NASHWAAK.

Preparing for the Spring's Work—Manse—Improvements—Personal.

NASHWAAK, April 15. The weather for the past fortnight has been very fine and warm and has melted away nearly all the snow.

The farmers have begun fixing up their fences and preparing otherwise for their spring's work.

Mr S. L. Young started yesterday morning with a crew of men to the Arnold Brook to repair his driving dams on that stream previous to the spring's operations. Other parties will start for the Nashwaak drives next week.

The mumps are prevalent here this spring. Several homes are being visited with the disease.

Mr Jas Bell is giving his house a new coat of paint, which gives it a greatly improved appearance.

Mr. Edward Weeks' little daughter, who has been ill for a long time, is recovering slowly.

DOUGLAS.

The Spring's Weather—For the Corn Factory —Farmers Division.

DOUGLAS, April 13. We are enjoying fine weather for this time of the year. Our snow is mostly all gone and some of our farmers have commenced to plough.

Hoegg & Co., of Fredericton, have leased several acres of land from Mr. William Clements, and intends to plant it in corn for their factory.

Farmers Division, Sons of Temperance, intend holding a pie social at an early date to raise money for the purpose of getting new emblems for their regalia.

MONUMENT SETTLEMENT.

The Post Office is Now as it Should be, in York Co.

MONUMENT SETTLEMENT, April 16.—Monument Settlement post office near North Lake in this county has been kept by Mr James Kennedy for the past eighteen years, but the postal guide has always made it appear to be in Carleton Co. The correction has been made in this year's postal guide, so that the address is now, Monument Settlement P O, York Co.

Evidently Her Own Hair.

A pretty married woman living near Americus, Ga., owns a cow that she thinks the world of. She milks the cow herself, as she does not want her spoiled by endless attention. Since the crops have been gathered the cow has been running in the fields, and the brush of her tail got filled with cockle burrs. One morning last week the lady went into the pen to milk, and while she was performing the duty, the cow switched her tail into the neatly done up hair on the lady's head. The burrs caught, and the lady dropped her pan of milk and began to entangle her hair. The operation disturbed the cow, and she began to prance. The lady grabbed the tail with both hands, and said: "So wench! so wench!" but the wench, not liking the grip, started in a trot around the pen. The lady startled the household by her shrieks, and a negro woman ran to her rescue, but she had to return to the house for a pair of scissors. The cow was driven into a stall, her tail trimmed off and left sticking to the lady's head. She went to the house, and it took her husband, the negro woman and the family until 10 o'clock that night to pick the burrs from her head.—Atlanta American.

Queer Trees.

Among the queer things in Connecticut are its trees. Up in Middletown it was necessary to cut down a tree in the rear of Dutting's cigar store. Several bricks were found imbedded in the roots, so that only the corners were visible.

Over in Cobalt a large and particularly straight tree was felled and drawn to the sawmill. After starting the saw the attendant heard a grating of the saw teeth, and stopped the mill. He tried another cut, but again the grating sound was heard, and he had to shut down again. Several further attempts to saw the length of the log proving futile the trunk was sawed across, and an old log chain and a dozen harrow teeth were discovered imbedded in the hard grained wood.

In Westfield a bowlder weighing over half a ton is to be seen about ten feet from the ground in the crotch of an enormous apple tree, and old residents say that they can remember when that bowlder could be sat upon, so near to the ground was it when they were young.

A Saybrook farmer tells the story about his hanging his scythe in a maple tree several years ago, after a day's mowing. The scythe was left there all winter and the next summer, until the time for haying came around again. On going to get the scythe he found the blade so deeply imbedded in the soft bark of the maple as to be immovable, and he let it remain. The tree is still standing in the front yard of a fashionable residence in that village, and from each side of the trunk project two arms, forming a letter T, apparently part of the tree themselves. The scythe blade has been entirely covered with bark. The handle of the scythe years ago rotted off.

A KICKING BOY'S AID TO SCIENCE.

He Helps Dr. Sayre to Discover a Cure for Locomotor Ataxia.

As announced in The Herald's cable dispatches, a cure for the dread disease known as locomotor ataxia has been recently put to practice in Europe. It is alleged that Dr. Motschutkowsky, of Odessa, is the discoverer of the new treatment, which aims at curing the curvature of the spinal column by suspending the patient.

Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, of this city, is accredited with having invented the apparatus in use which was described in The Herald, whereby the patient is lifted from his feet with the object of elongating the vertebral column.

I called on several eminent surgeons yesterday, with a view to obtaining their versions of the new cure of locomotor ataxia, and failed to find one who could disclose the secret. They all acknowledged they efficacy of the treatment pursued by Charcot, admitting that it is due to the process of suspension by Dr. Sayre's instrument. Various theories were offered in explanation of the results attained, the most plausible one being that a straightening of the spine removes the clamp like pressure upon the nerves and thus permits them to open communication with the legs and produce their action.

One surgeon maintained that a curve is not effected, but that a temporary relief is given, the same as is secured in cases of neuralgia by stretching the nerves.

Dr. Sayre was in bed when I called on him, having been a sufferer from rheumatism for many years, and more acutely so in the last three years. His handsome, benevolent face lit up with satisfaction when I related the purpose of my visit. "I discovered accidentally, several years ago," said Dr. Sayre, "that the straightening of the spine produced a salutary effect upon the locomotor ataxia, which means an inability to use the legs. A boy was brought to me suffering from a curvature of the spine. His parents were poor and lived at Chatham Corners. They supposed I could cure him in one trip. As the little fellow was in great suffering I determined not to let him return home without relief, my intention being to give him a plaster jacket, with instructions to return when he had grown a few months older.

"As I lifted the little fellow, holding him with my hands beneath his arms, I noticed that he began to kick.

"That's funny," I remarked. 'How the devil could he do that?'

"In a few minutes the jacket was cast and I laid the boy on a lounge in my office so that the plaster could set hard. I went out for a few minutes and on returning found that the lad had left the couch and gone to the window, to my further surprise. On giving this peculiar case deep study I came to the conclusion that by holding the boy up and thus straightening the spine the hitherto impeded circulation of the blood had been started and given his legs free action. And, that seems to be the case in all instances."

Here Dr. Sayre bent his thumb to illustrate the effect of a spinal curvature. He said that by suspension the spine is straightened and that the nerves are relieved of the pressure due to the curve, as, for instance, when the thumb is bent at the joint.—New York Herald.

The Genesis of Grace.

"Notice anything peculiar in the posture of the girls on the stage?" said a physician to a reporter one evening at the "Crystal Slipper," pointing to the line of pretty girls in pink tights standing beside the throne of the prince.

"No," was the reply, "nothing, unless it is they're uncommonly pretty."

"Well," said the doctor, "if you will observe how they stand you will notice that their pose is unconscious, but that every girl of them save one has her right hand behind her back, and the exception is a girl wearing a directoire dress."

"Well?" was asked.

"The arm behind the waist means that every one of those girls are laced too tight. They're so constricted that they cannot let their arms hang by their side, and so unconsciously they put one behind their back. The girl with the directoire dress isn't laced tightly, and you will notice that her arms fall naturally by her side.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A West Virginia Wonder.

Of all the specimens of liliputian humanity that have ever found a welcome in this world of comparative giants, the little daughter of John E. Miller, of Hampshire county, W. Va., is the most wonderful. She is 23 years of age, cannot walk or talk and is but twenty-six inches tall. Always lying in a little cradle, she is enabled to keep a sharp lookout on what is going on; no one has ever yet been sharp enough to call for an article in the house that the little one could not point out. Her memory is most remarkable. A new song or poem repeated in her presence is never forgotten. If the same song or poem is again repeated or sung with the variation of but a single word the little prodigy will show her disapproval by yelling lustily and frowning a frown that cannot be mistaken. How such a remarkable memory can find resting place in a head no larger than a teacup has long been the wonder of physicians and savants who have journeyed from far and near to test the remarkable gifts of the little wonder.—J. W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

The Red Clover.

A sentimental story of his great-great-grandmother is told by a correspondent of The Ellsworth American. This lady and her husband settled in the midst of the eastern Maine wilderness in the last century. "I have often," says the correspondent, "heard my grandmother say that her grandmother, on settling in her rude, wilderness home, seeing a red clover in blossom, so yearned for something pretty and homelike that she took it, up and transplanted it by her door."—Lewiston Journal.

How to Make a Hand Grenade.

A Georgia physician writes to an Atlanta paper that the solution used in the hand grenade now offered so extensively for sale is easily and cheaply made by taking twenty pounds or common salt, ten pounds of sal ammoniac (muriate of ammonia, to be had of any of druggist), and dissolving in seven gallons of water. When dissolved it can be bottled and kept in each room in the house. In case of fire one or two bottles should be thrown with force into the burning place, hard enough to break them, and the fire will certainly be extinguished. —Detroit Free Press.

Sudden, for Him.

A farmer not many miles from Maine was the owner of a very slow and balky horse which was recently overtaken by death. One of our business men the other day extended to the farmer his sympathy for the loss of the horse, and said: "He must have died rather suddenly, didn't he?" "Sudden!" replied the old man, "I guess he did, mighty sudden fur him. It's the most sudden thing I ever knowed him to do in all his life." The further remarks of sympathy from the merchant were drowned by the laughter from the bystanders.—Lewiston Journal.

The Wise Men of Lagos.

Once, upon a great festival, the town council of Lagos went to the parish church to hear mass. And all the members of the council were dressed in seemly state in black coats and tight black trousers and flowing cloaks, and each wore a wide brimmed hat of black felt, over which a feather gallantly curled. For their comfort a leather covered bench was placed before the chancel rail. And when they came to sit, each man, in the order of his dignity, sat down upon the bench and placed beside him his hat. But when six of the twelve councilors were seated the bench was full. Then a whispered conference was held, and it was decided that the bench must be stretched. So six of them took hold of one end and the other six took hold of the other end, and they pulled hard. Then they came to sit again. And now the first councilor put his hat beneath the bench, and the second did likewise, and so did they all. And they all in comfort sat down—by which they knew that they had sufficiently stretched the bench.

Being thus seated the first councilor crossed his right leg over his left leg, and so did the second councilor, and so did they all. But when came the time in the mass when all must rise not one of the councilors could tell certainly which two of the twenty-four legs were his, for all were clad in tight black trousers and all were crossed. And each man looked at the many legs among which were his own, and sorrowfully wondered if he ever should know his own legs among so many and so be able to rise and walk. And while they thus pondered it fell out that the first councilor was bitten by a flea fiercely in his rearward parts. And the first councilor slapped at the flea, and that he might slap the better uncrossed his legs. Then the second councilor knew which were his legs, and so did the third, and so did they all. And so they all uncrossed their legs, and with great thankfulness arose.—Scribner's Magazine.

Verbatim.

Doubtless many people who indulge in warmth of language would be greatly surprised if they could see a verbatim report of their conversation. In "Uncle Sam's Medal of Honor," the following story is told of Col. Harney, who, in 1839, was stationed at Key Biscayne:

The lighthouse had been burned, and the keeper's family massacred by the Indians, the year before, and Harney one day bethought himself that the lighthouse should be rebuilt.

"Mr. Saunders," he said to a young officer, "that lighthouse ought to be rebuilt. Whose duty is it, among those fellows in Washington?"

"The secretary of the treasury has charge of all the lighthouses, I believe, said Saunders.

"Well, write a letter to the secretary, confound him, and tell him the lighthouse ought to be rebuilt. Tell him it ought to have been rebuilt long ago. Tell the idiot that if he will give me the authority, I will rebuild it myself."

"But there is no stone here."

"Tell the fool to send to Boston for the stone. Have you finished? Read it. Saunders read precisely what his superior had dictated. Not a single syllable had been omitted. As Horace Greeley used to say, the letter furnished "mighty interesting reading," but, sad to relate, its author did not seem altogether pleased with it.—Youth's Companion.

This Snake Drank Whisky.

A correspondent near Hamilton, Marion county, sends the following: "Mr. Owen Hatch, who keeps a small grocery store in this neighborhood, can vouch for the truth of this. Mr. Hatch sells liquor as well as family groceries. Keeping only a small stock of liquor on hand he keeps most of it in jugs. One day last week a two gallon jug of corn liquor was left standing on the floor behind the counter. Mr. Hatch stepped behind the counter and was surprised to see a large black snake coiled around the jug with its head inside. He watched it for a moment and soon discovered that the snake was drinking liquor. It was not disturbed, and after several minutes it slowly uncoiled itself from the jug and attempted to crawl away, but was too drunk, and stretched itself out on the floor where it remained apparently asleep until next day. Mr. Hatch examined the jug and found that the snake had drank more than a quart of liquor. Two days later the same snake returned, and when it crawled under the counter Mr. Hatch watched it. By coiling itself around the jug and giving its neck a twist around the stopper it was able to remove the cork, and again thrust its head inside and began to drink liquor. It was allowed to drink its fill again, after which it was killed.—Birmingham (Ala.) Age.

A Dog Samaritan.

My St. Bernard, named Isla, had a friend in a dog that lived at a cafe. He met the cafe dog in his walks and took him with him, but for more than a year his friendship never went so far as to invite the cafe dog, which was a pointer, into the house. One day, to my surprise, he came from his walk, bringing the pointer, whose name was Antonio, in with him, pushed his nose on to my breakfast table and made me understand that he wished me to feed his friend. On inquiry I found that the pointer was starving, having been a day or two before beaten and kicked out of the cafe for breaking some flower pots. It is certain that Isla must have known of his distress, for from that moment he made Antonio at home in his own house.—Ouida in Pall Mall Gazette.

A Solid Bank.

An old fellow in a Wisconsin town who has been running a private bank for some years was recently requested to publish some sort of a statement. So he posted the following on the door of his bank: "Notice—This 'ere bank has got $50,000 behind her. She don't owe nobodily a cussed cent. Good paper discounted, as heretofore, and nobody proposes to cut sticks for Mexico or Canada."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Wounded Eagle.

A wounded or enraged eagle is an ugly antagonist. L. C. Brinkman, of Burlington, had an encounter with a wounded eagle not long ago, which he does not care to repeat. While hunting, he fired at the eagle and broke the bird's wing, but did not otherwise injure it.

Expecting to make an easy capture of his prize, he went forward. To his surprise, the eagle flew at his face, and had he not warded it off with his arm, his eyes would have been put out by the savage bird. As it was, it gripped his arm, and, despite his efforts to free himself, he could not shake the eagle off.

It struck at him with its sound wing, dug its sharp talons through his clothing into his arm, and used its beak most viciously. He called to his friends, a short distance away. They came and killed the bird, and then pried its claws out of the flesh of his forearm and leg, which was badly lacerated.

Mr. Brinkman's wounds were quite serious. He will bear the scars for many a day.—Youth's Companion.

It is proven by agriculture statistics that $5 worth of dog annually kills $1,000 worth of sheep, besides having five or six days and nights left to the dog to keep the whole neighborhood awake with a chorus of barking.

IRENE ALSTROM.

Obstacles She Surmounted in Her Search After Knowledge

Accounts of the hardships and struggles of this poor Finnish girl have touched many hearts. Through marvelous perseverance, and meeting every obstacle with firm and cheerful heart, she has conquered all difficulties, and now rejoices in the well earned honor of having been the first of her country women to receive a diploma as doctor of philosophy.

When a young girl watching her father's cattle she was filled with yearnings that she could not express to know what books and study could teach her concerning the wonders of science and the wisdom of the past, and then and there, upon the bleak mountain of her native land, she determined that nothing but death itself should hinder her success.

Under the influence of dark clouds, through which no ray of light gleamed, she for a time prayed earnestly that the dear God would take her to himself, feeling sure that then all knowledge would be unfolded to her.

This state of affairs having reached the ears of a humble pastor, interest was made for her entrance into a good school, where she passed as fourth among forty-six young girls. She was then 18 years of age, and all this had been accomplished through intense and earnest will.

Sitting up all night, while others slept, to prepare for the next day's tasks, often fasting, "save for the fresh snow she ate as she walked," was as nothing if so be she could continue her work—the great plan to which her soul clung tenaciously.

Then came an experience of teaching, and after having saved four pounds she again set forth in quest of knowledge. "With the scantiest of luggage," she journeyed on foot to Helsingfors, where she prepared for her examinations. Three pounds of her small store were paid in advance for lodging, and this made her sure of a home for the winter. The last pound was expended in loaves of hard, round rye bread—the cheapest kind of nourishment with which she could provide herself, and which was so methodically divided that every day until Christmas a bit was sure. No fire had she even when the temperature was recorded at 30 degrees. But her soul was on fire, for a friendly professor gave her instructions in Latin, and very rapid was her progress.

After her matriculation she taught awhile to help her family, and still went on with her own studies, until "a well earned brilliant degree" was her reward.

Strangely enough, her greatest opposition was from her own sex, but bravely triumphing over even that, she was "recognized by her nation as the dauntless pioneer of woman's progress."

The statement given concerning this wonderful woman adds that she still lives, honored and appreciated by all, devoting herself heartily to the education of younger brothers, and adding continually to her own hard earned culture, her whole soul bent on the advancement and education of her countrywomen.—Harper's Bazar.

An Old Teacher.

While on a railroad train recently with Judge James J. Lindley, an instance of the old gentleman's ready wit occurred. A young man, a stranger to the entire party, introduced himself, and it came out that he was from Cynthiana, Ky., near where Lindley was born and lived for many years, teaching school, among other things. In talking over county history they became quite well acquainted, and the young Kentuckian mentioned his father's name. "I knew him well; he used to go to school under me," said the judge. "You hardly look old enough to have been my father's school teacher. The old gentleman is now 72 years old," said the young man in reply. The laugh was on Judge Lindley, and we all twitted him on his age. When the young man left the car for a few minutes the judge said: "I did not want to hurt the young man's feelings, but the fact is a great many people down that way didn't learn to read until after the war was over."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"God's Will Be Done."

All of the light has gone out of the house. Death has entered and cast a gloom over all. It entered with awful suddenness and took away the sunshine of the home—the bright eyed boy who was the joy of the fond mother and pride of the loving and indulgent father. In the darkened parlor is a little white casket which tells the sad story. The white haired grandfather who worshiped his only grandchild sits silently in the corner while the tears course down his furrowed cheeks, and the grandmother, who lived only for the boy, is bowed with grief. What a terrible change! But a few hours ago the happy little fellow jumped from his mother's arms and ran to the door to meet his father, anxious for the evening romp. Now his little hands are folded across his breast, and the ray of sunlight which steals through the half closed blinds and seeks his little face cannot arouse him from the sleep that knows no awakening. How hard it is for those bereaved parents to say: "God's will be done."—Chicago Herald.

Darwin Consults a Doctor.

A very pathetic story is told by Darwin in the life of his grandfather, Dr. Darwin of Derby. One day a patient entered the consulting room of a London physician and detailed the symptoms of his illness. It was an obscure and difficult case, of a kind that was only imperfectly understood, and the London doctor confessed himself fairly puzzled. He could only say that the patient was in a most perilous state. "There is only one man in England that understands the disease," said the London doctor, "who understands cases of this sort, and you should go and consult him. It is Dr. Darwin of Derby." "Alas!" was the answer, "I am Dr. Darwin of Derby."—Murray's Magazine.

A Never Ending Labor.

You will often meet men who, while supremely indifferent to the pressing problems of the age, are very much concerned about many problems of the remote future. Here, for instance, is a dear old clergyman writing to me in much alarm over the question what the churches will do when all the world is converted to Christ. It gives me great pleasure to reassure him on this point. When the churches have converted the world, they will discover that they will have to begin all over again and convert Christianity, a task that will require their very best efforts, for experience shows that it is much harder to convert Christians than heathens. It is because we are so busy holding our own in Christendom that we are doing so comparatively little today in heathen lands.—New York Tribune.

A Horse That Chews Tobacco.

There is a heavy draught horse at one of the quarries in Westerly, that has been driven for a number of years by the same man—a native of the Emerald Isle. And it is a fact that the worthy animal will not draw a load in the morning until he has had a chew of tobacco. His appetite being satisfied, he is off like a wholesale breeze.—Providence Journal.