THE HERALD.

VOL. I., NO. 41. FREDERICTON, N. B., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1890. $1.00 PER YEAR.

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THIS HOTEL has been REFITTED AND PAINTED IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE. AN ELEGANT GENTLEMEN'S PARLOR, OFFICE, and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED DINING ROOM on Ground Floor; PERFECT VENTILATION and SEWERAGE throughout; LARGE and AIRY BEDROOMS; COMMODIOUS BATH ROOMS and CLOSETS on each floor; and is capable of accommodating ONE HUNDRED GUESTS.

It is rapidly growing in popular favor, and is to-day one of the LEADING, as well as the MOST COMFORTABLE HOTELS IN THE DOMINION.

The Table is always supplied with every delicacy available. The Cooking is highly commended, and the Staff of Attendants are ever ready to oblige.

There are two of the largest and most conveniently fitted up SAMPLE ROOMS in Canada, having street entrances and also connecting with Hotel Office.

HORSES and CARRIAGES of every style are to be had at the LIVERY STABLE of the Proprietor, immediately adjacent to the Hotel.

The "QUEEN" is centrally located, directly opposite to the Steamboat and Gibson Ferry Landings, and within a minute's walk of the Parliament Buildings, County Registrar's Office and Cathedral.

FIRST-CLASS BARBER SHOP IN CONNECTION.

WM. WILSON,

Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Secretary-Treasurer York.
Registrar University of New Brunswick.
Agent Glasgow and London Insurance Co's.

Office: CARLETON STREET.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

New Brunswick Division

ALL RAIL LINE TO BOSTON, &c. THE SHORT LINE TO MONTREAL, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect August 11th, 1890.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.00 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points; Vanceboro, Bangor, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North; 10.30 a. m. for Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

3.15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction and St. John.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 6.35, 8.45 a. m.; 4.45, p. m. Fredericton Junction, 8.10, a.m.; 12.00 m., 6.26, p.m. McAdam Junction, 10 40, a. m.; 2.15, p.m. Vanceboro, 10.20, a. m., St. Stephen, 7.50, 11.25 a. m. St. Andrews, 7.35, a. m.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.20 a. m., 1.10, 7.20 p. m.

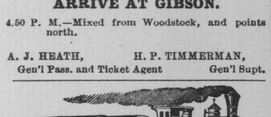
LEAVE GIBSON.

6.45 A. M. — Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4.50 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

A. J. HEATH, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent. H. P. TIMMERMAN, Gen'l Supt.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 1889

ON and after **Monday, June 10th, 1889,** the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton	**7.00**
Accommodation for Point du Chene	**11.10**
Fast Express for Halifax	**14.30**
Express for Sussex	**16.35**
Fast Express for Halifax	**16.35**

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	**8.30**
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec	**10.50**
Fast Express from Halifax	**14.50**
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton	**20.10**
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave	**23.30**

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1889.

For Tickets and other information, apply at the office of

JOHN RICHARDS, Agent, Fredericton

NORTHERN & WESTERN RAILWAY

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect Nov. 25th, 1889.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

A PASSENGER, MAIL AND EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

2:40 p. m; Gibson, 2:45; Marysville, 2:55; Manzer's Siding, 3:20; Durham, 3:30; Cross Creek, 4:10; Boleستown, 5:20; Doaktown, 6:10; Upper Blackville, 7:00, Blackville, 7:25; Upper Nelson Boom, 8:00; Chatham Junction, 8:25; arrive at Chatham, 9:00.

RETURNING, LEAVE CHATHAM

6:30, a. m; Chatham Junction, 7:00; Upper Nelson Boom, 7:15; Blackville, 8:05; Upper Blackville, 8:35; Doaktown, 9:25; Boleستown, 10:20; Cross Creek, 11:30; Durham, 12:10, p.m.; Marysville, 12:45; Gibson, 12:55, arriving at Fredericton, 1:00.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. Railway for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the N. B. Railway for St. John and all points West and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and with the Union S. S. Co. for St. John, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

All Trains will Leave and Arrive at Fredericton Station, West End of Bridge, instead of Gibson as heretofore.

All Freight to and from Fredericton will be received at Fredericton Station. Freight to and from Gibson will be received at Gibson Station.

☞ Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN, Superintendent.

Gibson, N. B., May 18th, 1889.

The New Drill Book.

INFANTRY DRILL, 1889.

PRICE 35 CENTS.

For Sale by

McMURRAY & CO.

Bookseller And Stationer.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Established 1810.

—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—

Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsillitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Strains.

AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps and Chills.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 35 cts.; 6 bottles, $2.00. Express and duty prepaid to any part of United States or Canada. ☞ Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy **FREE** to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

HEALTH FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the **Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels.** They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533, OXFORD STREET), LONDON

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot and may be had of all Medicine Venders throughout the World.

☞ **Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.**

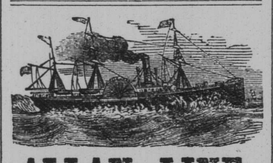
13-10-83

I CURE FITS!

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. **I MEAN A RADICAL CURE.** I have made the disease of **Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness** a life-long study. **I warrant** my remedy to **Cure** the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a **Free Bottle** of my **Infallible Remedy.** Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—**H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.**

STEAMSHIPS.



ALLAN LINE.

Under Contract with the Government of Canada and Newfoundland for the conveyance of Canadian and United States Mails.

1890. Summer Arrangements. 1890.

This Company's Lines are composed of double-engined, Clyde-built IRON STEAMSHIPS. They are built in water-tight compartments, are unsurpassed for strength, speed and comfort, are fitted up with all the modern improvements that practical experience can suggest, and have made *the fastest time on record.*

The Steamers of the

MAIL LINE TO LIVERPOOL

(Calling at Rimouski and Moville to land mails and passengers), are intended to be despatched from Liverpool on THURSDAYS and from Quebec on THURSDAYS, as follows:

From Liverpool.		From Quebec.
24th July	CIRCASSIAN	14th Aug
31st do	SARDINIAN	21st do
7th Aug	POLYNESIAN	28th do
14th do	PARISIAN	4th Sep
28th do	CIRCASSIAN	25th do
11th do	POLYNESIAN	2nd Oct
18th do	PARISIAN	9th do
2nd Oct	CIRCASSIAN	23rd do
9th do	SARDINIAN	30th do
16th do	POLYNESIAN	6th Nov
23rd do	PARISIAN	13th do

Halifax, St. John's, N. F., Queenstown and Liverpool Service.

From Liverpool.		From Halifax.
8th July	CASPIAN	4th Aug
22nd do	*CARTHAGINIAN	18th do
5th Aug	NOVA SCOTIAN	1st Sept
19th do	CASPIAN	15th do
2nd Sept	*CARTHAGINIAN	29th do

*The Carthaginian will carry only Cabin passengers from Halifax.

Rates of Passage to Liverpool.

SALOON (According to accommodation) $45 to $80
RETURN $96 to $150

Children, in saloon, between 2 and 12 years, half fare; under 2 years, free.

Clergymen and their families are allowed reduction of ten per cent. from these rates.

INTERMEDIATE $50
STEERAGE $20

Rates of Passage to St. John's, N. F.

Saloon, $20; Intermediate, $15; Steerage, $6.

GLASGOW LINE.

Direct sailings from Glasgow to Halifax.

No cattle of any description carried on Allan Mail Steamers.

Steerage Tickets issued to and from the principal points in Great Britain and the Continent at cheap rates.

For Staterooms, Tickets, or further information apply to

WM. THOMSON & CO., Agents, ST. JOHN N. B.

No. 5.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Three Trips a Week.

FOR BOSTON.

ON and after MONDAY, May. 5th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John, for Eastport, Portland, and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.25 Standard.

Wednesday's Steamer will not touch at Portland.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., standard, and Portland at 5.00 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer ROSE STANDISH, for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

Special Notice—On and after Aug. 16th, and up to and including Sept. 13th, a Steamer will leave St. John for Boston direct, every SATURDAY EVENING, at 6.25 Standard time.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent, Reed's Point Wharf, St John, N. B.

COOKED CODFISH.

Ask your Grocer for

COOKED SHREDDED CODFISH,

And Try It.

ADAMS BROS.

FUNERAL

—AND—

FURNISHING - UNDERTAKERS,

OPP. QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON.

Caskets, Coffins, Robes, Mountings, &c.

and everything required in the Undertaking Business kept in stock.

☞ *Special Prices for Country Orders.*

Orders in the City or Country attended to with promptness.

Residence over Warerooms.

ADAMS BROS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IT IS ONLY FAIR THAT WHILE

LUCY & CO.

started their present undertaking, and they can now with pride boast of having one of the best

Boot, Shoe,

—AND—

READY-MADE CLOTHING

Business in the City. This has been accomplished in the short space of eighteen months, and it shows what pluck and perseverance will do when backed by fair dealing and close attention to the wants of the people. Their goods are bought and sold for CASH, and this is the real secret of their success.

They wish to call the attention of Christmas buyers to the fact that Presents bought at their Store are not only ornamental, but also useful to those who receive them. Respectfully,

LUCY & CO.

Their stock is now complete and they are receiving NEW GOODS every week.

R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter,

AND

TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed business on Queen Street,

OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,

where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL

BELL HANGING,

Speaking Tubes, &c.

C. C. GILL,

PAINTER,

House and Sign Decorator.

Tinting in OIL or WATER COLOR. PAPERING and GRAINING. EXPRESSES and WAGONS Painted at Short Notice.

SHOP AND RESIDENCE:

59 Brunswick Street.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

"Humph!" suddenly ejaculated Mr. Bowser the other evening as he sat reading his paper.

"What is it?"

"Nothing, except that I've been a fool."

"How?"

"Why, here we've been roasting almost every night this summer in our bedroom, when the exercise of a little common sense and natural philosophy on my part would have made us comfortable. Mrs. Bowser if the wind was blowing into the window over a hot pan of coals, would it be hot or cold?"

"It would be hot."

"Now, suppose the wind blew over snow and ice?"

"It would be cold."

"Certainly, and I'm an idiot for not thinking of it before. I'll try it to-night."

When we went to bed Mr. Bowser brought up a large lump of ice and placed it on the window-sill. He contended that it made a great difference, and fell asleep chuckling over his natural philosophy. By midnight, however, he had all the clothes kicked down to the foot-board and his pillow on the floor as usual. The lump of ice had disappeared but we soon found the result of it. As it melted the water had soaked into the carpet half way across the floor, and running through the parlor ceiling had flaked off two yards of the fresco. I fully expected Mr. Bowser to declare that the idea was mine and that I urged its adoption, but he surveyed the ruin and then calmly observed:

"That's what comes of marrying a woman who doesn't know anything!"

"But what did I do?"

"It's what you didn't do. Why didn't you tell me to put that ice into the bowl? Here's fifty dollars damage all on your account!"

That evening he came home an hour earlier than usual, and he had a large bundle under his arm. He didn't wait for me to ask what it contained, but unrolled it and said:

"Here's a better thing than ice. I propose to sleep in this hammock after this."

"But where will you hang it?"

"Oh, I'll find a place. How stupid of me not to have thought of it before!"

After prospecting for awhile he decided on the flat, gravelled roof of the kitchen, which was easily reached from an upstair window. He found a place for the hooks and stretched the hammock, and an hour before our usual bed time he was prepared to occupy it. He removed his coat, vest, collar and shoes, kissed baby good night and went out of the window, while I sat down beside it to watch the course of events. Mr. Bowser had slung the hammock about three feet above the roof. He walked over to it, gave it a shake and fell into it. No, he didn't. It dodged him and he went down on his hands and knees and got up muttering:

"Oh! That's your game is it? Well you don't beat me again!"

It took him ten minutes to get stretched on his back in the folds of the hammock, and he had scarcely heaved the first sigh of satisfaction when he gave a kick and growled:

"Consarn it; but the mosquitoes have found me out already! Take that!"

For the next ten minutes he was busy with the pests, and it was while he was thrashing his arms about and kicking his feet that the hook at the foot of his hammock pulled out, and Mr. Bowser came down with a crash on the roof. The gravel flew and he uttered a yell, and I appeared at the window to ask:

"Mr. Bowser, what has happened? Has the roof collapsed?"

"Collapsed nothing!" he growled, as he hunted for the hook.

"But what was that awful noise?"

"I didn't hear a sound. I got out of the hammock to lower it a bit. Go back to bed and stay there!"

When he thought I had gone he fixed the hook and got back into the hammock, but I could hear him growling under his breath about pitch, gravel, mosquitoes and idiots, and I knew he wasn't at peace with all mankind, for the next half hour I could hear him slapping at the insects and twisting about. Then I suddenly caught sight of three or four boys skulking up the alley. It was bright moonlight, and from the way they acted I knew that they were "on" to Mr. Bowser. Some of them had probably seen him slinging the hammock before dark and suspected his design. They came opposite, stood in line, and at a signal all let fly, and jumped behind the barn. Each one threw a potato, and while only one hit the hammock, the others crashed against the house with a loud noise.

"Jewhittaker! but what on earth is that?" gasped Mr. Bowser as he sat up.

"Mr. Bowser, is everything all right?" I asked from the window.

"Everything all right! What's the matter with you? Why don't you go to bed?"

"I—I thought I heard another noise."

"Oh you did! Well, I didn't. I was almost asleep when you yelled out."

I pretended to go away, and after a bit Mr. Bowser settled down on his back and everything was quiet. Then the boys came out again. There were four of them.

They had a hat full of missiles, and threw three, three or four before making a retreat. Mr. Bowser was hit in the head with a potato, and in the side with a tomato, and on the leg with a cucumber, and the noise of the other missiles against the house was like a cannonade.

"Here—whoa—police!" shouted Mr. Bowser, as he struggled up, but that moment the head of the hammock gave way and he was poured out on the roof in a confused heap. He made two jumps for the window and got in, but not in time to catch me. He came into the bed-room with pitch on his hands and feet and gravelstones in his hair, and before I could say a word he began:

"Mrs. Bowser, I'll get even with you for this, if I have to live 100 years!"

"Why, what have I done?"

"Never you mind! Look at me! Aren't I a purty sight!"

"Yes, but why did you try to sleep out there!"

"You asked why—you! Why—why——?"

And he was so overcome that he danced around on one leg and couldn't find the soap and towel until I got up and placed them in his hands. It took him an hour to get the pitch off, and as he came to his bed he said:

"Go to your mother's. My lawyer will open a correspondence with you there. I shall instruct him to deal liberally with you, can see our child two or three times a year."

As a Belfast young lady was combing her hair in a room in the second story, a little bird flew in at the open window and alighting on a washbowl which contained water, proceeded to take a bath. When it had completed its ablutions in bird fashion, it shook off the superfluous moisture and flew out of the window, paying no attention to the occupant or the room.

FEAR INDIAN TROUBLES.

The Oregonian's special from Boise City, Idaho, says that Mr. White, an old frontiersman and Indian fighter of the Meadows, the upper end of the Long Valley, near Salmon River, has sent a despatch to Gov. Shoup, informing him that the condition of affiairs among the Indians of that place is alarming. It was the ground camping spot for the Nez Perce Indians before the Indian war of 1877. After the capture of the Nez Pierces under Chief Joseph and the exile of the Indians for ten years, they were permitted to return to the reservation at Lapwai, near Lewiston. The tribe is very much discontented at the treatment received, deaths of braves, and loss of stock, and has been heard to vow vengeance on the whites. Over two hundred Indians are now camped at Meadows, and a number of warriors are in war paint. The people are alarmed at the hostile talk and appearance of the Indians. Squaws tell the settlers to be careful. The greatest excitement prevails in Long Valley. Settlers are arming and ready to defend themselves against attempts of the savages to murder their families and to burn and pillage their homes.

Gov. Shoup despatched Murray to reach the Meadows by forced march as soon as possible, to act as a check on the Indians. He has also despatched an agent to Lewiston, giving a full account of the situation, the fears of settlers, etc., and urging him to take immediate steps to get the Indians back on the reservation. The Governor expresses himself with caution, and says he hardly thinks affiars will come to open hostilities, but is taking every precaution to avoid trouble.

LETTER FROM A LEPER.

The Detroit Free Press gives these extracts from a farewell letter of a leper in Molokai to a relative in that city: "This is one of the liveliest places I have ever seen. Lepers are full of hilarity. Girls, boys, children—some very bad—all playing together as if there was nothing wrong. They play the guitar and flute constantly. When I first came here and had to go through a row of lepers with their faces and hands I wanted to die, but now I am used to them I don't mind them so much.

"When I first came up here I wanted to commit suicide, but I am calmed down now I have built a neat little cottage some distance away from everybody, all inclosed with a stone wall. I have a horse and sulky, plenty of newspapers and magazines. My great trouble now is my eyesight. When I can't read any more then I want to die. I would sooner be here with this desease than in any other part of the world, where I would be shunned by everybody.

"My right hand is giving out. I have two fingers that do not have much feeling in them. My left foot is also affected. I am breaking in a horse. He stepped on my foot. I let him stand there some time and had no pain. You see, it is a curious disease that appears to destroy without pain. There is no cure for it. It is sure to kill, and is only a question of time."

In a postcript sheet he says: "I have now a good nurse who will see me properly buried, which I hope will be soon."

BUILDING BY NIGHT.

Buildings and other works are now constructed at such express speed that it becomes necessary for the workmen engaged to labor at night, as well, as during the day. Especially is this the case in London, England, where ground is valuable and where, during building operations, a heavy rent is running and no return in coming in. This custom has rendered necessary some form of brilliant artificial light, and many ingenious lamps have been contrived, which generally owe their radiance to some form of cheap crude oil, which is forced under pressure into spray, or vaporized, and then ignited in a special form of burner. A New lamp of this description, called "the Comet," has recently been introduced, and it embodies one or two features. It consists of a tank, above which is fixed on a standards the coal burner in which the oil is vaporized. The liquid is forced up to this level by meansof an air pump attached to the tank. A light oil is used, as it has been found, in other systems, that those of a heavy description are apt to leave a heavy deposit of carbon in the connections, and so impede the action of the apparatus.

THE SEARCH FOR PRETTY WIVES.

Girls to be successful to-day must have something more than pretty features. The men who are worth marrying are looking for something else than pretty faces, coy manners or fetching gowns. They are recognizing full well that women are progressing at a pace which will quicken, rather than slacken. They realize that the woman of to-morrow will be brighter in mind than her predecessor of to-day. Hence, they are looking for wives who will be the equal of that of her neighbor. Beauty is being considered an adjunct to common sense. "I want a wife who knows something, who is worth having for what she knows, not one of these social butterflies," said one of the greatest "catches" of the last New York season to me at the winter's close. And he expressed the sentiments of thousands of the young men of to-day. The scent for pretty wives is over, and the look out for bright young women has begun. And the girl who to-day trains her mind to knowledge will be the woman of to-morrow.

SAMUEL SLATER'S DREAM.

An interesting centenary will be celebrated next December at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, where Samuel Slater, on 21st of December, 1790, virtually began cotton manufacture in this country, although previous efforts had been made. Slater was a pupil of Arkwright, and as the English law forbade the communications of models of the cotton-spinning machinery to other countries, Slater, trusting to his memory, reconstructed it under a contract with William Almy and Smith Brown. But for some time he could not recall a small but essential part of the process, and the tradition is that in a dream he returned to England, examined the macninery, found what he wanted and upon awaking completed his work successfully.

A recent article in the Evening Post alludes to this story. But many years ago Mr. Slater himself related the circumstances to a gentleman in this country, who often repeated it to his family, from whom we have it. After long labor, working secretely, with the aid of one man only, Slater thought that he had put the machinery in running order, and invited a few gentlemen interested in the enterprise, to see the happy result of his toil. Proud and excited, he essayed to start the machine, but it did not move. In vain he tried, and, mortified and grieved, he dismissed his friends, assuring them, however, that he should certainly discover the difficulty.

But he was deeply discouraged. All the day and night he pondered and examined and tested and tried to move the machinery. But still it remained motionless. At length, heart-sick and weary, he leaned his head against the machine and went to sleep. As he slept he heard distinctly a cheerful, friendly voice saying, "Why don't you chalk the bands, Sam?" He started up, broad awake, and knew at once that a slight friction in the working of the machine was what was wanting, and again summoning his friends, he saw in the smooth action of the jenny the triumphant result of his work. It is a pleasant story, and the Slater legend is not an invention, unless Mr. Slater deceived himself.—Harper's Weekly.

RIDDLED WITH SHOT.

The Pacific mail steamship Colon arrived, bringing some of the passengers who were on board the steamer Acapulco at the time when Gen. Barrundia was killed by Gautemalan officers, while the vessel lay in the harbor of San Jose. An eye witness gives this story of the tragedy:

"The steamship Acapulco left San Francisco, Aug. 13. On her arrival at Acapulco Mexico, Gen. Barrundia, ex-minister of war of Guatemala, came on board from the Starbuck, a sister ship. He was known to be hostile to the present government of Guatemala, and it was understood that he was on his way to San Salvador. He was attended by two men as body guard. When the ship arrived at Champerico, Gautemala, the authorities, who had been warned that Barrundia was on board, at once sent off two boat loads of soldiers and demanded his surrender. Capt. Pitts peremptorily refused to accede to this demand. An attempt was made to coerce him by withholding clearance papers, but after a detention of twenty-four hours the vessel was permitted to resume her course. This was Aug. 27, and on the evening of the same day the steamer arrived at San Jose.

"No sooner had the Acapulco cast anchor than two boat loads of soldiers were sent off from shore to keep close watch that no one without proper credentials should leave the vessel for the shore. Within pistol shot of where the Acapulco lay were two United States gunboats. Capt. Pitts had telegraphed to their commanding officer from Champerico requesting assistance, but his dispatch was not delivered. Now he made a personal appeal to them for help. The response was that the men-of-war could do nothing without an order from the port captain. Next day the ship was again invaded by the commandant of a special force of men, acccompanied by another boat load of soldiers. This time the Guatemalan officers came furnished with an 'order of arrest' signed by American Minister Mizner. The commandant produced his papers and made a formal demand for the delivery of Gen. Barrundia. Then he directed that all the cabin passengers be ordered below. When this order had been executed, the entire force of Guatemalan officers proceeded to Gen. Barrundia's room, Capt. Pitts going with them. Capt. Pitts, after deprecating the necessity of surrendering his passengers to the authorities, began to read the order for the general's arrest. Gen. Barrundia had quietly met them at the door, but at once divining that all was over, he reached into his room for his revolvers, and, with the remark 'very good,' he fired. The ball just missed Capt. Pitts, who together with the commandant ran to his room, locked the door and hid under the bed, leaving the man hunting for the special officers. Barrundia was a short-sighted man, and being very nervous was unable to do any damage, though he chased them in and out of the saloon, firing wildly. At last the officers dropped him from different points, riddled with shot, on the hurricanc deck. About forty shots were fired in all. The brave commandant thereupon came from his hiding place. walked up to the dead man and fired into his skull. The dead pody was rolled up in a piece of canvas, bundled down the gangway into one of the boats and conveyed ashore, to be sent to Guatemala, where it was interred the next day. The other boats conveying the gallant perpetrators of the deed, their revolvers openly displayed in their hands, made a detour round by the United States warships on their way to the shore. As they left the ship, some smilingly waved their hands, and one placed his thumb to his nose and extended the other fingers in a familiar and well-known manner. Still the incident was not over. The Guatemalans had to wipe their feet a little more on the suffering ship, and she was not allowed to proceed until the baggage belonging to Barrundia had been searched, presumably for evidence incriminating others. This was submitted to—the gunboats still silent and sleepy, not a hundred yards away. Indeed at the time of the tragedy an officer from one of the was aboard the Acapulco.

When Gen. Barrundia had first come aboard his baggage had been searched, and his arms, consisting of two revolvers, a sword and a dagger, had been taken charge of by the captain. But somehow, after the affray, six other revolvers and about forty rounds of catridges were found. Barrundia's body guard, at the commencement of the fighting, had run below and been locked up for safety. The steamer was finally allowed to proceed. The Americans on board were indignant at the whole affair. Ugly rumors were afloat that money had influenced somewhere in securing the surrender of the man, Capt. Pitts was considered partly excusable for his action, seeing that he had had applied in vain to the warships for assistance and that he was confronted with an order from the American minister. At the same time the feeling prevailed that had he shown the same firmness at San Jose as he did at Champerico, Barrundia would not have been shot. The passengers condemned the action of the men-of-war and minister Mizner."

According to the Graschdanin, Captain Illarionoff, a Russian officer of the Guards, will shortly start upon a riding tour, visiting all the Europeon capitals except those of Scandinavia. He will be furnished with introductions to distinguished personages in each chief city, whom he will interview. He will carry with him a phonograph, for the purpose of recording viva voce the utterances of the interviewed. On the completion of his journey Captain Illarionoff will invite Russian society in the capital to hear the phonographically reproduced voices of all the famous people interviewed.

How blind some persons are, to be sure! Standing in the railway station the other day, we heard no less than a score of people ask, "Is this car going?" when anybody with eyes in his head ought to have seen that the car was standing stock still.

A HINDOO MARRIAGE.

Queer Brahmin Nuptials at a Ceremony at Bombay.

As it was growing late we felt that we had waited long enough, and prepared to proceed brideward. This seemed to be the signal for a new departure, and a procession was again formed. At the bride's house few changes had been made, but a "choree" or marriage hall had been formed by placing at each of the four corners of a square, earthen-ware water vessels, one acove the other, and held in position by supports of bamboo. In the centre was the sacred fire. Hardly had we arrived, when everybody took seats. The priests performed "fire sacrifice" before them, and fastened the boy's scarf to the marriage veil of the girl. The wur mala, or marriage garland, composed of twenty-four strings of red cotton, was hung around their necks, their hands were again joined beneath the dirty scarf, the women sang nuptial hymns in honor of the gods Krishna and Ram, and then commenced a series of performances in which the "bridegroom's mother-in-law" was the principal actor.

MOTHER-IN-LAW TAKES A HAND.

First a great platter of food was brought, which the mother presented to her daughter, who first gave of it to her bridegroom, and he then helped her. Red powder was put upon the forehead of both again and again, not only by the priest, "bridegroom's mother-in-law" and the little brother, but by numerous female friends. Again and again was the immense platter resembling a paint shop with its various powders brought forth. Hands and feet of bride and groom were rubbed with red powder, which is an emblem of prosperity, annointed with oil and washed with water. Hands were made to touch each other many times, and toes to touch toes.

We could see that the bride's little brown feet were heavy with toe rings, whose pendants half covered the foot, and the plainer toe rings the mother was constantly removing from one foot to the other. Louder and louder grew the nuptial songs, and one high voiced woman, the leader of the singers on our side of the "choree," seemed to be firing challenges at the officiating priest, and he to be replying to her in an expostulatory manner. Then the brass bands would begin, play a moment and stop, never by any accident in harmony. As the noise subsided for a time an immense brass platter was brought, whereupon rice had been arranged somewhat in the form of the letter X, which is a mystic symbol used in religious ceremonies from a very remote period, and signifying success and happiness.

SONGS, GESTURES AND POWDER.

Into the angles of the cross red powder was sprinkled by the priest, and surrounding friends began to throw copper coins upon it. They seemed to be tossing for the fortunes of the young couple, one of whom, who seemed so weary and disgusted and half blinded by the smoke, was repeatedly yawning and looking around as if to ask if relief would ever come, while he was nearly roasted by the fire, so near which he was obliged to sit, A pan was brought in at this part of the proceedings in which were two or three kinds of meal. Ghee, or clarified butter, being put upon the flour, the officiating woman, or the "bridegroom's mother-in-law" proceeded to stir it with her hand and to make a kind of dough, of which bridegroom, bride, mother-in-law, and priest each took a little and dropped on the fire, which was now burning brightly.

Finally bride and groom arose, and he, with one arm around her neck, embracing her as though she was a porcupine and he was afraid of the quills, they proceeded around the "choree," guided by the priest, and pausing at each of the four columns of earthenware pots, where appropriate signs of worship were made. Singing, gesticulation and powdering followed, and as they sat again the sacred betel leaf was given to each and they placed it upon the fire. Four times they made the circumambulation, and we were told that if by any chance this was done only three times it was no real marriage.

On the fourth return bride and groom, now husband and wife, exchanged their seats, and then came congratulations. Almost all the female friends came forward and put silver rupees in the bride's hand, and stepping behind her embraced her from behind. We were told that this was the end.—San Francisco Bulletin.

CRANKS.

Oh, here and there,
And everywhere
The cranks are coming and going—
No wind from the sea,
No wind from the lea,
But cranks to cranks is blowing.

'Twere vain to try
To classify
The crank, whose name is legion;
Who buzzes and swarms,
Pulls down reforms,
In every terrestrial region.

But it's safe to say,
In a general way,
Of crankery, and every sort of it,
That the long-haired he
And the short-haired she
Are about the long and short of it.

THE SAILOR'S DITTY BOX.

The ditty box of a man-o'-war's man is a greater receptacle for flotsam and jetsam than is a junk shop. These seamen are not allowed to have chests. Each has a locker where he keeps his clothes, and a rack where he stows his ditty box. In the box he has tobacco, his needles and thread, patch cloth, cards, Bible, pictures, shells, and curiosities, love letters, soap, medicine, charms thimble, scissors, razor, buttons, strings, and a score of other things. With a ditty box under his arm, a man-o'-war's man would be at ease on the remotest and dreariest South Sea Island. Without it he would be only half a man.—New York Sun.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

The Press says: The fate of Joseph Roth, a well-to-do saloon-keeper of Buffalo, N. Y., whose mysterious disappearance was reported in these despatches, has just been learned. Roth left Buffalo in June for a trip to Europe, and sailed from New York on June 19, with five hundred dollars in his pocket. From that time until the present no word was received of him save the steamship company's agent that he had disembarked safely at Harve. Kipolyte Siegrist, a barber, arrived home from abroad recently, and states that he was a fellow passenger of Roth across the ocean. On the forth day out Roth was taken sick with what appeared to be a fit. Siegrist saw Roth struggling in the hands of the doctor and his assistant. He saw the doctor go through Roth's pockets and pull out a lot of money. The doctor counted the money over in French and said there was "quatre cent soixante-cinq" (four hundred and sixty-five dollars), and then they began to whisper. Roth was then sensible and became quieter. Next day Siegrist was told that Roth had become violent and had torn the furniture in his room to pieces. Then he heard that Roth was dead, one of the waiters saying that he had died in a terrible spasm. Next morning Siegrist heard that Roth had been dropped into the sea during the night. Siegrist says Roth never landed at Harve as reported and that his death was very suspicious.

BOSTON MARKETS.

BUTTER—The butter market is steady and no new features are reported. Trade is quiet and the arrivals are of a fair size. Sales are made at old prices. We quote: Extra to fancy Western creamery, soft wood, 23c to 24c; hard wood, 20 to 22; firsts and extra firsts, 17 to 19c; extra to choice Northern creamery, 24c to 25c; firsts and extra firsts, 20 to 23c; Eastern creamery, fair to good 20 to 21c; extra imitation creamery, 17 to 18c; common, 13 to 15c; ladle-packed, 13 to 15c; Northern dairy, choice, 20 to 22c; common, 14 to 18c. Western dairy extra, 13c to 14c. These quotations are receivers' prices for wholesale lots.

EGGS—The market is steady, with a quiet trade. The supply is ample, and all perfect lots sell at full prices. We quote: Near-by, 24 to 25c; Eastern extras, 22c; Western and Southwestern, 19 to 20c; Michigan, 20 to 21c; Canadian, 20c; Islands, 20 to 21c; Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, 20 to 21c. These are wholesale prices for choice stock.

HAY AND STRAW—There is no material change to report. Trade is quiet