

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1892.

## THE ARRIVAL OF "JIM."

HOW MONCTON TURNED OUT TO RE-CEIVE "BUCKS" COMPANION.

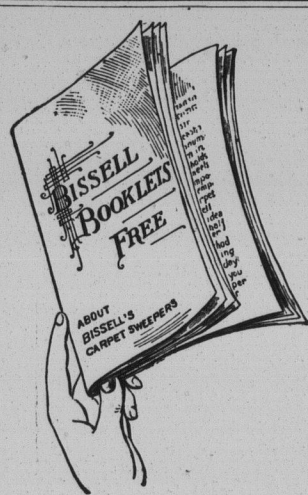
The scene at the depot and the efforts of the people to see the notorious tramp, "Jim," whose name and final resting place—his administration for Mr. Carroll. When a rumor arose on the streets last Friday evening that "Jim" had not only been captured, but was actually coming in on the evening train, the majority of the citizens received the information with a "faint smile," and the remark, "I think I have heard something like that before." They had heard it before, and so many times that the news had lost all its former piquancy—like champagne which has been left uncorked, the sparkle had gone off and left it flat and stale. Indeed there had been so many suppositions of "Jim's" sighting in the offing lately that the experienced citizen, who had already had one or two fruitless runs to the station in the hope of seeing the long-expected and anxiously sought "Jim," required some stronger confirmation of the report than mere rumors. But for once rumor was correct and the one only original "Jim" was really on the nine o'clock freight train en route for Moncton. When this became known, beyond all possibility of doubt, about one-half of the population resolved themselves into a reception committee, and started for the station. The rain was coming down in torrents, but it would have taken a cloud burst apparently to dampen the enthusiasm of the crowd; even the gentle sex was well represented, the fair ones donning water proofs and rubbers and joining in the procession with an order born of that love of sport which is said to be implanted in the breast of every true born Briton and by the time "number 38" steamed into the station there was scarcely standing room on the wet, slippery platform. As the involuntary hero of the occasion was assisted from the car there was a frantic rush on the part of the crowd to get a look at him; people elbowed their dearest friends and relentlessly trampled on the toes of their nearest relations in their mad efforts to catch a glimpse of the small frightened looking man whose head was bowed up and whose face showed most unpleasant evidence of its contact with the brawny knuckles of ex-policeman Peter Carroll, of Pictou, and, by the way, I believe the said knuckles suffered from a secondary degree from their contact with Jim's head. Some of the crowd were disappointed however, as the train was stopped at the northern crossing and the prisoner walked down to the cabstand and hurried into a cab. As the cab drove off the excitement passed all bounds and yells of "Hurrah for Jim!" "Hurrah for Jim!" "HURRAH FOR JIM!" rent the murky air. Boys climbed upon the cab and hung on behind shouting frantically, only to be slashed at with the whip, and after a moment's discouragement seized upon a fresh hold and exclaiming with renewed energy to Jim's chariot wheels. The procession down Main street was almost a triumphal march, and by the time the police station was reached it had augmented to such an extent that neither circus day in a country town, nor the orange procession on the twelfth could be compared with it; everybody was there and everybody felt it incumbent upon them to announce their presence by vigorous shouting, so that by the time the prisoner and his guard reached the lock up, the shouting crowd looked more formidable than the prisoner himself. He had expressed a fear of lynching, and begged the police to protect him. Once inside the goal, he has handed over to the kind ministrations of Dr. Botsford, who dressed his wounded head, and prescribed liberal doses of beef tea to be administered through the night to the famished creature who had been without food for eight days, except the few berries he picked in the woods. Even with the disappearance of the prisoner the excitement of the crowd failed to abate and they continued to surround the lockup, some of the more adventurous spirits even climbing up by the windows in the faint hope of catching one more sight of the celebrated Jim, and it was late into the night before the last excited citizen had departed, and a sort of watchful and open-eyed peace settled down over the city. I understand that Jim's treatment has from the very outset, been a great improvement upon that accorded to his predecessor in the public interest, and I believe this largely due to the kindness of Dr. Botsford who is the real physician, and who ordered the culprit a substantial breakfast of chops, coffee, and other luxuries not usually included in the jail bill of fare, and even requested that his handcuffs be removed while he was eating. Dr. Botsford evidently believes that a man who has been starving for more than a week is less a criminal than an object of sympathy, and that the best way to bring the moral faculties into good working order is to tone up the exhausted stomach. Of course we are all glad that Jim has been caught at last, and I really believe that Jim himself fully shares in the general rejoicing, and is glad the suspense is over and things definitely settled so that he can be reasonably sure of three meals a day and a quiet place to lie down at night. But still I think there is a lingering regret in our minds that so much capital is going out of the province, and we shall no longer be able to feast our eyes on the important announcement that \$750 will be paid for the capture of Jim. GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE. ENTERTAINING OFFER CARROLL. Moncton People Disposed to Think Much of "Jim's" Capture. MONCTON, Aug. 16.—The game of Hare and Hounds is over at last, and the hare safely lodged behind the bars of the lock up! It has been an exciting chase, and kept up with spirit to the very end, the hare had long odds against him at the start, and long before the chase was over he was

spent with fatigue and hunger but he made a gallant fight even at the last and only yielded to circumstances which were many degrees too strong for him. Now that the game is over the question of prizes is the next one to be considered, and as the spoils belong legally to the victor there can be no doubt that the great cash prize in this game of chance has been won by a stranger, a man who had a narrow escape from being a member of the Moncton police force, and who has satisfactorily proved what a great mistake the powers that be, made in not securing his services. Our own police force have undoubtedly done their best, and the special constables sworn in since the search began have not been behind hand in doing their duty, and following up the many and varied trails on which they have been started but luck has been against them, and where they failed Mr. Peter O. Carroll, of Pictou has succeeded, and fairly won the coveted reward of \$750. The capture was in every respect a fair one, and the courage displayed by Mr. Carroll won the respect even of the prisoner himself; he used no weapons and did not strike his captive until the culprit tried to draw his revolver, even then using only his fist, the natural weapon of man from prehistoric times, and though the prisoner's face is rather badly bruised and cut from the blow, there is little doubt that had Jim been given an opportunity he would have disfigured his captor in a much worse manner. I understand that Mr. Carroll wishes the reward to be divided between Constable Wisner who assisted at the capture and himself. Public sentiment seems to be unanimous upon one point, best expressed in a very few words, namely—"Three cheers for Peter Carroll!" SNAKES AS SURGEONS. How They Manage to Fix Themselves Together When Left for Dead. Farmer Ansley, of Rouletto, Penn., has decided opinions about the ability of rattlesnakes—at least those that grow on his farm—to do extraordinary things, and one of these is an operation in ophidian surgery, in the successful performance of which, as wonderful as it is, Farmer Ansley is not only willing but apparently anxious to back up any of his snakes with money. "There's one of my snakes now," said the farmer the other day, speaking about his dens to a number of curious callers, as a big, bright-hued, fire-eyed rattlesnake crawled indolently under a rail fence and out to the roadside, where he paused to bask in the sun. "Now, I'll bet any of you an even \$10 that I can cut that snake in two with an ax, place the two parts ten feet from each other, leave them there, and in ten hours' time the part with the head on will have come back to the other half, shoved its cut end against the cut end of the piece with the tail on, and by an operation of its own will have cemented or grown itself together again so that it can travel away just as good a snake as it ever was." There either was not \$10 among the visitors, or any one of them who had the amount was afraid to take the bet, for it was not taken. "I'll bet you \$2," said one of the party. "No, sir," said Farmer Ansley. "I don't put any of my snakes to the strain of that operation for less than \$10!" So the men came away. They were from Rouletto, and when they arrived home and told the story of Farmer Ansley's bet they were glad he hadn't taken them on the \$2 bet they offered to make, for Dan Hanley told them something that convinced them that if Farmer Ansley had taken them up he would have won the stake. Dan Hanley is the village blacksmith. He is a well-to-do citizen, and his word has never been questioned in the community—at least it never had been up to Saturday last. If it has suffered any since then the fact is due entirely to the circumstance that snakes are able to do queer things. "There is no doubt that the rattlesnake could have done just what Farmer Ansley offered to bet it could," said blacksmith Hanley. "I know it from what I have seen myself. I was sitting on my stoop one day, when one of these common garter snakes came out of the walk. I had a hoe in my hand, and I got up and whacked the snake in two with it. The part with the tail on squirmed about a good bit, but the part that had the head on wriggled away as lively as could be, and hid under a board. I sat there a while, somewhat surprised at what I had seen, and by and by I saw the head of the snake peek out from under the board. Pretty soon the snake came boldly out, and made its way with that part of its body to where the other half lay. It backed itself up against the severed end of the other part, pressed the two ends together, and then bent its head back to the place of separation, and with its mouth and tongue covered the wound with a slimy substance, all round about the severed spot. It plastered itself in this way for a minute or more, then straightened out and lay quiet for some time. Then the snake started away, apparently as whole and firm as it was before I chopped the hoe through it, and disappeared in the grass and bushes. The Rapidity of Flies. "The speed of a fly is something that I have always had a great curiosity to know," said J. A. Bascom, of Little Rock, Ark. "I rode out of Little Rock early one morning over the Little Rock and Memphis railroad. My business necessitated my occupying a seat in the engineer's cab. The fly was chill and crisp, and as we passed through a stretch of swamp I noticed that great swarms of little green flies that abound in the Arkansas swamps were attracted to the locomotive by its heat. They appeared almost frozen. They flew along close to the engine to keep warm. Going on a down grade of 45 miles in length we ran a mile a minute. The flies easily kept up with us, and really went faster than we travelled. I am confident their speed was greater than a mile a minute, and I will venture the assertion that they then didn't reach the limit."

## THE RISE AND FALL OF VOICE.

Once No Living Thing Had One, and the Same Will Be True Again.

There was a time in the history of the world when even the animals had no voice. There were no sounds or noises then but those made by the winds whistling through mountain tops and howling through primeval forests, or of the waves dashing on shores absolutely silent and dead. The animals of those geological epochs, being in the plastic state preceding the development of the osseous structure that now gives form and comeliness to the human body, were just beginning to breathe the external air with a gentle respiration. Ages, it should rather be said epochs, were passed in this manner, in the course of which the habit of respiration developed the lungs. Then the use of the throat essential to the taking of food produced those organs necessary to speech, which are called the pharynx, glottis, and larynx. It seems that Providence, as a matter of supreme convenience, made the same passage serve for eating, speaking and breathing, although another arrangement was possible, like respiratory apparatus of the grasshopper, which is placed at the sides. This is one of the very few exceptions to the rule which applies in common to man and most animals. When the upper part of the throat was in an advanced state of development the act of respiration began to be accompanied by certain muscular sounds, at first a vibration of chords, and are grave or acute according to the size of these chords. There is little reason to doubt that the first sounds made by animals were low down in the musical scale, but as the voice, guided by instinct, was more and more used, either for the purpose of amusement or to inspire terror, they would naturally, in the case of many species in which there was a more pronounced development of the cranium, be made more in the head and become what we now call head tones. The chief cause of this rapid change in living on the land, the voice of those whose habits continued to be amphibious remaining much the same. There came in the course of time to be a great variety in the voices of animals, determined partly by their size, but generally by the circumstances of their life. The lion having different species of the same line living in forests cultivated the higher tones. The lion adapted his voice to the vast desert spaces where he roamed and gained a scanty subsistence. The dog in his wild state probably uttered a howl, and expressed his lower notes of the scale and expressed his hostility only by barking. Since his domestication, having acquired a sort of human sentiment, he yelps and whines in the higher tones to express feelings that are but imperfectly understood. The cat imitates the high soprano of the human voice, a long neck and a head nearly as long imitates in his neighing most of the modern tenors. The animals of the bovine tribe produce the voice from low down in the throat, and occasionally venturing on certain higher and exceedingly unusual notes. A great variety of tone and compass is found among the birds, from the shrill scream of those of a ravenous kind down to the parrots, among which are found the basses, baritones, and contraltos of the race. The singing birds combine the high and low tones with extraordinary flexibility of voice and a perfection of vocalism at which they arrived probably at a very remote period of the world's history. Man inherited from his immediate ancestors, the apes and monkeys, a voice of considerable altitude, in which the lower tones were almost unknown. The monkey chattered for their fellows from tree to tree in shrill head tones, the natural vocal expression of a weak and timid race, in whose physical formation the head had begun to hold an important place. The upper notes of the register were the characteristic of the first men, as they still are of savage tribes and peoples, and of the half civilized members of modern society, whose voices have never been subjected to discipline. The voices of country people accustomed to magnificent distances and conversation at long range are all not heard higher, often used in the upper ranges than those of city people, who feel obliged by the necessities of good breeding to moderate their tones. When a man is self-contained he uses the middle and lower tones of his voice; when angry the voice mounts gradually to the head. If the gentler sex would often bear in mind the eulogies of Shakespeare and Scott of that voice gentle and low which is an excellent thing in woman they would more rarely have occasion to wonder why they have ceased to be attractive. The music of the Chinese, Japanese and of all wild tribes is keyed high and sung usually in falsetto, the lower notes being obtained by drums, tom-toms, or some other instruments of the kind. Although their songs are far from agreeable to the ear, they still think they are singing an illusion thereof, it must be confessed, by a considerable number of persons in the most refined modern society. These facts and suggestions contain probably the reason for the belief that the human voice is gradually descending the scale. High notes and sky-scraping sopranos are more and more difficult to find, a great misfortune in these times, when the Wagner operas demand such extraordinary vocal efforts. The Chronicle has already endeavored to explain the awful consequences of this theory carried to its logical result. It has shown that the sopranos will gradually become contraltos; the contraltos tenors, regardless of sex; the tenors baritones, and the baritones basses. It would be well if the misfortune ended here, but this is by no means



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all. When the whole human race is only able to speak in bass tones there will continue to be a depression of the higher of these, until one single dead level is reached, above which the voice will be unable to rise. To this unfortunate voice music in all its forms will long have been impossible. For a while a conversation, whose ghastly solemnity can only be imagined, will be carried on, and then the vocal organs will cease entirely to exist.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## DOTS AND DASHES FROM A SPOOK.

The Message Over an Instrument Without Wires or Battery.

One of the wildest, weirdest stories of the supernatural that has ever come under the experience of mortal man is told by H. H. Field, the Big Four telegraph operator at Southside Station. Mr. Field is a very intelligent and conscientious man, and he relates his fearful experience with a candor and earnestness that almost make one believe it in spite of its extreme improbability. "I have been a telegraph operator for twenty-two years. I have told my story to at least a hundred people, and I have never met one yet who would believe that it was an actual fact. I know that it will be a severe test on your credulity, but my experience is Gospel truth. I want you to understand that I have never, and do not now, believe in the supernatural. I have never attended a spiritualistic seance in my life, and am rather inclined to accept the philosophy of Bob Ingersoll." Mr. Field was quite reluctant about telling his story for publication, but finally consented to do so. He is an entertaining talker, and related the great event of his life with an ease that showed that he had told it before. "It was several years ago," he began, "when I was much younger than I am now. I was assigned to night duty at a little station called Evansburg, in Pennsylvania, on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio railroad. I hadn't been around the world very much, but I flattered myself that I had a good deal of mechanical genius. The office was in charge of an old foggy sort of fellow named Jones. The telegraph instrument got out of adjustment, and I knew something about repairing it. Jones suggested that I take to my home an old-fashioned relay box and fix it up. Glad of the opportunity to show what I could do, I carried the box to my boarding-house one morning and put it on a shelf in an old cupboard and went to bed, intending to fix it after my sleep was over. I had been in bed but a few minutes, and had not got to sleep, when, to my surprise and astonishment, the armature, or what is otherwise known as the lever on the instrument, began ticking. I was perfectly amazed, and thought there must be some mistake. To satisfy myself that I had not been carried away by my imagination, for the ticking was faint and subdued, I got out of bed, and, with fear and trembling, opened the cupboard door. I took the instrument in my hand and it continued to work. I put it on the table, but the sound it made was unintelligible. I turned the spring so that there would be less resistance, and then, in as clear and perfect Morse as I ever heard, the invisible person, spirit, or whatever it was, wrote: "'Do you get me?' "I was so overcome that I involuntarily answered 'Yes,' without putting it on the instrument. The unknown heard me, for again in the beautiful writing, it continued: "'Thank God, at last. My name is Charles Blake. I am an old-timer. My parents, who reside in Mount Pleasant, Ia., have lost me. They don't know what my fate has been. I want you to write to my father, Homer Blake, at Mount Pleasant, Ia., and inform him that I died at Shreveport, Tex., of yellow fever, on —.' I have forgotten the date, but it was several years prior to the date of this communication. I was frightened to death. My hair stood on end. My boarding-house was two miles from the telegraph

station, and there was no battery nearer than the station, and there was no telegraph wire of any kind in the vicinity. I was a little dubious about the communication from the other world or from somewhere, I will not undertake to say. Before venturing to write to Homer Blake, as directed, I picked up a Western Union tariff book which I had in my room to see if there was such a town as Mount Pleasant, Ia. I found that there was such a place, a fact that I did not know before and that it was located on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. To satisfy myself and not be taken in, I wrote a letter to the postmaster at Mount Pleasant, and asked him if he knew of any one in the vicinity named Homer Blake, and to give me what information he could, without telling him what I wanted it for. A few days later I received a reply, and I have his letter somewhere among my effects, in which he said that Homer Blake had lived in Mount Pleasant some years before, but that he had moved away, to what place he did not know. Blake, he informed me, had two sons, one of whom, Charles, was supposed to be dead, and the other was a grain merchant in the far West."

"Did you not pursue your investigations further?" "No, I did not. The truth is I was scared to death. I worked that wire for eighteen months. Every time I took off the relay it made the same peculiar noise and worked in a sputtering sort of a way, and to show that there must have been some hidden or occult force it crossed the other wires. Every once in a while I used to ask Jones if he heard the noise, and he laughed at me. He never believed my story, although the reply from the postmaster at Mount Pleasant somewhat staggered him. I was actually so afraid to take the relay off that my hair used to stand on end, and I never had any further communication with the hidden force that called itself Charles Blake. I shall never forget that experience as long as I live. People look so incredulous and are so apt to believe me a crank or a spiritualist when I tell it that I never relate it any more unless I am asked to do so."

Mr. Field lives with his wife at Southside. He is well known in this city, and has the reputation of being a truthful and sensible man. There is no doubt in the world that he sincerely thinks that he was talked to on that old instrument without wire or battery, and he declares most solemnly that it could not have been a matter of fancy.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Precautions Against Poisons.

In my practice as a doctor, says a writer in an English paper, I have often noticed when visiting a sick room that the nurse is very careless as to the manner in which the different medicines prescribed are placed about the room. I have noticed over and over again that a bottle of the most deadly poison placed alongside a bottle of medicine to be taken every two hours, and I have frequently wondered to myself what dreadful consequences might ensue if, in a fading light, the nurse hastily took up the bottle of poison instead of the bottle of medicine and administered it to the patient. It is a wonder more accidents of this kind do not happen, considering the little precaution taken to prevent it. Perhaps you will allow me to make a suggestion, which I think doctors all over the country will see the force of. At present it is necessary to affix to a bottle of poison a label which is usually printed in bold letters, in red ink, with the word "poison." This, in ordinary circumstances, would prevent mistakes being made, but it is always in extraordinary circumstances, coupled with carelessness, that accidents do happen. Patients ought to be protected in some manner against a risk of accident, and my suggestion is: That on one side of a bottle containing poison there should always be affixed a label describing a suitable antidote

in the event of a dose of poison being administered instead of a dose of medicine.

Suppose, for instance, that a dose of iodine had been administered in mistake there should be a label on the back stating that emetics should be supplied, and plenty of gruel, arrowroot or starch.

Again, suppose that carbolic acid has been taken, the antidote would be emetics, lime water, salad oil, and coffee. By means of these suggestions much valuable time would often be saved.

It is usually the case that, when a nurse discovered that poison has been administered in error, she becomes excited and loses her head, while a messenger is despatched for the nearest doctor in all haste. In these circumstances time is often lost, and the result in many cases is fatal. If my suggestion were adopted immediate measures would be taken to counteract the effect of the poison, and the saving of many lives might be effected.

## A Curious Stone.

One of the most curious stones in the world is found in Finland, where it occurs in many places. It is a natural barometer and actually foretells probable changes in the weather. It is called *seamakur*, and turns black shortly before an approaching rain, while in fine weather it is mottled with spots of white. For a long time this curious phenomenon was a mystery, but an analysis of the stone shows it to be a fossil mixed with clay and containing a portion of rock salt and nitre. This fact being known, the explanation was easy. The salt, absorbing the moisture, turned black when the conditions were favorable for rain, while the dryness of the atmosphere brought out the salt from the interior of the stone in white spots on the surface.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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