

**"TIP" FROM EUGENIE.**

It was the Niece of Dr. Evans' vast Fortune.

Dr. Thomas W. Evans, an American dentist who had lived for many years in Paris, died the other day at his home in the French capital, leaving an enormous fortune, valued at \$35,000,000. In addition to the amassing of this great amount of wealth, Dr. Evans had long been an international character by reason of the part which he played in the escape of Empress Eugenie from the Parisian mob after the abdication and capture of Napoleon.

Dr. Evans had completed his memoirs just previous to his death, and that incident will no doubt be fully described by his own pen. It is extremely doubtful, however, if he has permitted himself to dwell upon the secret of his wealth, or, rather, upon the incident which started him upon the path to fortune.

Dr. Evans received the nucleus of his fortune from a 'tip' given by no less a person than the Empress Eugenie herself. Of course he enjoyed a most lucrative practice, and he has placed crowns in the mouths of a great many persons who also wore crowns upon their heads. Napoleon, the Empress Eugenie, Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, Emperor William and the Sultan of Turkey were all numbered among his patients, and it is safe to say that his fees were by no means small. No American, it is said, has ever enjoyed so firm a footing in Marlborough House.

He was a great favorite with Empress Eugenie, and he afterward demonstrated his loyalty by acting as her personal escort to England during the troublous times of 1870. One day she said to him: 'Doctor, I presume you have saved considerable money from your income?'

Dr. Evans acknowledged that there were a few francs to his credit in bank. But she persisted, and finally learned just how much he was worth. At that time Baron Housemann was planning how to pull down and rebuild Paris. The Empress had in her possession a map of the future capital, showing the full plan of operation. This she placed before him. The various improvements were all carefully noted, including the project Bois de Boulogne. 'It will be beautiful!' cried the Doctor. 'It will be the most beautiful city in the world.'

'Stupid!' exclaimed the Empress. 'Do you think only of the beautiful? Have you no eye to the pecuniary advantages which this offers you?'

Then she showed him another map, showing where she herself had invested in land. The Doctor took his cue. He invested his entire capital in real estate. He purchased plot after plot of ground on the site of the Bois de Boulogne.

The magnificent avenue was finally projected, together with other vast improvements which completely transformed Paris. Real estate increased in value tenfold. Dr. Evans acting upon the 'tip' received from the first lady of the land, awoke to find himself one of the richest men of Paris.

The remarkable success of this American dentist, in numbering among his patrons the greatest potentates of Europe, was due to his profound discretion. It is said of him that he never betrayed a confidence.—N. Y. Herald.

**HUMORS OF KLONDIKE.**

Character Studies to Rival Those of Early California.

By the latest advices from the Klondike, it would seem that it starvation is staring the miners in the face they have not discovered it. The latest letters to the Call give a graphic description to the life at Dawson City. It seems to be strikingly similar to that depicted by Bret Harte in his earlier manner. 'The olden days, the golden days the days of '49' so cunningly depicted by Harte before he went to London and lost the cunning of his pen, seem to have found a replica at Klondike. Tales are told of a certain Switwater Bill who is not unlike the John Oakhurst of Bret Harte's stories. Switwater Bill is apparently the kind of a gambler who always wants to play without limit, and, according to the Klondike stories, he grew disgusted at the skinflint faro-banks in Dawson City, and started one of his own in order that there might be no limit. He came out twenty thousand dollars winner in a single evening, and then sold his faro-bank for ten thousand dollars. One of Switwater Bill's peculiarities is the wearing of diamond rings on all the fingers of both hands and he is said to offer fabulous sums for every diamond that reaches Dawson City.

One of the rivals of Switwater Bill is 'Antonio, the Italian prince,' who is apparently the Barney Barnato of the Klondike. The Italian prince pays his housekeeper five hundred dollars a week pin-money, and she holds a written contract for forty thousand dollars' annual stipend. The prince's housekeeper is called Miss Violet Raymond, and she has a lad of her own, like that of Switwater Bill for diamonds. Miss Raymond has bought up all the silks and satins in Dawson City, ventured in which, arrayed like one of Solomon's lillies, she flaunts along the Dawson boulevards, to

the envy of the other Klondike ladies, who, although they have gold galore, can purchase neither silks nor satins, for the reason that Miss Raymond has them all. Antonio, the Italian prince, is said to own three claims on El Dorado Creek and two claims on Bonanza Creek, and the rumor runs that his claims are made up of half gravel and half coarse gold.

Altogether the humors of the Klondike would furnish rich material for a latter-day Bret Harte. It is true that Joaquin Miller is on the ground, but it is also true that the latter manner of Miller is nothing like the earlier manner of Harte.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**WHY VACCINATION DOES NOT TAKE.**

There are Many Reasons Advanced as to Cause of Failure.

Many people follow the safe custom of being vaccinated every five or ten years, since it is well known that the protection against smallpox afforded by this procedure may become exhausted after a time. Usually such vaccination does not take because the immunity conferred by the previous one is still present, but it is not safe to trust to this too implicitly, since a person may be susceptible to the disease and yet for some reason the vaccination may not take.

One should be suspicious if the arm is exceedingly sore, for this does not always mean that the operation has been a success, but often just the contrary. The inflammation may be due to the admixture of some impurity with the vaccine matter, or as is more likely, to contamination by an imperfectly cleansed lancet, the fingers of the physician or of the patient, or the clothing. In such a case the strange microbes kill the vaccine.

Again, the vaccination does not succeed and the person is thought to be already protected, but a few days later a fever declares itself, such as typhoid fever, measles or scarletina. This fever is often incorrectly attributed by the patient, or his friends to infect on by impure vaccine matter, while the truth is that the disease had already been caught but not yet developed when the vaccination was made, and this like the severe inflammation, also kills the virus.

Another frequent cause of failure is that the vaccine lymph is not inserted deeply enough. It should be inserted beneath the epidermis into the true skin, as shown by the exudation of very minute drops of blood. If the scraping is made too deep, however, the blood will flow in greater quantity and may wash away the vaccine virus, and so lead to failure. Finally, want of success may be due to the fact that the arm has been covered too soon and consequently the lymph has been rubbed off before sufficient time has elapsed to permit of its absorption.

Because of the many, often unavoidable, accidents such as these, which interfere with the success of vaccination, the operation ought always to be repeated in two or three weeks, if the first attempt does not take.

**ABOUT CAMPHOR.**

Where it is Cultivated and how it is Distilled.

Notwithstanding the comparatively narrow limits of its natural environment, says a bulletin in the United States Department of Agriculture, the camphor tree grows well in cultivation under widely different conditions. It has become abundantly naturalized in Madagascar. It flourishes at Buenos Ayres. It thrives in Egypt, in the Canary Islands, in southeastern France, and in the San Joaquin Valley in California, where the summers are hot and dry. Large trees, at least two hundred years old, are growing in the temple courts at Tokio, where they are subject to a winter of seventy to eighty nights of frost, with an occasional minimum temperature as low as 12 to 16 degrees. The conditions for really successful cultivation appear to be a minimum winter temperature not below twenty degrees, fifty inches or more of rain during the warm growing season, and an abundance of plant food, rich in nitrogen. In the native forests in Formosa, Fukien, and Japan camphor is distilled almost exclusively from the wood of the trunks, roots and larger branches.

The work is performed by hand labor, and the methods employed seem rather crude. The camphor trees are felled, and the trunk, larger limbs, and sometimes the roots are cut into chips, which are placed in a wooden tub about forty inches high and twenty inches in diameter at the base, tapering toward the top like an old-fashioned churn. The tub has a tight fitting cover, which may be removed to put in the chips. A bamboo tube extends from near the top of the tub into the condenser. This consists of two wooden tubes of different size, the larger one right side up, keot about two-thirds full of water from a continuous stream which runs out of a hole in one side. The smaller one is inverted with its edges below the water, forming an air-tight chamber.

This air chamber is kept cool by the water falling on the top and running down over the sides. The upper part of the air chamber is sometimes filled with clean rice

straw, on which the camphor crystallizes, while the oil drips down and collects on the surface of the water. In some cases the camphor and oil are allowed to collect together, and are afterward separated by filtration through rice straw or by pressure. About twelve hours are required for distilling a tubful by this method. Then the chips are removed and dried for use in the furnace, and a new charge is put in. At the same time the camphor and oil are removed from the condenser. By this method twenty to forty pounds of chips are required for one pound of crude camphor.

**HE IS IN NO HURRY.**

But is Taking his Time About Being Shot and is Finishing his Job.

The story of Penelope is recalled by what the Chicago Times-Herald tells of a stone-mason, who is said to be now working on a public building in a Mexican city. Penelope, it will be remembered, during the long absence of her husband at the siege of Troy, kept her importunate suitors at bay by telling them she could give no answer until she had finished a shroud. What she wove during the day she unraveled at night. Says the Times-Herald:

The city of San Luis Potosi is building a hall that will be the eighth wonder of the world. Seven years ago a dozen skilled stone-masons from Pennsylvania were imported to do the ornamental carving of its front. One Fourth of July a member of the party got drunk, and killed a Mexican in a barroom brawl. He was tried, and condemned to be shot. Then arose the certainty that with him in the grave there was no one to do the fancy carving on the city hall. It was decided to keep him at work, and him when he had finished.

Every day, in summer's shine and winter's snow, this workman hands like a fly against the great white wall, and pecks away at gargoyles and griffins' heads. A file of soldiers stands in the street looking up at him. His life ends with his job, and they say that he is the most deliberate workman ever in the Mexican Republic. At the present rate of progress, according to the best obtainable calculations, the front of the city hall will be sufficiently scrolled and carved about the middle of 1950.

**INDIAN AND JAGUAR.**

An Exciting and Dangerous Sport for Those who Indulge in it.

Tiger-hunting is an exciting sport, and a man who should venture into the jungle on a tiger-hunt, if he were not amply gifted with pluck and coolness, would assuredly be a man very much out of place. But few tales of tiger-hunters in India give to the reader a clearer picture of 'nerve,' than a recent description by W. W. Howard of an adventure of his Indian hunter, Terie, in a South American forest with the great spotted jaguar, or tiger of the western continent. Man and beast met suddenly on a glade. The man stopped, still as a bronze statue.

The tiger's long tail swung slowly from left to right, and from right to left again, while over his yellow face crept a look of mild surprise and inquiry, as though he asked the meaning of this strange thing which had the figure of flesh and blood, and the stillness of rock.

Slowly, cautiously he came on, hanging his head and neck low between his shoulders, and never for an instant taking his green-and-yellow eyes from the strange thing in the path.

As he drew near, a step at a time, his tail swung more rapidly, with a vicious jerk at the end of each swing. The Indian had seemingly petrified where he stood. Not even the loose folds of his cotton shirt stirred in the breeze. The birds circled and wheeled for a few moments, and then flew away, caring nothing for the impending death-grapple, now that their own domestic arrangements were no longer imperiled.

Puzzled, undecided, watchful, the tiger walked slowly to the hunter, his green eyes searching craftily for some undetected sign of life. When he had come to the end of his uncertain path the yellow monster bent his head and sniffed suspiciously at the Indian's feet.

Like a steel spring the great beast recoiled. The strange, still thing was flesh and blood.

A step at a time—alert, wary, fierce—he withdrew his massive paws, measuring the distance with the savage instinct of the forest. The Indian made no sign.

Not until the jaguar was crouched and quivering in the very act to spring did he stir, then suddenly he tore a gay kerchief from around his throat, and cast it full in the creature's face.

In an ecstasy of surprise the beast threw up his head and shoulders, and pawed insanely at the cloth. In the catching of a breath Terie aimed the upraised spear at the rounded yellow throat, and drove it home.

Tiger and spear rolled in the dust together, the blood spurting over the spear shaft, and staining the narrow trail. The king of the Cordilleras was conquered.

**To Smart for him.**

'Yes,' said young Softleigh, 'I like to see a smart, well-educated woman, but I wouldn't care to marry one who knew more than I did.'

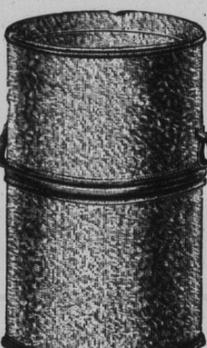
'I am very sorry,' replied Miss Catting, 'to hear that you have resolved to remain a bachelor all your life.'

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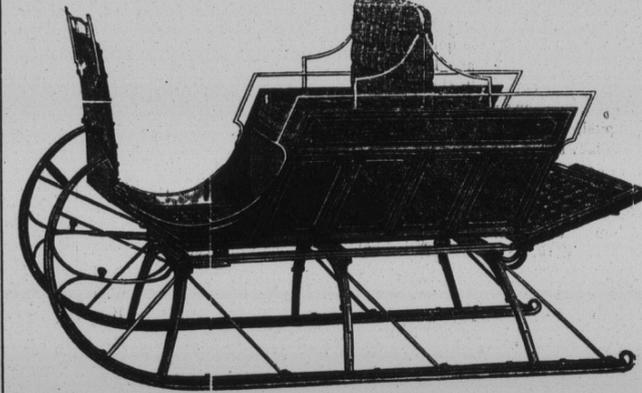
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