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TO
Advertise Judiciously
Choose the Paper
THAT CIRCULATES.

The Gleaner.

If you will make
ADVERTISING PAY
Take
THE GLEANER
For It.

VOL. VI. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1889. No. 59

Dept. Public Works

Professional Cards

DR. M'ALLISTER'S
CASH RATES UNTIL THE 1st MAY, 1890.
A Full Upper OR Lower Sett of Teeth, $8.00. A Full Upper AND Lower Sett of Teeth, $15.00.
XTRACTING 1 TOOTH 25C. EACH SUBSEQUENT TOOTH 25C.
Any Desired Anæsthetic Administered.
BEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED!
Office hours 2.30 a. m. to 5 p. m.
☞ Office Queen Street, opp. Queen Hotel. ☜
Fredericton, August 31th, 1889.

C. D. CARTER
Dentist.
EXTRACTION AND PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
DENTAL ROOMS OVER F. A. MCFARLANE'S JEWELRY STORE 230 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, July 17th, 1888.

FRED ST. JOHN BLISS,
Barrister, Notary, Etc.
CLERK OF THE COUNTY COURT AND CLERK OF THE PEACE Sunbury County.
OFFICE: QUEEN ST., OPP. POST OFFICE.
Fredericton, May 6th, 1888—1yr.

DR. H. D. CURRIE,
Surgeon Dentist,
164 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

WILLIAM WILSON,
SECRETARY-TREASURER, YORK,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
CONVEYANCER, &C.
OFFICE: QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON OPPOSITE BLAIR & BARRY'S OFFICE,
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

GEO. F. GREGORY,
(OF LATE FIRM OF GREGORY & BLAIR.)
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
NOTARY PUBLIC.
OFFICE: NEXT BELOW QUEEN HOTEL, LATELY OCCUPIED BY GREGORY & BLAIR.
Fredericton Oct. 6th 1887.

B. H. TORRENS, D. M. D.
Dentist,
FISHER'S BUILDING,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

DR. CROCKET
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
CARLETON STREET.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

GREGORY & GREGORY
Barristers and Notaries.
OFFICES: CARLETON ST., FREDERICTON
ALBERT J. GREGORY. FRANK B. GREGORY, Registrar of Probates.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

C. E. DUFFY,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law. Notary Public, Etc.
SECY-TREASURER OF SUNBURY.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED AND MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Offices: West Side of Carleton Street, Second door from Queen.
Fredericton, Nov. 1st, 1887

Auctioneers

H. C. C. WETMORE,
AUCTIONEER, &c.
Has taken a Store on the Upper Side of
PHŒNIX SQUARE,
Next to L. P. LaForest, Tin Smith, where he is prepared to receive Furniture and Goods of all kinds for Auction or Private Sale. He will also give attention to Auction Sales of every description.
Terms Moderate' Returns Prompt. All business confidential.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887

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

WEST END
SAWMILL AND LUMBER YARD
SEASON 1889.
THE Subscriber, intending to pay greater attention to the RETAIL LUMBER BUSINESS than for the last few seasons, begs to inform the public generally that besides the usual stocks of SPRUCE, PINE, and HEMLOCK LUMBER on hand or sawn to order, will keep constantly on hand
DRY SPRUCE FLOORING AND SHEATHING
PINE SHEATHING DRY HEMLOCK
SPRUCE AND PINE BOARDS, AND PLANK PLANED ON ONE SIDE.
Also intends to keep LATHS and PICKETS constantly on hand.
and all sorts of CEDAR SHINGLES well and Smoothly Sawn and Very Carefully Assorted.
☞ Office on QUEEN STREET, directly opposite mill
R. A. ESTEY.

Hotels

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

HAWARDEN HOTEL
Cor. Prince Wm. & Duke Sts.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
WM. CONWAY, - - PROPRIETOR.
BEST $1.00 HOUSE IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.
July 20—3m

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

SUNBURY HOUSE.
D. H. NEVERS, - - Proprietor.
THIS HOUSE having been Thoroughly Renovated and Newly Furnished, I am now repared to accommodate
PERMANENT AND TRANSIENT BOARDERS
at reasonable rates. Give me a call.
☞ Good Stabling with hostler in attendance]
QUEEN ST., OPP. POST OFFICE
FREDERICTON, N. B.
Fredericton, May 26—3mwtw

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

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

HARVEY'S PHOTOS! IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES. STUDIO: 164 Queen St. F'ton. LARGE SIZED HEADS A Specialty.
Fredericton, Jan. 12, 1889

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.

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

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

LADY BOOK-KEEPER, $9; Saleladies, $5; 3 Stenographers, $8; Parlor Maid, Cooks, Chambermaids, at 134 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B.

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

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

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

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

New Advertisements.

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

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

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

$33 TO $125.
YES WE HAVE
PARLOR SUITS
From $33 to $125, and
BEDROOM SETTS
From $16.50 upwards. And the cheapest line of Decorated Linen Blinds in the city.
LEMONT & SONS.

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

J. H TABOR
TO THE FRONT.
LOOK AT HIS FINE DISPLAY OF CONFECTIONERY
THE FINEST IN THE CITY, and surpassed by none in the Province. His goods are fresh. That's why they take. Can always be had in his up-town Store,
198, OPP. NORMAL SCHOOL
And down-town in
COY'S BLOCK.
In the store formerly kept by Berry Bros.
JOHN H. TABOR.
Fredericton, March 23,

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

THE ROMANCE OF JIMMIE'S MINE.

Jennie Might Have Had the Bonanza, but She Spoiled Her Chances.

"No, it isn't much of a story, but I'll tell it if you don't use my name."

So spoke a miner just from the east, though better known in the San Juan. He is bronzed and about 40. There are wrinkles in his face and spots on the palm of his hands as hard as the sole of a boot.

"About a year ago I was out prospecting over in the southwestern part of the state. One day when walking just ahead of my partner I fell down an old shaft, about twenty feet, I guess. It wasn't much of a fall and I got off lucky. But I didn't like the place, and wanted to get out, so I yelled to Bob to let down a rope and he done it. By this time I could see a little, and, by gosh, there was a skeleton in one corner. It had been there a good while. I saw that it had a broken leg, and had rolled up its pants as if to doctor itself and had never rolled them down again. Its clothes wasn't much good, but I went through them and took out some letters. The directions on the letters couldn't be read, but the contents were intact. Some were to 'Dear Jimmie' and signed 'Jennie.' I got interested in Jimmie and Jennie and sized it up this way: Here's Jimmie come west to make a raise; here's Jennie stayed home to wait till he makes it. Here's Jimmie dead in a hole just as he had made the raise; and here's Jennie wondering why Jimmie didn't drop her a line, by gosh. That's the way I sized it up, and I says to Bob after he had pulled me out and we had a look over the letters: 'Bob, says I, 'that's darned hard luck for Jennie, 'and I put the letters in my pocket.

"When I got time I went through the whole batch. There was a picture of Jennie. Say, boy! Well, I lost my head. I made up my mind that instid of writin' I'd go back and just break the news myself and tell her Jimmie had left her a mine. She was handsome as any flower that ever bloomed. And—well, I went back. I expected that Jennie would cry and there'd be a scene and she'd flop into my arms, faintlike, and all that. She looked so gentle, too, with a lip all a-quiverin' in the picture, and big eyes with tears like little lakes.

"Did she flop? Not much. I went back to that peaky little town in Illinois, and hunted her up. 'Jennie,' I says, tender, 'Jimmie's gone over the range.'

"'What's that?' says she.

"'Jimmie's gone over the range, played out, dead; he's a skeleton, by gosh.'

"'Dead, eh!' says she. 'Well, that's too bad. I liked Jim, but he quit writin', and so I married about a year and a half ago. Dead! I'll go tell maw. She'll be awful put out.'

"Well, I left. I'm here, and when the effete east catches me again it's a dandy."

"And what do you expect to do?"

"Do! I'll go jump Jimmie's mine, by gosh."—Denver Republican.

More Uses for the Phonograph.

A recent Italian scientific paper reports that Americans have recently found it to be practicable to apply the phonograph to locomotive whistles. Whether this statement has any foundation in fact or not makes no difference; the idea is worthy of American genius.

What a convenience it would be to have the whistle shout, in a stentorian voice, "Hoosac Junction! Ten minutes for refreshments!" How it would save the brakeman his indistinct enunciation! What a pleasure to all travelers, if the conventional old lady were periodically informed that the train was just two minutes late, and there was no ice water in the baggage car!

But since it has been found that, by the mere substitution of a metallic cylinder for a wax one, it can be made to talk loudly, there is no end to the possible uses to which it may be put. Hitherto it has been proposed to employ it only as a substitute for the loquacious reporter in his various capacities.

But now we may at any time expect to see the deaf and dumb mute listening to a conversation through the medium of an audiphone, and replying in perfect English, with an instrument which is a storehouse of syllables, manipulated as one would manipulate the characters in a typewriter. One key may supply him with a rippling laughter for frivolous occasions, while another enables him to furnish with condoling, sympathetic sighs a weeping mourner.

Again, upon ringing the door bell at the house of our friend of modern ideas, we need not be surprised if the door panel informs us that our friend has just gone down to the office, but that his wife will be glad to see us.—Youth's Companion.

Dumas' Method of Collaboration.

There is no doubt Dumas had a regular system of collaboration, which he never concealed. But whereas Dumas could turn out books that live, whoever his assistants were, could any of his assistants write books that live without Dumas? Upon my word, one might as well call any barrister in good practice a thief and an impostor because he has juniors to "devil" for him, as make charges of this kind against Dumas. He once asked his son to help him; the younger Alexandre declined. "It is worth a thousand a year, and you have only to make objections," the sire urged. But the son was not to be tempted. Some excellent novelists of today would be much better if they employed a friend to make objections. But, as a rule, the collaborator did much more. Dumas' method, apparently, was first to talk the subject over with his aid-de-camp. This is an excellent practice, as ideas are knocked out like sparks (an elderly illustration), by the contact of minds. Then the young man probably made researches, put a rough sketch on paper and supplied Dumas, as it were, with his "brief." Then Dumas took the "brief"—and wrote the novel. He gave it life, he gave it the spark, letincelle; and the story lived and moved.—Andrew Lang in Scribner.

Destructiveness.

"See that boy?"

"Yes."

"Very destructive."

"How so?"

"Wears a suit of clothes out the first day he gets them."

"Impossible!"

"Well, he does. He wouldn't go naked, would he?"—Chicago Ledger.

Low by Contrast.

"Did you go up the Eiffel tower?" asked a gentleman of a friend who had just returned from Paris.

"Oh, yes."

"Did it seem that it was so high?"

"No, it did not seem very high to me; but then you know I had just paid my hotel bill."—Chicago Liar.

Linguistic.

Controller Matthews was glancing through a treatise on Volapuk at a book store the other day when an acquaintance asked him:

"Do you read Volapuk?"

"Oh, yes; with perfect ease," answered the controller, "when it has been translated into English."—Washington Post.

He Had Investigated.

Calino is about to get married.

"My dear, do you snore?" his sweetheart asked him the other day.

"Never, my sweet!"

"But how do you know?"

"I once kept awake all night to make sure."—*Le Figaro.*

WHEN MY DREAMS COME TRUE.

When my dreams come true—when my dreams come true—
Shall I lean from out my casement in the starlight and the dew,
To listen—smile and listen—to the tinkle of the strings
Of the sweet guitar my lover's fingers fondle as he sings?
And as the nude moon slowly, slowly shoulders into view,
Shall I vanish from his vision—when my dreams come true?

When my dreams come true—shall the simple gown I wear
Be changed to softest satin, and my maiden braided hair
Be raveled into flossy mists of rarest, fairest gold,
To be minted into kisses, more than any heart can hold?
Or "the summer of my tresses" shall my lover liken to
"The fervor of his passion" when my dreams come true?

When my dreams come true—I shall bide among the sheaves
Of happy harvest meadows, and the grasses and the leaves
Shall I lift and lean between me and the splendor of the sun
Till the moon swoons into twilight; the gleaners' work is done—
Save that yet an arm shall blind me, even as the reapers do
The meanest sheaf of harvest—when my dreams come true.

When my dreams come true! when my dreams come true!
True love in all simplicity is fresh and pure as dew—
The blossom in the blackest mold is kindlier to the eye
Than any lily born of pride that blooms against the sky.
And so it is I know my heart will gladly welcome you,
My lowliest of lovers, when my dreams come true.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some Every Day Happenings in Editorial Life.

The last issue of The Arizona Kicker contains the following:

GOOD HOME.—During the past week Maj. O'Connor, Judge Pegram and the Hon. Tacony Jones, shining lights of this neighborhood and leading members of society, have been called for by eastern detectives and returned to their several homes toward sunrise to be tried for various crimes. While we are sorry to see our population thus depleted, we know that justice must be done. The only wonder is that so few were called for. We are certain that at least twenty-five of our leading citizens break into a cold sweat every time a stranger strikes the town.

NO REBATE.—We desire to state in the most explicit manner that no rebate will be allowed to any of our subscribers who may be obliged to leave town for the benefit of the community, or who may be hung and buried for the same reason. In several late instances friends of such subscribers have called on us and asked to cash up for the unexpired term, but we have invariably refused. Subscriptions to The Kicker run for one year. We contract to deliver the paper for that time. If the subscriber is arrested, driven off or hung, it is no fault of ours. Please bear this in mind and save yourselves trouble.

HE MISSED.—Our esteemed contemporary down the avenue didn't like the way we showed him up last week, and on Monday he borrowed a revolver from Sam Adams as long as his leg and lay in ambush for us at the corner of Apache and Cactus avenues. As we appeared, on our way to the postoffice, he opened fire, and six shots were fired at us at a distance of no more than ten feet. Not one of them came within a foot of us, but the shooter did manage to wound a $80 mule belonging to Lew Baker, and to kill a $50 dog belonging to Judge Stoker. When he was through shooting we knocked him down and hammered him until he hollered. We understand that he has settled with the others for $180 and that he thinks of leaving town. He'd better. If he ever had any standing here he's lost it now for sure. A man who holds a gun in both hands and shuts his eyes to shoot is of no account in this district. The coyotes wouldn't even bark at him.—Detroit Free Press.

An Unexpected Call.

The curtain had risen on the last act of the play, and the diabolical plot of the villain was about to be exposed in all its hideousness.

Suddenly there was a commotion near the entrance, and a voice called out breathlessly:

"Is Dr. Kallowmell in the audience?"

With the grave, preoccupied manner of a man on whose skill the life of some fellow creature might depend, the doctor arose from his seat near the stage and passed slowly down the aisle.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Doctor," said the breathless man, as he drew from his breast pocket a package of folded documents, "I'm Spotcash & Co.'s new collector. Would it be convenient for you to settle that little bill this evening?"—Chicago Tribune.

Either Would Do.

Young Man (somewhat agitated)—I have called, Mr. Means, to ask permission to pay my addresses to your daughter, Miss Ruth.

Banker Means—My daughter Ruth, Mr. Pedunclo? Why, she is engaged to Mr. Swackhammer.

Young Man (still agitated, but reflecting that all is not yet lost)—Did you think I said Miss Ruth, Mr. Means? I said Miss Gwendolen. The—er—similarity of the names probably caused you to misunderstand me.—Chicago Tribune.

Confessions of an Autograph Fiend.

First Autograph Fiend—I don't see how you got autographs from all those great poets.

Second Autograph Fiend—Easy enough. I would write some "Sweet Singer of Michigan" sort of verses and print them in our local paper under the name of the poet I wanted to strike. Then I'd write to him, asking if it was true that they were written by him. I'd get a red hot letter in reply every time.—New York Weekly.

Selecting a Doctor.

A certain man, who was lately wed, dwelt in the country far from the noise of any town. It chanced one night that his wife fell sick, and, being ignorant of the ways of women folks, he mounted his cart horse and galloped exceedingly fast toward the town in search of a skillful leech.

On the road he met a gaunt and withered hag, who asked him:

"Whither so fast, good man?"

"To get a leech for my wife, who is sick unto death."

"Know ye how to tell a good doctor?"

"Nay, mother, I take the first which God leadeth me to."

Whereupon the ancient dame gave him a sprig of Euphrasy, and said:

"Hold this to thy eyes when thou lookest at a doctor's house, and thou wilt straightway see the ghosts of those who have died from his bungling. Take thou the doctor with the fewest ghosts."

Thereafter whenever that man came to a doctor's house he held the mystic herb to his eyes, and Oddzooks! a fearful sight met his clairvoyant gaze. Around every doctor's door shivered a ghastly crowd of uneasy ghosts, and what seemed strange to that man, the larger and more comfortable the house, the greater were the awesome troop at the door.

Through the deserted streets he galloped from doctor's house to doctor's house, seeking in vain for one whose gates were not beleaged by uneasy spirits. At length, up a quiet lane, he espied a modest house bearing a doctor's shingle, and lo! but a solitary ghost sat upon the doorstep.

"Here, by God's grace," quoth the man, "is the doctor for me."

But little time had passed, I ween, before that stout horse was bearing the man and his physician along the road to the sick woman.

When they were well on toward the end of their journey the doctor smiled a pleasant smile to see, and said:

"I wonder right well by what good chance you called on me, for I know I have only been practicing medicine two days, and your good wife will be the second patient I have treated."

[The profane ejaculation that followed is, perhaps, better omitted.]—Medical Visitor.

LIGHTNING'S STRANGE FREAKS.

Queer and Serious Things Done in a Twinkling by the Subtle Fluid.

James Craig, a Scottish servant employed by Elias Rogers, a carpenter who resides at Allentown, N. J., was the victim of a queer prank of lightning a few years ago. He was sitting in the kitchen broiling a piece of meat over the fire, and a fierce thunder storm was raging without. A flash of lightning struck the house and the electric current ran down the chimney, knocked Craig senseless, and threw the meat and spider into another room.

Craig was given up for dead, but in an hour came to and stated that he had not been insensible since the second when the shock occurred, but had been unable to move a muscle, although he had heard everything that was going on about him. His left side was badly burned and one of his shoes was torn from his foot and found nearly twenty feet from where he sat when the house was struck.

Two peculiar cases of death by electricity occurred in Asbury Park a few years ago, and the story is oft told there. James Young and Henry Brooke, two house painters, were at work on the exterior of a cottage on Wesley lake when a terrific thunder storm came up. They fled to the interior of the house, and after the storm had passed and the sun was again shining they went back to their scaffold.

Just as each painter touched his brush to the wet woodwork a flash of lightning came, followed quickly by a crash of thunder, and a workman in a near by house saw both of them fall. Shortly afterward it was discovered that both men were dead although their bodies bore no marks, save dull black lines about the fingers which held the paint brushes.

One day a 6-year-old child in a Connecticut town was playing in the garrett during a severe thunder storm. A chimney was struck. The bolt ran down the side of the house to the ground. The family were extremely frightened, but unharmed. They missed the golden haired darling of the house, but soon found him, uninjured but completely dazed. But instead of yellow curls, the child's hair was changed to a jetty black.

A queer experience befell Miss Jennie Button, of Springfield, Mass., when a residence on Florida street was struck by lightning. Miss Button was standing in her room with a hat in her hand when the current shattered the door frame within a few feet of her. The shock knocked her down, and for some time she was deaf in consequence. An examination of the hat showed that the lightning had skeletonized the feather on her hat completely.

Miss Cora Kirkland, who was standing down stairs in the dining room at the time of this shock, held a knife in her hand, and the shock drove the knife through one of her fingers, cutting it to the bone.—New York Press.

Modern Rome.

Since 1870 the aspect of Rome has considerably changed. The old narrow winding streets are a thing of the past, and are replaced by large, wide thoroughfares. Blocks of the old houses have been knocked down and large modern palazzi have sprung up in their stead. The narrow Corso of old times will soon be no more, as it is gradually being widened by half again its original width. The charming villa Ludovisi, with its beautiful trees, shady walks, and sparkling fountains, has been turned into a new quarter, with wide street and large houses. The gate of Porta Pia, where the breach was made in 1870, and outside of which there was nothing but vineyards and fields, will soon, instead of being the limit of the town, be the center, because houses are springing up now to a good two miles outside that gate. The waste ground and fields all around St. John Lateran are no more, a new suburb having sprung up there.

The Tiber also is being widened and an embankment is being built on each side, and handsome new bridges cross the river at different points. The widening of the Tiber is necessitating a slight change in one or two of the old monuments, such as the Bridge of St. Angelo, to which will have to be added another arch; and the Temple of Vesta runs some risk of being tampered with; but it is hoped that, as just at that point the river curves, and by doing so makes it sufficiently easy for the width to be effected on the opposite side, that advantage will be taken.—London Tablet.

Ramming Ice Floes.

No stronger vessels than those of the Dundee whalers are built; they are from four hundred to one thousand tons displacement, have powerful, well secured engines to resist the shock of ramming or stoppage of the propeller by ice, and are built with an eye to the easy and rapid replacement of the rudder, propeller, and propeller shaft if damaged, these parts being carried in duplicate. Above all other considerations, they possess strength for ramming as well as resistance to lateral pressure when nipped.

Another very important feature is that the bow shall have considerable inclination, which permits the vessel, when ramming very heavy ice, to lift slightly and slide on it, thus easing the shock and assisting the cutting action of the bow with the downward crushing weight of the ship. In this way it is possible for these steamers at full speed to ram over twenty feet thick, receiving no immediate incapacitating damage.

If the ice is not too heavy, the shear like rise and fall of the ship is repeated several times as the vessel steams powerfully ahead until her headway is checked. The difficulty then is to extract the ship from the dock she has cut by her advance; the floes press on her sides, cakes of ice and slush fill her wake, and there is nothing but the ice hampered propeller with which to overcome her inertia and draw back out of the nip. Frequently this is insufficient, and the ship may be crushed.—Ensign A. A. Ackerman in Popular Science Montly.

Today more than 2,000,000 of the youth of India are receiving an education in the English language.

Sir Walter Scott's Diary.

I wonder when the complete diary of Sir Walter Scott will be published. When Lockhart was writing his admirable life of Sir Walter, he had three copies of the diary printed, and they were shown by him to Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, and to Dean Milman, in order that they might advise as to what should be published and what kept back. The time has surely arrived when the complete diary might be given to the world, as all those persons who may be mentioned in it are now dead. I suspect that when it is published it will create a sensation. Lockhart wrote to Croker that the diarist "absolved himself from any very strict watch over his pen, and set down much which the whim, or very often the laziness, of the hour could alone account for." There must have been much sharp criticism in the diary, as Lockhart added, "Posterity will know (when the whole is published) that I, at least, endeavored to avoid offending Scott's surviving contemporaries, and I had to spare Tories about as often as Whigs the castigation of the diarizing Malagrowther."—London Truth.

ATTACKED BY A COUGAR.

A Hunter's Desperate Fight in the Southern Oregon Mountains.

Intelligence has been received here from southern Oregon of the unfortunate result of a conflict between a hunter and a cougar. Ira Hill and a companion of Jackson county had for several days been encamped in the mountains about ten miles distant from the Cow creek canyon. They had met with much success in the pursuit of deer.

Warned by the abundance of "signs," they had exercised great caution for their protection against the large carnivorous animals which infest that region. Mr. Hill, it appears, on the day in question shot and wounded a large buck. Notwithstanding the severe injury, the animal, as it frequently happens, bounded away. Judging from the action of the deer that the bullet had found its mark, the hunter clambered down the mountain side to the point where the animal stood when the shot was fired.

An investigation verified his supposition. Hoping that the shot would soon prove fatal, he traced, by the blood in the trail, the flight of the deer, several times seeing it, but never obtaining an opportunity to finish him. Wrapped in the excitement of the chase, time passed unheeded. Nearly exhausted with the severity of the labor, and despairing of success, he began to retrace his steps. Night overtook him, and with it came that peculiar deathlike mountain silence. The gentleman confesses that he was overawed and frightened by the solitude and gloom. After debating in his mind the advisability of halting for the night, he decided to push on, hoping to find his permanent camp and relieve the anxiety of his friend.

While descending a ridge which ran up from a dark and narrow canyon, without any warning he was attacked by an enormous cougar. In this hand-to-hand conflict the rifle was useless. Dropping that weapon, he drew his hunting knife and made what effort he could to defend himself. For some time they fought with the advantage greatly upon the side of the cougar. While the struggle was at its height, approaching near the edge of a steep declivity, man and beast both went rolling down the gulch.

Weakened by the loss of blood and stunned by contact with rocks and bowlders, consciousness forsook the hunter. He remained in this condition until well nigh morning. Remembering the strength and ferocity of his antagonist, and fearing that it still lurked in the immediate vicinity, he remained motionless until sun up.

When he did arise no trace of the animal could be found. Fearfully bitten, scratched and bruised, he made his painful way to camp, and thence to a point where the services of a surgeon could be secured.—Portland Oregonian.

Superstition About Storms.

Caverns were supposed by the Romans to be secure places of refuge during thunder storms, and they believed that lightning never penetrated more than two yards into the earth. Acting on this superstition the Emperor Augustus used to withdraw into some deep vault of the palace whenever a tempest was feared, and it is recorded by Suetonius that he always wore a skin of seal around his body as a protection against lightning. That both precautions are equally unavailing need scarcely be mentioned.

Lightning has been known to strike ten feet into the earth; but not even the marvelous accuracy of modern science can determine at what distance from the surface a safe retreat may be found from the descending fluid; and even were this ascertained, the dangers from ascending electric currrents remain the same. With regard to seal skins, we find that the Romans attached so much faith to them as non-conductors that tents were made of them, beneath which the timid used to take refuge.

It is a curious fact that in the neighborhood of Mount Cavennes, in the Languedoc, where anciently some Roman colonies were known to have existed, the shepherds cherished a similar superstition regarding the skins of serpents. These they carefully collect, and, having covered their hats withal, believe themselves secure against the danger of the storm. M. Labosstre is disposed to see a link of interesting analogy between the legend which yet lingers in the mind of the peasant of Cavennes and the most poetly superstition held in reverence by his Latin ancestors.—New York Mail and Express.

Simple Relief Operations.

There are many simple operations which the physician might often employ to the great relief of his patients, which, however, are resisted through ignorance of their nature and a wholly erroneous idea of the attendant dangers. Among such operations is tapping the abdomen where the bowels are much distended with gas and relief in the natural way is difficult or impossible, owing to some obstruction. This operation has for years been practiced by veterinaries in their treatment of animals, especially in what passes under the head of colic. Farmers themselves often resort to it when cows are so attacked, and the instrument sometimes used by them is the small blade of a jack knife. As it is performed on the human person it is very simple and practically safe, and when a physician of repute advises it the patient or his friends ought not to impose any objection. The relief it affords is always immediate and quite complete, at least for a time. Physicians use what is known as a trocar. That is a quite sharp pointed rod, over which is nicely fitted a thin metallic tube. Both the tube and the rod are pressed through the abdominal wall and into the intestine; then the rod is withdrawn, leaving the tube for the gas to pass out of. After it has all been evacuated the tube is withdrawn.

The trocar used for the purpose is always a small one, and the hole made by it closes completely on its removal. The same sort of instrument, but of larger size, is used in tapping the abdomen where the same is distended with a dropsical effusion. It is a poor time to familiarize a patient with an operation when it has become imperative. Of such as are often demanded, people should have at least a general idea, then they will not be likely to be terrorized at the bare mention of them.—Boston Herald.

A Traveling Philanthropist.

There were eight of us who got off at the junction, to wait two hours for the train on the other road. It was a small building in the country, without a house in sight, and no platform to walk on. The single railroad official was asleep on some bags of wool in the freight shed, and the clock in the waiting room had dropped dead still. As we sat down on the hard benches in the waiting room one of the men opened his grip and took out an eight page newspaper. Not one of the rest of us had a thing to read. Noticing this he carefully cut the pages apart, then cut each page in half and passing around he said:

"Gentlemen, I never did like a hog. Each of us will take an eighth, and as fast as we read we will exchange with each other."

Each one took a part and made it his business to read it, and the last man had just got down to a mortgage sale and the death notice of a pair of twins when the two hours expired and the train drew up.—New York Sun.