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VOL. VI. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1889 No. 36

Professional Cards

DR. M'ALLISTER
Dentist,
S HOME AGAIN AND READY FOR BUSINESS.
Good Reliable Dental Operations at Lowest Rates.
PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH A SPECIALTY.
Office hours 9.30 a. m. to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m.
☞ Office Queen Street, opp. Queen Hotel. ☜
Fredericton, March 7.

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

FRED ST. JOHN BLISS,
Barrister, Notary, Etc.
OFFICE:
QUEEN STREET, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE
Fredericton, May 5th, 1888—1yr.

DR. H. D. GURRIE,
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.
SEC'Y-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

Hotels

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N.B.
J. A. EDWARDS, - Proprietor.
FINE SAMPLE ROOMS IN CONNECTION.
—ALSO,—
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

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

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

James D. Fowler.
WATCHES;
WATCHES;
WATCHES.
GOLD,
SILVER,
GOLD FILLED,
AND
NICKLE CASES,
FROM
$2.50 TO $150.00
EACH.
Best Value in the City.
REMEMBER THE PLACE.
James D. Fowler,
Opp. POST OFFICE,
FREDERICTON, - N. B.
Fredericton, Dec. 15th 1888

JUST RECEIVED
The following MALTINE PREPARATIONS:
Maltine Plain,
" Wine,
" Ferrated,
" Yerbine,
" With Cod Liver Oil.
" " Alteratives,
" " Peptones,
" With Pepsine and Pancreatine.
Elixer Lactopeptine
Peptonized Beef.

DAVIS STAPLES & Co.
DRUGGISTS.
Cor. Queen & York Sts., Fredericton
Fredericton Dec. 15, 1888.

IMPERIAL HALL.
NEW GOODS
FOR
SPRING & SUMMER
HAVE NOW ARRIVED.
SUITINGS
AND
TROUSERINGS
In Great Variety and Latest Styles. A Good Fit and Satisfaction Guaranteed. Also: A Fine
ASSORTMENT OF HATS
Just Opened. Prices low.
THOMAS STANGER,
280 QUEEN STREET
Fredericton, March

AT
WM. JENNINGS',
MERCHANT TAILOR,
FASHIONABLE GOODS IN
SCOTCH
—AND—
Irish Suitings,
ENGLISH SERGES,
—AND—
Worsted Coatings.
WM. JENNINGS,
CORNER QUEEN STREET AND WILMOT'S ALLEY.
Fredericton, May 4.

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

MISS WILLIAMS,
MILLINER,
Has Removed her place of business to the Brick Building
OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE
And next below Mr. John Owens Grocery, where she is now prepared to fill all orders
FOR LATEST STYLES OF MILLINERY
WITH PROMPTNESS.
Fredericton, May 4—1y

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
49 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. ☜

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

JUST ARRIVED.
At Yerxa & Yerxa's,
A CHOICE LOT OF
TEA!
In 1, 2, and 5lbs. Fancy Baskets. This Tea will give satisfaction every time. Also give our 30 and 35 cent Tea a trial. A choice lot of Sugar Cured Hams on hand at
YERXA & YERXA'S.

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

Haying Tools.
Just Received:
20 DOZ. "American Clipper" SCYTHES;
20 dozen "Canadian Clipper" Scythe;
10 " "Cast Steel" do;
150 " American RAKES; 40 dozen HAY FORKS;
60 boxes Scythe Stones; 40 doz. Fork Handles.
For sale wholesale and retail at
NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE
Fredericton, June 19.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years standing, by a simple remedy, will send a description of it Free to any Person who applied to Nicholson, 177 Montague Street, New York, Jan. 11—1 yr W

Buildings Moved and Raised.
WITH MY NEW TRESTLE and Improved Tailow 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. NEILL's and Mr. EVERETT's Hardware Stores. Fredericton.
C. McCLUSKY
Gibson
Gibson, Ma

WINDOW SCREENS
AT—
Neill's Hardware Store.

LITTLE GOLDEN HAIR

How the Sight of Him Stirred the Heart of an Outcast.

A Mother's Undefinable Feeling of Fear, and its Sequel.

"Let me Look Once in His Face, Near, and Smooth Only Once."

IT was here in New Orleans during the carnival. The streets were filled not only with our own people, who seem somehow or other to put on new life at this period of the year and to dwell outside of their own homes, but with the many strangers who had come from far and near, some merely to see the sights, and some to take them in while at the same time enjoying the tempered breezes of the south, so in contrast to their own fierce winds. And, as is always the case, here and there were to be found some face and form that told too plainly that no search for either health or amusement had been the incentive to bring them here, but that restless tramp, tramp, which forced them from place to place; southward during the winter and towards higher latitudes at other seasons.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

And so it happened that the little mother who figures in this story had been out with her children and was on her way home in the cars when, without any outward motion having attracted her attention, she became aware (as one will sometimes without being able to explain why) that she and her darlings were being unduly gazed at by some one—a man seated on the opposite side of the car, but somewhat further towards the door. Her eyes turned over again in that direction, but no sign of disrespect on his part called for interference. He was one who, as far as could be judged from a rather rough- and seedy exterior, had known better days. There he sat, his gaze almost constant, but free of any intended discourtesy. It was unpleasant, though, and annoying in itself.

'The man, it was evident, meant no harm to her; could it be he meant harm to any of her little ones? An uncomfortable feeling stole over her, and a few squares this side of her residence she could bear it no longer, but stopping the car she continued the rest of the way on foot.

Once within the precincts of her home a calmness came to her, and she soon began to smile at herself for being so easily worried by such a matter, and that, too, in a crowded car. In a half hour or so the whole affair had become a thing of the past, an incident that would have lain forgotten in memory's storehouse, save for its startling reproduction a few days later.

Some one of the many processions was passing up town, and the rattle of drum and blare of trumpet had so aroused the children to the fact of the nearness of the pageantry that the only way to quiet them was to take them to see the show.

There was nothing to mar their pleasure till about half the column had passed, when that same indescribable feeling of being watched came over the mother. It was an uncanny sensation that had with her succeeded the hitherto enjoyment; the pleasure of the day was gone.

More than once she was minded to take her little ones home, but each time she thought of the deprivation to them and how foolish were really her fears; and so it was not till the hour of the decked steamer had gone by that she started homeward. But a few steps only had been taken, when that unpleasant feeling grew more intense and she heard a voice close by call to her: "Lady! lady!"

Quick as a flash all the dignity of her womanhood came to her, and she turned, well able now to cope with whatever might be her fate. There near her stood the man whose presence had worried her a few days before in the car, and whose proximity for the last half hour had been felt, if not seen. But as on that first occasion, no sign of discourtesy was apparent, no disrespect was intended. Instead, there was a something in the man's face, a softened, bodeweed eye, a hope and a despair in his expression that touched some concordant chord in the mother's heart and awoke a sympathy that must have made itself apparent, for, seemingly more at his ease, he advanced a step or two and asked permission to say but a few words.

"Excuse me, lady," he went on, "I have been once another man from what now you see. I have, or perhaps I should say I had, a wife and one little boy up in Illinois (God bless them!), but bad habits got the better of me and my wife turned me from her. That little boy there is just as I remember mine; the same blue eyes, the same mischievous smile, the same bright golden hair; and ever since I met you in the cars the other day his face has been present with me in my waking hours and with me in my dreams. I want to ask one favor, don't, oh! don't refuse it; let me look once in his face, near, near, and smooth only once the sunshiny hair. Don't refuse me that."

Something like a smothered sob choked somewhat the last few words, and the man fairly trembled as he stood.

"Why, certainly, you may do that," answered the little woman with a naturally sweet voice softened by the pathos of the scene; "and I only hope that this unexpected meeting with one who, you say, resembles your own little boy may arouse in you so great a yearning for him and your home that you may find strength to go back a man. I surely wish you that."

The little scene was quickly over, and the mother and children continued on their way. The man watched them for some little distance and then, with a slow step, disappeared down the street.—Selby in New Orleans Picayune.

Work for Women.

"I don't see why a smart and strong woman, or better still, two of them, could not make a good living by upholstering," said a worried housewife in the city the other day. "Here I have a lot of furniture that has seen its best days, the coverings are worn and faded, but the springs and framework are yet good and sound. If I send it out to a regular upholsterer the cost of new material and his workmanship will be more than I can well afford. If I sell them to a second hand dealer, that will be little better than giving them away. I could recover them myself at little cost and with good effect if I had the time and a little more strength. Now, if I only knew where to send for a strong, handy woman to come to the house and make the most of the material I have, cutting it out under my eye and working according to my directions, I would send for her at once. The result would be that the work would be finished much more quickly than if I sent the furniture away. I would have the use of it all the time, my material would be economically cut, and I could afford to pay her good wages and yet spend less than in any other way."—New York Tribune.

Food and Rest for the Brain.

Mental effort causes waste of tissue elements quite as much as bodily exertion, and this demands a full supply of food. What with dyspepsia and absence of appetite, the results of deficient exercise, and the influence of preconceived ideas as to the use or disuse of special articles of food, the brain worker is apt to receive too little nutriment to make up for the waste. Especially is this the case when he, unconsciously, perhaps, replaces food by the use of tobacco, tea, alcohol or opium.

Some advise to go supperless to bed. This most medical authorities of the day think is a wrong notion. It is a fruitful source of insomnia and neurasthenia. The brain becomes exhausted by its evening work, and demands rest and refreshment of its wasted tissues, not by indigestible salads and "fried abominations," but by some nutritious, easily digested and assimilated articles. A bowl of stale bread and milk, of rice, or some other farinaceous food, with milk or hot soup, would be more to the purpose. Any of these would insure a sound night's sleep, from which the man would awaken refreshed.—Cincinnati Medical News.

State Abbreviations.

The most egotistical of the United States, "Me.;" the most religious, "Mass.;" most Asiatic, "Ind.;" father of states, "Pa.;" most maidenly, "Miss.;" best in time of flood, "Ark.;" most useful in haying time, "Me.;" decimal state, "Tenn.;" state of exclamation, "La.;" most astonishing state, "O.;" most unhealthy state, "Ill.;" state to cure the sick, "Md.;" state for students, "Conn.;" state where there is no such word as fail, "Kan.;" not a state for the unlucky, "Wash."—Youth's Companion.

BILL NYE ON A WHEEL.

He Relates His Thrilling Experience With a Real Bicycle.

Possibly it may not interest the readers of this paper to know it, but I have been, during the past three weeks, learning to ride the bicycle without a master. I do it in the evening, in the barn on my estate on Staten Island. That is why the barn is reputed to be haunted. Strange sounds are said to emit themselves from this barn and loud thumps; also wails of the damned. Boys who used to go there and shoot cats now go elsewhere. They cannot bear to wrestle with the supernatural or listen to the wail of a damned soul, they say.

I got a very large wheel, because I run somewhat to legs and could propel an enormous vehicle, if I could once maintain a good poise. I have forgotten what size the wheel is. It strikes me that it is seventy-two inches in diameter. I mean the large wheel, of course. The smaller wheel is less large. This small wheel is used mainly for tipping up and buzzing in the air when the machine goes over, which is quite often.

I have a stage leg which looks well behind the footlights, but is most too boneless to work well on a bicycle. It droops too much. So does the other one. When I get to thinking about the propulsive power, I forget the helm, and when I once more allow my mind to revert to the helm, I become rattled and fall off in an oblique manner.

I first began to ride the bicycle about a year ago, not in public, but as a means of personal relaxation. It was a smaller instrument than the one I have now, but good. It was in every way equal to this one and had a little flat oil can and an alarm on the withers, which could be rung in case I should be crossing a railroad at night and desired the engineer of an approaching train to save himself by instant flight.

This bicycle I gave to the physician who set my leg for me. He did it so well that I gave him the instrument together with the wrench I had received while falling from it. He loans it to the boys of his neighborhood and is building up a good practice in compound and communicated fractures, hernias and concussions.

Last year he tried it himself, one evening at the twilight hour. He rode down Mr. Gryme's celebrated hill, and killed a child and a cow. He had forgotten how to play on the brake. He offered to replace the child with one whose mother he had treated professionally up to the hour of her death. But he could not manage it that way. So he settled for the child, and now keeps the bicycle mainly to loan to boys who otherwise might climb his fruit trees.

My new machine looks well. It is what we wheelmen call a full nickel machine. I have had my photograph taken with it. That is, in company with it. It is a beautiful picture. You can easily tell which is the bicycle. The portrait was made by a friend of mine who has a homeopathic photograph outfit. He is quite clever with it. He is a Wall street operator. His father was so before him. His father operated on Wall street before anybody else. He used to sprinkle Wall street. My friend does not make his living by photography. He makes his money honestly by speculation, but destres, of course, to have some means of obtaining a livelihood in case of reverses. So he is taking pictures by the dry plate process.

He got a good picture of my wheel and myself the other day. I wore my wheelman's uniform. I bought my uniform before I got the wheel, and looked so well in it that I concluded to buy myself a bicycle and learn to ride upon it.

I belong to a club, but do not figure in it very much, except at the festive board, where I frequently speak or preside. I also belong to an athletic club, which has made me quite robust. Formerly I had very poor health, but of latterly I am almost too healthy. I go to the evening sessions of my athletic club, and when I go home at night I feel real hopeful.

Bicycling is a noble sport. Some day I am going to go around the world and take my wheel with me in a shawl strap. Bicycling tones up the muscles, enlarges the lung area and teaches one self reliance. If I could only ride on my bicycle I am confident that it would benefit me. It certainly benefits the bicycle to ride on me, and it is a mighty poor rule that will not work both ways.

Our wheel club takes a spin, as we call it, every week to some remote point, eating lunch at the further point, and then returning in the gathering gloom. I go sometimes, about two inches long stocked up fresh and green from the mound. He lifted it out and we all examined it and saw that it was fastened to the nut. He buried the nut again, poured on more water, pressed down the earth with his stick, made the passes with the cloth, and removing it, disclosed a sprout about six inches in length. He repeated this process two or three times, and then had a stalk about a foot high. He now pressed the cloth over this, stirred the earth at its base, and again removed the cloth. There stood a mango bush two feet and a half high, with small branches and full grown leaves, looking as if they had just unfolded. He pulled it up and showed us the roots, grown just as the tree had grown. I saw this trick again on shore, and watched even closer, but could not see how it was done.

One day at Singapore I saw a Hindoo boy stretch upon the ground in front of the hotel. The man who was with him spread a white sheet over him so that the outlines of his body were plainly to be seen. He then drew a knife, and, lifting it high in the air, drove it straight through the sheet, apparently into the body of the boy. Blood spurted out and the body writhed. The man pushed in the knife hard, then drew it out slowly, covered with blood, which he proceeded to wipe off on a rag. He then lifted up the sheet, and the boy arose with not a stain of blood on his white garments and not a rent in them anywhere.

I did not go far into the interior of India, but those of the Brooklyn's officers who did saw even more wonderful things than these, which I will not repeat second hand. What explanation have I? None, absolutely none.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A Brave Lady.

A lady well known in Plainfield (N. J.) society, who has a great aversion to a public use of her name, is gifted with an amount of heroism, plucky and calculating courage quite beyond that of most men. At two different times last summer she had occasion to exercise this trait of her character. She was visiting in Wheeling, W. Va., when the first occurred.

A little child, not more than three years old, was playing in a narrow alleyway, and was seated upon the stone pavement. Turning suddenly from the street came a large, heavy truck, to which were attached large Norman horses. The driver did not see the child until too late, when, suddenly pulling up the horses, he struck the great iron gate that stood open at the alley entrance. The gate, torn from its hinges, tottering, fell toward the helpless child, now threatened with danger.

This little Plainfield woman was passing at the time. In horror she saw the child's danger from the now plunging horses and falling gate. Quicker than it takes to read it she sprang from the sidewalk to where the child, affrighted, sat, and, grasping it, dragged it away just as the sharp iron pickets caught her own skirt, tearing it, but not injuring her. And she did not faint or tremble, either, but simply pinned up her skirt and hastened home, more concerned at her disheveled appearance than at anything else.

A little later in the season, while on a short visit to a New Jersey seaside resort, a cry of fire was raised in the hotel where she was staying. It was in the afternoon, and this little Plainfield lady was taking a nap. The fire alarm awakened her, and going to the hall she found it filled with smoke. She heard the wailing cry of a child's voice coming from a room near by. With not a thought of danger she groped her way along the floor where the smoke was least suffocating, and made her way into the room whence came the child's voice. It was here that the fire was, and the little one had fallen upon the floor in its efforts to grope out of reach of harm. Half smothered she rescued the child. The fire was soon put out, but the little lady took chances just the same as though the danger had been more pressing and greater.—New York Press.

Facts About the Echo.

"What is an echo?" asked the teacher of the infant class.

"It's what you hear when you shout," replied a youngster.

"Is it caused by a hill or a hollow?" again asked the teacher.

"Both," was the ready reply.

"How so?"

"The hill throws back the holler."—Binghamton Republican.

JUGGLERS IN THE EAST.

Tricks that Beholders Will Not Try to Explain.

Bewildering Feats Witnessed By a U. S. Naval Officer.

Making a Mungo Bush Grey in a Few Minutes.

So marvelous are the things which I have seen that I am almost ready to credit anything which I hear of the skill of eastern jugglers. In our trip we first encountered them at Port Said. The ship was lying at anchor there and a tall, intelligent looking Hindoo, dressed in a loose white gown and turban, came on deck. He did so many things, each more wonderful than the last, that I can only remember a few. For instance, he took four eggs, ordinary hen's eggs, which we all examined. He put one in each of his ears, and one in each eye, then stood perfectly straight, holding his head perpendicularly. The eggs remained in place as if fastened there. He then took off his turban, a piece of very fine white cloth, eight inches in width and about fifteen feet long. He cut this in two, then lighted the ends and allowed them to burn until they were considerably charred. All this time we were standing very close to him, so that his slightest movement could not escape us. His sleeves were rolled up and there was no way of concealing anything in his gown. Well, he tied the two pieces of his turban together and rolled them up into a knot, twisting it again and again. All at once he gave it a jerk and the long white cloth shot across the deck, white and clean, without a break or a burned spot in it. All this on the open deck with the crowd near enough to touch him.

THE JAPANESE JUGGLER.

Everywhere we went we saw jugglers, and their tricks, in which skill was their main element, were very numerous and very astonishing. But here is one by a Japanese juggler which shows more than mere skill:

At Yokohama a juggler came on deck and built a little box by piling sticks one on top of the other in squares. He held it up so that we could all see through it. Then he put a bottom to it, and immediately thrust his fingers down into it and began to pull out a long piece of what looked like similax. He had no possible way of concealing it. He pulled six or seven fathoms of it out—more than he could have wrapped into a small bundle. Afterward he performed what is called the water trick.

He set a small table on the deck, first placing under it a piece of paper so that all the legs rested on the paper. He then piled little boxes and tables one on top of the other, forming a sort of column of which the first table was the base. Each table and box was separated from every other by a piece of paper. Then he stood off from the column and lifted his wand. From one corner of the topmost box spouted a stream of water. When he raised his wand the stream spouted up higher. When he lowered it the stream was less. Then he made water stream from the end of the wand, and walked about the deck with the water flowing from it. His sleeves were rolled up; his hands and arms were bare. At Yokohama, at a theatre, I saw the same thing on a larger scale. The juggler then made streams of water flow from the foreheads of his attendants, from the midst of a blazing ball of pitch at the end of his wand, and finally from the flames to two lamps which lighted the stage.

HINDOO PRESTIDIGITATION.

At Singapore, on the deck of the steamer, a Hindoo juggler did the mango trick. He came on board clad in the usual turban and loose white robe, and wearing his legs and feet bare. His tools were a mango nut, about the size of the ordinary sea bean, a pot of earth, a short stick about as thick as the little finger, and a cloth about four feet square. He kneeled upon the deck while doing the trick, and we all bent over him. He poured out the earth and heaped it into a little mound. He next held up the mango nut, then buried it in the little mound of earth. He poured water on it, waved his cloth over it several times, then pulled the cloth away and a sprout

After the Battle.

Mother—Now, girls, as you've finished your daily quarrel, suppose you go and eat some dinner.

Arabella (sarcastically)—Oh, I suppose you want us to swallow our feud.—Life

The Home of Jean Ingelow.

But a few moments' ride from London is the Kensington home of Jean Ingelow, whose poetry is so familiar to American readers. The house is an old one of cream colored stone, and one scarcely knows whether it has two or three stories. Liberal grounds surround the house, and even in winter show a gardener's care. In summer the entire lawn is bordered and dotted with flowers, for the poet is a pronounced horticulturist. During the cold weather a spacious conservatory attached to the house shelters the flowers, and in this hot house of palms and buds she is often found by her friends reading or writing.

Flowers bloom, too, in almost every room in the house, on the center tables, mantels and in the bay windows. Jean Ingelow's home is that of a poet, with books on every hand and always in reach, wherever you may chance to sit down. The poet is now in middle life, but her face shows not the slightest trace of years. Her manner is most friendly, her conversation charming and she has a most musical voice. She enjoys a remarkably correct knowledge of American literature, the titles of the lastest American books being spoken by her with wonderful fluency. Her character is eminently practical without a touch of sentimentality. All her literary writing is done in the forenoon; her pen is never put to paper by gaslight. She composes slowly, and her verses are often kept by her for months at a time before they are allowed to go out for publication. She shuns society and the most severe part of the winter is spent in the south of France.—Washington Press.

A COW THAT GAVE MILK PUNCH.

The Wonderful Product of an Illinois Jersey and Its Disastrous Effect.

Charley Wheeler, of the chamber of commerce, tells this story:

"I have a married cousin who lives on a nice little place in the suburbs of Peoria, Ills. His homestead includes an acre or so of ground, and he is thus enabled to enjoy the delights of fresh drawn eggs, new laid milk, and 'garden sass.' He keeps one cow—a fawn colored Jersey, with a pedigree a yard long, and blue ribbons on her finely polished horns. Distillery mash was just then coming into use as feed for stock, and my cousin concluded that he would experiment with it. Distillery mash, which is the residue of the grain after it has served the distiller's purpose, is supposed to be innocuous, although its value on the bovine bill of fare has been questioned. Well, my cousin had a load delivered at his house, and the next morning he began feeding it to his Jersey. It was cheap, and he did not stint in the quantity.

"It happed that his wife's uncle from Oquawka was billed to visit them that day, and when my cousin went home he found the old gentleman enseconced on the front piazza as comfortably as you please. The old fellow, by the way, was a strict Prohibitionist, and he could hardly forgive his niece for marrying a man who lived in the distillery town of Peoria. My cousin was very attentive, for the Oquawka sage was well fixed, and my cousin's wife was his favorite niece. At dinner the old man would drink neither tea nor coffee, and so my cousin pressed upon him a large bowl of milk fresh from the Jersey cow. 'Uncle' drained it to the last drop and called for more.

"'Tell ye,' said he, 'that there's the stuff ter drink. I don't see how anybody kin drink Peory whisky when they kin get this.'

"After dinner all hands adjourned to the veranda. My cousin noticed that quite a change had come over the old man. His eyes sparkled, his face flushed and in a few minutes he began singing 'For I'm a Jolly Good Fellow,' to the horror of his niece, who had never heard anything lighter than 'Auld Lang Syne' from his lips. The hired man happened along just then, and the old man challenged him to a 'wrastlin' match, side holts.' Then he wanted to run a foot race with my cousin, who thought he was crazy, and was about to telephone to town for a patrol wagon, when the old man jumped off the piazza and sprained an ankle.

"After they got the old man safely to bed my cousin began to investigate. He happened to think of the milk, and went to the pantry and tasted of it. It was as good milk punch, barring a little sugar, as he ever tasted. He saw it all now. That distillery mash had done the business. He fed it to the cow, and she produced milk punch.

"The old man got well in the course of a week, and went home, but he never forgave my cousin. He insisted that liquor had been put in the milk 'to fool him.' He cut his niece out of his will, and left all his money for the constant distribution of temperance tracts in Peoria."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Artemus Ward's Humor.

I have met and heard many professional humorists, but none, off or on the stage, could equal Artemus Ward. His appearance was quaint. He looked like a smaller Bartley Campbell. His manner was supernaturally grave and earnest. His fun was not in his misspelling, it was in the apparently unconscious association of the most incongruous ideas. The humor was not spontaneous. He labored over every word until he had it just right, and then committed it to paper or memory, and never varied it. One of his rules was always to make a joke plain and clear to his audience. Another was to wait for the laugh. Sometimes the audience would not see the fun. He told me that the greatest compliment he had ever received was from a stranger stopping at the same hotel, who asked him whether he had been to hear that fellow, Artemus Ward, lecture.

"No," replied Artemus, "have you? What do you think of him?"

"Why, he is the blamedest fool I ever saw. I just sat there and roared to hear him making such a show of himself. I wouldn't have missed it for $10."

At his first lecture the New York audience did not know what to make of him. He seemed so nervous; fidgeted about so; lost his place, never said a word about the advertised subject of his lecture. "Call me pet names, love; call me a bird," he murmured, "and I called her a boiled owl." Then he waited for the laugh. It came very slowly; first a solitary snicker, then two or three chuckles. "When I said that in Chicago," continued Artemus gravely, "I had to go before a justice of the peace and take my solemn affidavit that a boiled owl was a bird before one of them could catch the point. Then everybody roared. New Yorkers were not going to be duller than Chicagoans."—Musical Journal.

The Favorite Times for Suicide.

Statistics show that the months in which the fewest suicides occur are October and November, while the greatest number occur in April, May and June. July and September also have a goodly share, the latter possessing a peculiar fascination for women. This refutes the old idea that suicides occur most frequently in damp and gloomy weather, for the months just mentioned as being the most prolific are certainly those in which the skies look brightest and the earth is fairest. Another remarkable fact in this connection is that the progressive increase and decrease in the number of suicides coincide with the lengthening and shortening of the days, and, as M. Guerry has shown, not only the seasons of the year, but the days of the month and of the week, and even the hours of the day, exert an influence, the constancy of which cannot be mistaken.

As a result of his elaborate research he found that the greatest number of suicides among men occurred during the first ten days of the month, and from Monday to Thursday of the week. This is accounted for by remembering that the majority of workingmen receive their wages either on the first of the month or the last of the week, and that "pay day" is often followed by dissipation, debauchery and remorse. Oettingen completed this interesting observation by showing that the larger number of suicides among women take place during the last half of the week, when they are most apt to feel the effects of man's prodigality and wrongdoing. In regard to the hours of the day, we know, from Brierre de Boismont's examination of 1,936 cases of suicide in Paris, that the maximum number occurred between 6 a. m. and noon, and thereafter regularly declined, reaching the minimum at the hour before sunrise.—Charles W. Pilgrim, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

How It Was Settled.

The novel fact that Gen. George L. Becker was once elected to congress, but was beaten out of his seat by a game of seven-up, is probably known by very few at the present time. It was in the fall of 1857. The territory of Minnesota had just been organized, preparatory to admission as a state the following year, and three men were elected to the lower house of congress, to wit: George L. Becker, of St. Paul, James M. Cavanaugh, of Chatfield, and W. W. Phelps, of Red Wing, all Democrats. When the census of the territory was taken for the benefit of congress it turned out that the new state would be entitled to only two members of the lower house. There were three very much disconcerted young men, for they were brimming with life and ambition, and neither of them relished the idea of giving up the captured prize. However, after a siege of contriving and bickering, in which neither gained a point over the other, young Becker laughingly suggested that they decide the matter by a three handed game of seven-up. The other two jumped at the proposition, and in less than two hours proved to Mr. Becker that he had made a very bad suggestion for his own interests. Becker accepted the defeat gracefully, but was unable to restrain a feeling of contempt for the hands the other fellows played.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Penitent Monkey.

Spring brings the turnpike musicians and monkeys in great numbers. While one pair of these were giving a concert on Main street in Carbondale, Pa., to a crowd of youngsters and two inebriated countrymen, one of the men gave the monkey a cent, for which it doffed its cap jauntily. Then the countryman teased the little animal until at last it buried its teeth in the man's finger to the bone. When the blood gushed from the wound the monkey looked regretfully at the finger, then into the man's face, and handed back his money. No amount of persuasion would induce the penitent animal to again accept the coin, though it was repeatedly offered and though he accepted money from others all around him.—New York Commercial Advertiser.