

CRYING FOR THE JURY.

WOMEN'S TEARS BETTER THAN A LAWYER'S ADDRESS.

The Prospect for Women on Juries When Their Sex is Before the Bar—Dancing That Was Not Dancing and Failed to Please the Public.

New York, July 1.—Within the last six weeks two women have been tried in this city for the murder of their lovers. In each case a deliberate intention to kill was clearly proven, and in each case a verdict of "Not Guilty," was returned.

While their trials were going on the criminals wept conspicuously and industriously all day long. One was a pretty young girl of nineteen, and every day her mother brought into court a large square of folded linen and solemnly handed it to her.

These two trials have set men talking about the advisability of summoning women jurors in certain cases. If called she may go to the rescue, or she may respectfully decline to be utilized in the jury-box, to pull men out of scrapes for which their fellow-men have no sympathy.

Manager Askins of the Palmer theatre thought he had in journalistic parlance, "scoped" his dramatic brethren, when he secured Omene, an Oriental high-kicker from Stamboul, to dance before his patrons as Herodias danced before the ruler of the Jews, but after witnessing her first rehearsal, and finding that the lovely Omene expected to "do her turn" in thirty-five yards of gauze, ("only that and nothing more"), he began to fear that his managerial head might fall before his Oriental dancer if he allowed her to do her kicking in true Oriental style.

The fact is it was not dancing at all; it was posing, wriggling, contorting, and if not suggestive, it would have been a totally meaningless pantomime.

The fair orientals has taken her gauze scarf and her bare, bunched toes over to the east side, where audiences are less "pernickily" than on the west side, and with the advertising that Manager Askin has given her, she ought to make more than either of her Spanish contemporaries.

Every now and then a chorus girl carries off the son and heir of a Gotham millionaire, and his papa has to hustle round and collect a small fortune to buy his young hopeful back. The latest victim is an orphan eighteen years of age, who will come into his patrimony of half a million on his twenty-first birthday.

The old commodore maintained several wives in his time, and Master Allie's elder brother Hercules took a woman out of a house of ill repute in this city one Sunday evening and married her. When confronted with his marriage certificate he declared that he was drunk at the time, but that to the best of his knowledge and belief he had never seen the woman before, all of which goes to prove that some things do run in families.

Some inquisitive person lately propounded the query, "What has woman brought into journalism?" and an audacious newspaper man publicly replied that "she had brought nothing into it but her clothes." The parties most concerned in his witty reply are looking for him, and the clothes he happens to be wearing when found will probably go into journalism as the most delapidated that ever came out of an encounter.

Rudyard Kipling, who was reported dying of consumption in Italy, arrived here last week, and registered at a hotel as J. McDonald. By the time the reporters got on his track, he had disappeared, some say into the leafy coverts of Long Island. One enterprising editor hunted him down, and made him stand and deliver a story for his Sunday edition. The modest young author named it "The Finest Story in the World."

It is no wonder he took to the woods as soon as he landed on these shores. It is only a few years since he went back to America, and out-Dickensed Dickens in disparagement of the United States and its citizens. The editors have been giving him particular fits ever since, and are in arrears yet.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

He Writes to His Sister in Boston on Various Local Topics.

FREDERICTON, July the 2th. My Dear Sis.—Acorse I was gratified to realize, sister, that yure gastricks was better, and that you was bathin' in the sunshine these gorgus aurn days. I hope the Boston wether is light completed so as to match yure stile of butey, sis. Ma sez you was allers fond uv bathin' in the sunshine, sis, but never hankerred much for any other kind uv bathin', so I sposs yure happy now.

I wunder, sister, wot the world's comin' to. There aint ben a sojer drunk nor

ville and other pints uv interest to widders. They took a pullman on Wheeler's express for Marysville, followed by a bushel uv rice, a bunch uv crackers and a constabel. They will be back tomorrow.

The Oddfellers from Saint Johns was here yesterday and got their grub from the wimmen uv the Methodist church. Ma was down the nite befor and helped em peel a barel uv potatoes. It was odd to see the peedin' and squelin' they did. And sich lurchin, lurchin, munchin and crunchin and wain' and nashin as them Oddfellers did. I gess they was half starved in Saint Johns. Mr. Blure and Mr. Tompson and Turney Witehed and D'cter Colter and Frank Rusteen done the belt uv the work ma sez. She sez Mr. Blure and Mr. Tompson done the heavy thinkin', Mr. Witehed watcled

Moltke said, with a humorous glance at his own plain civilian dress. "Oh, my dear, Herr Pastor, you should have told me before that I was to find such famous generals represented here." He invited all the boys to visit him at Kreisan, and gave them a most hospitable reception.

He Saved Them the Trouble. Three men—an Englishman, Irishman, and Scotchman—were travelling together. They called at a wayside inn, had a glass of beer, paid, and took their departure. A few steps further on the Englishman observed: "I noticed a fine silver watch hanging on a nail over the counter." "Let us go back and fetch it," said the Irishman. "Useless trouble," added the Scotchman. "I have it in my pocket."



OH! YOU TICKLE ME.

drowned nor run away, pa sez, fer morn a week and oney three or four brung up fer fitin'. There aint no stoberies, there aint no mapul honey, there aint no appels, there aint no dog-fies—there aint no nothing. Acorse we has the long tennis, but in regard to straddlin', it aint wot it was when you was here, sister.

The 'piscopals held a bazar on the crifers square last week, so ma, wich is rampagous fer the heathen, is goin' to noggerrate one fer the freewillins. Wen she went down with her ambril and menshined it to the kernel, he was so tickled to deith with the idee that he's ben on the docter's hands ever since.

I most forgot to menshun, sister, that the crops is backward owin' to wet wether. Ma kept prayin' fer it to stop all the week, and sure enuf it held up yesterday. Goodness knows when it would have stopped oney fer her. But all the crops aint bad, sister; the crop uv dead cats on the raccourse is prodigious.

Mister Gill was in to call on us today. He sez he wanted to insure our cow. Deth is mitey onsertin, mam, sez he. We are libel to be watted up. It goeth about like a roarin' gadfly, sez he, and at the last it stingeth like a bumble, and consumeth yure wittles, sez he, and drieth up the fountains, sez Mr. Gill. Not uv our cow, sez ma, sez she aint dried up to enny extent. But wot would happen to her famerly, sez Josey, if she was called away—think uv the orphins, sez he. I'd have you to know, sez ma to him in oful tones, that our cow aint got no lamerly; she aint a mawj cow, sez she. O, sez Mr. Gill, I'm tryin' to keep you fram gittin' along now, sez ma in sargustic tones. O, sez he, but I'm tryin' so hard to get a few more cows, mam. If I oney had ten more cows, sez he, I would be redy to clime the golden spout enny munit. O, sez he, did you ever hear of Grey's Effigy in a County boneyard, sez he? A yes, sez ma, which her ebenezar was a risin' on her gorge, and I adwise you, Mr. Gill, to get a move on this blessed instep or I'll make a effigy of you in a dirty dooryard. So, Mr. Gill ewaporated.

I sposs you heard, sister, that Uncle Dick married the widdler. Pa sez a man wot marries a widdler is gilty uv matrimony in the second degree. The ceremony come off at our place today. It was trooly gorgus. Pa lent Uncle Dick a shirt for the okashun, and kiased the bride when Ma wasn't lookin', hevily, includin' some yaller assiggners from Dave Hats fer dog-days I gess, called ham, lamb, ram and dam. Uncle Dick was so absent minded he didn't pay the minister. He borrowed \$10 from Pa and left fer an extensiv tour uv Duketown, Niagery, Black-

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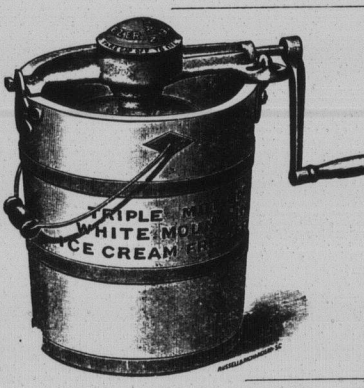
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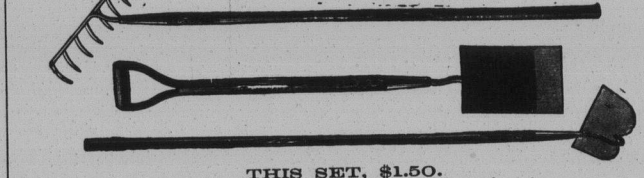


THIS LETTER SPEAKS VOLUMES. MONCTON, May 7, 91. Messrs. C. E. BURNHAM & SON, St. John: GENTLEMEN,—In answer to your inquiry as to what is my opinion of the BRANTFORD SAFETY BICYCLE, I have much pleasure in stating that the BRANTFORD SAFETY, purchased in the Spring of 1890, has given me entire satisfaction. I have been riding for several years past, having ridden the "Rudge Safety," and other wheels, but I have not had a wheel that could stand our rough roads, or give me the comfort and satisfaction as did the BRANTFORD SAFETY. I wish you a large sale for 1891. I remain, yours, etc. W. C. TOOLE, P. O. Dept., Moncton, N. B.

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