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PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1896.

WANT SPECIFIC CHARGES

NO CIVIC SERVICE MEN TO BE DISCHARGED ON IDLE RUMORS.

The Mayor also Refuses to Prosecute for Brutality Unless Specific Charges are Made—Mr. Russell Does not Believe in the "Victor and Spoils" Theory.

HALIFAX, Nov. 4.—There has been a great outcry against Policeman Lovitt and Purcell for the brutality with which they are charged in arresting a man-o-war sailor who who was absenting himself from his ship. There has been a call for an investigation, but the mayor refuses to take any step in that direction unless some one lays 'a specific charge.' He will not act on newspaper charges. The mayor, in using that phrase 'a specific charge' is quoting an expression that is quietly becoming famous in liberal circles in this city. It is is said that strong pressure of a certain kind is being brought for the dismissal of civil servants at Halifax but that Professor Russel, M. P., objects to taking any such action unless compelled to. He is not one of those men who believe in the doctrine that 'to the victors belong the spoils," and he keeps at bay the office displacers in his own party by telling them that he will be a party to no dismissal unless "a specific charge" of partizanship is laid and favored. Professor Russell has not, so far, been flooded with "specific charges" and no displacements yet appear on the horizon of Halifax. It is well for some custom officials, as well as some other members of the civil service in Halifax, that the liberal member for this city and county is the stamp of man that he is or otherwise there might have been some vacancies ere this. But the day of "specific charges" may not be far distant, even with Professor Russell as the judge.

A GOOD ALL AROUND MAN.

Ex-Alderman W. J. Stewart Has a Good Record in Halifax.

HALIFAX, Nov. 4.—At the last meeting of the board of school commissioner the usual, the closing one for the year. The commissioners made the usual complimentary speeches regarding each other. Those speeches are often perpunctory utterances which mean nothing. At this meeting this was the case, and it was not the case of all the eulogies passed on chairman W. J. Stewart not one word too much was said, and not one of the sentiments expressed was overdrawn, for he was indeed a admirable Chairman He worked heart and soul in the interest of the schools of Halifax and he has left his work for good upon them. No Chairman could have done more than did Ex-Ald. Stewart, and it is well that his efforts are appreciated by fellow commissioners and by citizens at large.

Perhaps the commissioners could not help it, but it was rather funny for them to couple the name of Commissioner Doyle with that of the other outgoing members in their appreciative resolution. "Captain" Doyle did nothing as a commissioner, indeed he has not attended a meeting of the board for more than a year, yet he got a share of the praise.

The board added $200 to the salary of Supervisor McKay, making his annual stipend $1800. It is good pay in these times, but not too much for Mr. McKay. As an ex-commissioner remarked when he heard of the increase; 'McKay is worth it.' Congratulations Supervisor:—Secretary Wilson got $100 extra, too, and there is no doubt about it that R. J. Wilson is a good official.

In W. J. Stewart's removal to Montreal the Wanderers A. A. C. will lose one of its charter members. He with W. A. Black and Geoffrey Morrow were the members of the original grounds committee of that now exceedingly flourishing athletic organization. He will be missed also by the Garrison Artillery of which he was a most capable major, while the tax reformers will be bereft of their leader.

THEY WANT MORE LAND.

Rich Men Who Still Want Just One Spot More.

When John D. Rockefeller bought those miles around Tarrytown, placing his titles over the country that runs along the most picturesque part of the Hudson, he planned placing a fence around it all and inclosing all in one beautiful park. So large did he plan it that, out driving, he could drive ten miles straight ahead without going off his own estates.

In getting so vast a piece of property together many a stream had to be crossed, many mountains climbed and much surveying done. Acres upon acres were added as Mr. Rockefeller found new outlying pieces of property that pleased him. At length driving over his lands, he found himself in possession of so many miles of property that he needed no more. 'Here I shall place my house,' he said. 'And the park shall extend for miles around us, further than we can see or walk or drive, It shall be like a baronial estate into whose depths the owner can penetrate but offering no access to the stranger.'

When the surveyors set out to place the boundaries of the big fence they were amazed to find a small piece of property that was not in the plans. It consisted of a small strip of land running back about forty rods into Mr. Rockefeller's domains. Upon the little plot stood a simple frame house, untenanted, while around the door strayed a few lonesome chickens.

The surveyors reported this to Mr. Rockefeller. 'Purchase the piece of property,' ordered he.

When the Rockefeller agents approached the small house they found an old man out by the door, feeding his hens. 'I don't think as I want ter sell,' said he, reflectively, glancing over the spreading acres beyond. 'Fact is, I like ter have a nice neighbor like that. I'm contented here, doin' chores for the neighbors, an' working out winters. No, I doan't want ter sell.'

'One of those obstinate old fellows,' ejaculated the agent. Leave him alone. He'll come around.'

But the man did not come around fast enough. Meanwhile Mr. Rockefeller wanted to build that fence. The little plot stood next the best water chance on the place. A beautiful little river cascades into a ravine back of the plot. 'Buy at any price' ordered the millionaire. But the agent held on.

All summer the man worked out, doing chores, and when winter came he housed up, only going out to do odd jobs. Spring dawned, and with it came the agent. The old man by this time was ugly. 'You can't hev that thar house fur less than $50 000,' said he, 'and cash at that.'

'I'll pay it,' said the agent. I will be here to-morrow with the money and a lawyer.'

Next morning came the agent, the lawyer and the money. But when they approached the house they saw something had gone wrong. The chickens were running wildly in all directions, the windows were broken and the door hung mournfully upon one hinge. As they stopped to gaze at the strange sight a wildly disheveled figure came rushing around the house crying: 'Money, money! Where's the money? Let me eat it! Let me eat it!' It was the poor fellow, gone stark, raving mad with joy at the prospect of sudden wealth. Three months afterward he died in the mad house!

Not all such tales have so tragic an ending. Upon the very border of Biltmore, George Vanderbilt's North Carolina estate, there dwells a farmer, fat, ruddy and contented, knowing, as he does, that the owner of Biltmore would give a cool million any day to oust him.

Biltmore is so planned that its borders end upon streams, in forests and upon large adjoining estates of gentlemen. Bill Nye's place touches Biltmore upon one end. These people never annoy the owner of Biltmore and he does not feel that he has any territorial boundaries except for this one farmer!

This old man sold his estate to George Vanderbilt, but carefully marked off one section of it for himself. He did not sell quite all he owned. There was still a narrow strip left. Upon this he moved his little farmhouse and stubbornly refused to budge. Every year immense sums have been offered him to sell the little farmhouse and live elsewhere. But there he lives, placidly smoking his pipe, tilling his two or three acres, and enjoying the shooting and fishing of his neighbor, whose lands dip down into a valley just there making the old man's house a vertiable spying grounds.

Austin Corbin bought his immense country estate more carefully than most millionaires know how to do. For months before he built the house he had old farmers going round with their pants tucked in boots saying to the farmers around: 'Wall, I guess I'd like to buy a strip of that land o' yourn!'

'Think o' settling hereabouts?' the farmers would ask.

'Wall, ye—es, if you don't hold your land too high.'

And so his crafty agents got hold of many and many a hundred acres at the regular market price.

But there was one old farmer in the interior of the forest land who said nothing but sawed wood. When the make-believe farmer approached him, he answered, 'I guess I won't sell jest yit. In the spring this here wood'll all be gone. Then I'll sell the place ter yer.'

'We've got him cinched,' said the wise agents. 'That wood is only good for this season's chopping.' Meanwhile they bough up enough land to make a handsome park, and began to turn stone for a house. But in the spring the old man thought differently about moving. 'Guess I've thought better of it,' he chuckled.

The ground was broken, the stone carted and the mansion completed. Then came the stocking of so great an estate. 'My boy,' Corbin used to say to his young friends, 'My boy, do you see those grouse running around, and can you hear the quail? My boy, in a few years I'll have finer shooting than Beresford has got on his place.'

A startled squawk of a wild fowl broke the stillness. A stamping of game in the woods told that a disturbing element was at hand. Through the elegantly planned park came an old man with a gun on his shoulder and his dogs at his heels. 'Where are you going?' demanded Mr. Corbin.

'Going home,' replied the old man laconically.

'I'll see about that,' said Corbin.

A lawyer was called in and the law was read. But the closest application could find no hindrance to a man's reaching his own property. 'A man is entitled to a gangplank to his habitat,' was the ultimatum. And they could get no further. The man still holds the property. He has an idea his grandchildren will sell for millions.

There is a well-known story that Levi P. Morton, with his Jersey pigs and his Alderney cows, would dearly like to purchase a snug bit of property that lies next to his, but the owner holds on for peculiar reasons. He wants to be 'next the rose.' He is a politician of local repute, and the privilege of saying that he lives next to Morton is worth twenty votes to him. When so lofty a reason restrains a man it is a mean politician that would seek to tempt.

At Lenox, upon one of the lovely hillsides heading up to October Mountain, the Harry Whitney country place, there stands a little shanty with a cobblestone foundation and a single sprawly tree growing alongside. On one side of it end great estates. Many and many a time have the owners of the property on each side tried to buy of the old woman who owns it. But she, poor thing, keeps a thin-sided cow, and sells her milk to the neighbors and holds on. At first she wanted $5,000. Now she refuses $25,000. But she is old and can't live forever. Then the little place will be brought cheap from her son, who urges her to sell.

Such are a few of the tales of men who, having great estates, want one little spot beside. And such is the tale of man's cupidity, that these owners, poor and suffering from necessaries, bear their poverty and hardships, sure that a gold mine will open at their feet if they can only wait long enough for it.

FASHIONS IN CIGARS.

Popularity of the Dark Brands Returning—Small Sizes the Favorites.

As in everything else that can be bought and sold, there are fashions in cigars, cigarettes and tobacco, and the tastes and likings of men for particular flavors and bouquets change with the lapse of years. Only, in the case of anything in the form of tobacco, the fashions change slowly and are hard to trace, for the reason that the lower class, consuming by far the greater bulk, will take anything cigar-shaped, and the common phrase, 'a good see-gar,' means simply whatever will draw and waste itself away in smoke. Nevertheless, there is ample evidence that within the last ten years a change in the popular taste has been slowly coming over the American smokers. The dealers notice it, and each year now they lay in altogether different stocks from what they used to.

Gradually, yet surely, the discriminating smokers are coming back to the dark cigars of fifteen years ago. A dealer now sells three dark cigars where he sold two several years back, or in 1893 and 1894. This is popular prejudice in favor of the cigar approaching blackness more than it is anything else, due to the idea that a higher flavor is found in them. As a matter of fact, color really has little to do with the strength of a cigar. In 99 out of every hundred that are made the "filler," or the major part of the cigar, is of percisely the same tobacco, with reference to the hue of the "wrapper." Experts say that averaging up all grades the effect of the light cigar with greenish spots is more pronounced on the system than that of the darker and supposedly stronger. However this may be, the "spotted" cigar is yielding in popularity to the colorado maduro or even the maduro.

Another change that has been noticed is the increase in consumption of Tampa and Key West cigars, and the reduced call for cigars of Havana make. This began to be marked before the Cuban war set in with all its force, so it cannot be due to the present difficulty in getting Havana brands. The truth is that the famous old days of the mild Havannah,' celebrated in song and story, have gone by, it is feared never to return. Nevertheless, Havana tobacco has not lost its vogue, the cigars mentioned as most popular being all of Havana stock. Domestic tobacco has never come largely into use for the good grades, and the supply is mainly utilized in the production of 'fives,' 'two for five,' and 'three for five.'

In size the small cigar is supplanting the larger ones for general smoking. When business in New York was a leisurely affair men had time to appreciate the flavor of a good-sized, fat cigar, of both bulk and body. But nowadays, in the rush of trade, in the hurry and scurry of morning and afternoon, the "quick smoke," a little cigar that is usually puffed hardly three-quarters through and then thrown away, is the fashion. In his home at night, or in his club, the man who knows smokes in nine cases out of ten takes up a perfecto or a regalia especial that seems something like those of the old times, but for use in the day the concha is the cigar of the [illegible]nt, and more of these are sold than of all the others.

If you know where to go you can buy a cigar for a cent in New York. Millions of the 'three for five' are sold on the east side. From this point the prices range up to $2.50 for a single 'smoke.' Cigars are actually sold at this figure in this city, though they do not show their value in the smoking, despite their aroma. Fifty cents buys just about as good a cigar as can be purchased. Recently there has come about a change in the prices men are willing to pay for these luxuries. The 'three for a quarter' has taken the place of the 'twofor,' and the men who used to think nothing of spending twenty-five cents for each cigar now get two for that amount of money. Where $12 a hundred used to be paid, $7, $8 or $9 is now the figure.

In cigarettes the fashion is for the mildest and lightest Virgenia leaf, and nothing else is popular. Smoking tobaccos are lighter mixtures than they used to be, and getting lighter each year Perique is used more and more, and in larger proportions. The favorite mixtures have perique as their foundation, then Virginia and Havana, and finally a very little Turkish. Seventy-five cents for a quarter of a pound is about as high as the average man will pay for these. There is a very delicious and aromatic Turkish tobacco on sale in several places in New York, costing $4 a quarter pound, but it is seldom bought, except by foreigners.—New York Tribune.

ARE RED UNIFORMS DANGEROUS?

British Investigators Advance Arguments Claiming They Are Not.

The scarlet uniform of the British infantry has been greatly criticised in recent years, chiefly on the ground that it exposes the men to needless danger by disclosing their whereabouts to the enemy. The objection taken to the scarlet, however, is groundless, and scientific reasons are given why the prevailing color is for all purposes the most suitable that could be selected.

In the first place, scarlet affords the best attainable protection against the extremes of heat and cold to which soilders are liable to be exposed. The darker the color protecting a warm body, the more rapidly radiation proceeds. White would be the best color to reduce radiation to a minimum; but white is barred by other considerations, as are also all the grays. Scarlet or red comes midway between white and black or other dark colors, while with reference to protection from the sun scarlet takes a far higher place than any of the blue, greens or drabs and other shades often used for military clothing.

Yellow or orange is excluded because these colors are particularly conspicuous at a long distance. Although scarlet or red is more conspicuous than gray, when the sun shines directly on the troops it blurs on the sight, and is consequently more difficult to hit.

With existing rifles the actual result of a fight is usually decided at a distance just outside the effective range of the weapons. This distance lies between 600 and 800 yards. Nearer than that it is impossible to close without replying to the enemy's fire, and as soon as the return fire whistles about the defenders' heads the possibility of aiming rapidly and accurately increases

Therefore, from this point of view, it is unimportant whether the object to be hit is conspicuous or not, but from a moral point of view it is a serious consideration. Within 700 yards each subsequent advance is conditioned by fire-superiority already achieved; the defenders are shaken; the time for counting heads is past, and the mental impression conveyed by the sight of the assaulting troops becomes the main point.

It is a distinct advantage that the men should bulk large in the decisive stages of an encounter, and there is no color which enables them to do this so effectively as scarlet. On the whole, therefore, every scientific consideration justifies the retention of scarlet as the best uniform for the troops.—Pearson's Weekly.

MR. CUMING'S COSTLY FROGS.

Paid $25 Apiece for Them in France and Got Them at a Bargain.

A. P. Cuming, a lawyer of this city, while spending his vacation in France during the past summer, bought three frogs, for which he paid the high price of $25 each. Lest publication of that fact encourage local dealers to imagine that they may be able to work off more frogs on Mr. Cuming at that fancy price, it is well to explain that the frogs he bought are not considered good to eat, that they are so small that a good meal of them would cost several hundred dollars, and that he is not passionately fond of that sort of diet. These frogs are simply good to look at. Nothing more. They are only about three and a half inches long, when fully extended, and possibly a fraction over an inch high when sitting up to take an interest in their surroundings, or half that thickness when they flatter themselves out on the glass of their aquarium home and stick there, for hours at a time, like gobs of green mud. Their backs and sides are of a pretty shade of green, which changes to the exact tint of any foliage, lighter or darker green, upon which they place themselves. Their bellies are white, their throats bright yellow, their eyes shining black, and over each eye is a crescent of bright gold.

The variety of frogs to which they belong has been found only in the fresh water lagoons running into the Mediterranean, and even there they are not abundant, nor is their capture easy. These were bought at Hyeres, near Toulon, and were considered a good bargain at the price Mr. Cuming paid. There is considerable diversity of color among these found, and their value depends altogether upon their beauty. Sometimes one is found darkly beautifully blue, and it is worth $500, that color being exceedingly rare.

They are very dainty little creatures. Fresh pure water must be given to them every day, and they will eat nothing but live winged insects, flies, butterflrs, moths and bees from which the stings have been extracted. Mr. Cuming has been urged to try the effect upon of giving to it a healthy bee, in working order, but refuses to do so fearing that the experience might shock too greatly the nervous system of his costly pets. They will not touch insects with hard wing cases, such as cockroaches and high flavored ones—badbugs for instance—are scorned by them. And they do not know that worms of any kind are good for frogs. When one of the little creatures is put in possession of a huge night moth bigger than itself, it begins swallowing by the head, and neatly folding in the broad spreading wings by dainty manipulating with its hands, gradually gets the insect down sometimes taking as much as half an hour in the process.

Mr. Cuming is now occupying his leisure in educating his frogs. They know him, perch fearlessly on his fingers, and have learned to jump over a trapeze, climb a rope, and do other things that edcourage him to hope for a high development of their abilities.—New York Sun.

SOME QUEER INDUSTRIES.

Odd Ways of Making a Living Disclosed by the Latest Census.

Occupations open to the thrifty individuals of both sexes have greatly increased during the last two decades, or even since the taking of the last decennial census, in 1890,

The extraordinary progress of science during the time specified and the application of its principle to the practical problems of human life have not only had the effect of greatly increasing the capacity for production in the trades already firmly established, but have opened hundreds of queer side alleys which lead direct to the avenues of trade.

There are, of course, dozens of these new and remarkable occupations with which science does not deal even in the remotest sense. In this class we find the rat catcher, the skunk farmer, the man who makes his living by picking up lost things in depots, theaters, hotels, etc., and returning them to their owners with the expectation of being rewarded the clock winder, the man who collects orange and lemon peels, and the Lake Michigan syndicate, which is now engaged in raising black cats for their fur. They are not raising these cats on water, as might be inferred from the title, but have leased an island in the great lake, which is now plentifully stocked with both sexes of screaching felines.

There are still others in the non-scientific category of queer occupations, but it will only be necessary to mention a few. One is a 'rattlesnake farmer,' who lives in the Ozark mountains, and makes the products of his 'farm' bring money from three different directions. The oil he disposes of to druggists, who have regular customers that believe it to be a panacea for a hundred different ills; the skins he sells to would-be cowboys, who use them as hat bands, and the skeletons are always a ready sale; the purchasers being the curators of the natural history departments of the different college and society museums. The man who wakes people up in the morning, the old cork collectors, and the dog catchers are well known characters in every large city.

The individuals who gain a livelihood in pursuits that are strictly scientific are equally as numerous as those who follow the more humble callings. In the list of occupations that are strictly scientific is the manufacture of artificial eggs, artificial coffee, and false diamonds. Also the industry of making buttons, combs, penholders and other articles of a similar nature from blood collected at the slaughter houses. The man who makes billiard balls, buttons and rings from potatoes which have been treated to a solution of nitric and sulphuric acids is also the proprietor of an "industry" wherein the fundamental principles are strictly scientific.

But the queerest of all is carried on by two young Pennsylvanians, who are making a regular business of extracting the poison from honey bees. According to the accounts, they have two different ways of collecting their crop of venom. In the first the bees are caught and held with their abdomens in small glass tubes until the poison sacs have been emptied. In the second they are placed in a bottle on a wire netting and enraged until the tiny drops of venom fall into the alcohol which fills the lower third of the bottle. This venom is said to be a sovereign remedy for cancer, rheumatism, snake bite, and a hundred others of the more terrible ills of humanity.—St. Louis Republic.

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