Reading a Brave's Pedigree.

There lived not very many years ago a short distance from the town of Beaver, which, by the way, is looking like a young bride just now in her boudoir of green hills, a man of extraordinary meanness. I don't think it would be unjust to say that he was a miser. Most of you would enjoy the story more if I gave you his name. But I won't do it.

One day as he was starting out for Beaver to do his weekly shopping—for even he had to buy something for the support of his family—his wife came out and asked him to buy her a darning needle.

"What's the matter with the one I bought you last winter?"

"The eye's broken out," she replied.

"Doing the needle here," said he. "I'm not going to allow any such extravagance. I'll have the needle mended."

The woman was wise in her generation, and made no protest. She brought out the broken needle.

The economical farmer rode into Beaver and stopped first of all at the blacksmith's shop. He took out the needle and handed it to the blacksmith. "I want that mended," he said.

The blacksmith knew his customer and hesitated. His face perfectly straight, he said that the eye would be broken in an hour's time. The man went away and the blacksmith walked with the needle and bought a new needle for a cent or two.

When the farmer called again the blacksmith gave him the new needle. The farmer looked at the smooth, polished surface of the steel, and remarked that it was a good job.

"How much will it be?" said he.

"Ten cents," said the blacksmith, and the farmer as he paid it remarked that he knew the needle could be mended, but his wife would have gone to the expense of buying a new one if he hadn't interfered.

Chinese Customs

The Chinese, topographically our antipodes, are as opposite to us in manners and customs.

Our night is their day. Our mourning color is black, theirs is white. Their boats are drawn by men; their carriages are moved by means of sails. Old men fly kites while boys look on. With them the seat of honor is at the left hand, and to keep one's hat on is a sign of respect. We drink tea hot and wine cold; they drink wine hot and tea cold.

The family name comes first instead of last, thus, John Smith would be Smith John. The needle of their compass points to the south, ours to the north. They say "westnorth" instead of "northwest," "southeast" instead of "southeast." Their soldiers wear quilted petticoats, satin boots and bead necklaces, carry umbrellas and fans, and go to a night attack with lanterns, being more afraid of the dark than of the enemy.

They mount their horses on the right side. The children in school sit with their backs to the teacher and study their lessons aloud.

A married woman when young and pretty is a slave; when she is old and withered she is the most respected and beloved member of the family. Their most valued piece of furniture is a handsome camphor wood coffin, which they keep in the best room. They are very fond of fireworks, but always display them in the daytime. If you offend a Chinaman, instead of killing you he will kill himself on your doorstep.

Gems and Precious Stones.

The most valuable of precious stones is the diamond—pure crystallized carbon—the most highly attractive and the hardest of gems, and the only one that is combustible. This latter property was discovered in 1691 by Cosme III. of Tuscany, who ignited the diamond with a burning-glass, and after it was consumed that when buried in a crucible this gem converts iron into steel. The diamond generally occurs as an octahedron, and surpasses all other gems in the property of dividing light into colored rays, causing the peculiar flash of prismatic hues called its fire.

Diamonds are rated by the carat. The term carat is derived from the name of certain small leguminous seeds which, when dried, are quite constant in weight. They were used in India for weighing gems.

In 1871 the syndicate of Parisian jewelers, goldsmiths and gem-dealers suggested 205 mg a gramme as the value of a carat; and this was confirmed in 1877, the leading diamond dealers of London, Paris and Amsterdam accepting it. The English carat is equal to 3.1683 grains (commonly reckoned as 3.17 grains) troy, hence there are 151 carats in an English troy ounce.

He Is His Own Lawyer

You ask me why I always insist on being my own lawyer, and why I have a general repugnance for lawyers. It is just this: The mass of mankind are helpless when they get mixed up in a law suit, and the lawyer, knowing this, takes advantage of the circumstances, and the law, too, are admirably adapted to aid the lawyer in preying upon the rest of mankind. When an estate is to be parceled the law gives the lawyer his percentage, sometimes a very large sum, depending upon the size of the estate. When a divorce suit is to be commenced the husband is always decreed to pay the lawyer who defends the wife.

If a receiver is appointed, the receiver must have a lawyer, and the court gives the lawyer a percentage of the assets. The same rule applies to assignments and assignees. If a man is to be declared insane, the court appoints a lawyer amicus curiæ, and he must be paid out of the property of the insane person. Why, the whole vocation of a lawyer is to divide up and appropriate other people's property as they do it with a nonchalance that is astonishing. Well, I have made up my mind that while they may get some of my property after I am dead, they lawyer will get any of it while I am alive.—William Zeppenfeld in Globe-Democrat.

In Great Pain

Friend—Was your uncle's will satisfactory to you, Brown?

Brown—Perfectly so. I'm a lucky dog! He left his entire fortune to an insane asylum.

Friend—You mean that you are an unlucky dog.

Brown—No, I don't; the other relations intend to contest the will, and I'm to be the attorney.—Life.

The trials of life frequently drive men to crime, and quite as often the crimes of life drive men to their wives.

"Mamma," said Albert, "do you believe in faith cure?" "Yes, dear," said mamma, "and I practise it, too, Mamma." continued the boy, feeling his daring unusually, "if a boy goes a-swimming without his shirt on, can you cure him by faith?" "No dear," said Mamma, "that disease is cured by laying on of hands." [illegible] minutes then Albert was the most surprised boy on long island.—Rochester.

Beginning to Blow Bottles

The effect of colored lights in [illegible] is as follows: [illegible] for sale [illegible] scribing the [illegible] a color [illegible]

Roberts' Advice.

"Good morning, master Roberts, my son! Well, that's right. I like to see you enjoy yourself. I was just talking with Uncle George about boys. "I don't know but one place for boys" said your Uncle George, "and that is work. Put 'em to work and keep 'em at it, for idleness is the parent of all vice. Don't map out any particular trade or calling, but just keep 'em at work and a taste of work will grow on 'em. That's the way I was brought up.

Thus wisely spake your old fashioned Uncle George." Now, before you hurry to the base-ball grounds I want to say a word about your Uncle George. I knew him when I was a boy. He was a young man then, and the laziest white man, I think, in the States of America. His clothes use to mildew before he had moved about in them enough to wear them out. He could sit longer on a store-box, his hat pulled over his eyes, blinking at the sun, than any man I ever saw. He didn't waste his time talking politics, because he was to lazy to talk much. He lived with your grandmother, and she use to say that the sun stood still every time it saw George go to the wood pile and pick up the axe. If he did any work at all in his life it was long before your grandmother knew him, for she often said that your Uncle George was born tired and she could'nt whip it out of him. Now I have frequently noticed that men who talk that way—but I am keeping you here and you'll miss your train. I just wanted to tell you this, because your Uncle George has gone to see the base-ball game, and I know he will see you there, and I dont want you to feel discouraged when he tells you how hard he had to work when he was a boy. Well, yes. I don't mind if I do go along with you I'm pretty fond of labor myself, and I don't know of any harder work than trying to understand a modern game of base ball and the umpire's decisions. Come along.—*Burdette.*

A Disastrous Effect.

Physician—How did the sedative powder affect your wife last night, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith—Disastrously.

Physician—Disastrously? Wasn't she able to sleep?

Mr. Smith—Sleep! Why, the baby cried from midnight until morning, and she slept through it all!—New York Sun.

She Meant Nothing Personal.

"Madam," said a man with a crushed hat and dilapidated clothes, as he appeared at the basement door of a Harlem house, "I have here some little bottles of my own genuine patent indestructible cement, for mending broken china and other articles, absolutely indispensable to any well regulated—"

"Don't want it, sir,"

"It's only 10 cents a bottle, madam, and it will pay—"

"No use for anything of the kind, I say—wouldn't have it."

It is warranted to mend anything in the line of broken dishes or—"

"I tell you I don't want it, and you needn't stand there talking any longer."

"All right madam: all right; dont want to intrude. Fine morning, madam. The house next door made a little remark about you madam, but I don't suppose you would care anything about hearing it repeated. Good-by madam."

Hold on a minute. Won't you? She said something about me you say?"

"Yes, ma'am, let fall a little remark concerning you—but I don't think you would care to hear it. I've got to hurry along. Just a moment. I believe I'll take a bottle of that stuff."

"The lady I was speaking of took three bottles for a quarter, madam, but I—"

"Give me four bottles, please; half the dishes in the house are broken. The idea of her saying anything about me the mean thing!"

"Yes, certainly. Accidents will happen to valuable china. Apply it with a brush, as directed. Also, I have large bottles of furniture polish, 50 cents a bottle. Two bottles? All right. There you are. There's your change, madam. Hope everything will be satisfactory. Good morning."

"But wait a moment—you didn't tell me what that woman said about me. I'll teach her to talk about me behind my back."

"O, yes, I most forgot it. You see it was this way: I asked her if the lady in the next house, meaning you, you see, was at home."

"Yes, yes, I understand! What did she say then?"

"She spoke up quick like, and said she didn't know. That was all, madam—I told you it was not much. Be sure and apply the cement with a brush, as directed. Good-by."

His Interpretation.

Many people outside the profession have vague ideas about newspaper work. I suppose that there are few newspaper men who have not been accosted, in the course of a quiet stroll, by some friend who wears a knowing grin and exclaims "Ah! hunting for news." And when told that a man rarely goes for news unless he is sent by the city editor, regards you with a smile of incredulity. The general public seems to have an idea that a newspaper man chases around after items like an entomologist after butterflies. Of the machine-like system of a newspaper office they have no conception. Not the least amusing phase of this ignorance is displayed by people who have never attempted brain work. "I saw a piece you wrote in our paper," said an old farmer to me the other day. "How much do you get for such a piece?" "About fifteen dollars," I replied. "How long does it take you to write such a piece?" he queried presently. "About two hours," I answered. Then I could plainly see that the old man was making a mental calculation something like this: Fifteen dollars in two hours would be seven dollars a half an hour, working ten hours a day—and unless a man works ten hours a day he would be hopelessly lazy in the opinion of the old farmer—would be just seventy-five dollars a day; six days in the week would run up to four hundred and fifty dollars a week. He did not like to think me a liar, so he simply smiled and murmured: "I reckon you do not work very hard."—Waverly Magazine.

A Story of Washington.

One day during the American Revolution, an officer, not dressed in uniform, was passing on horseback by some military works that were being prepared by a small squad of soldiers, and found the leader of the party merely standing by and looking on at the operations which were being carried on with difficulty, owing to the small number of men. The officer, seeing the state of affairs, and that assistance was much needed, enquired of the man why he did not render a little assistance instead of only standing idle. The latter in great astonishment [illegible] "Do you know [illegible] with all the [illegible] replied [illegible] I did not know [illegible] he [illegible] recovery, he continued, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Officer. [illegible] mounted his horse, [illegible] Corporal [illegible] other job such as [illegible] enough, send for Corporal [illegible] ton, and we will [illegible] a second time."

Question for a Thanksgiving Text.

How many women are there who understand the successful combination of comparative comfort, and a dwelling place? The commercial traveler will answer; the man who has an incompetent wife will say one in a hundred; the truth probably lies in a middle statement—about one in a thousand.

As a rule, the spectacle of a woman endeavoring to arrange herself for the day in a sleeper is either ludicrous or pitiable according to the nature of the observer.

If she is unaccustomed to travelling by rail at night, and is a person of ordinary self-possession, she goes at it with an every-ready belief that she can make all necessary changes of toilet in the berth; so in she climbs laboriously. Then she skoots around awhile, knocks her head against the upper berth several times, and gets her skirts wound tightly about her limbs in a most inextricable fashion. It is only when she finds herself cleaning her muddy overshoes on her new spring sacque that she concludes the thing impracticable.

Then she climbs out again and stands facing the berth, buttons and curtains behind her, and resumes operations. The porter comes along, and, ignorant of her presence, jostles her rudely, while other passengers bang their valises unmeriomiously against her. To add to the displeasure of the situation, the curtains slip apart at the most inopportune moment.

Male is not a very patient-minded person, she is apt to give up the fight in disgust, and tumble in frock and corsets and all, early to his evening two thirds of the night, indeed, in nightmare with crash-up brimstones the other third, and rise very early with a splitting headache, bad temper, and a fervent wish she had never left home.

This is the rule, and happy the man who encounters the exception, for he will treasure her ever in his memory as the paragon of her sex.

The exception was there one night last week. She was young, and a passenger on the Chicago express, which left the Grand Central depot at 8 o'clock P. M. Her quality was not made apparent until about fifty miles of Albany. Then it became evident that she regarded comfort as superior to the proprieties every time.

Her berth being prepared, with a look of quiet determination she stood up and drew the curtain behind her; not close enough however to embarrass her movements.

Off came her waist, then she stepped out of her dress skirt, and folding both neatly, stowed them away. Next her corsets came off. Then she pinned a shawl around her shoulders, threw aside the curtain and came forth. Reaching her bag, she secured brush, comb and hand glass, and proceeded coolly to arrange her hair as was her wont in her own boudoir.

Thus far the man in the case had done their whole duty by looking the other way; but they gave it up when she deliberately took out all her hairpins, removed an elaborate switch, attached it to the hook at the side of the berth, and combed it out generally. This done she folded it up, put it away, got into bed, took off the shawl and in ten minutes was softly snoring.

Then the men went into their own compartment, lighted fresh cigars, and wondered who might be the fortunate possessor of such a woman.—New York Sun.

Like Pay Day.

'Don't you find the life of a tramp disagreeable?'

'Not generally, but I'm very much downcast to-day.'

'Really?'

'Yes; I'm a victim of misplaced confidence.'

'How's that?'

'Well, I saw a grocer pump up a box of sardines and lay it on the counter, and fearing he should swear I hopped about two miles before I opened it, and then I found a mile of string. I had struck the wrong package. Yes, life isn't always like pay day.'—Boston Journal.

[illegible] with Salmon

Green River, or Pollett trout stream empties into the St. John about nine miles below Edmundston, the northern terminus of the New Brunswick Railway, and is fifty miles long. The name is derived from the fact that its waters are so pure that after they have mingled with those of St. John they can be distinguished from them by their green tint. Green River takes its rise in the county of Rimouski, and province of Quebec. It has two branches, which are named the left and right hand branches, and both are navigable at ordinary water, for canoes to their sources. The left-hand branch is noted for a series of lakes in which trout, salmon trout, whitefish and quit abound. The right-hand branch is the larger, and trout of large size are caught during the hottest of the summer weather in great abundance at various places along its course where cold springs and brooks empty into it. This branch is called the Pemwet. Ascending it two miles, the traveller reaches a portage, six miles long, which leads to one of the branches of the Restigouche, [illegible] which canoes can be easily paddled to the Bay of Chaleur, or he may if he pleases take the Intercolonial Railway at Campbellton as a means of returning home.

For nearly forty miles Green River and its branches pass through a forest country where there is not one solitary habitant. Its shores are generally bounded by high hills covered chiefly with a growth of hardwood; it has a rapid, steady current, occasionally interrupted by the occurance of numerous pools which abound with very gamey trout of superior quality; later, as summer advances, the large fish leave these pools and seek the cool and turbulent waters of the right hand branch. A canoe can be paddled by two men in three days from the house on the river to its source. [illegible] there are found, the [illegible] silently down the rapid [illegible] canoe [illegible] one [illegible] A [illegible] proper [illegible] Green [illegible]

The Man Under the Bed.

The man under the bed seems to exercise an irresistible fascination upon the feminine mind. This fascination may undoubtedly be accounted for largely upon traditional and hereditary grounds. Historians tell us that certain personal habits tend to perpetuate themselves from generation to generation. Then again, women will continue to look under the bed as long as the world lasts, I suppose, from sheer, inveterate curiosity. Who was it that said, "Life would not be worth living for a woman were it not for the constant possibility of finding out something secret?" At all events, this is plainly the reason why women hide the pockets in their dresses; why they organize sewing circles; why they yearn to become postmistresses. Curiosity comes as natural to a woman as singing does to a cat. This looking under the bed every night is one of those innocent little excitements which brighten the dull hue of every-day life and fringe it with romance and poetry. What if the anticipated spoils should some time appear? There is excitement enough in that thought to keep such a hard-working society woman from sleeping all day. Aye, bless her, on those suppositious boots! What a dull, prosaic life most women would lead were it not for them! To look under the bed is woman's ancient and prescriptive right. Occasionally a sacrilegious act is perpetrated which hinges upon some woman's having forgotten to perform this time-honored ceremony. But whoever sets forth or hawks upon such a sacrilegious act shows his gross ignorance of woman nature. A woman never forgets to look under the bed; for it is a duty and a principle which it is psychologically impossible for her to omit. When a rooster forgets to crow early in the morning, or a plumber forgets to make out a bill in the glad spring time, we will listen to the amateur humorist who imagines that a woman ever forgets to look under the bed as a prelude to peaceful slumber.

Cowbells Worn on Broadway

An eccentricity of toilet seen on Broadway, and heard, too, consists of cowbells worn by fashionable women. These curious adjuncts are shaped like the old fashioned tinkling bells which were suspended to one cow's neck in a herd, so that the beasts could be easily found when they strayed away in the woods, but they are [illegible] being only about three inches long [illegible] is brass, with embellished surfaces [illegible] enough in extreme cases of extra [illegible] could may be used. They [illegible]

About the Local Paper.

When speaking of the industries of a place where there is one branch of business that it will not do to overlook. We refer to the newspaper. Perhaps some would not regard the newspaper as one of the industries, but upon a little reflection they will be forced to the conclusion that when they leave out their newspaper they have left out something that helps to make business, and, if rightly managed, helps boom business; something that has, you may almost say, built up the great West, and made it what it is.

A newspaper, if rightly conducted, can do very much towards building up a town,—and on the other hand, it is not a difficult matter for a paper to "damn" its own town "with faint praise," to say nothing of its condemning the town and also itself by constantly publishing something that is slurring upon the inhabitants.

To those who have never visited a town, or those who know but very little about it, the newspaper there published is an index of the enterprise, and the character of that town's people. We all know this when we think of it, or come to consider it.

We would like to call attention to this fact. It is for the interest of every business man that his local paper be a good one. There are several things that go to make a local paper, but the principal feature is its local news. When we pick up a paper from another town and the local columns are dull and the news scanty, we are apt to think that the town is dull, and that there is scarcity of business, that there is nothing going on there, or else somebody would be traveling, getting married, or getting killed; that accidents, episodes, new features in business, and all the incidents to a lively people would be enacted, and consequently get into the local paper. When the local paper fails of recording such events, then its readers gain the impression that the town is dull and the people listless, and that it is no place for a man to look for the purpose of investing his money.

Many people have an idea that a paper has no right to speak of the transactions and the outgoings and the incomings of individuals; that in so doing it is meddling with what is none of its business. What about this? When people live in communities, as most people prefer to, each one must sacrifice a little something for the general good. In so doing, for the little sacrifice made by the one, there is return to him the accumulated sacrifices made by the whole, which is a great deal, so that the individual largely profitsth by his one small contribution for the public.

We see this illustrated in the protection given by the laws, to which we submit, and the advantages we receive from the payment of taxes which when put together will build a road or a public building that each and all can alike enjoy, as the whole of.

Now, whether it is believed or not, it is for the interest of every resident of a town where there is a newspaper, so far as may be fairly consistent with them, that their paper is informed of what is transpiring which will be of interest to the general public, and worth the proper to publish. As to what would be of general interest, each individual can for himself think of what he would like to have his neighbor tell him if he knew about, or what he would relate to his neighbor, or what he would be interested in himself. The newspaper, of course, must make allowance for the variety of tastes, and for his own idea of propriety.—Dexter Gazette.

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HILLSBORO, N. B.

Sheriff's Sale.

Will be sold at Public Auction at the Court House in Hopewell, in the County of Albert and Province of New Brunswick, on FRIDAY, the 5th day of OCTOBER next, between the hours of TWELVE o'clock noon and FIVE o'clock in the afternoon:

ALL the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand that Joseph C. Bleakney has, or had on the ninth day of October A. D., 1886, his possessory right, and right of entry, both at law and in equity of, in, and to, all that certain lot of land and premises, situate in the Parish of Elgin, aforesaid, on the Pollett River (so called) and being a part of a certain lot of land on the West side of said River, granted by the Crown to one William Colpitts, and part of a certain lot of land on the East side of said River, granted by the Crown to one George Killam, and formerly known as the Charles L. Bleakney mill site, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post on the top of the hill above the mill, on the East side of said River; thence running in a Westerly direction across said River twenty four rods to a post; thence running North twenty three rods to a post; thence running East thirty four rods recrossing said River to a post; thence running in a South-Westerly direction twenty three rods to the place of beginning, containing four acres, more or less, together with the saw and grist mills thereon.

Also all that certain other lot of land and premises situate in Elgin aforesaid, near Elgin Corner (so called) and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the Gordon Falls road at a point twenty two and a half rods from Robert D. Robinson's Southern boundary; thence along the said Gordon Falls road to Lot 28; thence Easterly to Pollett River; thence along Pollett River to lands owned by George Killam; thence along the said Killam line to within twenty two and a half rods of Robert D. Robinson's Southern boundary before mentioned; thence Westerly to the place of beginning, containing fifteen acres, more or less, being the same premises conveyed to one Joseph Bleakney by Robert McElmon and his wife by a deed dated July ninth, A. D. 1880, and duly recorded in the Albert County records by number 9874, on August seventeenth, A. D. 1880.

Also all the interest the said Joseph C. Bleakney has or had on the said ninth day of October, A. D., 1886, to all other lands and premises within my bailiwick wheresoever situated or howsoever described.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Supreme Court at the suit of Hamilton McManus against the said Joseph C. Bleakney.

ASAEL WELLS,
SHERIFF.

Dated Sheriff's Office Hopewell, July 17, A. D., 1888.

Sheriff's Sale.

Will be sold at Public Auction on FRIDAY, the seventeenth day of AUGUST next, between the hours of TWELVE o'clock noon and FIVE o'clock in the afternoon (in front of the Court House at Hopewell, Albert County, New Brunswick:

ALL the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand of the St. John Building Society, their possessory right, and right of entry, both at law and in equity of, in, and to, all and singular, that certain piece and parcel of lands and premises, situate in Harvey, County of Albert and Province of New Brunswick, conveyed to them by a certain mortgage Deed by W. . Tingley of Harvey aforesaid, duly recorded in the Albert County Records, in Book 2, page 221, and bounded as follows, viz: Commencing on the Eastern corner, by lands formerly owned by Benjamin Wilbur, running a northerly direction unto the base line (so called); on the Northwest by Wilbur's estate following the base line, supposed to be, one hundred and ten rods, more or less; West two points South; thence in a Southerly direction, or parallel with the Northerly line, striking a certain brook at the clearing, following said brook across a certain bog, continuing in same direction unto the line on the South side, between Richardson's estate and lands being described; thence Easterly to place of beginning, containing by estimation, two hundred acres more or less.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Supreme Court at the suit of John Jones against the said, The St. John Building Society

ASAEL WELLS,
SHERIFF.

Sheriff's Office, May 8, A.D. 1888.

POSTPONED.—The above sale has been postponed till Friday, the 24th day of August next, when it will take place at the time and place above mentioned.

ASAEL WELLS,
SHERIFF.

Dated Sheriff's Office, Hopewell, August 17th., A. D. 1888.

POSTPONED.—The above sale is further postponed until Friday, the Thirty-first day of August, instead, then to be held at time and place as above mentioned.

ASAEL WELLS,
SHERIFF.

Dated Sheriff's Office, Hopewell Cape, A. D., Aug. 24, 1888.

POSTPONED.—The above sale has been still further postponed till Friday, September 21st, 1888, then to be held at time and place as above mentioned.

ASAEL WELLS,
SHERIFF.

Dated Sheriff's Office, Hopewell Cape, August 31st, 1888.

POSTPONED.—The above sale has been still further postponed till Friday, the twelfth day of October next, then to take place at the time and place above mentioned.

ASAEL WELLS,
SHERIFF.

Sheriff's Office, Hopewell, A. Co., N. B., Sept. 12th, 1888.

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