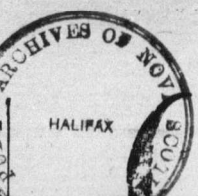


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# CHIGNECTO POST.

Preserve Success and you shall Command it.

VOL. 18.—NO. 19.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 905.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

—They have had a killing frost in some portions of New Hampshire. It is estimated that there will be nearly one million cases of fruit canned in California this season.

—James S. Richardson of New Orleans, the largest cotton planter in the world, had this year 38,000 acres in cotton.

—Ten thousand tons of grapes are a fair estimate for this year's yield of the vineyards of the Keuka Lake region, New York state.

—Through the upsetting of a lantern in the Exhibition stable at Sherbrooke, Quebec, the other day, 30 horses were burned, valued at about \$80,000.

—Fifteen years ago Chicago merchants obtained their supplies of cheese from the East; now 10,000,000 pounds annually pass through that city from the West for New York.

—At a fire in the shed of the Agricultural Fair grounds at Coburg, Ont., on Saturday evening last, thirteen horses, valued at \$2000, perished by the British Government and awaiting shipment, were burned.

—A new and strange eye disease is affecting cattle in the vicinity of Dugout, Ill., and the neighboring counties of Jackson and Perry, which cows being most affected. The eyes assume a blue color and some of the cattle become totally blind.

—Latest intelligence is contradictory of the great losses of sheep in Buenos Ayres within the past year. It is alleged that over 20,000,000 sheep have died, and the loss is estimated at \$30,000,000, which is at least twelve per cent. of the value of all the flocks.

—Chemistry shows a ton of barnyard manure, of good quality, to be worth \$3.05, when a ton of commercial fertilizers is worth \$30 to \$35. Every ten tons of it that can be made on the farm will save the purchase of a ton of commercial fertilizer.

—It is estimated that the recent cowboys raid cost Colorado \$200,000. It may cost the people of the State something, however. They failed to show up any outrage committed by Indians, but were compelled to return a large herd of ponies and cattle which had been taken from the savages.

—According to The Agricultural Economist, they have had this year, as compared with 1874, in Great Britain, 1,315,638 less acres of barley, 202,783 less acres of barley, but 491,695 more acres of oats; 4,455,175 fewer acres of wheat, but 515,780 more cattle. These figures The Economist regards as indicative of bad times.

—Beef cattle are to-day worth a dollar per hundred pounds more than they were a month ago, while hogs, although not showing such rapid advance, have been steadily progressing. The price of hogs is now \$10.00 per cwt, and farmers who have been suffering by reason of low prices, for a long time. It now begins to look as though the reaction has really begun, and that better prices are likely to prevail in the future until over-production again causes a decline.

—Live Stock Indicator.

## Crops in Maine.

The Maine Farmer summarizes its autumn crop reports as follows:—The hay crop, which usually holds its place as the leading crop, was larger than for five or six years, but on account of the poor weather near the closing, about one-third of it was gathered in a greatly damaged condition. The potato root has made that important crop a failure, though on the new and rich lands of Aroostook, something of the crop will be saved. Farmers have wisely dug their potatoes unusually early but they seem to be rotting in the cellars. The apple crop is light, and the destructive maggot has been in its work. Both Indian and sweet corn better than for years. Corn factories springing up everywhere, furnishing a profitable market. The same may be said of butter factories. The pastures were never more luxuriant, and the fine condition of the stock attests to the fact. The husbandman has been blessed with a splendid grain crop. Commercial fertilizers are increasing in use, and also increasing in value in the estimation of our farmers.

—Only a short time ago the luggage of a New England lady was seized at Liverpool, and the owner put through a course of sharp questions, because something that the Customs house officials took for dynamite was found in one of her trunks. Only when she broke a piece off the lump and ate it with evident relish could the officials be persuaded that it was a brick of maple sugar that she was taking to her friends in England.

—Mrs. Sophia McKenzie of Worcester, 24 years old, died of typhoid fever Tuesday. She has been ill two weeks and was attended by a faith doctor who insisted on her taking a ride in the open air daily. When a regular physician was called in it was too late to save her. This is the second death in that city of a faith doctor patient from typhoid fever.

## Household Hints.

—Steel may be bronzed by covering it with olive oil and exposing it to the steam of a kettle of boiling water.

—The best thing to polish eyeglasses and spectacles with is a bit of newspaper. Moisten the glasses and rub dry.

—Ink stains on linen can be taken out if the stain is first washed in strong salt and water and then sponged with lemon juice.

—Never use lye to clean tin: it will soon spoil it; make it clean with soap and water and rub with whiting, and it will look well and last longer.

—To remove wet grass stains on white goods with water, rub in some soft soap and as much baking soda as will adhere; let stand half an hour, wash out in the usual manner, and the stain will generally be gone.

—To keep flannels as much as possible from shrinking and felting, the following is to be recommended: Dissolve one ounce of potash in a bucket of water, and leave the fabric in it for twelve hours. Next warm the water, with the fabric in it, and wash without rubbing; also draw through repeatedly. Next immerse the flannel in another liquid containing one spoonful of wheat flour to one bucket of water, and wash in a similar manner. Thus treated, the flannel becomes nice and clean, has barely shrunk, and almost not at all felted.

## Wages in 1880.

(McMaster's History.)

The condition of the wage class of that day may be well imagined; it is full of instruction for social agitators. In the great cities unskilled workmen were hired by the day, and found their own lodgings. But in the country, on the farms, or wherever a hand was employed on some public work, they were fed and lodged by the employer and given a few dollars a month. On the Pennsylvania canals the diggers ate the coarsest diet, were housed in the rudest sheds, and paid \$9 a month from May to November, and \$5 a month from November to May. Hog carmen and mortar mixers, diggers and choppers, who from 1780 to 1800 labored on the public buildings, and out the streets and avenues of Washington City, received \$70 a year, or if they wished, \$60 for all the work they could perform from March 1 to December 20. The hours of work were invariably from sunrise to sunset. Wages at Albany and New York were three shillings, or money then went, forty cents a day; at Lancaster, \$8 to \$10 a month; elsewhere, every time when men were content with \$9 in summer and \$5 in winter. At Baltimore men were glad to be hired at eighteen pence a day. None by the month asked more than \$6. At Fredericksburg the price of labor was from \$5 to \$7. The wages of white men employed by the year were given \$16 currency; slaves, when hired, wore clothed, and the masters paid \$1 a month. A pound, Virginia money, was in Federal money, \$3.33. The average rate of wages the land over was therefore, \$6 a year, with food, and perhaps, lodging. Out of this small sum the workman must, with his wife's help, maintain his family.

## —R. J. Burdette pays his compliments to the chronic newspaper fault-finder as follows:—

Suppose a newspaperman, every time he hears a man who severely criticizes him or his paper in public, should retaliate by holding up to the public gaze the faults and shortcomings of said fault-finder, what would be the result? Why the criticizer would think himself terribly outwitted in Virginia whine, with the editor's gear. Then the poor quill-driver would get shot or shoot some body.

—The origin of the phrase, "A feather in one's cap," is accounted for in the Lansdowne manuscripts in the British Museum. Here may be found a description of Hungary in 1599, in which the writer says of the inhabitants: "It hath been an ancient custom among them that none should wear a feather but he who had killed a Turk, to whom only it was lawful to show the number of his slain enemies by the number of feathers in his cap."

—The patient beast of burden, the country journal, never does this unless under great provocation. It isn't because he is afraid to do it, but because he is not mean enough. He allows men to go around trying to destroy his business, and he takes no paper called a worthless sheet because its editor, in doing his duty, has stepped on some one's toes. Such worthless scoundrels should receive no mercy at the hands of the press.

—A fool of a man at Waterloo, Wis., transferred \$30,000 worth of property to a Spiritualist female doctor because the "spirit" of his dead wife, through a medium, told him to.

—Miss Belle Gentile astonished the volunteers at Kinross, Fifeshire, Scotland, by her wonderful skill with the rifle. She shot in ten contests and won eight first prizes.

—Mr. Edward Jack is to take charge of the forest department of the N. Y. Lumber Trade Journal.

## PRINCESS POPPEA.

A Mystery.

IV.

"Did I not say Auf wiedersehen?" cried the Princess.

It was a few days after the events of the last chapter, and Percy Hanbury, running up stairs to his own domain, had met Princess Poppea, as, with her maid, she emerged from the left at her landing. She was in evening dress, and an opera cloak lay lightly on her shoulders.

"It is extraordinary," said Percy; "I did not think to have the pleasure of seeing you again so soon."

"You read your sentences prettily," said the Princess. "But what do you find extraordinary? Do you not think that there is no such thing as coincidence? Or rather that what you of the outer life call 'coincidence' is in reality only the effect of a great code of laws real to those which made the sun to give light of the earth to turn on its axis? Watch the trivial matters of your own life, and see if the fact of the recurrence of what you call 'coincidence' does not prove by its frequency that some hidden power is at work. I could tell you strange things, Ah, Mr. Hanbury, life unexplained by the inner light is full of mystery."

She drew off her glove and put out her hand.

"Good-night," she said, turning full on her face, her luminous eyes, and she drew open her trouble.

The paper was destined to the golden rings. "It is late. I have been to the theatre and I am tired. But to-morrow!"

"My sister would be charmed to make your acquaintance," said Percy, with more politeness than truth. "If you would allow—"

"I have been feeling the loneliness of a crowd," said Princess Poppea with her pretty accent, "but I see that you are kind in your great London. How I shall be pleased to be presented to Miss Hanbury! Perhaps you will come in at five o'clock tea with me! Yes! I am glad. Once more, good-night!"

Percy ran up lightly to his own flat.

"Yes!"

"Are you asleep?"

"No; come in."

"What is it?"

"I want you to come and call to-morrow on Princess Rowenska."

Jean Hanbury had anticipated this. She was wise in her generation.

"Very well, Percy."

"You are a good little girl," said her brother, and I will kiss you if you like, and notwithstanding your kind permission, I will in no way mutilate my appearance—and you know how I look for me for years to come."

"Please heaven, Percy," said Jean.

The next day Miss Hanbury and her brother descended the great stone stairs at Emperor's Mansions to the flat below their own.

The Princess was playing the piano, and rose as they were announced. Young Hanbury made the necessary introduction, and Princess Poppea said:

"But it is kind of you to take play on me, Miss Hanbury. I was saying to Mr. Hanbury yesterday there is no solitude like that of being alone in a crowd, and your London is too big for me."

"And you are alone in town?" said Miss Hanbury.

"Alone," answered the Princess. As she spoke she leaned over toward one of the many little tables that crowded the room and took up a rice-paper fan. Perhaps she felt Miss Hanbury's eyes on her, for Jean was examining her critically, and Princess Poppea wore a loose robe of gold-colored Indian silk. As she sat on a low divan this felt gracefully around her. Her face was white to-day, and by contrast her eyes looked very dark. She moved them restlessly.

"And do you make a long stay?" asked Miss Hanbury presently. As she said this she glanced round the room to see whether, in any way, the individuality of its new mistress had made itself felt. Yes, there were changes she observed. One or two more pictures had been hung on the walls. Some bowls of long-stalked lilies stood on the tables. Lengths of bright Oriental drapery had been thrown across a chair here, a sofa there. The piano stood with its back to the room, and nestled in a bank of palm plants. There had come with the Princess a general sense of color.

"She has taste," was Miss Hanbury's comment, "but she is a Bohemian."

"I cannot say," said Princess Poppea, in answer to Jean's question. "It was made plain to me that I was to come, and it will be revealed to me at what time I shall return. Do I seem to you to speak strangely?"

The Princess turned to Percy.

"You must forgive me if at times I forget that I am no longer with those who possess knowledge of hidden things. I would I might teach you! There is much to learn, and it seems to me that perhaps I startled you when I confronted you with my name last week at Dover. I will try not to over again."

A servant brought in tea. The Princess performed her duties pret-

## ty, and the conversation turned easily to trivialities, the theatre, books, the pictures of the year.

The visit came smoothly to an end.

"Well!" said Percy to Jean, and he entered their own rooms.

"Well," said Jean.

"What do you think of her?"

"I think she is beautiful, brilliant, and—a humbug!"

Jean Hanbury now began to be uneasy. Her brother was being taken from her, at least so she thought, when no day passed that he did not make some excuse to go down and see the Princess. To her credit, he said, however, that it was not his fault that Jean did not go too, and the Princess asked her often; but for some reason or other—prejudice, Percy said—Miss Hanbury has not taken to the stranger.

"And she is a stranger," Jean said to herself with tears in her eyes, "and we know nothing about her, and I cannot trust her, but she is beautiful, and she will turn Percy's head, and I cannot say a word, and mother is less than no use, and besides she is up in Scotland, and oh, dear!—perhaps I am selfish, but if she takes my boy from me what shall I do?"

Poor pretty Jean! Perhaps there was not so much danger after all. However, it was all very dreadful, and Jean was very unhappy about it, and she dwelt upon her trouble.

There was so much about the Princess that was calculated to make a man fall in love with her—her wonderful beauty, her luminous eyes, her sweet voice. There she had many attributes which Jean knew must be particularly attractive to Percy—the air of mystery by which she was surrounded, her knowledge (or pretended knowledge) of the unseen, and her music.

The tears stood in Jean's eyes still, and from downstairs she heard the faint playing of a piano. All that soft and wistful music! It was drawing her brother from her now.

Percy was standing among the palms and leaning over the top of the piano. Princess Poppea was playing very softly. She was looking up, but not at him, and in the great dark eyes there was a certain melancholy that suggested that the sounds that her fingers evoked came from her heart. She sighed gently and ceased playing.

"You feel your music," Percy said in a low voice.

"Feel it?" she asked. "Did I not? It is for me an outlet and it consoles me. Did that please you? I had brain fever once. I was delirious. I saw strange sights and I wandered over the face of the earth. I had a sort of trance. They said that I was dying—dead once, but I was not and I recovered. Afterward I played that. It describes what I saw and heard, and I have but to play to tell and hear once more."

The music ceased abruptly, and Percy wondered whether it had any meaning for you."

She put her white hands upon the keys and played again. Percy shut out the world and tried to make his mind for the moment blank to the flat below their own.

But what the Princess Poppea played puzzled him. It was in varying time, with bright changes of the minor to major. There was a curious sense of depression and sublimity through the whole.

"But it is kind of you to take play on me, Miss Hanbury. I was saying to Mr. Hanbury yesterday there is no solitude like that of being alone in a crowd, and your London is too big for me."

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## A Creaking Hinge

Is dry and turns hard, until oil is applied, after which it moves easily. When the joints, or hinges, of the body are stiffened and inflamed by rheumatism, they cannot be moved without causing the most excruciating pain. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by its action on the blood, relieves this condition, and restores the joints to good working order.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has effected, in our city, many most remarkable cures, a number of which baffled the efforts of the most experienced physicians. Were it necessary, I could give the names of many individuals who have been cured by taking this medicine. In my own case it has certainly worked wonders, relieving me of

Rheumatism, after being troubled with it for years. In this, and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no remedy with so much success as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have cured many cases of this disease, and have been cured myself by its use. It is a most valuable medicine, and is sold by all druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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I was, during many months, a sufferer from Rheumatism, and was afflicted most grievously, in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took several bottles of this preparation, and was speedily restored to health. I am, I think, indebted to it for my recovery. J. F. Fenn, Independence, Va.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

## GENERAL NEWS.

—A great Milltown, N. B., last Saturday, destroyed seven houses.

—St. Stephen, N. B., is to have a new Catholic Church next summer. It is to cost about \$60,000.

—When the police took their usual rounds in the city last night, they found a man lying on the street, and on Sunday, all the other people present left the building.

—In some sections of Carleton county, N. B., the crows are unusually numerous and noisy. At Oakville, rocks numbering 2000 are to be seen, and they knock the apples of the trees and pick them from the orchards.

—The liquor manufacturers, dealers and saloon keepers in Chicago, numbering 4500, are organized with a view of giving their child support to the city. They will offer them the most for it. They claim to control 20,000 votes.

—It was found that the brigantine Salsbury, which put into Shelburne, N. S., in distress while on a voyage from John to the United Kingdom, had a 1½ inch auger hole in the counter of the vessel, which leaked below the lead line. The vessel is now perfectly tight.

—Many Maine orchardists bewail a short crop, this year, and occasionally one is heard to say that his orchard is a desert. A farmer in the old colony has a grievance a little out of the ordinary case. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Rheumatism, and has effected every trace of it. I have cured many cases of this disease, and have been cured myself by its use. It is a most valuable medicine, and is sold by all druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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