POOR COPY

Dept. Public Works

"THE GLEANER"
WILL BE DELIVERED AT ANY ADDRESS IN FREDERICTON AT
25 Cents a Month.

The Gleaner.

"THE GLEANER"
WILL BE DELIVERED AT ANY ADDRESS IN GIBSON AND MARYSVILLE AT
25 Cents a Month.

VOL. V. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1889. No. 104

Professional Cards

E. A. McKAY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE: PHOENIX SQUARE, - FREDERICTON, N. B.
(Opposite Upper Side City Hall.)
Fredericton, Dec. 5, 1888—w tw 1yr.

G. D. CARTER,
Dentist.
EXTRACTION AND PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
DENTAL ROOMS OVER F. J. MCAUSLAND'S JEWELRY STORE 250 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. CURRIE,
Surgeon Dentist,
164 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON
Fredericton, Oct. 9th, 1887.

WILLIAM WILSON,
SECRETARY-TREASURER, YORK,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
CONVEYANCER, &c.
OFFICE: QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED.
Fredericton, Oct. 9th, 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. 9th, 1887.

B. H. TORRENS, D. M. D.
Dentist,
FISHER'S BUILDING,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
Fredericton, Oct. 9th, 1887.

DR. CROCKET
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
CARLETON STREET.
Fredericton, Oct. 9th, 1887.

GREGORY & GREGORY,
Barristers and Notaries.
OFFICES: CARLETON ST., FREDERICTON
ALBERT J. GREGORY. FRANK B. GREGORY,
Registrar of Probates.
Fredericton, Oct. 9th, 1887.

C. E. DUFFY,
Barristers and Attorney-at-Law,
Notary Public, Etc.
SECY-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.

Auctioneers

H. C. G. 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.

Hotels

BARKER HOUSE,
QUEEN STREET, - - - FREDERICTON.
NEWLY REFITTED, AND NOW ONE OF THE LEADING HOTELS OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.
SAMPLE ROOM AND LIVERY STABLE.
Modern Improvements recently being made
F. B. COLEMAN, - Proprietor.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

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

Girls Wanted.
THE HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR GOOD GIRLS AT THE BARKER HOUSE
Reference Required
Fredericton Sept. 4th 1888.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO
STANLEY'S ENGLISH SPECTACLES
THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

GEO. C. HUNT,
Agent, - - - - - Fredericton.
See later Advertisement.

New Advertisements.

XMAS IS COMING.
We want every Boy and Girl in Fredericton that wishes to improve their time during the long winter months, to ask their Dry Goods Merchant for one of our
DRAWING BOOKS,
Which will be furnished free of charge.

LADIES, USE BELDING'S
Unequalled Spool Silk,
And find a Treasure in that one name.
BELDING, PAUL & CO., Is on the End of every Spool.
Fredericton, Nov. 13.

WANTED
IMMEDIATELY
—AT—
GUNN'S
COAT AND VEST
MAKERS.
Steady Employment;
and Highest Wages Paid.
ALSO:
A Few Smart Girls, wishing to Learn Dressmaking can have a good chance.
MRS. J. G. GUNN.
Fredericton, Oct. 18th, 1888. tw. tf.

WEST END
SAW MILL AND LUMBER YARD.
SEASON 1887.
THE Subscriber, intending to pay greater attention to the RETAIL LUMBER BUSINESS has 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.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

SEWING MACHINES
CLEANED
AND REPAIRED.
Furniture Repaired.
Jobbing in Carpentry
Attended to by
W. S. HIMELMAN,
192 GEORGE STREET
SEWING MACHINE WORK A SPECIALTY.
All orders left at above address will receive prompt attention.
Fredericton, Oct. 15, 1888

WEATHER STRIPS.
Weather
Strips.
GO TO
LIMERICK'S
FOR
Weather Strips.
Fredericton, Nov. 27th, 1888.

RUBBERS
AND
OVERSHOES.
ONE HUNDRED CASES
CONSISTING OF
American,
Goodyear, and
Canadian
RUBBERS AND OVERSHOES.
FIRST QUALITY. CALL AND EXAMINE BEFORE SPENDING YOUR MONEY.
NELSON CAMPBELL
Fredericton, Nov. 1

The Subscribers are Constantly Receiving
NEW GOODS,
Comprising:
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Hats, Caps, Laragans, Moccasins, Over-Boots, Rubbers and Ready-Made Clothing, Etc.
Which they are Selling at their usual Low Prices.
LUCY & CO.
Fredericton, Dec. 19, 1888.

WAKE UP WM. HENRY
AND GO TO
S-E-E-R-Y-'S
AND HAVE HIM
Make You an Overcoat with Cape.
Leaving all jokes aside he makes the best fitting and most stylish Suits, Overcoats and Reefers in the City. Try him and be convinced. Cutting attended to promptly.
Fredericton, Jan. 19. W. E. SEERY, WILMOT AVENUE

JANUARY 1889.
REDUCED PRICES.
Several Lines of
WINTER DRY GOODS,
Furs, Wool Goods, Remnants, &c., &c., at Reduced Prices to Clear.
TENNANT, DAVIES & Co
202 Queen Street, Fredericton.
Fredericton, N. B., Jan. 5.

BOSTON PRICES. BOSTON PRICES.
AT
S. F. SHUTE'S.
OXIDIZED PINS AT 25 CENTS.
There you will find the largest stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods in the City. Solid Gold, Gold Filled, Silver and Nickel Watches, in Ladies' and Gent's Sizes, from the largest to the smallest.
Do not fail to see the novelties in Solid Gold and Gold Plated Bracelets; Ladies' Bar Pins and Brooches; Gent's Tie Pins in Plate and Gold; Ladies' Neck Chains and Lockets; Gent's Watch Chains and Charms; Ladies' and Gent's Sleeve and Collar Buttons.
Hythe Set Hinge, Hand Rings and the Plain Wedding Ring, all can be found at Shute's.
25 Cents will buy you a nice Silver Plated Napkin Ring at Shute's; Silver Plated Glove Buttoners, 20 and 25 cents.
Rogers' Knives Forks and Spoons at bottom prices.
Largest Line of Silver Plated Ware in the City; Cake Baskets; Castors; Butter Dishes; Ice Pitchers &c. A Large variety of Tea Sets in Silver Plate.
Bron Bronzes; Plush and Leather Goods; Ladies' and Gent's Writing Desks and A Thousand and One Things too numerous to mention.
Remember the Place, Head Queen and Cross st.
S. F. SHUTE'S, - - - - - Fredericton, N. B.

ALL THE LEADING NOVELTIES.
The Subscriber's Stock is now Complete in every Department, and is replete with all the Latest Novelties. Having adopted the principle of
QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS,
the Subscriber most respectfully solicits a call from his friends and the public generally.
Full lines of the following departments are in stock, which intending purchasers would do well to examine:

Silks,	Tweeds,
Velvets,	Flannels,
Velveteens,	Cotton Flannels,
Plushes,	White Cottons,
Ribbons,	Unbleached Cottons,
Dress Goods,	Ginghams,
Winceys,	Shirtings,
Cloths,	Prints, Ducks,
Hosiery,	Haberdashery,
House Furnishing Goods,	Men's Shirts and Drawers,
Cotton Warps,	Oilcloths.

JOHN HASLIN.
Fredericton, Dec. 13, 1888.

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

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Graphic Description of the Experience of a Southern Lady.

When the war of the rebellion began the beautiful country place, Arlington, covered the point of land jutting into the Mississippi river, four miles below Baton Rouge. Up the long avenue of pride-of-China trees Mr. Ripley, a wealthy and prominent Louisianian, had brought his bride one day in the early fifties. In the Charleston convention Mr. Ripley had been one of the two Louisianians who would not leave the hall when to leave meant secession, and when, after the war broke out, he came home one day to find a home made Confederate flag floating over his plantation, he sorrowfully remonstrated at the haste of his zealous wife. Physical infirmities kept out of the army, but he served the Confederacy in securing supplies.

Mrs. Ripley, who has told in graphic fashion the story of a woman's life in the Confederacy, relates in "Flag to Flag" that on the morning when Baton Rouge was bombarded by the Union gunboats she was roused from sleep by the noise of cannon. With all a woman's faith in the cause she had so heartily espoused she was sure that Gen. Breckinridge must conquer. As the morning wore on she saw coming from the town what seemed to be a flock of sheep. It was not sheep, but human beings rushing pell mell. Pouring, pattering, rushing down the hot and dusty road they came—women bonnetless, some with wrappers hastily thrown over night gowns, and men trundling children too young to run. On they came straight for Arlington, 500 terrified human beings fleeing from bursting shells.

The store closets of the house were thrown wide open, and the bewildered mistress with her child, two months old, laid herself down on her bed and cried, while hungry men killed the sheep and oxen, cut off portions of the meat, cooked it hastily at fires built of fence rails, and ate it as savages eat. The twelve pounds of tea that the house contained was turned into the soup kettles from which the decoction "was drunk faster than it was made," as one of the negroes puts it.

One frail woman, clad in a light night wrapper, came bearing a child ill with malignant scarlet fever, and she was the only person who had a room to herself, the dread of fever being greater than that of bullets. Amid all the confusion several children first opened their eyes in a cruel world, and the household stores were taxed to their utmost to meet these unexpected demands.

At noon came the news of defeat, and at night the rain which follows heavy cannonading added to the misery. Men roosted in trees whose broad leaves shed the wet, and counted themselves well off, until a few shells dropped about the house sent them tumbling to the ground like ripe persimmons from a shaken tree. The shells had the effect of clearing Arlington of its unwelcome guests, and among those to leave was the scarlet fever patient. The sick child grew to be a beautiful woman, but to this day she is deaf, as a result of that experience.

Baton Rouge was sacked. Precious portraits were slashed with sabers, dainty china was thrown in a heap on the floor and ground to powder, beautiful dresses were ruthlessly hacked to pieces and private letters were given to the winds of heaven. Such is war. Under these circumstances the Ripleys concluded to escape into Texas, the husband going on before and of necessity leaving his delicate wife to make the best of her way by holding a pistol at the head of her sully colored driver.

At Houston Mrs. Ripley tried to get milk or butter, but was told that those commodities were "out of season," and the baby had to content herself with dry sweet potato. But Houston was then exultant over Gen. Magruder's brilliant exploit, by which he had captured the city from the Union forces, and one evening a charming young Texan, in a blue silk evening dress, presented the daring soldier with an elegant sword, borrowed for the occasion from a Mexican veteran, to whom it was subsequently returned.

Texas, however, became unsafe, and they were forced to flee into Mexico, which at that time was busy with the struggle of Maximilian and his Frenchmen to get control of the country. In Piedras Negras Mrs. Ripley occupied the office of the Confederate customs officer, who handled the money to buy supplies. The big Mexican dollars were put into her safe for safe keeping, and the swarm of Hebrew traders and speculators brought her the money they were afraid to keep on their persons. For two months she sat on money, slept on money, watched by money, not knowing the amount, the names, nor often even the faces of the trusting depositors.

Even in Texas the common necessities of life were so scarce that to lose or break a needle was a calamity; there were no salt, no candles, and only home made soap. Pins and hairpins were luxuries, and toothbrushes were made of twigs. Hairbrushes there were none, and one comb answered for a family. Corn meal poundcake was a delicacy, and "coffee" was made from peanuts, sweet potatoes, rye beans and peas. "Tea" meant sage or orange leaves, and red pepper played the part of quinine. It cost $60 in Confederate currency to buy a yard and a half of blue cotton denims to make a pair of trousers.—New York Telegram.

One of the latest and most interesting movements at the east is in the direction of requiring everything now sold by measure to be sold by weight. Justice and fair dealing, it is urged, require that vegetables, fruit, berries, and even eggs, should be sold by weight just as meat is. As to the soundness of this proposition there can be no serious question; but the adoption of the proposed reform will come hard on those retail dealers who now reap such profits from "skimping" in the measure of vegetables and fruit.—Detroit Free Press.

Lucky Jest.

The French author, Martainville, who began his career toward the close of the last century, is said to have owed the preservation of his life to a witty piece of audacity. He was a Royalist, and did not hesitate to attack the French revolution and its authorities. Presently, of course, he was summoned to appear before the revolutionary tribunal, with the terrible Fouquier at its head.

The revolutionary tribunals at that time did not hesitate to send everybody to the guillotine who had ventured to attack them. Martainville expected to go with the rest of the victims.

"What is your name?" asked the revolutionary judge.

"Martainville," said the young author.

"Martainville!" exclaimed the judge. "You are deceiving us, and trying to hide your rank. You are an aristocrat, and your name is De Martainville."

"Citizen President," exclaimed the young man, "I am here to be shortened, not to be lengthened! Leave me my name!"

A true Frenchman loves a witticism above all things, and the tribunal was so much pleased by Martainville's grim response that it spared his life.—Family Companion.

Immovable Jaws.

Newspapers at the present time contain many interesting stories of old people who are hearty, but it is doubtful if a more curious case than the one reported by The Fall River Globe has ever been published. It is that of a Dartmouth farmer named William Bennett, who is nearly 60 years of age. He was born at Tiverton, R. I., and lived for many years in a comfortable farmhouse on the main road to Newport.

When he was about 8 years of age he was attacked with a child's disease for which Dr. West was engaged to prescribe. The Dr. West mentioned lived in a large mansion below Bridgeport, and was an ancestor of the present family which resides in that vicinity. At the time of Mr. Bennett's illness, salivation was a favorite form of treatment. Calomel was the drug ordered and administered to the patient. Either from carelessness or other cause the mercurial preparation lodged in the boy's jaws, and a cancerous sore was developed.

For many weeks his life was despaired of. Finally the growth was killed, but when it had disappeared it was found that the muscles of the child's jaws were ruined, and, like the upper, the lower jaw would always remain fixed. To regain strength it was necessary to have all his food specially prepared before it was given to him. When placed before him he managed to squeeze it in between the lips which were slowly recovering from the almost fatal work done by the deadly drug. The salivary glands were not injured by the burning of the calomel. Bennett recovered after a long illness and grew up as most Rhode Island boys do who spend a life on a farm. He pays visits to the Fall River martyrdom, with whom he has done business for nearly fifty years. He is a ruddy featured, portly man of genial temperament, and with the exception of a slight facial defect he shows no signs of the accident which has kept his jaws immovable for so many years.

One Year's Track Laying.

Notwithstanding the widespread impression that the additions to the railway system of the United States during 1888 would be comparatively insignificant, the evidence is now before us that the railway mileage of the country was increased during the year by no less than 7,120 miles of main track. While this is much less than the phenomenal increase in the year 1887, 1886, 1882 and 1881, when the new mileage was respectively 13,000, 9,000, 11,500 and 9,796 miles, the record for the past year exceeds that of every other year in history, with the exception of the year 1871, when 7,379 miles were added.

New track was laid in all but two of the thirty-seven states and territories, the exceptions being for Nevada. Kansas still leads the list in the extent of new mileage, and she has done so for several of the years. California comes next. The most striking characteristic of the year's work is the large number of separate lines of which it is composed and the correspondingly small average—less than twenty miles—for each line. Only about twelve built more than 100 miles each; those doing the largest amount of work being the Chicago, Kansas and Nebraska, 412 miles; St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba, 374 miles, and Southern Pacific, through various subsidiary companies, a little over 300 miles. These facts are important as showing how the nature of the work of railway construction changed in a single year. The building of great competitive lines practically ceased for the immediate present, and the year's work was chiefly devoted to the construction of short independent lines or branches.—Railway Age.

Sculpture.

Sculpture must first be a commonplace, a fashionable necessity in the home life, before it can flourish greatly and nationally in a commonwealth like ours. The field of the sculptor as the rival of the painter in the daily affections of amateurs is practically unworked, scarcely suspected; yet the signs of its presence are on all sides. One straw is the removal of an old prejudice against plaster casts, used in lieu of costlier materials. As to what is now called sculpture—based as it is by no large mass of trained, cultivated fosterers—the silent nation of marble and bronze statues which men think of when sculpture is mentioned becomes already oppressive. Our parks will soon offer the cluttered chaos of the cemetery and become a derision. But will not then a wider taste, wearying of easel pictures and pictures on the wall, carved woods and keeping, and the swarm of Hebrew traders and speculators brought her the money they were afraid to keep on their persons. For two months she sat on money, slept on money, watched by money, not knowing the amount, the names, nor often even the faces of the trusting depositors.

Even in Texas the common necessities of life were so scarce that to lose or break a needle was a calamity; there were no salt, no candles, and only home made soap. Pins and hairpins were luxuries, and toothbrushes were made of twigs. Hairbrushes there were none, and one comb answered for a family. Corn meal poundcake was a delicacy, and "coffee" was made from peanuts, sweet potatoes, rye beans and peas. "Tea" meant sage or orange leaves, and red pepper played the part of quinine. It cost $60 in Confederate currency to buy a yard and a half of blue cotton denims to make a pair of trousers.—New York Telegram.

One of the latest and most interesting movements at the east is in the direction of requiring everything now sold by measure to be sold by weight. Justice and fair dealing, it is urged, require that vegetables, fruit, berries, and even eggs, should be sold by weight just as meat is. As to the soundness of this proposition, there can be no serious question; but the adoption of the proposed reform will come hard on those retail dealers who now reap such profits from "skimping" in the measure of vegetables and fruit.—Detroit Free Press.

Lucky Jest.

The French author, Martainville, who began his career toward the close of the last century, is said to have owed the preservation of his life to a witty piece of audacity. He was a Royalist, and did not hesitate to attack the French revolution and its authorities. Presently, of course, he was summoned to appear before the revolutionary tribunal, with the terrible Fouquier at its head.

The revolutionary tribunals at that time did not hesitate to send everybody to the guillotine who had ventured to attack them. Martainville expected to go with the rest of the victims.

"What is your name?" asked the revolutionary judge.

"Martainville," said the young author.

"Martainville!" exclaimed the judge. "You are deceiving us, and trying to hide your rank. You are an aristocrat, and your name is De Martainville."

"Citizen President," exclaimed the young man, "I am here to be shortened, not to be lengthened! Leave me my name!"

A true Frenchman loves a witticism above all things, and the tribunal was so much pleased by Martainville's grim response that it spared his life.—Family Companion.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Two Important Episodes in the Life of the Irish Liberator.

Daniel O'Connell was born in 1775, and was sent to France to be educated, as was the custom at the time among Catholic Irish families. At the age of 20 he wrote to a relative concerning his future plans: "I have now two objects to pursue—the one the attainment of knowledge; the other the acquisition of all those qualities which constitute the polite gentleman. I am convinced that the former, besides the immediate pleasure which it yields, is calculated to raise me to honors, rank and fortune, and I know that the latter serves as a general passport on first recommendation; and as for the motives of ambition which you suggest, I assure you that no man can possess more of it than I do. I have, indeed, a glowing and, if I may use the expression, an enthusiastic ambition, which converts every toil into a pleasure and every study into an amusement. Though nature may have given me subordinate talents, I never will be satisfied with a subordinate situation in my profession. No man is able, I am aware, to supply the total deficiency of abilities, but everybody is capable of improving and enlarging a stock, however small, and in its beginning, contemptible. It is this reflection that affords me most consolation. If I do not rise at the bar I will not have to meet the reproaches of my own conscience."

The young man understood himself well. His success as a lawyer was extraordinary. Before he had been practicing five years he had within his reach a law business that would have brought him an income of $50,000 or $100,000 a year. But he had not force seen that he was a born political gladiator, and that the oppression of Irish men and the miseries of Ireland would constitute the one great cause of his career.

When O'Connell took up the Irish question many of his fellow Irishmen, like himself, were under a religious and legislative yoke. They were forbidden even to hold real property. The agitator lived to see some of the worst disabilities removed, and this largely through his own incessant efforts. His parliamentary tactics were much the same as Parnell's—he may be said to have invented them. He was elected to Parliament in 1828, and was the first Catholic Irish member after the revolution. The emancipation act received the royal signature in 1829.

Parliament voted to admit O'Connell if he would take the oath obligatory with all members at the time. His first appearance in the house of commons is thus described: "The excitement was intense; breathless silence prevailed in that crowded assembly when O'Connell was introduced by Sir F. Burdett and Lord Duncannon. The speaker then informed him of the resolution of the house on the previous night—that he could not take his seat unless he took the oath prescribed at the time he was elected. The liberator then said: "May I ask to see the oath?" The clerk was directed to hand him the oath, which was printed on a large card. O'Connell put on his spectacles and perused the oath with deepest attention. One would suppose he had never seen the oath before; during the few minutes he was so perusing it the smallest pin could be heard drop.

He then said: "I see in this oath one assertion as to a matter of fact which I know to be false, I see in it another assertion as to a matter of opinion which I believe to be untrue. I therefore refuse to take that oath," and, with an expression of the most profound contempt, he flung the card from him on the table of the house. The house was literally struck of a heap. No other phrase that I know of but that quaint, old fashioned one can accurately describe the feeling of amazement that pervaded parliament for some minutes after the card was thus contemptuously flung on the table. The speaker then said: "The honorable and learned gentleman having refused to take the oath, will please retire below the bar," and the Liberator, again leaning on Burdett and Duncannon, came below the bar and sat near me under the gallery. In the debate that ensued the speakers on all sides paid him the highest compliments, but it ended in the issuing of a new writ for Clare.—Detroit Free Press.

South American Plungers.

"You North Americans don't know anything about the gambling feature of horse racing," said an adopted son of South America at the Fifth Avenue hotel. "You kick up a terrible rumpus when one of your plungers makes a bet of $10,000 on a race. Down in the Argentine Republic they would laugh at that sort of plunging. Those fellows make no bones of putting up $100,000 at a whack when they think they've got a good thing. They are the most daring gamblers in the world. A year ago one of them sent to England and paid 3,000 guineas for a horse that he wanted to win just one race with. The animal arrived in good shape and walked away with the field at 5 to 1, making the owner half a million richer than he was before. A great many horses will be shipped there by and by from the United States. The business has begun already on a small scale."—New York Tribune.

An Electric Accumulator.

The growth of the electrical industry in a direction in which less has been done, perhaps, than in some others, is shown by the formation of the Anglo American Electric Light Manufacturing company of New York city, for the manufacture of a storage battery which they believe to have many merits. It is claimed that the accumulator they are making requires no washing out from the time it is started till it is ready to be thrown aside; that it will last five years, which is guaranteed by the company; that it will yield 90 to 92 per cent. of the current put into it; that it will not buckle or break, and that it requires no expert attendance.—Science.

A Waistcoat with a History.

Baron Minaldi, the tonsorial hospodar of the Astor house, created something of a sensation by appearing at his place of business the other day decked out in a camel's hair waistcoat of startling and unique pattern. This garment was sent to Baron Minaldi from Sicily some fifteen years ago. It was worn by one of his ancestors, the fourth Baron Giuseppe Minaldi, of Palermo, and was constructed more than eighty years ago. The fabric came originally from Kashgar, in Central Asia, and it is in as good state today as it was the day it was stitched together by a bronzed tailor under the shadow of Mount Etna. At his family dinner, over which Baron M. presided in the evening, the waistcoat was braced with one pound of chicken fricasseed, two pounds of turkey and roast pig and three pounds of maccaroni. Not a button gave way. They could sew in Sicily in the early part of this century.—New York World.

A Good Old Age.

The Indian chief Colorow was a crabbed, morose, surly and disagreeable person. He ate immoderately and drank to excess. Had it not been for his unfortunate disposition and intemperate habits he might have lived to a good old age instead of being cut off prematurely at 64.—Chicago Tribune.

SAWING WOOD

There are many kinds of exercise—
Some love to play at ball,
The school boy off his kite high flies,
With echo, 'tis billiards all;
There are games for each and every one,
But be it understood,
For right down solid, healthy fun,
There's naught like sawing wood;
So push and draw
The old buck saw,
Thro' good hard seasoned wood.

The "grand old man" may swing his axe,
The cyclist spin his wheel,
Pedestrians on thick saw dust tracks,
May go it, toe and heel;
Prize fighters may punch and in bags—
Such exercise is good;
But I, whose er my spirit flags,
Just tackle seasoned wood;
I push and draw
The old buck saw,
Thro' seasoned maple wood.

I love to see the saw dust fly,
And blocks in straight rows laid,
And if the old saw "pinches," I
Rub "taller" on the blade;
Gymnastics are very well,
And dumbbells are quite good;
If I want to feel my biceps swell
I tackle seasoned wood;
I push and draw
The old buck saw,
Thro' good hard seasoned wood.
—Yankee Blade.

The Scold.

The old fashioned scold is to be found in her integrity only among the uneducated—the undeveloped. Among cultured and refined people she is as obsolete as the branks and the cucking stool by which she was checked and punished. Big words and furious tempers do not come into the order of modern life, and the woman of condition who should storm, like a whirlwind through the house, scattering the wildfire of reproaches and objurgations as she went, would forfeit her claim to be held as a true gentlewoman, and, no matter what her wealth or inherited position, would be relegated by public opinion to the ranks of the essentially vulgar and irredeemably unrefined.

But the race survives, though the manifestations be different, and the scold of the cucking stool, the shrew of the street, is to be found in the discontented, the otherwise minded, the persistently nagging, the constitutionally depreciatory, the willful makers of unnecessary crosses, which, after having made them, they bear with many sighs and audible groans; the general putters to right from a higher moral platform than that inhabited by the common sense people of the world. All of these may be women of gentle bearing, refined speech, perfect manners; but they are none the less survivals of the earlier coarser type—their origin as certain as that of the pet lap dog, or as the canine teeth in man, which point back to a time when natural implements were all the race possessed and manufactured tools were not.—London Queen.

The Vanity of Man.

One day this week I was talking about a certain Maine cleric with a bright Maine woman. "I don't admire him," she said. "I have known him ever since he was a boy, and have never admired him." "Why?" "Because he admires himself too much. When he was a boy he and I lived in the same neighborhood and I used to go to "sings" where he played the organ. He always managed to have that organ placed directly in front of the looking glass and he sat and looked at himself all the evening long. To watch the expressions that he twisted his beaming countenance into was as good as a play. You would have thought he was making love to a silly girl instead of to himself. One night, determined to foil him, the boxes placed the organ where the player could not look into the mirror; but he moved it, on some pretense or other, and spent the evening admiring his own personal beauty as usual. I have noticed with regret that this trait has clung to him through life. It's bad enough for a woman to be vain, but I think it's worse for a man." "Why is a man's vanity any worse than woman's?" "Because a man has less to be vain about!"—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Checks for Large Sums.

The sale of Savernake by the Marquis of Ailesbury to Sir Edward Guinness is the biggest transaction in real property in England since the sale of Northumberland house. Savernake has gone for £700,000; the check given by the board of works for Northumberland house was for £750,000. Even this was surpassed in 1887, when the Manchester Ship Canal company purchased the canal and property of the Bridgewater Navigation company. The sum agreed upon was £1,710,000, and for this a check was written dated Aug. 3 of that year on Messrs. Glyn, Mills & Co., and signed by Sir Joseph C. Lee and Mr. John R. Bythell, two of the directors, and countersigned by Mr. A. H. Whitworth, the secretary of the Ship Canal company.—London Letter.

A Cabinet Minister of Health.

Professor C. H. Young, of Hartford, writes us that he believes a cabinet minister of health, having an equal standing with the secretary of state, would be of great service during epidemics of yellow fever, and indeed during all epidemics.

Chadwick, of England, the father of sanitary science, there first broached the subject years ago. Lord Beaconsfield said: "The first duty of a statesman is the health of the people. Half the mortality in the United States can be prevented by having a cabinet officer of health, with efficient state boards."—M. L. Holbrook in Herald of Health.

A lady of Yucatan writes to The New York Home Journal some entertaining stories of her two dogs, Endless and Jack. Both like cake, and if they could not eat it when given to them they used to hide it.

One morning I happened to approach the spot where Endless had buried a piece. He instantly tried to call my attention elsewhere, looking up at a wall in the opposite direction, where there was nothing, and barking loudly.

I moved, looked up at the wall, and then at him. He appeared well pleased, and perfectly satisfied that his ruse had prevented me from touching his hidden treasure, nor did I undeceive him.

From a window they once saw boys playing at bull fighting, and did their utmost to make us understand that they wanted to join in the game. Two days later those dogs sneaked into the dining room, carried off a table napkin, and imitated the boys.

Jack played bull; Endless, the fighter, had one end of the napkin between his teeth, while Jack, his head lowered, rushed at him, again and again, the hound cleverly evading him. They continued the game for a full half hour, occasionally exchanging roles, until of the napkin only shreds remained. After that we found it necessary to keep table linen out of their reach.

It is a strange fact that many a fierce dog will slink away if shown the inside of a hat, but something even more simple terrified our dogs: the holding the first and middle fingers as wide apart and as stiff as possible, the others being closed. If the fingers were steadily brought nearer and nearer to their faces, they never failed to retreat in terror.

When either of these dogs showed signs of illness, the other would remain by his side hour after hour, refusing to eat or be consoled.