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VOL. IV. FREDERICTON, N. B., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1888 No. 120

Professional Cards

DR. H. D. CURRIE,
Surgeon Dentist,
164 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 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 6th, 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 6th, 1887

B. H. TORRENS, D. M. D.
Dentist,
FISHER'S BUILDING,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

DR. CROCKET,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
CARLETON STREET.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M.
LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF EDINBURGH;
LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF EDINBURGH;
LICENTIATE OF THE FACULTY OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF GLASGOW.
SPECIAL CERTIFICATE IN MIDWIFERY.
OFFICE: FISHER'S BUILDING, COR. PHŒNIX SQUARE.
RESIDENCE, 109 BRUNSWICK STREET.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

GREGORY & GREGORY,
Barristers and Notaries.
OFFICES: CARLETON ST., FREDERICTON
ALBERT J. GREGORY, FRANK B. GREGORY, Registrar of Probates.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

C. E. DUFFY,
Barrister, 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 1-t, 1887

Livery Stables

BARKER HOUSE STABLES.
COACHES AND CARRIAGES
Furnished with all Possible Despatch.
HORSES BOARDED AT MODERATE TERMS
JOHN B. ORR, - Proprietor.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

GEORGE I. GUNTER,
HACK AND LIVERY STABLE,
Queen Street,
OPPOSITE CITY HALL.
COACH ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Telephone Communication.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

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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 constantly 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,—
A FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

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AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
REGENT STREET, NEXT TO CAPITAL OFFICE.
Goods of all descriptions received and Sold on Commission. Quick Sales and Prompt Returns Guaranteed.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

H. C. C. 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, 8

New Advertisements

WEST END
SAWMILL AND LUMBER YARD
SEASON 1887.
THE Subscriber, intending to pay greater attention to the RETAIL LUMBER BUSINESS than 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

Undertaking

JACKSON ADAMS,
Principal Undertaker,
COUNTY COURT HOUSE SQUARE,
(OPP. QUEEN HOTEL)
FREDERICTON, - - - - N. B.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

Insurance

THE ATLAS FIRE
ASSURANCE CO'Y,
Of London, Eng.
Established in the Year 1808.
CAPITAL, - - $6,000,000.00
Risks against loss or damage or by fire taken on all kinds of insurable property in both town and country at the lowest rates and losses adjusted in the most prompt and liberal manner. Unsurpassed security given to policy holders by this Old and Reliable English Company.
C. E. DUFFY, Agent.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

1887-8. 1887-8.
FALL AND WINTER.
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
Joseph Walker,
Practical Tailor.
I have just received a full line of Fall and Winter Goods in all the Latest Designs for
REEFERS and OVERCOATS.
Fancy Trouserings
A Specialty! Inspection Solicited!
It is useless for me to say anything about a fit. Call and be convinced for yourself. Prices moderate.
JOSEPH WALKER,
Next door above W. H. VanWart's Grocery Store Queen Street, Fredericton. sept 27

SEWING MACHINES CLEANED AND REPAIRED.
Furniture Repaired.
Jobbing in Carpentry
Attended to by
W. S. HIMELMAN,
192 GEORGE STREET
All work guaranteed so far as possible.
All orders left at above address will receive prompt attention.
Fredericton, Oct 10th, 1887.

Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Cutlery, Silverware.
FINE GOODS AT LOW PRICES.
Largest Variety of House Furnishing Goods of any House in the Dominion. Almost everything for housekeeping. Stock for Xmas trade. Satisfaction guaranteed to every customer.
The stock is too large and varied to enumerate. Please call and examine.
JAMES G. McNALLY,
152 & 154 QUEEN STREET.
Fredericton, Nov 23, 1887.

WM. JENNINGS
Merchant Tailor,
Has a Complete Assortment of Fashionable
OVERCOATINGS SUITINGS, AND TROWSERINGS.
WILLIAM JENNINGS,
COR. QUEEN ST., AND WILMOT'S ALLEY
Fredericton, Dec. 15th, 1887.

New Advertisements

CAMPBELL'S
SKREI COD LIVER OIL
Is the Finest Oil ever produced. Its sale has enormously increased and is prescribed by all the foremost physicians in the Dominion.
ALMOST TASTELESS, EASILY TAKEN
By Children and the most Delicate Invalids.
JOHN M. WILEY,
AGENT FOR THE ABOVE.
196 Queen Street, Fredericton, N.B.
Fredericton, Jan. 24th, 1888.

1887. 1888.
HOLIDAY SEASON
OPENING DAILY:
A FULL LINE OF
Fancy Goods and Novelties, &c.
SUITABLE FOR
CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR AND WEDDING PRESENTS.
Our Stock this Season is one of the largest and best selected to be found in the city. An inspection of our goods and prices solicited.
W. T. H. FENETY,
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,
286 QUEEN STREET, - FREDERICTON, N. B.
Fredericton, Dec 10th, 1887.

LAURANCE'S
Spectacles and Eye-Glasses
AT A BARGAIN.
I have a lot of LAURANCE'S BEST ENGLISH GLASSES, both in Glass and Pebbles, which I will sell at 20 per cent. LESS THAN COST. This is a rare chance to secure a first-class article at a LOW PRICE.
GEO. H. DAVIS,
Cor. Queen and Regent Streets, Fredericton, N. B.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

ATTENTION!
S. L. MORRISON has in Stock a Large Lot of
SUGAR
Bought before the recent advance which he is selling at the Lowest Prices during the Christmas Trade.
POWDERED, STANDARD GRANULATED, EXTRA C, YELLOW C, YELLOW EXTRA C.
ALSO:
A large Stock of Christmas Goods, such as
NEW RAISINS, (Several Qualities), NEW CURRANTS, NEW CANDIED PEEL, NEW FRUIT, APPLES, ORANGES, LEMONS, GRAPES, FIGS and NUTS, PURE SPICES CANNED GOODS and CONFECTIONERY.
S. L. MORRISON,
Opposite City Hall, Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B
Fredericton, Dec. 13th, 1887

FEED.
Now Landing: 1 Car
MIDDLINGS, SHORTS, BRAN.
ALSO IN STORE AND TO ARRIVE:
4,000 BUSHEL OATS
Of very first quality, which will be sold at a very low rate.
W. E. MILLER & CO.
155 and 159 QUEEN STREET.
Fredericton, Jan. 5, 1888.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE
AGENCY FOR
LAURANCE'S
SPECTACLES & EYEGLASSES
A full line of the above has just been received. Optometer and test glasses for testing sight,
JOHN M. WILEY,
196 Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.
Fredericton, Jan. 24th, 1888

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Wifely Ambition---6th Sermon to the Woman of America.

Wives, Use Your Influence for God and Home.

Give Not Bad Advice to Your Husbands.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 12.—In the tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached the sixth of his series of "Sermons to Women of America with Important Hints for Men." The subject was: "Wifely Ambition, Good and Bad," and, the text was from I Kings, xxi, 7: "Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth." Dr. Talmage said:

One day King Ahab, looking out of the window of his palace at Jezreel, said to his wife Jezebel: "We ought to have these royal gardens enlarged. If we could only get that fellow Naboth, who owns that vineyard out there, to trade or sell we could make it a kitchen garden for our palace."

"Fetch in Naboth," said the king to one of his servants.

The plain gardener, wondering why he should be called into the presence of his majesty, comes in, a little downcast in his modesty and with very obsequious manner bows to the king.

The king says: "Naboth, I want to trade vineyards with you. I want your vineyard for a kitchen garden, and I will give a great deal better vineyard in place of it, or, if you prefer money for it, I will give you cash."

"Oh, no," says Naboth, "I cannot trade off my little place, nor can I sell it. It is the old homestead. I got it of my father and he of his father, and I cannot let the old place go out of my hands."

In a great state of petulancy King Ahab went into the house and flung himself on the bed, and turned his face to the wall in a great pout.

His wife Jezebel comes in and she says: "What is the matter with you? Are you sick?"

"Oh," he says, "I feel very blue. I have set my heart on getting that kitchen garden and Naboth will neither trade or sell, and to be defeated by a common gardener is more than I can stand."

"Oh, pshaw," says Jezebel, "don't go on that way. Get up and eat your dinner and stop moping. I will get for you that kitchen garden."

Then Jezebel borrowed her husband's signet ring or seal, for then, as now, in those lands kings never signed their names, but had a ring with the royal name engraved on it, and that impressed on a royal letter or document was the signature. She stamped her husband's name on a proclamation which resulted in getting Naboth tried for treason against the king, and two perjured witnesses swore their souls away with the life of Naboth, and he was stoned to death, and his property came to the crown, and so Jezebel got for her husband and herself the kitchen garden.

But while the wild street dogs were rending the dead body of poor Naboth, Elijah, the prophet, tells them of other canines that will after a while have a free banquet, saying: "Where dogs lick the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine."

And, sure enough, three years after, Ahab, wounded in battle, his chariot dripping with the carnage, dogs stood under it lapping his life's blood. And a little afterward his wife, Jezebel, who had been his chief adviser in crime, stands at her palace window and sees Jehu, the enemy, approaching to take possession of the palace. And to make herself look as attractive as possible and queenly to the very last, she decorated her person and, according to Oriental custom, closed her eyes and ran a brush dipped in a black powder along the long eyelashes, and then from the window she glared her indignation upon Jehu. As he rode to the gates in his chariot he shouted to the slaves in her room: "Throw her down!" But no doubt the slaves hated a moment from such work of assassination, yet knowing Queen Jezebel could be no more to them and the conqueror Jehu would be everything, as he shouted again, "Throw her down!" they seized her and bore her struggling and cursing to the window casement and hurled her forth till she came tumbling to the earth, striking it just in time to let Jehu's horses trample her and the chariot wheels roll over her. While Jehu is inside at the table refreshing himself after the excitement he orders his servants to go out and bury the dead queen. But the wild street dogs had for the third time appeared on the scene, and they removed all her body except those parts which in all ages dogs are by a strange instinct or brutal superstition kept from touching after death—the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet.

All this appalling scene of ancient history was the result of a wife's bad advice to a husband, of a wife's struggle to advance her husband's interests by unlawful means. Ahab and Jezebel got the kitchen garden of Naboth, but the dogs got them. The trouble all began when this mistaken wife aroused her husband out of his melancholy by the words of the text: "Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth."

The influence suggested by this subject is an influence you never before heard discoursed on and may never hear again, but a most potent and semi-omnipotent influence, and decides the course of individuals, families, nations, centuries and eternities. I speak of wifely ambition, good and bad. How important that every wife have her ambition, an elevated, righteous and divinely approved ambition.

And here let me say, that what I am most anxious for is that woman, not waiting for the rights denied her or postponed, promptly and decisively employ the rights she already has in possession. Some say she will be in a fair way to get all rights when she gets the right to the ballot box. I wish that the experiment might be tried and settled. I would like to see all women vote, and then watch the result. I do not know that it would change anything for the better. Most wives and daughters and sisters would vote as their husbands and fathers and brothers voted. Nearly all the families that I know are solidly Republican or Democratic or Prohibition. Those families all voting would make more votes, but no difference in the result. Besides that, as now at the polls men are bought up by the thousands, women would be bought up by the thousands. The more voters, the more opportunity for political corruption. We have several million more voters now than are for public good.

We are told that female suffrage would correct two evils—the rum business and the insufficiency of woman's wages. About the rum business I have to say that multitudes of women drink, and it is no unusual thing to see them in the restaurants so overpowered with wine and beer that they can hardly sit up, while there are many so called respectable restaurants where they can go and take their champagne and hot toddy all alone. Mighty temperance voters those women would make! Besides that, the wives of the rum sellers would have to vote in the interest of their husbands' business, or have a time the inverse of felicitous. Besides that, millions of respectable and refined women in America would probably not vote at all, because they do not want to go to the polls, and, on the other hand, womanly roughs would all go to the polls, and that might make make woman's vote on the wrong side. There is not, in my mind, much prospect of the expulsion of drunkenness by female suffrage.

As to woman's wages to be corrected by woman's vote, I have not much faith in that. Women are harder on women than men are. Masculine employers are mean enough in treatment of women, but if you want to hear beating down of prices and wages in perfection, listen how some women treat washerwomen and dressmakers and female servants. Mrs. Shylock is more merciless than Mr. Shylock. Women, I fear, will never get righteous wages through woman's vote, and as to unfortunate womanhood, woman are far more cruel and unforgiving than men are. After a woman has made shipwreck of her character men generally drop her, but women do not so much drop her as hurl her with the force of a catapult clear out and off and down and under.

I have not much faith that women will ever get merciful consideration and justice through woman suffrage, yet I like experiments, and some of my friends in whose judgment I have confidence are so certain that alleviation would come by such process that I would if I had the power, put in every woman's hand the vote. I cannot see what right you have to make a woman to pay taxes on her property to help support city, state and national government, and yet deny her the opportunity of helping to decide who shall be mayor, governor or president. But let every wife, not waiting for the vote she may never get, or, getting it, find it outbalanced by some other vote not fit to be cast, arise now in the might of the eternal God and wield the power of a sanctified wifely ambition for a good approximating the infinite.

No one can so inspire a man to noble purposes as a noble woman, and no one so thoroughly degrade a man as a wife of unworthy tendencies. While in my text we have illustration of wifely ambition employed in the wrong direction, society and history are full of instances of wifely ambition gloriously triumphant in right directions. All that was worth admiration in the character of Henry VI was a reflection of the heroics of his wife Margaret. William, Prince of Orange, was restored to the right path by the grand qualities of his wife Mary. Justinian, the Roman emperor, confesses that his wise laws were the suggestion of his wife Theodora. Andrew Jackson, the warrior and president, had his mightest re-enforcement in his plain wife, whose inartistic attire was the annoyance of the elegant circles in which she was invited. Washington, who broke the chain that held America in foreign vassalage, wore for forty years a chain around his own neck; that chain holding the miniature likeness of her who had been his greatest inspiration, whether among the snows at Valley Forge or amid the honors of the presidential chair. Pliny's pen was driven through all its poetic and historical dominions by his wife Calpurnia, who sang his stanzas to the sound of flute and sat among audiences enraptured at her husband's genius, herself the most enraptured. Pericles said he got all his eloquence and statesmanship from his wife. When the wife of Grotius rescued him from long imprisonment at Loversteen by means of a bookcase that went in and out, carrying his books to and fro, he one day transported, hidden amid the folios, and the women of besieged Weinsberg, getting permission from the victorious army to take with them so much of their valuables as they could carry, under cover of the promise shouldered and took with them as the most important valuables their husbands—both achievements in a literal way illustrated what thousands of times has been done in a figurative way, that wifely ambition has been the salvation of men.

De Tocqueville, whose writings will be potential and quoted while the world lasts, ascribes his success to his wife, and says: "Of all the blessings which God has given to me, the greatest of all in my eyes is to have lighted on Maria Motley." Martin Luther says of his wife: "I would not exchange my poverty with her for all the riches of Crœsus without her." Isabella of Spain, by her superior faith in Columbus, put into the hand of Ferdinand, her husband, America. John Adams, president of the United States, said of his wife: "She never, by word or look, discouraged me from running all hazards for the salvation of my country's liberties." Thomas Carlyle spent the last twenty years of his life in trying by his pen to atone for the fact that during his wife's life he never appreciated her influence on his career and destiny. Alas, that having taken her from a beautiful home and a brilliant career, he should have buried her in the home of a recluse and scolded her in such language as only a dyspeptic genius could manage, until one day, while in her invalidism riding in Hyde Park, her pet dog got run over and under the excitement the coachman found her dead. Then the literary giant woke from his conjugal injustice and wrote the lamentations of Craigen-Puttock and Cheyne Row. The elegant and fulsome epitaphs that husbands put upon their wives' tombstones are often an attempt to make up for lack of appreciative words that should have been uttered in the ears of the living. A whole Greenwood of monumental inscriptions will not do a wife so much good after she has quit the world, as one plain sentence like that which Tom Hood wrote to his living wife when he said: "I never was anything till I knew you."

Oh, woman, what is your wifely ambition, noble or ignoble? Is it high social position? That will then probably direct your husband, and he will climb and scramble and slip and fall and rise and tumble, and on what level or in what depth or on what height he will after a while be found I cannot even guess. The contest for social position is the most unsatisfactory contest in all the world, because it is so uncertain about your getting it, and so insecure a possession after you have obtained it, and so unsatisfactory even if you keep it. The whisk of a lady's fan may blow it out. The growl of one bear or the bellowing of one bull on Wall street may scatter it.

Is the wife's ambition the political preferment of her husband? Then that will probably direct him. What a God forsaken realm is American politics those best know who have dabbled in them. After they have assessed a man who is a candidate for office which he does not get, or assessed him for some office attained, and he has been whirled round and round and round and round among the drinking, smoking, swearing crowd who often get control of public affairs, all that is left of his self-respect or moral stamina would find plenty of room on a geometrical point, which is said to have neither length, breadth or thickness. Many a wife has not been satisfied till her husband went into politics but would afterward have given all she possessed to get him out.

I knew a highly moral man, useful in the church and possessor of a bright home. He had a useful and prosperous business, but his wife did not think it genteel enough. There were odors about the business and sometimes they would adhere to his garments when he returned at night. She insisted on his doing something more elegant, although he was qualified for no business except that in which he was engaged. To please her he changed his business, and in order to get on faster abandoned church attendance, saying that after he had made a certain number of hundreds of thousands of dollars he would return to the church and its services. Where is that family today? Obliterated. Although succeeding in business for which he was qualified, he undertook a style of merchandise for which he had no qualification and soon went into bankruptcy. His new style of business put him into evil association. He lost his morals as well as his money. He broke up not only his own home, but broke up another man's home, and from being a kind, pure, generous, moral man as any of you who sit here today, has become a homeless, penniless libertine. His wife's ambition for a more genteel business destroyed him and disgraced her and blighted their only child.

But suppose now there be in our homes, as thank God there are in hundreds of homes here represented, on the wifely throne one who says not only by her words but more powerfully by her actions: "My husband, our destinies are united; let us see where industry, honesty, common sense and faith in God will put us. I am with you in all your enterprises. I cannot be with you in person as you go to your daily business, but I will be with you in my prayers. Let us see what we can achieve by having God in our hearts, and God in our lives, and God in our homes. Be on the side of everything good. Go ahead and do your best, and though everything should turn out different from what we have calculated, you may always count on two who are going to help you, and God is one and I am the other." That man may have feeble health, and may meet with many obstacles and business trials, but he is coming gloriously through, for he is reenforced, and inspired, and spurred on by a woman's voice, as much as was Barak by Deborah, when Sisera, with 900 iron chariots, came on to crush him and his army, and Deborah shouted in the ear of Barak: "Up! for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hands." And the enemy fell back, and Sisera's chariot not getting along fast enough in the retreat, the general jumped out and took it afoot, and ran till he came to a place where a woman first gave him a drink of milk, and then sent a spike through his skull, nailing him to the floor.

Some of us could tell of what influence upon us has been a wifely ambition consecrated to righteousness. As my wife is out of town and will not shake her head because I say it in public, I will state that in my own professional life I have often been called of God, as I thought, to run into the very teeth of public opinion, and all outsiders with whom I advised told me I had better not, it would ruin me and ruin my church, and at the same time I was receiving nice little letters threatening me with dirk and pistol and poison if I persisted in attacking certain evils of the day, until the commissioner of police considered it his duty to take his place in our Sabbath services, with forty officers scattered through the house for the preservation of order; but in my home there has always been one voice to say: "Go ahead and diverge not an inch from the straight line. Who cares if only God is on our side?" And though sometimes it seemed as if I was going out against 900 iron chariots, I went ahead cheered by the domestic voice: "Up! for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hands."

A man is no better than his wife will let him be. Oh, wives of America, swing your scepters of wifely influence for God and good homes! Do not urge your husbands to annex Naboth's vineyard to your palace of success, whether right or wrong, lest the dogs that come out to destroy Naboth come out also to devour you. Righteousness will pay best in life, will pay best in death, will pay best in the judgment, will pay best through all eternity.

In our effort to have the mother of every household appreciate her influence over her children we are apt to forget the wife's influence over the husband. In many households the influence upon the husband is the only home influence. In a great multitude of the best and most important and most talented families of the earth there have been no descendants. There is not a child or a grandchild or any remote descendant of Washington or Charles Sumner or Shakespeare or Edmund Burke or Pitt or Lord Nelson or Cowper or Pope or Addison or Johnson or Lord Chatham or Grattan or Isaac Newton or Goldsmith or Swift or Locke or Gibbon or Walpole or Canning or Dryden or More or Chaucer or Lord Byron or Walter Scott or Oliver Cromwell or Garrick or Hogarth or Joshua Reynolds or Spencer or Lord Bacon or Macaulay. Multitudes of the finest families of the earth are extinct. As though they had done enough for the world by their genius or wit or patriotism or invention or consecration, God withdrew them. In multitudes of cases all woman's opportunity for usefulness is with her contemporaries. How important that it be an improved opportunity!

While the French warriors on their way to Rheims had about concluded to give up attacking the castle at Troyes because it was so heavily garrisoned, Joan of Arc entered the room and told them they would be inside the castle in three days. "We would willingly wait six days," said one of the leaders. "Six?" she cried out, "you shall be in it to-morrow," and under her leadership on the morrow they entered. On a smaller scale every man has garrisons to subdue and obstacles to level, and every wife may be an inspired Joan of Arc to her husband.

What a noble, wifely ambition, the determination, God helping, to accompany her companion across the stormy sea of this life, and together gain the wharf of the celestial city! Coax him along with you! You cannot drive him there. You cannot nag him there, but you can coax him there. That is God's plan. He coaxes us all the way—coaxes us out of our sins, coaxes us to accept pardon, coaxes us to heaven. If we reach that blessed place it will be through a prolonged and divine coaxing. By the same process take your companion, and then you will get there as well, and all your household. Do just the opposite to your neighbor. Her wifely ambition is all for this world, and a disappointed and vexed and unhappy creature she will be all the way. Her residence may be better than yours for the few years of earthly stay, but she will move out of it as to her body into a house about five and a half feet long and about three feet wide and two feet high, and concerning her soul's destiny you can make your own prognostication. Her husband, and her sons and daughters, who all, like her, live for this world, will have about the same destiny for the body and soul. You having had a sanctified and divinely ennobled wifely ambition, will pass up into palaces, and what becomes of your body is of no importance, for it is only a scaffolding, quilled down now that your temple is done. You will stand in the everlasting rest and see your husband come in, and see your children come in, if they have not preceded you. Glorified Christian wife! Pick up any crown you choose from off the king's footstool and wear it; it was promised you long ago, and with it cover up all the scars of your earthly conflict.

Sixteen miles from Petersburg, Russia, was one of the royal palaces, and there one night Catherine, the empress, entertained Prince Henry. It was severe winter and deep snow, and the empress and the prince rode in a magnificence of sleigh and robe and canopy never surpassed, followed by 2,000 sleighs laden with the first people of Russia, the whole length of the distance illumined by lamps and dazzling temples built for that one night, and imitations of mosques and Egyptian pyramids; and people of all nations, in all styles of costume, standing on platforms along the way, and watching the blaze of the pyrotechnics. At the palace the luxuries of kingdoms were gathered and spread, and at the table the guests had but to touch the center of a plate, and by magical machinery it dropped, and another plate came up loaded with still richer viands. But all that scene of the long ago shall be eclipsed by the greater splendors that will be gathered at the banquet made by the heavenly king for those consecrated women who come in out of the wintry and snowy chill of their earthly existence into the warm and illumined palaces of heaven. With the king himself and all the potentates, yourself robed and crowned, you will sit at a table compared with which all the feasts at Kenilworth and St. Cloud and the Alhambra were a beggar's crust. And the platter of one royal satisfaction touched at the center shall disappear only to make room for a beggar's crust, and the golden plate of one royal satisfaction, touched at the center, shall disappear only to make room for the coming up of some richer and grander regalement.

ALL SORTS OF ITEMS.

A southern hotel keeper says he gets all of his best negro waiters from the north.

Chicago is preparing to erect in Lincoln park a monument to Lincoln, similar to that recently erected at Stockholm.

The opera is said to be having a hard time all over the world, but twenty-five new ones were produced in Germany last year and thirty-five in Italy.

Sydney Rigdon, son of that Sydney Rigdon who is accredited with the founding of Mormonism, is station agent at Carrollton, Cataraugus county, N. Y.

A man was tried at Muncie, Ind., for disturbing a religious meeting. His offense consisted of reading a newspaper during the services. The court acquitted him.

The prize for the effectual destruction of rabbits offered by the New South Wales government is being warmly contested. Already 286 inventions have been sent in to compete for the $250,000.

England has begun the erection of a monument over the resting place of a number of officers and men who died at the battle of Waterloo. Lord Rothschild has contributed £105 toward the fund.

A 27-year-old young woman of Maldon declined an invitation to join the Primrose league with the reply that statistics of the past fifty years show that "the marriage rate rises when a Liberal government is in power."

The performances of the Irving company in this country are regularly advertised in the theatrical advertising columns of the London papers, just as though the company was appearing at its own Lyceum, instead of 4,000 or 5,000 miles away.

This important decision was handed down by the Kentucky court of appeals recently: "Where one may kill in his own defense because of danger, either real or apparent, another may do so for him, but one who interferes is guilty of murder if the person in whose defense he acts was in fault."

The "Huacas del Inca company," formed in Lima for the purpose of searching for and working the old Inca gold mines, and also endeavoring to rework old cemeteries where millions of dollars are believed to be interred, is about to commence operations in the Amazon valleys of Santa Ana, Lares, and Pancartambo. The gold accumulated by the labor of 40,000 men, and buried with the sovereigns on two well recorded instances, will be the chief object of the company's search.

An unknown man swindled a number of Atchison people by means of a scheme that is entirely new. He had obtained an express book, and utilized it by calling in a business like manner at private residences and notifying individuals that there were packages for them at the express office. He fixed the charges to suit himself, collected the amount, usually $1 for each package, and gave receipts, which he directed the parties to present at the express office and obtain their goods.

LIFE ON THE ROOF.

Aloft in the Clearer Air of Gotham's Sky Parlor.

What Roof of Tall Tenements is to Dwellers Within.

Sleeping Place During the Hot Season.

The baby seemed to be making for the edge of the roof as fast as very rapid locomotion on its hands and knees could carry it there.

"No, no! Come here yet," said the mother calmly, and the infant halted and then turned and sat down.

What a place for a baby that was—on the roof of a six story tenement house in Baxter street, the tallest house in the neighborhood, with a view somewhat recalling a scene on the Rhode Island coast, with here and there a black roof to represent the inky bowlders, here and there a puff of steam to suggest the clouds of spray made by the conflict of the waves and rocks, and all around the white and pale blue expanse of the upper air.

"Aren't you afraid to let your baby play around here?" I inquired of the mother, she and the infant and I being the only ones up there, and I not only feeling the polite necessity of saying something, but being really curious to know how a mother could let a baby out of her arms in such a place.

"Why should I be afraid?" she inquired; "I was as good as born and brought up here on this roof, and no harm came to me of it."

"Roofs aren't to the poor what they are to the rich," she continued, seeing the look of inquiry in my face, in all probability. "I was born in this house, and when I was a little wee thing my mother, God rest her soul, used to bring me here for the fresh air in fine weather and the cool breeze in the summer. When I was a little girl 'twas here that I came after school to play at store and house and with my doll and little playmates. When I got big enough to be allowed to sit up a little late at night here I still came, to see the lads and young girls at their merriment, dancing and courting and flirting and singing and entertaining one another. And do you know it was a feather in the cap of a boy or girl to be here, and is yet for the matter of that, for you'll never find the wayward or the wild up here once they have yielded to the life of the streets.

LIFE ON THE ROOF.

And when I got to be a cash girl, and later yet, when I went really to work to help my widowed mother, taking a place in a factory, it was still here that I came for most of my play and good company. Ah, that may seem strange or very dull to you, but that is the best of my recollections, for everything good that ever came to me, outside of money and the comforts of the church, came to me here on this self same roof.

"'Twas here that I learned to dance, to the music of the accordion that him who is now my husband could play better than any boy in the ward. Night after night, in all the fine weather, John would come up here and play for the girls of the house, and our friends of the neighborhood, and when there were boys enough we would dance with them, and when there were not each girl would take another and be partners. It is just the same now. Any night, eight months in the year, you'll find some of them here, dancing and sparking, and the old folks sitting about, keeping half an eye on the young ones, whom they pretend not to see at all, though for that matter, when you have children they are seldom off your mind, in sight or out. You'd think, may be, they'd be afraid, dancing on the edge of the sky like this. Not a bit; I never gave a thought to the danger, and I don't suppose they do.

"I wonder if you understand what a tenement roof really is. For instance, it's all the yard we have, and it's divided up so that it rightly belongs to one floor—that's two families—each day in the week, excepting Sunday, for them to hang up their wash. Well, some practically never uses it, for the good reason that all they wash they can hang in the open windows of the kitchen. Some use it only about once a month and some hang the whole air full of linen each week. But it belongs to a different floor every different day, and no one would think of using it for clothes on any day but their own without asking permission. Each family puts up and takes away their own clotheslines each day, and, mind you, even then the soot of the city's smoke gathers on them that fast that they must be wiped before clothes are hung on them.

POT PLANTS IN BOXES.

"Then, again, do you see those boxes of earth around the edge yonder? They also belong to the different tenants, and in the summer one vies with the other to see who'll keep their's the greenest. Some never have any luck in growing things, and the best of the boxes don't amount to much, owing to the heat of the sun above and the tin below drying up the little earth there is in them, but it is pretty much all that many a tenement child sees of the country the first few years. I was 12 years old before I ever saw more than the City Hall park and the Battery park, and then, when I went up into Westchester county to my uncle, who has a farm, I had enough to do to tell all these who wanted to know what the country was really like.

"Then here's where many of the men in the tenement sleep all through the hot weather. Yes, it is the biggest and the best bedroom we have when the sweltering heat comes, and the women would be glad to make use of it for the same purpose if it was considered right for them to do so. On such nights the windows are thrown open back and front, and the women and children that are too young to be trusted make the best of what draught there is, while the men with a pillow and a blanket, or sometimes with nothing at all but their regular clothes and an old coat rolled up under their heads, turn in on the roof, until it's that thick with men that an old soldier once told me it reminded him of the dead in the trenches on a battlefield where he was in the war. But before there's any goes to bed at all, every one in the house sits up there to cool off, and I really think in all the year those are the happiest hours we poor people ever spend.

"They even had a death on the roof a few doors below, last summer. It was a poor old German gentleman, and he was very low and sinking when they brought him up, thinking it would revive him, which it did, poor man; but it was in the other world he felt it. Nothing bad like that ever came to this roof, and I am glad of it, for some would always be thinking of it, and the place would not be the same after. But we've had a little of everything else, I'm thinking, and to me it's the best place there is and the one where I have lived the best hours of my life, child, girl and woman."—New York Cor. Providence Journal.

Railway Under the Thames.

The new railway under the Thames is rapidly approaching completion. It will tap a number of congested thoroughfares, and though only three miles in length, will be of immense service to the population of London. It extends from near the north end of London bridge to Clapham Common.—Chicago Herald.

Invention for Telegraph Operators.

It is a latent signal transmitter called the telesome. In all former means of communication of this kind the moment the signal was operated at one stand it was transmitted to the second or receiving stand. Such was the case with the telephone, and telegraph, and push button, and railway signals, etc. This made it necessary that there should be some person or instrument at the receiving stand to receive the signals at the instant they were operated, or else the sending operator would have to wait until the receiving operator was at the receiving stand, and, also, the receiving operator would have to leave whatever he was at to keep the operator at the sending stand from waiting. Now the principle of this latent signal is that instead of being transmitted immediately, it remains locked up, set or stored at the receiving stand and subject to the control of the receiving operator, after it has been set or prepared by the sender. In other words, it is a sort of combination telegraph and phonograph.—Chicago Journal.

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