POOR COPY

"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. VI. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1889. No, 8

Professional Cards

DR. M'ALLISTER,
Dentist,
IS HOME AGAIN AND READY FOR BUSINESS.
Good Reliable Dental Operations at Lowest Rates.
PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH A SPECIALTY.
Office hours 9.30 a. m. to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m.
Office Queen Street, opp. Queen Hotel.
Fredericton, March 7.

G. D. CARTER,
Dentist.
EXTRACTION AND PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
DENTAL ROOMS OVER F. J. M'DONALD'S JEWELRY STORE, 258 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. 6th, 1887.

WILLIAM WILSON,
SECRETARY-TREASURER, YORK,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
CONVEYANCER, &c.
OFFICE: QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
MONEY COLLECTED AND PROMPTLY REMITTED.
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.

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. 1st, 1887

Auctioneers

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, 1887.

Hotels

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N.B.
J. A. EDWARDS, - Proprietor.
FINE SAMPLE ROOMS IN CONNECTION.
—ALSO,—
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Fredericton, Oct 9th, 1887

COLOSSU
GUNTER'S BIG SLEIGH,
Seating nearly Half a Hundred, Drawn by Four or Six Horses,
ON HIRE AT REASONABLE RATES.
Parties of any number wishing to visit Marysville Rink will be called for at their residences
Telephone your Orders.
GEO. I. GUNTER.
Fredericton, Dec. 11th, 1888.

HARVEY'S PHOTOS!
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
STUDIO: 164 Queen St. F'ton.
LARGE SIZED HEADS A Specialty.
Fredericton, Jan. 12, 1889.

New Advertisements.

BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Is the Best in the Market.
BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Is famous for its Strength and Quality.
Belding's Spool Silk
Is Always Preferred by Dress Makers.
Belding's Spool Silk
Is Free from Knots and Imperfections.
BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Always Measures Number of Yards Marked on Spool.
BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Is the Most Popular Silk in United States and Canada.
LADIES—Ask for this Popular Spool Silk and take no other. See that the name of Belding, Paul & Co. is on Every Spool. For Sale by all Key Goods Houses.

James D. Fowler.
WATCHES;
WATCHES;
WATCHES.
GOLD,
SILVER,
GOLD FILLED,
AND
NICKLE CASES,
FROM
$2.50 TO $150.00
EACH.
Best Value in the City.
REMEMBER THE PLACE.
James D. Fowler,
Opp. POST OFFICE,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
Fredericton, Dec. 15th 1888

JUST RECEIVED
The following MALTINE PREPARATIONS:
Maltine Plain,
" Wine,
" Ferrated,
" Yerbine,
" With Cod Liver Oil.
" " Alteratives,
" " Peptones,
" With Pepsine and Pancreatine.
Elixer Lactopeptine,
Peptonized Beef.
DAVIS. STAPLES. & Co.
DRUGGISTS.
Cor. Queen & York Sts., Fredericton
Fredericton Dec. 15, 1888.

'Golden Fleece.'
FALL 1888.
New Ulster Cloths,
New Mantle Cloths,
New Dress Goods,
IN SUITINGS & MELTON CLOTHS
New Dress and Mantle
TRIMMINGS
FEATHERBONE CORSETS.
T. A. SHARKEY.
Fredericton, Nov. 8.

WEST END
SAWMILL and LUMBER YARD.
SEASON 1889.
THE Subscriber intending to PRESECUTE attention to the RETAIL LUMBER BUSINESS that for the last few seasons, begs to inform the public generally that having the same stocks of SPRUCE, PINE, and HEMLOCK LUMBER on hand, or soon 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.

Lucy & Co.
Have Removed to their new premises,
CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STREETS
ONE BLOCK BELOW THEIR OLD STAND,
Where they have opened a magnificent stock for their City and Country customers An examination of prices will convince you that this is the Lowest Priced House in the City.
LUCY & CO.

TAKE NOTICE.
You can buy all the fine grades of
T-E-A-S!
At Yerxa & Yerxas,
Such as India, Fine Japan, Farmosa, Oolong, Orange, Pekoe, Fine Congous, and English Breakfast. Also a Fine Tea in 5 lb. Baskets.
LOW PRICES ON
Canned Goods and Evaporated Apples.
Lowest Prices on all Shelf Goods, and Prices marked in Plain Figures at YERXA & YERXA'S.
Fredericton, April 2

JUST RECEIVED AT
J. W. TABOR'S,
Cor. King & Westmorland Sts.
FRESH SEEDS-- GRASS, CLOVER, GARDEN and FLOWER.
Fearman's Hams, Shoulders, Bacon; Milk Pans, Jugs and Crocks. Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Setts. 1 cask Assorted Glassware, Maple Sugar and Honey, Bananas, Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Dates, Prunes, Japan, Oolong, and Black Teas, Choice Labrador and Bay Herring, Haddies and Bloaters, with a full line of Canned Goods. For sale low at the Old Stand, Corner King and Westmorland Streets.
Fredericton, April 27. J. W. TABOR.

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.

D. A. GRANT & CO.,
(Formerly Grant & Atherton,)
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN,
FINE CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS,
HEAVY WAGONS AND SLEDS
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
JOB WORK SATISFACTORILY DONE IN WOOD IRONING; PAINTING AND TRIMMING DEPARTMENTS
STEAM CARRIAGE FACTORY:
SOUTH SIDE BRIDGE,
Main Street, - - - Woodstock, N. B.

O. C. GILL,
HOUSE and SIGN PAINTER,
BRUNSWICK STREET, - - - FREDERICTON, N. B.
PAPERING, COLORING and GRAINING
at reasonable rates. All work promptly done.
Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
March 16 3m-tw

NOTICE.
THE CENTRAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of New Brunswick have this day declared a dividend on amount of capital paid in, of Three and One-Half per cent, for half year ending April 17th, 1889, payable to the Stockholders at the Company's Office on or after the 17th day of May next.
By order of the Board,
A. D. MACPHERSON,
Secretary.
Fredericton, April 17—4t

THE WORK OF THE FLAMES.

Five Thousand People Rendered Homeless in Quebec.

A Suburb of Quebec Reduced to Ashes.

Seven Hundred Buildings Swept Away--Major Short Killed.

QUEBEC, May 16. The district north and west of Messue and St. Ambroise streets has been almost swept clean with the exception of a portion of Valier street, which escaped. The number of houses burned is about 700, and as a large number were tenements occupied by more than one family, the number of families homeless is not less than 1,200, comprising 5,000 or 6,000 souls.

The flames started at an early hour this morning, on the property of Mrs. McCann, St. Valier street, near the property of Messrs. Eliott and Tozer, the same building that was the scene of a fire three weeks ago. The fire brigade was unable to do effective battle with the flames, being handicapped by lack of organization and an inefficient water supply. At three o'clock it was impossible to guess at the limit of the fire. Everybody was more or less excited at the velocity with which the flames jumped from one wooden building to another, and there were few cool heads in the crowd outside of the disinterested spectators. The flames then had gone no further west than St. Peter street, and on St. Valier street had been successfully kept from invading the Tozer property, though the outbuildings were still threatened. Chesnest street had also been invaded. Parant and St. Ambrose streets suffered. On St. Marie street almost the whole of the south side was destroyed at three o'clock or threatened very soon to be. This was the northern limit reached by the fire, but there was undoubtedly great danger that the flames would cross to the north side of the street and away into Bedvardville.

At 9 a. m. the fire was under control, but still burning. Major Short and several of his men from B battery, while endeavoring to prevent the spread of the flames by blowing up houses, were buried in the ruins, killing Major Short and, it was thought, Sergt. Wallack. In the confusion of the fire it was generally supposed that Sergt. Wallack died immediately after being taken from the ruins, but it is now learned that he is still alive in the marine hospital, and although very seriously injured, will likely recover. The remains of Major Short, whose body was recovered, will be taken to Kingston, Ontario, for interment.

The total loss by the fire is estimated at $600,000. The insurance on property destroyed amounts to $130,000.

The majority of the people turned out are of the laboring class, and as the insurance on household goods prohibitive, very few have anything to fall back upon.

Hon. Mr. Mercier and other prominent men are interesting themselves on behalf of the homeless people. Application has been made to Sir A. P. Caron, minister of militia, for the use of the drill shed and other government buildings, to shelter those who are yet camped out in the fields. Food is being distributed by the clergy and steps are being taken to organize a regular system of relief.

A TRICK OF THE TRADE.

Marking Down Sizes of Shoes to Gratify Vanity.

"I want a pair of French kid button boots. Let me see the very best you have."

"This way, please; here they are; made by Ready, Sale & Co.; the very best in the market. What size did you say?"

"I wear three, slim."

"Ah! here we are; now, then. Fits you like a glove. If I had taken your measure I couldn't have done better."

"They seem to be all right. By the way, are these the same make of shoes that Mrs. Lightfoot wears?"

"Well, to tell the truth, no. She always wears a make that costs a dollar a pair more."

"But you said these were the very best."

"For wear and quality—so they are."

"Then why should Mrs. Lightfoot pay a dollar extra for hers?"

"Why, she won't have any other shoe but Fitem & Co.'s, because she can wear a size smaller of theirs than she can of any others."

"Oh! but you really don't mean to say that I could wear a No. 2 shoe of Whats-his-name's make, do you?"

"Certainly you could. You see they have got a designer of patterns who is a perfect genius and who understands the human foot the same as a schoolmaster does his A B Ca. He explained his system to me one day, and I find he is thoroughly posted. His idea is, in the first place, to abbreviate the longitudinal pressure forward, and then, by propelling the lateral distension sideways, he of course makes the shoe a size shorter than it would have been had he made it the full length."

"Dear me! How simple that seems. And you are sure I could wear a No. 2 of this make?"

"Positive. Here is a pair. Try them on and see for yourself."

"Why, these are just too nice for anything. They fit perfectly. They ain't a bit tight. Are you sure they are only twos?"

"You can see for yourself. Size mark stamped in plain figures on sole and lining. There it is; size No. 2, width A."

"Well, I'll take this pair, and after this you won't catch me wearing any other make."

This sounds like fiction, but it is a literal fact. The conversation took place just as it is written with the exception of the names. Although the measurements of the woman's foot called for a No. 3 she was fitted perfectly with a No. 2. The explanation is simply this: There are manufacturers who, when ordering sets of lasts, instruct the sellers to deliver them unstamped. The stamping is done in the shoe factory, each last being marked a half size or a size smaller than its measures. The uppers are numbered to match the lasts and the deception is complete.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Rabbit Inoculation in Australia.

The feeling among humane people against the proposed destruction of the rabbits in Australia by the adoption of M. Pasteur's system for exterminating them by turning among them rabbits inoculated with the virus of chicken cholera was general and strongly expressed. It will be gratifying to them, then, to learn that the commission in New South Wales appointed to examine into the success of the experiment have issued a preliminary report to the effect that, although the chicken cholera is fatal to the rabbits inoculated, the disease does not readily spread from animal to animal. As the whole point of the experiment was that the disease should so spread, this report would seem to be a virtual condemnation of the scheme.

Sympathizing, as every one must do, with the colonists in the terrible losses they have sustained from hordes of rabbits that literally eat up their land, one can hardly regret that this special mode of getting rid of the pests should have failed. It is necessary to put them down if possible, and no word could be said against this being done by what may be called the illegitimate means of gun and snare, but to spread cholera among so vast a number of animals whose only fault is their exceeding fecundity, is contrary to human ideas. The death may not be a more painful one than that of poisoning, but it is the first time, so far as we know, that man has called in disease as an ally, and few people will be sorry to hear that the scheme is a failure.—London Standard.

A Jamestown, Pa., baby was photographed thirty-five minutes after it was born. The happy father took the picture.

CEMETERIES OF PANAMA.

Graves Rented and Bodies Buried in Second Hand Coffins.

The cemeteries of Panama, five in all, are at Cocos grove, and are within one minute's walk from one another. They are all managed by one firm, Sres Obarrioly Cia. One of these gentlemen went with me through all the graveyards and explained everything of interest. The five cemeteries are the foreign, the Chinese, the Jewish, the old Spanish and the new Spanish. People may be buried in any of these according to desire. The managers of the cemeteries are the only ones in the business of manufacturing, selling and letting coffins; so they have a coffin monopoly just as the Boston Ice company has a monopoly of ice, or a New York house has a monopoly in hams.

There the Panama Canal company manufacture whatever coffins they need for their employes, and transact a very brisk business in this particular. In the price of coffins there is a wide margin, the sum being from $7 to $100. If even $7 is higher than can be afforded, an old coffin more or less clean, in good condition of repair, can be hired for one-tenth the selling price of a new one, and a second hand coffin of rather disreputable appearance, bought for interment at $1, the corpse being transferred at the grave. This is done to a large extent. For instance, if a poor man's friends want to give him a first class send off for a little money they can hire a $100 coffin for one-tenth, i. e., $10, and buy an old one for interment at $1, making $11, or hiring a $40 one, the whole cost is only $5, or he may buy a $1 one at once and not hire any other, or he may go still lower by not using any coffin at all, in which case he is sandwiched between two weather beaten boards. It is said that he sleeps as long and perhaps as comfortably this way as in the most superbly trimmed receptacle.

The graves are not sold, but rented for one or two years. If the regular rental is not paid the body is disinterred, the bones thrown in a common heap and the coffin used as a second hand one. This is a very general result of burial. The same system prevails, too, in the Boredas, where holes in masonry are let for $12 for eighteen months. Friends are usually neglectful after a period of mourning, and a common heap of bones kept in a hugh yard is enormous. There, Celestials, Caucasians and Africans are mixed up like Buttercup's babies. This jumble of human remains suggests much trouble when Gabriel blows his trumpet. Who will be able to find the full complement of his own skeleton? The agile one may make up his own deficiency from the pick of the rest, but the slow moving individual will be apt to miss it. I fear there will be many misfits to the Celestial grave. Who can tell whether one is entitled to admission if one is composed partly of some one else? The very thought is disagreeable and perplexing.—A Panama Letter.

Window Ventilation.

To obtain ventilation by a window, without a draft to strike a person, a direction to the following effect has been constantly repeated by every hygienist and hygienic publication for a number of years past without a suspicion of its fallacy, apparently, on the part of any one of the public's instructors: "Fit a strip of board into the window casing at the bottom, under the lower sash, so as to raise the sash two or three inches, and the thin spaces between the panes, where the sashes lap over each other, will be open above and below, affording egress and ingress to the air in vertical directions, while the board excludes a horizontal draft that would strike a person near the window."

The objection to this plan is that it is built exactly wrong side up, in defiance of the law of gravitation, and will not work. It contemplates the exit of the warm and rarefied air of the room downward through the colder air between the sashes, and expects the still colder and heavier air outside to climb upward through the lighter inclosed air and tumble over the top of the sash into the room. The amount of air exchanged between outside and inside in this way will be hardly perceptible, unless a strong breeze blows against the window.

The way to get ventilation through this interspace, and a truly excellent way, is to push up the lower sash to the top of the casing, and pull the upper sash down within a few inches of the sill, stopping the gap at the bottom with the board above mentioned. The outer air will then find a downward entrance and the lighter air within will escape upward.—Sanitary Era.

The Skull of a Cobra.

The skull of a cobra lies before me. From the tip of the snout to the back of the skull the length is one and one-quarter inches. The brain case is an ivory casket of great solidity, but the jaw bones are loosely connected, and during life are capable of a good deal of motion. The two side pieces of the lower jaw are in the snake only united in front by elastic tissue. Behind they do not hinge on the brain case itself, but on long curving ones which jut out at the back of the skull, and these are capable of motion outward, so as to widen the space between them. Not only are there teeth on the lower jaw and along the outer edges of the upper jaw in the python's skull, but there are also extra rows of teeth implanted in the bones which lie one on each side of the palate. The teeth are not for crushing or tearing or chewing. They all slope markedly backward and are for holding the prey. Your finger will slip into the mouth of a small python easily enough; but try and draw it out again—that is a different matter. The curved teeth are constructed to prevent that.—Murray's Magazine.

A Story for Bon Vivants.

One man invited another to a dinner at the Manhattan club, of which both were members. It was agreed that the one who arrived first should order the meal. Some time after the appointed hour the host of the occasion found his guest at a table in a remote corner of the cafe. "Have you ordered?" asked the host. "Yes." "Will, so have I," was the answer. Both laughed, and then the host with a flash of the eye inquired what soup his guest had ordered. The soup was named and the host answered: "Then we've ordered the same dinner; any man with proper notions of sequence in dining would follow that soup with just what I've ordered." The scientific diners compared menus and found that the orders agreed in every particular. Both dinners and all the wines ordered were served.—New York Letter.

Made Him Feel Comfortable.

"Do you know what is the difference between you and myself?"

This conundrum was hurled at a Pittsburg broker by his better half, who had been sitting up for him, when he arrived at home about 1 o'clock in the morning.

"Can't say, my dear," he replied. "What is it?"

"You speculate all day, and I 'spec' you lose at night."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Not a Doubt of It.

Mr. Greathead—I have devised a great scheme, Mr. Holdon, a railroad to convey corpses to all the principal cemeteries.

Mr. Holdon—If you can assure them of a return ticket your fortune is made.—Philadelphia Call.

Said One Thing and Meant Another.

A Sunday or two ago the lesson leaflets used in Sunday schools contained an exhaustive treatise on Balaam and the ass. After the article had left the hands of the editor he was evidently seized with an idea, which he communicated in large type and a footnote as follows: "If the Lord has need of an ass don't you think he has need of you?" A medical journal is running a close race with this leaflet for first place in unique utterances, for is advertises "Hydo on the Skin" as the rather startling suggestive title of a standard medical work.—Philadelphia Press.

Steam Torpedo Boat.

A new sort of ram has appeared. It is a boat furnished in the forward part with a heavy cylinder like that of a steam engine, about fifteen feet long, with a piston rod twelve inches in diameter. This piston rod, which will extend through the bow of the boat, will be a ram. It will be driven by a forcent steam equal to 650 tons, sufficient to pierce the side of the heaviest ironclad with the blow. He is, in fact, a steam torpedo boat.—Chicago Tribune.

Why He Went Home Early.

Snatterbrain—I didn't have a good time at Bullion's last night.

Quickwit—So I inferred. You went at 11. Was there any trouble?

Snatterbrain—O no, no trouble. But I told Bullion that his father laid the foundation of his fortune by robbing his grandmother, and he kicked me down the stairs. That I left.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A LECTURE FOR HUSBANDS

On Home Duties, by a Woman—Courtesies That Mean

Something When They Are Reciprocal—The Head of the

Household is Often Too Exclusive in His Conduct.

One can seldom pick up a paper or miscellaneous reading without coming across advice to wives to spend the major part of their existence in striving to retain their husbands' love and admiration. Unquestionably this is right, and no good wife with a good husband but will find it her supreme delight, as well as duty, to daily strengthen the sweet cords that bind them together. But there are other sides to the question—shadowy, gloomy sides—and it is toward those wives who are consigned to dwell perennially in the gray, somber lives their lords and masters make for them that I am impelled to say my say.

"Meet him at the door with a smile and a kiss"—that is an old, beautiful and sensible piece of advice that every wife in this country ought to be encouraged and able to carry out from the very depths of her heart; but, alas! that only the husbands who are in the minority deserve.

WHISPERING IN THE HUSBANDS' EARS.

Suppose—and I call upon hundreds, aye, thousands, of wives in our midst to witness if I do not draw a picture they recognize all too readily—the wife has been up and down all night with the croupy baby, while its father lay comfortably asleep. Well, take this wife, who, after the night's anxiety, loss of rest and fatigue, has to get up and prepare breakfast, attend to all her usual duties with a splitting headache, caused by sleeplessness and consequent irritability of the stomach, that utterly loathes the idea of even toast and coffee, while her handsome, well dressed, well fed husband goes off for the day with a "Well, I'm off; take care of yourself!" Think you, she will feel much like meeting him with a bright, cheerful, sunny smile and a kiss when he comes in, perhaps a half hour later than usual, with his greeting: "Haven't you had dinner yet? What did you wait for me for? You know I detest having you wait."

I wish I could get the ear of the general masculine public for just a little while and whisper into it that perhaps it would be quite as well if the husbands took a little more pains to retain their wives' respect and affection. According to the inevitable law of nature a woman cannot be happy unless somebody loves her, enthrones her, crowns her and lets her know in unmistakable language that such is the case. I have heard men say: "Of course I love my wife. What do you take me for—a brute? Well, no; not exactly such a detestable thing, or that delicate, indylike little wife of yours never would have married you. But there is a resemblance between you and that quadruped in the fact that brutes never speak their feelings. Of what use to me is a gold mine in Australia or a diamond field in Brazil if she pleases to remain not quarried? Where is the sense or reason of your loving your wife if you never speak it, or look it, or act it? In fact, you don't love her if you do none of these things; for if there is a truer aphorism than that "murder will out," it is that love cannot be concealed.

I am well aware of the argument in favor of the sterner sex—that they are all day exposed to the friction of business, and, when night comes, they ought to be received into a quiet, peaceful, happy home, where they may don slippers and smoking jacket, and read or doze on the library lounge until bedtime. Very good. But your wife is all day subjected to something far worse than the contact with business annoyances, and that is the monotonous, endless routine of domestic drudgery, which, home keeper, home lover that she is, wears and tears on the sensitive nerves in a way few men appreciate. When evening comes, the babies are asleep, she wants a little exhilarating change, something rather more effervescent than the pleasure of feeling alone in the same rooms she has occupied all day, watching the handsome features of her recumbent lord, or immersed in the columns of a newspaper.

ON THE COSTLY MONUMENT.

Now, which shall it be? The husband's comfort or the wife's? I can tell you the result. It will be the survival of the fittest, and, as he is the stronger physically, and gets plenty of air and exercise, the chances are nine hundred and ninety-nine out a thousand that before his eldest child is in its teens there will be a costly monument in some silent resting place—"Sacred to the memory of my beloved wife." While, if God's own truth were carved on that pure, white cross in letters of blazing gold, they would read: "A woman's life wasted; a heart disappointed unto death; hopes destroyed—by little things."

Yes, little things! I know a husband, a bright, intellectual man, who is killing his wife by his "philosophy," he calls it, that he never fails to air upon every occasion when his wife is in distress or disappointment or trouble. No matter how keenly she feels any pain, physical or emotional, he invariably freezes her with his formula: "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Never a loving word of sympathy, a kiss or a caress—and yet he'd be insulted if you told him he didn't love her—never a word, "It is too bad, dear; but as it is unavoidable, can't I help you bear it?" I know that wife would sacrifice ten years of her life if she could get out of her mind that cold, judicial, unsympathetic tone of voice and look that she will carry with her into eternity.

When that husband is in straits, which he often is, and is depressed physically, for he is not in good health, and unstrung nervously, as is often the case; when his famous cold bearied "What are you going to do about it?" is temporarily silenced—that wife of his, that he never did deserve and is killing by degrees, is all gentle, womanly sympathy, constant attention, tender ministration and hopeful encouragement. And the next time he recovers the full force of his gigantic intellect, and it is her turn to reap a reward, it comes like Banquo's ghost upon her, "I don't see what you are going to do about it."

But perhaps the wife to be most pitied is she whose husband, while mean, smally abusive and tyrannical in little things—who treats her off and on as if she were his head servant without a salary, instead of his equal in head and heart, whose petty discourtesies and inattentions, familiar though they are, always cause the same hopeless pang of despair to chill her heart—this husband who, when company is around, is so sweet, and polite, and elegant, and joking, and complimentary to her. And she, trying to forget the parting words, perhaps, of the morning: "Understand this, the next time you invite company I wish to be formally consulted, as I believe I run this ranch"—cannot to save her immortal soul, look or feel pleased when at table that man tells the guests "how he enjoys the delightful surprises his dear little wife gets up so nicely. Fine cook, isn't she? I tell you she beats my mother, and I thought she was the best cook in the world. Let me give you this choice bit of white meat, darling, shall I?"—Mme. Emerse in New York Star.

Tommy—Won't you kiss me, Nellie?

Nellie—No, mamma said I mustn't kiss the boys. But you may kiss me.—Burlington Free Press.

A Genius' Wife.

Millet was not indifferent to or incapable of working from nature or of applying it to his pictures in progress. His son has frequently told me of his desire to make more studies from the living model and his regret at not being able to do so. It seemed to be difficult for Millet to approach people that he wanted to have pose for him, and this office of asking a peasant man or woman to sit for him always fell upon his wife. But these sittings were never long nor tiresome; he wanted only the few facts of form or color which that particular model could give him. For a detail or a special quality he would at times take the greatest pains.

Madame Millet has told me of having worn the roughest of peasant dresses about the house and garden for weeks, that when it pleased him her husband might call upon her to pose for some part of a picture upon which he would be at work, and of Millet compelling her to wear the same skirt for an uncomfortably long time; not to paint the dirt, as the early critics of Millet would have us believe, but that the rough linen should simplify its folds and take the form of the body, that he might give a fresher and stronger accent to those qualities he so loved—the garment becoming, as it were, a part of the body, and expressing, as he has said, even more than the nude, the larger and more simple forms of nature.—Art.

TRUTH IN DEATH.

But He Regretted It, and Added a Falsehood at Last.

We had a man named Burrows in our mining camp, and he was without doubt the most notorious liar Nevada will ever shelter. His fame as a liar spread for a hundred miles around, and men used to stop at our camp to get a look at him. He wasn't a wicked man, and he had no malice about him, but he was a natural born liar. He lied about his father, his mother, his wife, brothers, sisters, and everybody else, and for every hour in the day he had a new falsehood. He had a claim of his own and was fairly industrious, and so we had no excuse to drive him out, although his lies were continually kicking up ill feeling among the men. One day a lot of earth and rock caved in on him and inflicted fatal injuries, and a number of us knocked off work to be with him in his last moments. You would have thought the shadow of death would have brought a change of sentiment, but it did not. Lying there with only an hour of life left to him, he told us that he had been a pirate on the Pacific and where he had buried a large amount of plunder. We all knew that he was from Ohio and had never seen any ocean, but he stuck to it. One of the men finally felt it his duty to say:

"Burrows, you have only a short time to live. You had best spend that in preparing for eternity."

"I've allus been good," he quietly replied.

"Yes, but you are an awful liar, you know."

"Yes, I suppose so. I've told a million of them, haven't I?"

"No doubt of it."

"And every one has been laid up agin me?"

"Very likely."

"And my chance is rather slim?"

"Rather."

"Well, boys, it's my way, and I can't change at this late day. Just as that cave in came I struck a nugget as big as my head. It would value up a clean $15,000. If you'll be kind enough to pull it out and sell it and send the cash to my wife I'll die feeling better."

He went off soon after that, and we said to each other that he had given us the greatest yarn of all. No one took his claim, which was accounted a poor one, and it lay for three months before one of the boys dug into it one day for the pickax buried and forgotten. He hadn't got the pick when he came across a lump of gold which balanced $13,980 in coin, and every shilling of the money was sent on to the widow, as directed. It got there to find that there was no widow, but six months later went to a sister. In his dying hour Burrows told the truth about his find, but, alas! he repented of it, and lied about having a wife.—New York Sun.

A Good Word for Tobacco

The effect of the habitual use of tobacco on the health is the subject of an interesting and significant paper by Dr. F. H. Bœnnth, published in the Medical Record of this city. The writer calls attention to the fact that the Anglo-Saxon races have been using tobacco for smoking and chewing purposes during the past four centuries. They contracted the habit from a race which, as far as history and tradition teach us, were remarkable for their vigor of body and mind as well, and as far as we know, were an unusually long lived people. In the time that we have been using the weed there is no evidence to show that the race has in any way deteriorated; but on the contrary, it is abundantly shown that the average duration of life has increased nearly 50 per cent.

There is no evidence to show that in this time the race has been more subject to disease, but rather that they are less so. There is no evidence to show that the race has lost anything in its intellectual activity; but, on the contrary, it has been a time of most marvelous fecundity in all that is great in literature. Dr. Bœnnth, while not advocating the use of tobacco, is opposed to the wholesale denunciation of "the weed" maintained by some extremists, his experience showing that as a general thing it is innocuous, and in cases where its use is at all baneful the sufferer is himself conscious of the fact, and controls the remedy. Briefly, the object of the essay is not a plea for the use of tobacco, but simply to suggest whether we had not best abandon the idea that it is a drug whose use is pernicious in every way to body, mind and morals, and rather to take the view that it is one of God's good gifts to man.—American Analyst.

Loss of Life of Negro Slaves.

It was my lot once to be with Dr. Livingstone in the vicinity of Lake Nyassa, and just a time when for the slaver it was an exceedingly happy hunting ground. As a consequence of what we saw Livingstone reckoned that for every slave that got to his or her destination ten lives were lost. Inasmuch as the ground is now so cleared of slaves near the coast (that is to say, for the normal mode of collecting) that the Zanzibar Arabs have to procure them more than half way across Africa, as shown recently by Mr. Arnot, the calculation of ten lives per slave may probably now be under the mark. The Arab slave dealer's appearance on the scene means raids; quarrels fomented between strong and weak chiefs; a neglected sowing season in the prevailing disturbance; famine, and then the pestilence which follows on starvation.

A vast proportion of the slaves perish on their journey to the coast, and finally the mortality is great at sea in overcrowded and unseaworthy dhows; for, with the possibility of capture before his eyes, the slave shipper—particularly if he is bound for Pemba—charters any old cranky craft which will hold together for the trip. Mr. Philip J. Stopford, midshipman of the Garnet (who seems to be, by the admiralty accounts, a very cormorant for snapping up slavers), chased a dhow off Pemba. The man at the helm lost his head, the dhow was capsized, and 99 out of 119 slaves and slavers were drowned.—The Rev. Horace Wallers in The Contemporary Review.

A Dog Story.

A week or two ago the porter of the Bristol Royal infirmary was disturbed one morning about 6:30 by the howling of a dog outside the building. Finding that it continued, he went out and tried to drive it away; but it returned and continued to howl so piteously that he was obliged to go out to it again. This time he observed that one of its paws was injured. He, therefore, brought it in and sent for two nurses, who at once dressed the paw, and were rewarded by every canine sign of gratitude, including much licking of their hands. The patient was "retained" for two days, during which time he received every attention from those inside the house, and from the neighbors outside, who quickly heard of the case. As no one appeared to claim the dog, he was sent to the Home for Lost Dogs in the city, where so interesting an animal was, of course, not long in finding a purchaser. The dog was one of those called "birchers."

I have myself called on the porter of the infirmary for confirmation of the story, and am assured by him of its truth. How did an apparently friendless dog know where to go for surgical aid? The case differs from that of the dog which took its friend for treatment to King's College hospital, in London. For I understand that the King's College dog had previously been taken to the hospital for treatment itself; but in this case there is no such clew.—London Spectator.

Males, Not Men.

"If you desire to be real swell in polite circles you must never speak of the sterner sex as men or gentlemen," said one who is up and up in all the latest fads, to me. "Haven't you heard what Miss ——, just from Boston, calls them?"

"No; what?"

"Listen to her," and I did listen, and this is what I heard: "Oh, what a love of a party this is. There are so many males here this evening. The males of Louisville are so nice. I haven't seen so many males together before for three fortnights."

All of this occurred at a very small party, and the young woman who starts the fashion gets it right straight from Beacon street, Boston. So it is all right, young ladies. Henceforth, boys, you are not men, you are males.—Louisville Post.

Antiquity of Beads.

"The use of beads is of great antiquity, for they are found in the most ancient of Egyptian tombs as decorations of the dead, and heads supposed to have been used as barter by the Phœnicians in trading with various nations in Africa are still found in considerable numbers and are highly valued by the natives under the name of "Aggry" beads. Ever since the Fourteenth century the manufacture of glass beads has been chiefly engrossed by the Venetians, and the glass manufacturers of Murano still produce fully nine-tenths of all the beads made.—New York Telegram.