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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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HANGING PAPER.

The Latest Thing in Automatic Machinery.

The latest thing in the way of automatic machinery is the paper-hanger. It is claimed for this machine that it will perform the work in a much more rapid and easy manner than the old method of spreading the paper on a table, cutting it into strips of the proper length, applying the paste, and finally placing it in position on the wall.

According to the inventor, about all the operator of this apparatus has to do is to turn the crank, and place the machine in a new position after each piece of paper is attached to the wall. The paper is placed in the machine in a single roll, and is automatically cut to the proper length, paste applied, and the paper put on the wall, while the operator is doing nothing but revolving the wheels by means of the crank.

The invention consists of a carriage arranged to travel on a vertical track, and carrying a roll of paper, a paste-holder, a rotary paste-brush, pressure brushes, and a knife for severing the paper at the proper moment. The roll of paper in unwinding is made to come in conjunction with the paste-carrying brush, passing thence to the wall.

The turning of the crank causes the supporting carriage to rise in its toothed guides, carrying the pressure brushes across the paper as fast as it is put in position. When the top of the room is reached, the stoppage of the carriage is utilized to make the long knife-blade sever the paper.

The carriage is then pulled down by means of the chains, and the supporting frame moved along to the next position on the floor. More time is occupied in placing the machine in position than in applying each section of the paper; but even this is a short operation, owing to the guides which are supplied for the purpose.

PETROLEUM DRINKING.

The Medical Society of Paris has expressed the opinion that it is necessary to adopt some measures against the alarming spread of petroleum drinking. At first it was thought that this habit had sprung up from the increased taxation on alcohol imposed by the French Government, but an investigation showed that this was not the case; the habit has been prevalent some time previously in certain districts and had spread with great rapidity. The victim of the petroleum habit does not become brutal, only morose. Opinions differ among physicians as regards the effects of petroleum drinking on the human system, but all agree on the harmfulness of this new vice.

PLUCKING CHICKENS.

Chickens are now plucked in a wholesale manner by the use of pneumatic machinery. There is a receptacle in which the fowl is placed after being killed, and into this are turned several cross currents of air from electrical fans revolving at the rate of 5,000 turns per minute. In the twinkling of an eye the bird is stripped of its feathers, even to the tiniest particles of down, and the machine is ready for another.

A Girl with a Will

"The fellow hates me, Jessie, I'm sure of it, for all his studied politeness, and I can't say that the feelings I hold for him are those of the tenderest affection. He's exactly like Svengali. What beats me is why your father is so chummy with him. For he and Laborinski are as unlike as chalk and cheese."

"Oh, dad likes him because he's a scientist," replied Jessie Dalton, "and also because he's a rich and interesting foreigner about whom nobody knows anything. Do you believe in hypnotism, Gilbert?" the question was asked hesitatingly, to the accompaniment of something remarkably like a shudder on the part of its interrogator.

Gilbert Amstruther looked somewhat surprisedly at his sweetheart.

"What makes you ask that, dearie?" he said quickly.

Jessie hesitated.

"Oh, it's Herr Laborinski again," she said at last, "he's a devout believer in it. I told him that someone had tried to hypnotize me some time ago and had failed utterly; and he said that he was sure I was a splendid medium, and he'd give a good deal to be allowed to try what he could do with me."

Gilbert brought his capable brown fist against his other hand with a resounding clap. His blue eyes flashed ominously as he said:

"I'd punch the fellow's head if it wasn't for the fact that both he and I are guests in your father's house. The fellow's in love with you, Jess, anyone can see that. I believe he's trying to undermine me in your father's good graces. I wish to goodness the Admiralty would start paying first-lieutenants £500 a year. I wouldn't care then, because we'd get married to-morrow, and spike Laborinski's guns for good and all. I wish I could find some way of clearing him out. One of us has got to go that's certain——"

"And there's no reason why that should be Lieutenant Gilbert Anstruther, R.N."

Anstruther looked down into the roguish little face, framed with its halo of sunny hair, and imprisoned the rosy cheeks between his hands.

"Look here, little witch," he said with mock solemnity, "what game are you up to? What do you mean by saying that in a tone 'fraught with a world of meaning,' as the novels say? Come, out with it, or I'll exact the toll of a kiss for every second that you refuse to comply with my demands."

Jessie laughed, though it was a somewhat nervous laugh with which she replied:

"I have got an idea, Gilbert, and I think we can hoist Mr. Laborinski very much with his own petard, if you'll promise to do everything that I tell you."

"I promised that long ago," answered her lover, "so fire ahead. And try not to look so precious solemn about it, little girl."

* * * * * * *

"Hypnotism is a force not to be lightly played with, my dear Miss Jessie," said Ladislas Laborinski in his soft, foreign voice, "and it is invariably the case that those who have scoffed the loudest at it have been forced to admit its potentialities. You have been good enough to say that you will allow me to place you, if I can, in the hypnotic state. Well, I think I can—and, of course, you trust me!" He leant forward and fixed his eyes upon the flushed face of the girl before him.

Svengali! He did indeed look like the famous hypnotist of "Trilby." Jessie could scarcely repress a shudder, could scarcely reply in a rational voice with the words, "I am not supposed to be a good medium, Mr. Laborinski."

"We shall see," answered the man, "but, first of all, where is Lieutenant Amstruther? Would he not be angry if he were to know what we were contemplating in the interests of science?"

"Gilbert is not my keeper," answered the girl, somewhat unsteadily, "though he is out. There is nothing to fear from him."

"Have you quarrelled?" The question was abrupt.

"N—no," yet the speaker's tones said "Yes."

"Will you sit facing me in that chair? So, that is good. Now, I want you to look fixedly at me. So, good again."

Jessie, with throbbing brain, gazed into the deep, cruel eyes of the mysterious hypnotist, who seemed to look at her with an intensity that must probe the secret recesses of her mind.

For fully five minutes they sat there motionless.

Then a strange thing happened. Jessie's head fell forward on her breast. Her limbs relaxed. Laborinski rose to his feet and wiped his forehead.

"So you're a bad medium, little Jessie, are you?" he muttered, as he forced back the closed eyelids of the girl, and gazed into the lackluster eyes. "I can tell you that I love you now without any fear of your repelling me. But it's not that I want now. Oh, no, the game's a bigger one than that. We must first of all remove Mr. Anstruther. How can we do that? I think I can show you, little Jessie, if you will listen to me."

He tiptoed towards the door of the study, and gazed out into the passage, already growing dusk.

"All seems quiet," he muttered. "Professor Dalton will not be back, I know, till dinner time."

He stole back to the silent figure in the chair.

He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a revolver. He leant down and fixed the weapon in the tiny right hand of the unconscious girl. So close he bent over her that the fragrance of her breath fanned his face. He kissed her hair feverishly. Then he bent down and gazed into her eyes, which were open now, and seemed to be staring, at him with a horrid, unblinking glare.

"Listen," he said, "you hear what I am saying?"

"I hear what you are saying." The answer was given in a low, expressionless voice.

"Good. You will take that pistol and hide it in your room. To-night, or rather to-morrow morning at one o'clock, you will go to Anstruther's room in the west wing, and will shoot him through the temple as he lies in bed. You will then place the revolver in his right hand, and in such a way as to leave no doubt that it was his own hand that fired the shot. You will then return to your own room. You will know nothing about what has happened."

"I shall know nothing about what has happened." The echo of the last words came from the girl's lips. Laborinski uttered a sigh of relief. He flung himself into a chair facing his victim, and scrutinized her fixedly for a few minutes. His hands twitched nervously. He seemed to be communing silently with himself. The beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He passed his tongue across his dry lips. Then he rose to his feet again.

"Not yet," he muttered hoarsely, "not yet. The waiting game is the one, Ladislas." Then he went on: "Now take the pistol to your room, hide it, and return to me." She obeyed, and in a few minutes returned to sink down into the chair again.

He placed his long, sinuous fingers upon the girl's brow, and made a few mysterious passes across her temples. Slowly she fluttered back to the normal.

"There," he said suavely, "it's all over. Do you remember anything of what has happened?"

"No," said the girl dazedly. "What did I do?"

"Nothing. I merely wanted to prove to you that I could hypnotize you. You are a splendid medium, Miss Jessie." Yet he knew that the girl had taken the revolver and placed it in her room, in a place where she would find it when the time came, the time that was to make her the murderer of her lover.

* * * * * * *

It was midnight. Jessie Dalton had retired to bed long ago. At eleven the Professor had bidden good-night to his two guests Laborinski and Gilbert Anstruther, though the latter had showed no signs of wishing to retire. Every now and again Laborinski had thrown an anxious sidelong glance at the young naval officer, hoping that he, too, would retire to rest. But Anstruther seemed unusually wide awake.

At last, as the clock in the hall chimed out the quarter after midnight, Anstruther rose to his feet, and put his pipe in his pocket. He turned to the other, and said blandly:

"I wish you'd come with me to my room in the west wing, Mr. Laborinski. I've something to show you. I shan't keep you long."

Laborinski hesitated, and a shade of something like fear crossed his brow. But he dare not refuse. There was too much at stake for that. With as good a grace as he could muster he obeyed the unusual summons.

Gilbert's chamber was in an isolated wing of the rambling, old house, tenanted by the Professor and his daughter. He led the way up the winding stair that led into the long, low apartment, and closed the door softly behind him.

"Yes," said Laborinski, "what is it you want to show me? It is late and I must retire to rest."

"This," came the cool retort. Laborinski recoiled, and his face went a ghastly grey. He was gazing down the barrel of a service revolver.

"What do you mean by such an outrage, Mr. Anstruther?" he gasped out.

"I'll soon show you." Anstruther's voice was icy in its strange determination. "I command you to get into my bed at once. If you don't I shall kill you without a moment's hesitation. I'm a desperate man, Mr. Laborinski, and I don't mean to let you forget it."

Laborinski fell in a huddled heap upon the floor. "Why?" he moaned. "What wrong have I ever done you?"

Anstruther took out his watch.

"I'll give you five minutes," he said. "That ll make the time half-past twelve. If you are not in my bed by then I shall shoot."

Laborinski's terror was pitiable to see. He tried to speak, but no words would come. At last, with an effort, he choked back his frenzied fear, and crawled into the great four-posted bed in one corner of the room. Anstruther took up his position upon a chair beside the bed. "Don't you move," he rasped out, "or utter a sound, or I shall fire."

Then followed a deadly silence.

A distant church clock struck once. It was one a. m.

Laborinski started up into a sitting posture. The door of the room facing the bed opened noiselessly. A white-robed figure stole into the room, as noiselessly as a spectre. Her eyes were open, and fixed in a glassy stare. Laborinski, his reawakened faculties now fully alert, stared at her with terror. He seemed to feel the hair on his scalp rising. Not a sound broke the stillness, save the swish-swish of the girl's robe, as she stole across the chamber. Laborinski seemed to be suddenly petrified.

Jessie, for she it was, approached the bedside. A ray of moonlight filtered through the apartment, and threw a ghostly light on the room and its occupants. Jessie raised her hand. Laborinski saw that in it was the revolver he had given her only a few hours before.

She pointed it full at his head, and pulled the trigger before he could raise a hand to protect himself. The report seemed to fill the room with terrific volume. With a scream of the most horrible agony Laborinski flung up his hands and fell back.

* * * * * * *

When he struggled back to consciousness it was to find himself lying back on his pillows, in his own room. Over him bent Gilbert Anstruther, a hard, set look on his handsome face.

A faint cry broke from the wretch's lips.

"Listen to me, Mr. Laborinski," he heard the young man say, "you have had an exceedingly narrow escape. I congratulate you on your powers as a hypnotist. You little thought that Miss Dalton was so strong-minded. She was not hypnotized at all. When she left the room to hide the pistol in her room as you so fondly imagined in readiness for the foul crime you proposed, she gave it into my hands. I was not out of the way as you so dearly hoped. It was I who placed a blank cartridge in the revolver in place of the one you had put there. She then returned, and, being a clever actress, managed to make you believe that she was as clay in your hands. And now you see how your wickedness has recoiled on your own head. Look here," he held a mirror before the miserable being's eyes.

Laborinski shuddered. He saw reflected in the inexorable mirror the presentment of a ghastly, haggard, wild-eyed, face, crowned by a shaggy mane of hair white as snow, the result of the fearful punishment that had been meted out to him.

"And now," the young man went on, "if you'll take my advice, you'll clear out as soon as possible. I expect you'll agree with me that that is the best thing to be done. And the next time you try any hypnotic experiments, let me beg of you to be more careful in your choice of a medium. Some women, you know, have strong enough minds to resist even the will-power of Ladislas Laborinski. I think I've said enough."

And Laborinski took Gilbert at his word. Like a thief he slunk off out of the house whose hospitable shelter he had tried so basely to betray, before even the first rays of morning light were filtering through the closed blinds of the house. He was never heard of again. As for Professor Dalton he never learnt the true history of the hypnotic experiment that had ended so disastrously for Ladislas Laborinski. Both Gilbert and Jessie swore that the story should remain locked up in their bosoms.

They were married the following year, on Gilbert being promoted, though he did not get his £500 a year even then.

Professor Dalton died shortly after the happy event had been consummated. It was then that the young couple allowed the present writer to set down on paper the story of the crime intended by Ladislas Laborinski, who had been balked of his project solely by a woman's wit and courage.—Pearson's Weekly.

A KING'S LIFE.

Uneasy Lies the Head That Wears a Crown.

Nothing could better illustrate the peculiarities of the obligations that rest on a King than the pathetic question attributed to King Edward as his mind cleared itself from the mist of chloroform, after his recent operation: "Will my peope ever forgive me?" He was so ill as to arouse the gravest fears; he had just been subjected to an operation—one of the most critical of modern surgery. Yet even then the thought uppermost in his mind was that strange thought of duty — of something owing to his people, of culpability on his part for having disappointed them.

But that is not all. The King had known and his physicians had known for a week the nature of the disease from which he was suffering. It was plain to them, and probably to him, that operation was inevitable. Even hours are precious in that disease, and in the case of an ordinary person the knife would have followed the diagnosis at once. In the case of the King it was postponed by his own command, in the vain hope that the ceremonies of the coronation might still take place.

So powerful was the grip of habit, so heavy the hand of precedent and the custom of deferring to popular expectation, that the King's life was put in jeopardy.

This, after all, was but a more than usually conspicuous example of the burdens which constantly rest upon the shoulders of a King. No man is so little free as he is. From the hour of his rising in the morning until the hour when he seeks his bed at night his time is not his own. In the friends he may entertain, in dress, even in his recreations, other wishes than his own must be considered, and there is always the consciousness of being under observation.

THE POPE'S WARDROBE.

Nearly All Adorned With Priceless Gems.

It is a fact that the wardrobe of the most sumptuous of earthly rulers fades into absolute insignificance when compared with that of Pope Leo XIII. Etiquette compels him to wear different garments on every day of the year, and as nearly all of these are adorned with the most costly of gems, their value is such that no millionaire on earth could hope to possess them were they ever in the market.

One of the most costly of the Pope's dresses is the "cappa magna," which, however, is very seldom worn. It is a long cape, hanging straight from the shoulders to the ground, and fairly gleams with gold and precious stones from top to bottom. So thickly indeed are the gems set that its weight makes it impossible for the aged Pope to carry it.

The surplices which are worn by the Roman Pontiff when giving audiences are composed of the most valuable and beautiful lace, many hundreds of years old. This vestment is set off by a small cape, which just covers the shoulders, made of red silk, interwoven with gold. Both these garments vary in weight at the different seasons of the year.

In the rings which are worn by his Holiness are set some of the most valuable gems of the world. Only three, however, can be called official. The first is the well-known fisherman's ring, with which the Pope seals nearly all his letters. This ring is destroyed at each Pope's death, and a fresh one made for the successor. The only remarkable feature of the other two rings is their priceslessness. They are scarcely ever off the papal hand.

BEYOND THE REACH OF INSULT.

A musical organization, intending to give a performance of an oratorio, began to be alarmed about the probable cost of the production. Accordingly the director of the chorus said to the leader of the orchestra, who was a professional musician:—

"We've got to keep down our expenses, and I thought I might get you to leave out the trombones. You know they have only four measures in the entire oratorio, and if we leave them out we can save at least $25, and no one will be any the wiser."

The leader of the orchestra was extremely shocked. Assuming a tragic attitude, he exclaimed:

"That would be an insult to the composer!"

The chorus director reflected a moment and then said, cheerfully:

"Oh, never mind him; he's dead!"

CONDITIONS OF LONGEVITY.

Dr. Roger S. Tracy has an article on "Longevity in Our Times" in the Century, in which he says the physiological limit of life under proper conditions would certainly be 100 years, and possibly 120. He names the conditions, which, summed up in one word, are—temperance. All who would live out a century must start physically sound, be light eaters and drinkers, slow to wrath, able to control their passions and emotions, and lead placid, uneventful lives. This, of course, is the very opposite of what most men are to-day—and the mortality list is the consequence.

About the ....House

DELICATE SIDE DISHES.

In preparing hashed brown potatoes, cut one pint of cold boiled potatoes into dice, or chop them fine and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Put two tablespoonfuls of bacon fat into a spider; when it is hot turn in the potatoes, mix together thoroughly and add two tablespoonfuls of stock, or use hot water with the addition of a little extract of beef. Cover the pan and set it back on the stove. Turn it around frequently so it will brown evenly on the bottom, and, when nicely browned all over, loosen it around the edge, fold over like an omelet, turn out on a platter and serve at once.

Boiled Rice With Raisins.—Cook one cup of well-washed rice in one cup of rapidly boiling water five minutes, then put it into the double boiler with two cups of boiling water (or, if you have it, milk is much better), and one level teaspoonful of salt, and let it cook until it is tender, stirring with a fork once or twice at first. Raisins make a delicious addition to any breakfast mush, but unless they are first stewed in a little water until they are nearly tender the skins will be quite objectionable. If a cereal is used which requires long cooking (two hours or more), they need not be stewed first. The seedless raisins are especially nice with rice, but if other varieties are used remove the seeds, and stew them in a very little water.

SUGAR GINGERBREAD.

Sugar Gingerbread.—One-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one-half teaspoon ground ginger, one-fourth teaspoon of salt, one cup of flour, one level teaspoon of soda and one-half cup of milk. Cream the butter, add the sugar and molasses. Sift the ginger and salt with the flour. Dissolve the soda in the milk, and stir this into the butter mixture, then add the flour and also enough more flour to make a stiff dough. Knead it until it is smooth and light, roll it out one-third of an inch thick and in shape to fit long shallow pans. Crease it across the top with the back of a knife or a pastry jagger and bake about 15 minutes.

Fruit Cookies.—Cream one-half cup of butter with one cup of sugar, add two eggs which have been well beaten with another half-cup of sugar, and three tablespoonfuls of milk. Sift together one cup of flour, one teaspoon of ground cinnamon and one teaspoon of grated nutmeg, one-half teaspoon of ground cloves, and one teaspoon of soda. Stir this into the butter and sugar mixture, add two cups of seedless raisins, and enough more flour to make the dough stiff enough to roll out about one-fourth inch thick. Cut out and bake quickly. If the raisins are tough, boil them until they are tender, drain and chop or cut them fine and roll in flour before adding to the dough.

Hard Sauce.—Rub one-fourth cup of butter to a cream in a warm bowl, adding gradually one-half cup powdered sugar. Stir in one-half teaspoon of extract of vanilla, pack it smoothly into a small dish and stamp it with the bottom of a figured glass. Keep it on ice until it is very hard.

Scallion Salad.—A favorite salad with many persons is made from scallions, or young onions, which have a long, thin neck like a leek, but no bulb. We did not call it salad years ago; then it was simply pickled scallions, or scallions in vinegar. But now we peel off the dried portion, shave them very thin, scatter them over and among a pile of torn lettuce leaves which have been arranged in a salad bowl, pour a French dressing over the whole, and mix together lightly, but thoroughly. This makes a cool, delicious salad, and is especially nice served with broiled mackerel.

Stewed Gooseberries.—Gooseberries have a fine flavor which is greatly liked by many persons, but they are not as plentiful in our market as are the other small berry fruits. Many varieties have a strong acid twang which makes them acceptable with meat, while other kinds are quite sweet. They are not used for jelly, but make a fine jam, or preserve. Gooseberry fool, and trifle, and tart, are great favorites with English people. To stew them, remove the tops and stems from one quart of gooseberries, wash and drain them, then put them into a granite stew pan and nearly cover with boiling water. Let them stew until they are tender. Make a syrup with one cup of sugar and one-half cup of water boiled together, mix it with the fruit and set away to cool.

BEGINNING DAY PROPERLY.

Everybody—that is, everybody who assumes that life is worth living—takes a bath at night, but a good many people feel too many duties pressing insistently upon them to stop for a bath when they rise in the morning. And yet the moment when she lifts her head from the pillow is the worst in the day to many a woman, especially in the hot weather. She feels languid and "heachy," lethargic and carries dull eyes and face to the breakfast table. A cold shower bath and a brisk rub would brighten her eyes and enable her to begin the day with a smile. Failing the shower, a plunge bath will serve, and if this be inconvenient a brief sponge at the washbowl will set the blood circulating to clear the heavy head. Then drink something immediately on rising. A quantity of cold water is beneficial. Some people get a better effect from a glass of hot water with half a lemon squeezed in it. The principle of the early morning drink is that it washes out the stomach, which during the long hours of the night becomes coated with mucus. It tones up the digestive apparatus and gets it ready for work. Then, if the woman puts on perfectly clean clothes and gets five minutes in the fresh morning air outside, taking full, deep breaths, she will feel like a different creature. This may sound like a good deal of time for a busy woman to spend at the beginning of things, but it will not amount to more than 15 minutes extra.

STARCH FOR LACES.

Laces are worn so much that directions for doing them up are specially helpful. To starch lace mix one teaspoonful of starch with two teaspoonfuls of cold water and pour on this one pint of boiling water. Place on the fire and add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of sugar and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of gum arabic which has been soaked in one teaspoonful of cold water. Boil for five minutes, stirring all the while. Strain through cheesecloth. For laces in which only a suggestion of starch is desired double the quantity of water. For heavy laces that are required to be rather stiff use only half the quantity of water.

Gum arabic starch is made by putting one-fourth of an ounce of the best white gum arabic in a cup or wide-mouthed bottle with one gill of cold water. Let it soak for two or three hours, then place in a basin of cold water and put on the fire to dissolve. Stir frequently; strain through cheesecloth. This makes a very stiff starch. For articles that need to be only slightly stiffened a quart of water or even more may be added to the dissolved gum arabic.

KITCHEN HELPS.

Discolored knife handles may be rubbed with brick dust and vinegar.

Don't put egg dishes into hot water as it makes the egg adhere. Soak the dishes first in cold water.

Don't wash omelet pans. Rub with soft pieces of paper, wipe them out and keep in a clean closet.

Tinware may be cleaned readily by rubbing it with a damp cloth dipped in soda; rub briskly and wipe dry.

Two tablespoonfuls of washing soda dissolved in a gallon of boiling water make an excellent disinfectant for the kitchen sink. Pour in while hot.

To clean a kettle in which onions or other rank vegetables have been cooked rub with a cloth dipped in hot, strong soda water, then wash in soapy water.

Use the round shallow pieces of cork that fit in wide-mouthed pickle bottles to use as scourers of fine steel knives. Rub the corks first with sandpaper to make them perfectly smooth.

The best dishcloths are made of knitted cotton, for they wash again and look like new. After using always wash a dishcloth with soap and water, then rinse thoroughly and hang in the air to dry.

DO THE DYING NEVER WEEP?

"I have stood by the bedside of hundreds of dying people," says an old physician, "and I have yet to see a dying person shed a tear. No matter what the grief of the bystanders may be, the stricken person will show no signs of overpowering emotion. I have seen a circle of agonized children around a dying mother—a mother who in health would have been touched to the quick by signs of grief in a child—yet she reposed as calm and unemotional as though she had been made of stone. There is some strange and inexplicable psychological change which accompanies the act of dissolution. It is well known to all physicians that pain disappears as the end approaches. And nature seems to have arranged it so that mental peace shall also attend our last lingering moments."

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