

SAM NAPIER'S BIG FIND.

HOW HE DISCOVERED THE FAMOUS BARKLEY NUGGET.

How it was conveyed to the Coast—How Napier was Presented to the Queen—His Intimacy With Lord and Duke and His Antipathy to Mr. Schrieber.

The North Shore is the section of this province where nature has pre-eminently humped herself.

She humped herself when she formed the wide-spreading forests of the north, o'er which she is now throwing far and wide the crazy quilt of autumn.

Most unmistakably did nature hump herself in the production of the subject of this sketch, Mr. Samuel H. Napier.

An unassuming man upon a cursory view is Samuel. The wide hat that he wears is native of the soil: the tall winds toy with his whiskers in a wanton way, and his ulterior habiliments display a goodly bright and beam behind. Yet the crowned heads of Europe have craned their craniums to catch a glimpse of Samuel, and multitudes without a crown have read of him and wondered. For Samuel enjoys not only good health, but the distinction of having once upon a time collided with the biggest chunk of gold that ever gladdened the eyes of man.

All this summer Mr. Napier has been hunting for gold upon the Tobique, the Nasikwaik, the Nepisiguit, the Nappadogan and other streams where shining sands abound. He has found many traces of silver in the province—for Samuel has friends who dislike to see him thirsty. When Progress called upon Mr. Napier that gentleman complained that the season had been unusually dry.

"What we want," said Samuel, "is irrigation." Upon being assured that Progress was in favor of irrigation in moderation, Mr. Napier cheerfully responded to the request to relate the event which had made him famous.

"It was in 1854," said Mr. Napier in a liquid tone, "that I left this country for Australia in the bark *Marco Polo*, which, when condemned a few years ago, was believed to be the oldest sailing craft afloat. She was no chicken in me, tell you, even in the fifties. I sailed four voyages from Liverpool to Melbourne, chiefly as purser, and second mate, before I caught the mining fever. But in 1857 I started for the diggings and remained there a year and a half. I went to Bendigo first and then staked a claim at Kingover, about 40 miles from the Bendigo diggings, on an arm of the Murrumbidgee called the Lookon. I had been at Kingover about six months when I found the famous Napier or Blanche Barkley nugget. (Well, I don't care if I do.)

"My brother, Charles H. Napier, was in partnership with me, and our cook and general factotum was an old Englishman, 75 years of age, Robert Ambrose. He is dead now, or if he ain't it's time he was.

"The Kingover diggings was a small one compared with the Bendigo, and didn't pan out much at first. It was on the 14th day of August, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, that we made the big strike. We dug down about 14 feet to the pipe-clay strata, and were browsing around in the bottom of the shaft more dead than alive from the heat. Old Ambrose lit his pipe and leaned against the side of the hole to rest. Just then I struck something with my pick. I turned it up—and good heavens! it was a hunk of gold as big as the moon!

"Well, that minute I knew our fortune was made. Old Ambrose got excited, and jumped around till I thought he'd have the whole diggings down on us. Charley and I kept cool and covered the nugget up again in the earth and didn't go nigh it for the rest of the day. At nightfall we lugged the beauty to the tent and covered it up in the bedding. That evening was an anxious one, for the boys were liable toicker up and we didn't know what minute they'd come in and turn our hull tabernacle upside down. About midnight when all the diggers were either in bed or in soak we set to work as foxy as possible with our picks and sunk a shaft down about six feet underneath the table in the tent and buried the nugget out of sight. For three long months it stayed there, with us eatin' over it and walkin' over it, sleepin' on it and dreamin' on it, not a soul at the diggings any the wiser. Sometimes we laid awake all night with our guns handy in case of being molested, for there was plenty of tough subjects at the diggings that would have waited us up the golden spout in short meter if they'd guessed our secret.

"Well, about the middle of November we collared a horse and cart and lit out for Melbourne, having, in the meantime, dug our claim out and fished up enough of the stuff to carry us to London. It took us four days and four nights to reach Melbourne, and I hardly slept a wink on the way. The nugget was packed up in a tough box with some old clothes, and we told everybody we met we were going to New Zealand. We carried no arms with us for fear of being suspected. When we got to Melbourne we took private lodgings and the next morning lugged her ladyship down to the Bank of Victoria and made all the necessary arrangements for shipping her, and we never saw her again until I produced the documents at the Bank of England in London. Accorse by this time the thing had leaked out, and in no time the hull city was crazy with excitement.

"We sailed for England in a vessel called the *Shafterborough*, paying 1,746 half crowns export duty on the nugget and £30 insurance. When we reached London we found the news had got there before us, and we thought nothing of having half a dozen lords and dukes for breakfast while the craze lasted. The Crystal Palace wasn't a fly speck on the map of the world to us, for more'n a week. We set our beauty to the Bank of England for £10,000 sterling, my brother and I dividing the profits equally and pooling in handsome for old Ambrose. How much did it weigh? The heft of that nugget was just 146 pounds, 4 ounces and 3 pennyweights, and when it was melted it was found to be 29 1/2 carats fine, containing only 10 ounces of dross. For some time it was exhibited at the British museum by permission of the bank, and there is a cast of it there now as well as one at King'ston college, Canada. While in London we were presented to the queen. She sent her carryall and a battalion of mounted policemen to portash the nugget and us to the palace. We stopped with her for

lunch, and I must say she made herself generally agreeable. I tetered the Prince of Wales on my knee—for he was only a strippling then—and he promised to come to Canada and see me, which he did about eight years afterwards. Then I went to Liverpool and got married, and went into the ship chandlery and sail-making business, and pretty soon every cussed ounce of the nugget was gone to kingdom come. So then I came back to my old home; and when I got here the boys took hold and elected me to the legislature at the head of the poll by 140 majority. I have had strong inducements to go back to Australia since, but I prefer to rest my bones in New Brunswick. (Here's health to the land where the blueberries grow.)

"What other large nuggets have been discovered?" asked the commissioner.

"The Weltham nugget," said Mr. Napier, "weighed 180 pounds, but it had 90 pounds of stone in it. A place called the Owens was where it was found, about 100 miles from Ballarat, in the year 1859, and it grew within a foot of the ground. Then there was the Holtham nugget, found in Australia, I think about the year 1854 by Mike Patchall. It weighed 40 pounds and some ounces, and was pure gold. A fac-simile of it is shown in the British museum."

At this point Mr. Napier observed that the papers did not always get things straight. He had seen a piece in Progress about earthquakes at Dalhousie, which was calculated to lead his friends to suppose that he had been drinking. He denied that he had ever been connected with an earthquake in his life. In fact he had not been at Dalhousie for fifteen years. He objected strongly also to having his name mixed up with Mr. Schrieber.

BILDAD.

A CORRESPONDENT'S TRIALS.

"Snowdrop," of Sackville, Paints a True Picture of Them.

Never are we more forcibly reminded that it is impossible to please everybody as when gathering items for Progress, and hearing the comments thereon afterwards. First, we must please the editor, then the readers of Progress, who, of course, are subscribers. Then there is our belle, who expects her "fletching" costume to be described in detail from the crown of her head to the toe of her embroidered slipper. If we omit one single item, even to her pet curl, we are "off her books." Then there are the beauties; they too must be done justice to, even at the expense of their plainer sisters, and this makes the latter our enemies. And what of the youth who expects us to take him at his own valuation?

If we set him down at our own, he would appear a very small morsel of humanity. Who does not know the conceited man, the would-be Legrand Cannon or McAllister; he too must be put in as a mighty host, a leader of men, and women too. His particular "best girl" must be made the belle of every ball, even though she be the homeliest girl in "our set," and a veritable "wall flower" or the full hane of his displeasure falls on our devoted head. There also the aristocracy, (what is left of them in this growing democracy of our fair Canada) dire their wrath if they "get in," and still an offended is left out. Then are the chronic grumblers, those who do nothing to make society a delight, and are continually complaining of the efforts of those who do. Nothing suits them or ever will. What of the bores? They, too, must be noticed, even should we die in the attempt to do justice to these very agreeable people. Next comes the Charles Surfaces, the Lady Sneerwells, the Mrs. Grundys, &c., of society. No "word painting" can tell of the trials these worthies are to poor "Snowdrop." Resplendent in "stunning" get up, his "dudship" appears on the scene! the set of his claw hammer coat, even the hang of his swallow tails, must be in italics, his immaculate tie, must be given "a show," and his toothpick shoes must have the exact point in the toes, and altogether he must be described as the very "swellest" man everywhere, or Progress is not worth the few cents asked for it. Now for the bright and obliging belles and beaux of our society, who, are all unknown to themselves, and a real help to "Snowdrop," for she sometimes hears their kind words of praise, or does a little bird whisper it to her?

He Knows How to Do It.

The handsome advertisements of Ungar's Laundry which have been appearing in Progress have attracted a large amount of attention, for more reasons than one. Mr. Ungar is one of the St. John business men who believe in advertising, properly done, and a glance at his announcements is all that is needed to show that the enterprising laundry man knows how to do it. An advertisement such as is found on page ten of Progress is read with as much interest as any other part of the paper. Very few of the people who read the newspapers do not know all about Ungar's laundry, and the way things are done there. No doubt many readers of Progress would be surprised if they began to think about how much they knew about the "rough dry way" or other little specialties such as sewing on buttons and so forth. But the advantages of advertising do not cease with a knowledge of the way the work is done, for a steady increase in business shows that as people begin to learn how easily they can save both health, money and exertion, they take advantage of it. Every year has shown an increase of business at Ungar's Laundry, the premises have been enlarged again and again, and additions to the machinery and working staff are constantly being made. Mr. Ungar attributes his success to doing good work, and telling the people all about it.

Fancy Fresh Goods. McArthur's, 50 King street.

NIGHT IN THE THEATRE.

WHAT THE WATCHMAN HEARS AND SEES IN THE BUILDING.

All Kinds of Noises That Cannot be Accounted for—Ghosts in the Gallery—Superstitious Night Watchmen, and Some of Their Experiences.

A theatre wears many aspects according to the circumstances under which it is seen. The ordinary spectator connects it with its show and glitter, its music and its varied appeals to the luxuries of the senses; when he gets outside he remembers and criticises the acting, the dancing or the scenery, and shares the almost universal desire to penetrate that mystery of mysteries "behind the scenes."

The night watchman as he wanders hour after hour in the gloomy recesses of the vast and cavernous building, couples it in his mind with the essential idea of desolate solitude.

The ordinary spectator also frequently imagines that what is so easy for him to witness must be easy to those engaged in it; the carpenters, the painters, the property men, the actors, often working as if for very life for fifteen and eighteen hours a day, look upon it as one of the most active and fatiguing fields of labor known to mankind. A visit to a theatre on the eve of a new production, with its hammering and hustling, its busy work of a thousand curious kinds, would dispel the notion; he would then understand how it is that sometimes theatrical people have scarcely time either to eat or to sleep. But it is the poor unbought night watchman who looks at it in the gloomiest light—I had almost written gloomiest darkness—shut up in it alone for 365 nights in the year, sleeping like the owls, when other men see the sun.

Let us suppose ourselves to be like the Spanish student for whom the lame spirit Amosunero unroofed the houses in Madrid, and that we can see what is going on.

The night watchman has relieved the stage door keeper at seven in the evening. His work commences by taking the tally of all the persons employed in the theatre as they arrive, often a very large number, and watching with the vigilance of a hawk to see that no unauthorized person enters. From then to the close of the performance he is bothered with all sorts of questions, messages and petty business besides having to attend to a number of every person who goes in or out.

The time arrives when the last employe has left and the door is locked. He heaves a sigh, (they all do it) lights the lantern, and goes into every hole and corner looking for fire and "gasvays." During the hour or so this occupies him the temperature of the theatre, denuded of its occupants and its lights, lowers very perceptibly and then all kinds of strange noises strike the ear.

Sometimes it seems as if fifty people were in the house—boards creak, ropes strain, pulleys squeak, joints in timbers open with a report like a pistol shot, unusual sounds in the street will re-echo and reverberate in a strange sepulchral style. The watchman peers out into the vast dark chamber, but can see nothing to account for the strange uproar, and then will come a silence, and such a silence; a silence that you not only hear but feel; a silence fit for the tombs of the Pharaohs.

What wonder then that night watchmen see ghosts? The watchman at the Star theatre in New York, Wallace, walks across the stage every night, and the honest belief is so grained in him that cart horses couldn't pull it out. The watchman at another large theatre in New York believes that beings who can make a noise get in at the upper windows for the express purpose of leading him into a trap. Having frequent reports of the kind, he has frequently inquired (it is an immense boom to the watchman to have an unlucky overworked scene painter or carpenter shut up with him) I must say that is often difficult to convince one's self even by searching the place from cellar to roof, that there are not at least a dozen people skylarking in the gallery.

The ghost idea is not difficult to account for—costumes or draperies left on a chair in the gloom will assume strange shapes.

Some five years ago I was working by myself in a country theatre and happening to look up into the balcony saw the figures of two women with shawls and bonnets on so plainly that I asked them how they got in and what they wanted. As there was no response I went up to the balcony to investigate when they resolved themselves into a sheet used for covering the seats thrown into a careless heap. Shadows again will take strange shapes and motions. I recollect at the Academy of Music in New York seeing my shadow cast into the vast auditorium by a light in the paint room, and there appearing like the famous apparition of the Brocken Mountain in the Bleak Forest, of enormous proportions, some 50 or 60 feet in height. I am therefore not surprised that men passing every night of their lives like this should end in seeing "spooks."

In large theatres the watchman has to make his round every hour, recording at specified parts of the house on a toll tale clock. He is glad enough when "the first gray streak of early dawn heralds the rosy tints of incense breathing morn."

SYDNEY CHADLEY.

Just What Was Wanted.

One of the greatest objections to rubbers has been their tendency to slip up and down at the heel, and a rubber that will not do this is what people have been looking for for some time. It has been found, however, and one who visits Hallett's shoe store at the head of King street, and asks to see the "Marvel" rubber can have an opportunity of examining it—which usually ends in a sale. The marvel is made of pure gum rubber.

Always Send the Name.

Many persons who send in interesting personal items will be surprised, perhaps, that they do not appear. If they would send their name and address the contributions would be gladly accepted.

Places for the School for Blind.

The School for the Blind are going to put in all new pianos, of which eight will be required now, and they have decided to get the pianos manufactured by Evans Bros. and D. W. Karn & Co. (last becoming popular), from Miller Bros, Granville Street, who are the sole agents. When the school is full about seven more will be required, which will also be taken from the same firm (Miller Bros., Halifax).

The Length of Life.

An eminent statistician of Germany has recently given out the following as general facts, proved by vital statistics: The average length of life is 37 years; 25 per cent. of mankind dies before attaining the age of 17. Of 1,000 persons only one reaches the age of 100 years and six that of 65 years; 35,214,000 die every year, 96,480 every day, 4,020 every hour; 97 every minute; the births amount to 36,793,000 every year, 108,000 every day, 4,200 every hour, 78 every minute.

Can Dogs Talk?

Dogs in a native or wild state never bark; they simply whine, howl and growl; the noise which we call barking is found only among those that are domesticated. Columbus found that to be the case with the dogs he first brought to America and left at large, for on his return he tells us that they had lost their propensity to bark. Scientific men say that barking is really an effort on the part of the dog to speak.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) at 25 cents each line. Five cents extra for every additional line.

PHOTO. OF QUEEN VICTORIA, cabinet size; very handsome. Sent by mail for 25c. in coin or stamps.—H. V. MORAN & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

ENERGETIC CANVASSERS, men or women, wanted to stand from our approval sheets, at 33 1/2 per cent. commission. Stamps for beginners a specialty. Ring for particulars, references given. Address: "P," Progress Office. Sept. 5, 1891.

WANTED! SMART BOYS everywhere to sell our "STOCK OF FALL SERGES," at 33 1/2 per cent. commission. Stamps for beginners a specialty. Ring for particulars, references given. Address: "P," Progress Office. Sept. 5, 1891.

OYSTERS. OYSTERS. Price Edward daily. Prime quality always in stock. Crabs, lobsters, etc., etc.—LESTER & CO'S, Fruit and Produce Exchange, 53 Prince William Street.

LADIES! NOTE PAPER, Centric Pens, Fountain Pens, etc. Lowest prices. McARTHUR'S BOOKS, 21, 30 King Street.

SERGES.—MY STOCK OF FALL SERGES, in the plain and checked Cheviots, is very extensive and of the best quality. Quality the very best in every grade.—A. GILMORE, Tailor, 72 Gormley Street.

FEMALE STENOGRAPHER WANTS a situation. Can take from dictation; uses either Calligraph or Remington; fully preferred; references given. Address: "P," Progress Office. Sept. 5, 1891.

ADVERTISING. IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE, VERTISE anything, anywhere, at any time, write to ROWELL & CO., 31 and 33 King Street, New York.

EVERY ONE IN NEED OF INFORMATION on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers," 368 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation of every paper, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising.—Address: ROWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 30 Spruce Street, N.Y.

EVERY WEEK THERE ARE BRIGHT places where the people would be glad to take Progress every week, if any boy could be found who would deliver it, and collect the money. There is enjoyment in it for them, and money for the boys.

SEATING FOR SALE Cheap. Parties looking for seating for new halls or public buildings, or any kind, can get a great bargain in this line by applying to TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, St. John, N.B.

FOR SALE. HALLETT, DAVIS & CO. 75 cent. Pianos, 75 cent. Pianos; four roomed corners. Cost \$900.00, only a short time in use; must be sold; price, \$250.00.—C. FLOOD & SONS, 31 and 33 King Street, New York.

SHORTHAND FRED DAVINE (Court stenographer), will receive pupils in shorthand and typewriting, at 251 King Street, (Tuesday and Thursday) afternoon and evening, Scoville system. July 18.

BLUINE THE GREAT BLEACHING Being sold at a low price. A 10 cent package will clean and last six months. The cheapest and best bluing on the market. Send 10 cts. to PARKIN, 75 Gormley Street, St. John, N.B.

COSTUMES, WIGS, WHISKERS.—A. L. KING, St. John, N. B., has the largest and best stock of the above in the Maritime Provinces, which can be hired for Parties, Carnivals, Theatres, Concerts, etc., at right prices. dec7

LAMP BURNER.—LAMBERTSON'S safety Lamp Burner, which I have been selling four years, is the best paying, and most satisfactory article for agents to handle. Send 40 cents for pretty sample Burner, descriptive circular, and testimonials.—A. L. KING, Wholesale and Retail Agent for Maritime Provinces, Balmoral Hotel 10 King St., St. John, N. B. dec7

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or commodious, transient Boarding can be accommodated in large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney Street.—Mrs. McDONN. May6

FIVE LINES IN THIS COLUMN cost 25 cents each for one insertion—\$1 for one month. If you have anything to sell that anyone wants, you cannot do better than say so here.

FOUNTAIN PEN.—Sole. SOLID RUBBER; writes beautifully; does not clog or get out of order; very simple. Sent with filler, on receipt of 25c., in stamps or cash. Agent wanted. H. V. MORAN & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE, situated at Rotherham, 20 minutes walk from station. For Sale, or to let for the summer. Best place to spend a summer holiday. Two minutes walk from Kennelcove; plenty of ground. House in good repair; barns attached.—Apply, for particulars, at Progress Office.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS who know of bright honest boys who would not object to making some money for themselves, or keeping their names in the paper, by writing to the Maritime provinces where Progress is not for sale at present, can learn of something to their advantage, by writing to Progress "Circulation Department," St. John, N.B.

SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUCTOUCHE, Salisbury, Norton, Maryville, Clapman, Harvey, Vancou, Grand Falls, Upper Woodstock, Freague Isle, Carleton, Fort Fairfield, Edmonstone, Weymouth, and scores of other places should each have a boy willing to make money. He can do it easily by selling Progress. Splendid profit and little work.—Address for information, Circulation Dept. Progress Office, St. John, N.B.

AGENTS. OUR 2nd EDITION of the "Story of Progress," including a complete history of Coal, Coal Mining, etc., is now ready. Agents wanted everywhere. Any intelligent person able to describe this book can sell it. One agent reports 65 orders taken in two days. Another who ordered 600 copies states: "The book only requires to be put in good hands and they can sell it fast." Although only a few places have been canvassed as yet, the sales have exceeded 5,000 copies. Write at once for terms, or send \$1 for copy of the book and agent's prospectus. E. A. H. MONROE, Publisher, 5 Garden Street, St. John, N.B.

CANNED
Salmon.
Lobsters.
Oysters.
Corn.
Tomatoes.
Peas.
Beans.
Peaches.

In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices.

JOSEPH FINLEY,
65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

Drop

IN if you have time. If you haven't time,

make time anyway, to see our stock of

FALL SUITINGS AND WINTER GOODS,

an elegant line. Fancy Stuffs if you want a pretty

Suit. Our OVERCOATINGS are all New

Styles and Goods.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

47 and 51 KING STREET.

New York, Maine & New Brunswick S. S. Company.

1891. Annual Excursion! 1891.

NEW YORK.

Four Grand Excursion Trips will be made by the S. S. "Winthrop"

between St. John and New York during the month of October.

THE SEVERAL EXCURSION TRIPS will leave ST. JOHN at 3 p.m. on Tuesdays, October 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th, and Tickets will be valid to return from NEW YORK upon any trip within Three Weeks from date of issue. Steamer will leave New York Pier, 49 E. R. on Saturdays, at 5 p.m.

\$10.00 FARE FOR ROUND TRIP \$10.00

Staterooms can be secured at the Agent's Office, 162 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

For further information, apply to: TROOP & SON, Agents, St. John. F. H. SMITH & CO., General Managers, 17 and 19 William Street, New York.

H. D. McLEOD, Agent, Grand Freight and Pass. Agent.

For sale Wholesale at lowest Boston prices, with duty added.

L. HIGGINS & CO.

MONCTON, N. B.

A Full Line of Rubber Footwear always in stock, at lowest Wholesale prices.—L. H. & CO.

ENGLISH CUTLERY.

A Large Assortment of NEW TABLE CUTLERY received this week. Handled in Ivory, Xylonite, Celluloid, etc. CARVERS in Buckhorn, Ivory and Xylonite Handles.

POCKET KNIVES in hundreds of patterns and styles. Largest Assortment of Cutlery in the City. FIRST QUALITY. LOWEST PRICES.

T. McAVITY & SONS, - - 13 and 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Cheap Stoves vs. Dear Stoves.

YES, WE HAVE THEM BOTH.

Some Cheap Stoves that not Low Priced,

AND

SOME DEAR ONES THAT ARE VERY

LOW PRICED.

HALL STOVES,

FRANKLINS,

Ranges, Cooks

FOR COAL OR WOOD, FOR CITY OR COUNTRY, all kinds and sizes.

As to Prices:

We invite comparison, which is all we need say on this point.

EMERSON & FISHER,

75 and 79 Prince William Street.

The Photo in speech Schuster as song in charming songs