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VOL. VI. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1889. No. 24

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Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

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FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
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THIS HOUSE having been Thoroughly Renovated and Newly Furnished, I am now repared to accommodate
PERMANENT AND TRANSIENT BOARDERS
at reasonable rates. Give me a call.
Good Stabling with hostler in attendance
QUEEN ST., OPP. POST OFFICE
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THIS HOTEL has lately been re-fitted and re-furnished thoroughly, and is now supplied with all modern conveniences. I am now prepared to receive permanent and transient boarders at reasonable rates. Good Stabling and a hostler always in attendance.
REGENT STREET
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Fredericton, May 7th.—1 y

VICTORIA HOTEL,
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THIS HOTEL has been thoroughly Renovated and Furnished in First Class Style, and I am prepared to give good accommodations to the travelling public. I am now prepared to receive Permanent and Transient Boarders at reasonable rates.
Meals at all hours.
Good Stabling and a Hostler always in attendance.
Regent Street, Fredericton, N. B.
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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.
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WATCHES; WATCHES; WATCHES.
GOLD, SILVER, GOLD FILLED, AND NICKLE CASES,
FROM
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EACH.
Best Value in the City.
REMEMBER THE PLACE.
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Fredericton, Dec. 12th 1888

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The following MALTINE PREPARATIONS:
Maltine Plain,
" Wine,
" Ferrated,
" Yerbine,
" With Cod Liver Oil.
" " Alteratives,
" " Peptones,
" With Pepsine and Pancreatine.
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NEW GOODS
FOR
SPRING & SUMMER
HAVE NOW ARRIVED.
SUITINGS
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TROUSERINGS
In Great Variety and Latest Styles. A Good Fit and Satisfaction Guaranteed. Also: A Fine
ASSORTMENT OF HATS
Just Opened. Prices low.
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MERCHANT TAILOR,
FASHIONABLE GOODS IN
SCOTCH
—AND—
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ENGLISH SERGES,
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Worsted Coatings.
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SAWMILL AND LUMBER YARD.
SEASON 1889.
THE Subscriber, intending to pay greater attention to the RETAIL LUMBER BUSINESS than for the last few seasons, begs to inform the public generally that besides the usual stocks of SPRUCE, PINE, and HEMLOCK LUMBER on hand or sawn to order, will keep constantly on hand
DRY SPRUCE FLOORING AND SHEATHING,
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SPRUCE AND PINE BOARDS, AND PLANK PLANED ON ONE SIDE.
Also intends to keep LATHS and PICKETS constantly on hand.
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PAIN-KILLER
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49 Years' Experience proves that PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is the best Family Remedy for
Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Toothache.
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Beware of Counterfeits and worthless Imitations.

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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.
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SEED WHEAT, SEED BARLEY,
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Also Bermuda Onions and Evaporated Corn.
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Corsets, Sunshades,
Parasols, Gimps and Ornaments.
JOHN HASLIN.
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At Yerxa & Yerxa's,
A CHOICE LOT OF
TEA!
In 1, 2, and 5lbs. Fancy Baskets. This Tea will give satisfaction every time. Also give our 30 and 35 cent Tea a trial. A choice lot of Sugar Cured Hams on hand at
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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.
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CHRONIC BORROWERS.

Revelations by a Lady Writer Who Seems to Know All About Them.

If you are buying a house in a neighborhood unknown to you, you will naturally ask all kinds of questions. You will want to know if the drainage is good, if the air is pure, if there has ever been malaria, how far it is to the depot and postoffice, but ten to one you don't inquire if there are any borrowers in the neighborhood.

Now, a chronic borrower is a deadly nuisance in a community. A woman who is always "just out" of saleratus will stir up more trouble in a neighborhood than a mad dog and a flock of fifteen hens and a rooster.

She will run in on you at any and all hours, and want to borrow just a little sugar, or spice, till she can send to the grocer's. She really did not know she was anywhere near out till she went about her cooking, and then she found she hadn't a dust of sugar in the house, and not a soul around anywhere that she could sent out after any.

And she will tell you that she does so hate to trouble you; for if there is anything on earth she dislikes to do it is to borrow—and she never does it when she can help it; but now her pie crust is all on the plates, and she was obliged to, because she could not spare the time to run to the grocer's. And she will sit down in your kitchen and stop half an hour, and talk about everybody in town; and, meanwhile, she will take an account of everything her eyes fall on, and she will see behind your stove the cobwebs that you forgot to brush down this morning; and she will notice the old boots that your husband left on the woodbox to dry, and she will see that your lamp chimneys have not been washed, and that your dishes are in the sink, and that you had ham for breakfast by the spatter of grease on the stove; and when she goes into some other neighbor's house on a borrowing expedition she will give a report of what she saw in your kitchen, and swear the neighbor over to eternal secrecy regarding it; and the consequence will be that in a week it will be all over town that your folks live on ham, and that you are the most untidy housekeeper on the footstool.

When the borrower returns what she borrows it is always in a little smaller measure, if, indeed, she returns it at all. And you may congratulate yourself if you get half what belongs to you.

A regular borrower will borrow everything, from a piece of salt fish for breakfast down to your boy, if you have one.

The book borrower is even a greater nuisance than the woman who borrows household supplies. She never hesitates to ask for the choicest or costliest books in your house. And she seems to think that she confers a favor on you by so asking.

And if you are fool enough to lend, the possibility is that you will have to go after the books in question, and will find on doing so that she has lent them to some friend of hers, who wanted to read them, and she will tell you that she knew you would be willing—you are so good natured.

In course of our life we have been asked to lend everything in the book line that ever we owned, except our Bible, and somehow nobody ever seemed to care about borrowing that, and in nine cases out of ten when we have complied our literature has come back to us in a shape that fitted it only for kindling—if, indeed, we were lucky enough ever to set eyes on it.

So we say to all our friends, if it be possible to avoid it, never have a borrower for a neighbor.—New York Weekly.

In Praise of Chess.

Buckle, on a visit to Naples, went into a cafe where chess was played, and was challenged to a game. "For one lira, I suppose?" said his antagonist. "As you like." "Perhaps for two lires?" "For two, then." "You might prefer five?" "A hundred if you like." There was a pause, and the Italian was thoughtful. "Perhaps," he said pensively, "you are Signor Boccle. In that case I will not play with you at all." And chess gives not only contemporary fame, but lasting remembrance. To be a great chess player is to be surer of immortality than a great statesman or a popular author. Such reputations are soon gained and lost. Poet of the twenty editions, novelist of the big checks, count your gains now, jingle your money today! What will the next generation care for your commonplace rhymings or your tales of adventurous butchery? But the chess player's fame, once gained, is secure and stable. What one of all the countless chivalry of Spain is so familiar a name as Ruy Lopez? What American (except Washington) is so widely known as Paul Morphy?

Chess, in fact, has lasted so long that we are sure it will last forever. Institutions decay, empires fall to pieces, but the game goes on. When the British constitution has disappeared the bishop's gambit will remain, as Jaenisch used to say, "an imperishable monument of human wisdom." When the Scotchman has come to regard Bannockburn as the greatest of national misfortunes, the glories of the Scotch gambit will not have faded away. And so long as chess lasts will the memory of the great chess players endure. Now that the "Dictionary of National Biography" has come to the letter E, we shall doubtless find many Evanses; is there any one so sure of everlasting mention as he who by some lucky accident or happy inspiration first played P. to Q. Kt. 4 as the fifth move in the Giuoco Piano, and so gave his name to the most popular of gambits? So Buckle's games at the Divan may survive his "History of Civilization," as Staunton's "Handbook" is better known than his "Shakespeare." What player will ever forget the immortal game between Anderson and Kieseritzky?—The Gentleman's Magazine.

Italy has a debt of $4,369,600,000, the largest of any nation in the civilized world, calling for $190,000,000 interest.

Blood Will Tell.

Phyllis (sotto voce)—Why don't you acknowledge his courtly salutation, Dorothy? Is it because his father was in soap?

Dorothy (in whispered warmth)—Yes, my family traditions are against cultivating such an acquaintance.

Phyllis (soothingly)—Pardon me, dearest, I did not mean to wound you. But were all your ancestors tramps?—Munsey's Weekly.

At Breakfast.

Mrs. Honeymoon—Aren't these dear little coffee spoons that brother Tom sent us?

Mr. Honeymoon—Very; I received the bill for them this morning. Seventy-five dollars for the dozen.—Harper's Bazar.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

"Pumpkin Marquis."

Literature has amusing stories of peasants and workingmen who, suddenly raised to wealth and position, imagined themselves mad or dreaming. Doubtless their feelings under such circumstances might resemble those of Bottom, the weaver, when he found himself beloved by Titania, the fairy queen. There are persons, however, who can bear off unaccustomed honors with credit to themselves and their new position.

On the accession of the present Manchu dynasty in China, in 1644, the heir of the last Ming emperor was made a marquis. During the reign of the last emperor but one, the holder of the marquisate died without sons, and reference was at once made to the family records to ascertain who was the next heir.

It was found that he was an obscure person, who had been entirely lost sight of by his family, and for a long time it was impossible to trace his whereabouts. Finally, however, he was discovered selling pumpkins outside the gates of Pekin, and was with difficulty convinced that he had become heir to a large fortune and a title. He was a rustic in manners, and quite destitute of education, though an honest man, who had always done his best to support himself and his family without incurring debt.

The officials by whom he was discovered at once hurried him away, washed, shaved and combed him, and exchanged his rags for costly raiment. For several days they devoted themselves to polishing his manners, and teaching him the phrases needful for a presentation at court, and he was then brought before the emperor as the new Ming marquis. His claims were allowed and he at once took possession of his palace and estates.

He is described as a kind hearted man, who has done his best to educate himself, and thus fulfil the duties of his high position, and as he has sons, so that the succession is secured, his family is now in as strong a position as ever.

He is popularly known as the "Pumpkin Marquis," and one would be interested in knowing whether he writhes in hearing the sobriquet, or enjoys it, as one unbroken link between the present and his former humble life.—Youth's Companion.

A Stupid Bigamist.

"Stupidity" was admitted in one of the Berlin law courts as an extenuating circumstance in a case of bigamy. The defendant, a Pole, had married some years ago a native of his own village, who had borne him four children. The greater part of the year he was absent from home, like many Polish workmen, working elsewhere. In the winter when he was at home, his better half mingled with her caresses bitter reproaches because he did not earn so much as his comrades. As this kind of welcome repeated itself every year, the little reason that he is now judged to possess suggested to him that it was more prudent to quit his home forever. He came to Berlin, and here also his want of common sense made him yield to the temptation to get married again. When summoned before the court the judge duly explained to him the enormity of the crime of bigamy, reminding him that we were not living in Turkey. His legal and geographical knowledge could not bring the matter home to him, and he excused himself on the ground that, as he had not seen his wife for four years, he did not consider there was any harm in marrying a second time. The public prosecutor asked that the defendant should be sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labor, but the judge wisely took a lenient view of the case, announcing that the boundless stupidity of the prisoner was an extenuating circumstance, and therefore he would only sentence him to imprisonment for one year and a half.—London Telegraph.

Wanted More.

"You ain't goin' to let the circus rider have that hoss, air you Jim?" said an old man to his son. Several prankish fellows stood looking at a vicious looking horse that had just been brought out of a stable. "Yes," Jim replied, winking at his friends, "and I don't want you to interfere. When a preacher comes around here with such an unnecessary show of meekness why he deserves a few slams against the ground." "Yes, but, Jimmie, he's sich an inoffensive feller." "Makes no difference, he's got to ride this horse or none. If you say a word, pap, I won't help you gather corn next week." This declaration silenced the old man. The preacher, meek, and with a timid air, came out of the house and inquired of Jim which horse he was to ride. "This one," said Jim. "He looks pretty bad, but I reckon he'll be all right when you get on him. Come on, fellers, and help me lift him on." The men, with many winks and sly chuckles, came forward and with great difficulty succeeded in seating the preacher in the saddle. The horse bounded like a buck and the men shouted, but the preacher did not fall off; but, after lighting a cigar while the horse was jumping, remarked: "Boys, I forgot to tell you that I am the cowboy evangelist. When I get through with this old stager, give me something lively."—Doncaster News.

The Italian Parliament.

The Italian parliament consists of two houses—the senate and the chamber of deputies. The senate is composed of princes of the royal house who are of age, and of an unlimited number of members, above forty years old, nominated by the king for life. The lower house has 508 members, elected by ballot on a franchise comprising all male citizens over 21 years of age who can read and write, and who pay taxes to the amount of nineteen lire per annum. Neither senators nor deputies receive any salary, but are allowed to travel free throughout Italy by rail, or from port to port in the kingdom by steamer. The duration of parliament is five years, but they may be dissolved by the king at any time.—London Tit Bits.

Too Salt for Cannibals.

The Maoris, like every other race in their part of the world, indulged freely in cannibalism in the olden times, although they long ago abandoned the habit. The reason for this practice is found in the fact—which maintains, also, throughout most of the islands of Oceanica—that their country, until the arrival of Europeans introduced pigs, cattle and other domestic animals, possessed no mammals whatever, and thus made meat, except that of the human subject, impossible to attain. The Maoris never ate their friends unless they were hungry, and chiefly regaled themselves on enemies who had been slain or captured in battle. When the whites came among them they cooked some individuals as an experiment, but very generally abandoned the practice, as finding the flesh too salt—the result, no doubt, of the use of this condiment in most forms of civilized foods, the taste of which the Maori could not stand. Most of their white captives, therefore, were kept as slaves, and were readily given up to any one who would exchange an old musket or a dozen cartridges for them. Money they did not care for, not knowing its use, and regarded sovereigns useful only to be pierced and hung in the ears, being quite willing also to exchange these for shillings, as being a trifle larger and regarded as more becoming.

DECAY OF TRADITION.

The Invention of Writing Seems to Have Put an End to Folk Lore.

It is said that the invention of writing injured the power of memory, and years ago, before the schoolmaster was abroad, as he is nowadays, it was possible to meet with many instances of strong memorizing capacity among persons who could neither read nor write. Complicated accounts could be kept by the aid of a "tally" only, and the memory of many a small farmer or petty rural shopkeeper was his only ledger and order book. It is certain that since the art of writing has become an almost universal accomplishment the faculty of memory, being less needed, is less cultivated. Long after the invention of letters our forefathers rested much upon oral tradition. Antiquarians assert that one of the ancient races of Italy possessed no written language, and even where written characters were in use, oral tradition formed an important supplement to them. Folk lore tales and lallads have been handed down from lip to lip for centuries with curious fidelity.

When oral tradition was recognized as a vehicle for actual information more care was taken regarding the accuracy than would be the case in these days. The old reciters jealously guarded a time honored form of words even in their prose narratives. Breton peasants, notably those who possess a talent as raconteurs, will repeat a legend or a story with scrupulous fidelity to the established form in which they have always heard the incidents related, and will check a traveler who attempts to deviate from the orthodox version with "Nay, monsieur, the story should begin thus," repeating the regular form of the tale. The eastern story teller deviates little in his time honored recital of tales of love, adventure and magic; we recognize all our old friends from the "Arabian Nights" if we halt to listen to a professional raconteur in the streets of any oriental town. In the days of war against proscribed books faithful memories were often utilized to preserve prohibited works from oblivion. During the persecution of the Waldenses, in the Thirteenth century, when their version of the Scripture was prohibited and destroyed wherever found, their ministers committed whole books of the sacred volume to memory, and repeated chapters at religious meetings. It would be tedious to enumerate the many instances in which tradition has preserved what written histories were forbidden to chronicle.

On the whole, oral traditions are strangely accurate; strangely, when we consider how facts are frequently altered and distorted when occurrences are related by successive story tellers. The child's game of "Russian Scandal" (in which a secret whispered to one person and repeated to a circle of others, is usually altered out of all recognition when repeated aloud by the last hearer) is played every day in society. And yet local tradition will faithfully chronicle the site of a battle, the burial place of a hero, the date of a siege, and sometimes, after generations of historians and antiquarians have scoffed at the unreliable local legend, a later investigation will discover that the despised traditional story was the true one after all. Centuries of repetition may have slightly added to the incidents or distorted some of the facts, but the main tale is strictly exact. The reputed treasure trove may prove but a trifling hoard, the battle field smaller in extent, the graves of the heroes less numerous; but in each case local tradition is true regarding the facts that occurred and the locale where they took place.

Tradition may at least claim to be as accurate as ancient history; though this, perhaps, is faint praise. Oral tradition is usually free from conscious party bias. The repeaters of traditional lore carry on the tale as they heard it, but now many an eloquent historian appears to assume a brief for one side or another in every party contest and to write his history with a view, not of elucidating facts, but of representing certain historical characters as angels or the reverse. Such writers are always the pleasantest to read; an "impartial historian" is sadly dull, as a rule; but when a biased writer plays the part of Clio, tradition may often prove the safer guide of the two. Folk lore, if not an altogether reliable guide, is seldom totally at fault in its statement of facts, and tradition has frequently kept alive memories which might otherwise have perished altogether. Books may be destroyed and history willfully garbled, but it is less easy to extinguish local tradition.—Manchester (Eng.) Courier.

Chevreul and the Photographer.

The late centenarian, M. Chevreul, although one of the patrons of photography, refused during the greater part of his long life to have his picture taken. Not until 1883, when in his ninety-seventh year, did he overcome this antipathy. It happened, as he wrote to a friend, in this manner: 'I entered the carriage to go to the institute, when a gentleman in the politest manner possible addressed me: 'Monsieur Chevreul, you can do me the greatest service.' I replied that I was in a great hurry, but he persisted and begged permission to accompany me in my carriage. I acceded to his request. He had scarcely taken his place at my side, however, when he said: 'Monsieur Chevreul, you can be my fortune or my ruin. I am a photographer.' I trembled, but he added: 'The emperor of Brazil (you know Dom Pedro, who is a true savant and who decorated me with the Order of the Rose), wishes to have your photograph, and if I succeed in obtaining your permission, my future is assured.' I could not resist him, and in the name of Dom Pedro accompanied the photographer to his studio."—Chicago Herald.

Too Late Even for Lecocq.

A gentleman who was "burglarized" about two years ago reported his loss to the detectives and offered naturally to assist them in every way. At first he called frequently to ascertain if any news of the thieves had been obtained, but being met always with a negative his visits became infrequent and finally ceased. He had forgotten the matter altogether till recently, when he was called upon by one of the detectives, who stated:

"We have got a clew."

"That is good. Is it a promising one?"

"Certainly. We have discovered the thief."

"Better still. You have him arrested?"

"We can't do that. It is too late."

"How is that?"

"He died last week, confessing to the robbery."

It's a grand thing to get a clew.—Denver News.

Matters of Importance.

They were in the conservatory at an evening party, and there, amid the perfume of the roses and posies, he had fervently declared his passion.

"Mr. Sampson, George," she responded, with womanly tenderness, "my heart has been wholly yours for months, and now," she went on, slyly taking his arm, "you may take me in to supper; I heard it announced when you first began those words of love which have so blissfully changed all the colors of my life."—Harper's Bazar.

A FEW POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

Advice Easy to Remember to and Practice in an Emergency.

In the mad whirl of the cotilon, if you wear ready made clothing bought from an irresponsible dealer, and hear a b-z-z-t that don't harmonize with the F string on the bass fiddle, it is entirely correct and proper to not "forward and back" according to the commands of the figure caller, but to back straight ahead without balking until you reach the wall, when a pin neatly utilized may cover your embarrassment and retreat. People who snicker under such circumstances should be put outside the pale of good society.

When invited out to dinner and you inadvertently get a huge mouthful of mince pie that is hot enough to melt the solder off a gas pipe, tangled up in your epiglottis, do not act as if you had the whooping cough, but arise calmly and with a sleight-of-hand movement toss the offending morsel behind the majolica dog in the corner, meantime patting his head as though you thought him alive. This graceful act never fails to win the heart of your hostess, who thinks you intended her faithful friend to partake of the festivities.

Some writer on etiquette, a good many years ago, said that it was perfectly proper to eat fried chicken with the fingers. I have often noticed people seize on a wing and rip it open like they would tear a yard of clothing material off a bolt of calico, and so the cracking of the crazy bone was audible all over the dining room. It is true that some fried chickens require heroic treatment, but when an apprentice in etiquette tries to jerk the goose flesh off the second joint of a Louis XIV hen and squirts a steak of gravy into the eye of his neighbor, it does seem that a new code regarding the best manner of shattering the remains of a hard boiled fowl should be introduced.

When the sheriff of the county serves a subpœna on you, it is considered in good taste to attend his reception without further invitation on his part. Some sticklers on politeness, however, who find that it will prevent their witnessing a ball game, go to the extreme of sending around a physician's certificate to the effect that they are indisposed from the influence of the sportive element.

Don't use snuff if your false teeth are not strictly adhesive. I once heard of a case where this rule was not observed, when the transgressor, in a thoughtless moment, nearly knocked the eye out of a $25 King Charles spaniel.

No one but a boor will snore in the Volapuk language in a church where a sermon is being delivered in English. Observance of the harmonies is one of the greatest traits of the true gentleman. People who have enlarged Romanesque nasal chords will be interested in an invention which a friend of mine is getting up, which he calls the "Sure Snore Killer." It is a phonetic arrangement connected with a pillow sham holder, and when the air vibrations are four lines below the clef, to use a musical term, the holder drops and hits the sleeper across the bridge of the nose. He will almost always win.—Rochester Union.

HISTORY DONE OVER.

A Newly Discovered Anecdote of Queen Elizabeth.

The March wind was swirling and coughing drearily as Sir Walter Raleigh ascended the steps to the palace and inquired of the Grand Duke of the Vestibule if her majesty was at home. That individual, turning to the Goldstick in Waiting, repeated the question to him, and he in turn interrogated the First Lady of the Front Staircase, who promptly communicated Sir Walter's request for information to the proper authorities, the result being that the courtier was informed that her majesty was in and would be pleased to have him call again next week. This Sir Walter, concealing his disconfiture, proceeded to do, remarking to the queen when next he met her that she had treated him in a very wintry manner the last time he called.

"No, my dear Sir Walter," replied her majesty; "the treatment accorded you was not wintry; it was summary."

"Ha!" smiled the courtier. "You were feeling coolly that morning."

"Wrong again, Sir Walter," was her majesty's quick retort. "I was not coolly disposed. Indeed I was much less Raw-ly disposed than usual."

"Were I your enemy, madame," quoth the courtier, "I should inform your majesty that the jest was good when first twas uttered by the third assistant game keeper on my great-great-grandfather's estates, some two hundred years ago, but as one of your majesty's devoted slaves I remember what is due your highness, and observe, 'Ha! ha!' Thy wit well nigh drives me to the verge of insanity. Again your majesty will permit me to observe, 'Ha! ha!'"

"Laugh away, my dear Sir Walter," replied the queen, somewhat piqued; "but do not laugh too hard. Men have been known to laugh their heads off."

This story is interesting as showing Elizabeth's extraordinary ability in the art of repartee.—Harper's Magazine.

It Is All Right.

"I think I dropped a letter into the mail the other day without stamping it," said a man at the postoffice as he called for the chief clerk.

"If you did it has gone to the dead letter office."

"Has, eh! You must have known that it was a mistake."

"Yes."

"And you ought to have held it for inquiry?"

"We have our rules."

"And they are mighty impudent rules, let me tell you! The postoffice department needs overhauling, and I'll help to see it done!"

The next day the man returned, this time with a smile on his face, and said:

"You remember I was speaking about an unstamped letter?"

"Yes."

"I was much put out."

"Yes."

"Well, I want to apologize. That letter was directed to an acquaintance. In it I called him a liar and a horse thief. Last night I found out that I was mistaken. He hasn't got the letter and won't get it, and so won't know anything about it. The postoffice department is all right. Rules are all right. Clerks are all right. Have a cigar and press on to promotion and increased salary."—Detroit Free Press.

Fixed Harry All Right.

A smart 10-year-old boy living on Charlotte avenue is greatly interested in amateur theatricals. The other evening he concluded to write a play. After some time he said to his mother:

"I wish you would tell me what to do with Harry," naming a playmate. "I've killed all the rest of the boys off, but Harry's a stumper. I don't know what to do with him."

"Why not leave him out, then?" proposed his mother.

"Leave Harry out! I guess you don't know him, mamma. Why, he'd be mad and wouldn't speak to me for a week."

After thinking a few minutes he said:

"Mamma, what is it to cremate?"

His mother told him, when his face brightened, and he exclaimed:

"Needn't tell any more, mamma. That's just the situation. I'll cremate Harry."—Indianapolis Journal.