1884

894 Board of Work

The Union Advocate,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. & J. ANSLOW, | Our Country, with its United Interests. | EDITORS & PROPRIETORS

VOL. XVII.--NO. 48. | Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, September 17, 1884. | WHOLE NO. 880.

FURNITURE, FURNITURE, BEDDINGS, &C., &C.

AT COST! AT COST!

FOR CASH ONLY! FOR CASH ONLY!

Having decided to discontinue the FURNITURE BUSINESS, I will sell the balance of my Stock

AT COST PRICE FOR PROMPT CASH,

Parties in want of any goods in this line should give me a call. My Stock consists of

BEDROOM SUITES, (all kinds,)

CHAIRS, TABLES, &c., &c. BABY CARRIAGES at a great sacrifice. BEDDING of all description

N. B. Positively for CASH Only. No CREDIT.

B. FAIREY, - - Newcastle, N. B.

CANADA HOUSE,

CHATHAM, ... NEW BRUNSWICK

WM. JOHNSTON, - - Proprietor.

CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this house to make it a first class Hotel, and travellers will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of steamboat landing. The proprietor returns thanks to the public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

☞ Good Stabling on the Premises.

May 13th, 1873. 14 1y

WAVERLEY HOTEL,

KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THIS HOTEL conveniently situated in the business part of the city, its general arrangements being such as to secure the comfort of guests.

JOHN CUTHRIE, Proprietor.

St. John, July 20, 1883.

ALEX. L. WRIGHT & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF LUMBER,

BERRY'S MILLS, N. B.

All kinds of Lumber constantly on hand.

INF, SPRUCE, HEMLOCK AND HARDWOOD LATHS, PALINGS, SHINGLES—PINE, SPRUCE AND CEDAR, PINE CLAPBOARDS.

Lumber Planed & Matched.

ORDERS SAWN TO DIMENSIONS.

March 10, 1883. 14-1yr

WILLIAM STABLES.

Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,

NEWCASTLE, - - N. B.

Consignments sold and prompt returns made.

AUCTION SALES attended to any place in the County.

Newcastle, May 5, 1883.

James C. Fairey

Auctioneer and Commission Agent,

NEWCASTLE, - - - - - - N. B.

MULHALL STORE.

Sept. 25, 1883.

S. R. FOSTER & SON.

MANUFACTURERS OF

CUT NAILS AND CUT SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, FINISHING NAILS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.

Office, Warehouse and Manufactory GEORGES STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B

April 10, 1882. 12-1ry

BLACKSMITHING.

The Subscriber is prepared to perform all kinds of

Blacksmith & Cast Steel Work.

Edge tools of every description steeled. HORSE SHOEING done in first class style—one dollar a set.

Parties needing repairs to Mowing Machines &c. will please bring them along early so there may be no delay, and I am well fitted up for Stripping and Toothing Saws.

GUNS & LOCKS repaired, and keys fitted.

JOHN BUCKLEY.

Newcastle, May 5, 1884. 6 m.

Blacksmithing.

The subscriber has leased the Blacksmith Shop formerly occupied by Mr. B. Vye, where he will be ready to perform all manner of general work in his line. He intends to give particular attention to

HORSE SHOEING,

and all work entrusted to him shall be promptly and neatly executed.

JOHN RAE.

Newcastle, May 15, 1884.

William A. Park,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &C.

OFFICE—OVER THE STORE OF WILLIAM PARK, ESQ.

CASTLE STREET, - - NEWCASTLE.

Newcastle, Oct. 24, 1883.

L. J. TWEEDIE,

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.

CHATHAM, - - - - N. B.

OFFICE—Old Bank of Montreal.

SAMUEL THOMSON,

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Bankruptcy, NOTARY PUBLIC, &C.

LOANS Negotiated, Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches, executed with accuracy and despatch.

OFFICE—PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND CASTLE STREET.

NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B.

July 17, 1878.

R. B. ADAMS,

Attorney-at Law

Notary Public, &c.

OFFICE UP STAIRS, NOONAN'S BUILDING, Water Street, Chatham.

july21-1yr.

DESBRISAY & DESBRISAY,

Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc.

OFFICES:—

ST. PATRICK STREET, BATHURST, N. B.

Theophilus DesBrisay, Q. C. T. Swayne DesBrisay

J. M. O'BRIEN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Notary Public, Conveyancer &c., Fire and Ship Insurance Agent.

☞ Claims promptly collected.

OFFICE, - - Near Custom House. Water Street, Bathurst, N. B.

JOHN McALISTER,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Conveyancer, &c.,

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

May 5, 1879. 7

WILLIAM MURRAY,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law, NOTARY PUBLIC,

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

OFFICE:— MURRAY'S BUILDING, WATER STREET.

May 1, 1882.

SEELY & McMILLAN,

BARRISTERS &C.,

77 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, St. John, N. B.

GEO. B. SEELY. T. H. McMILLAN. m. 19-1yr.

J. D. PHINNEY.

Barrister & Attorney at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,

RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 5, 1884.

DR. CATES

wishes to inform his patients that he will be absent from his Newcastle Office for about four weeks, while visiting patients in towns north. Communications will reach him at Campbellton, Dalhousie & Bathurst.

Newcastle, Sept. 2, 1884.

DR. McDONALD,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON;

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE

Corner Duke and St. John Street

Opposite Canada House.

CHATHAM, - - N. B.

Chatham, June 9, 1881.

R. McLEARN, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Graduate of University Medical College, New York.

OFFICE—In Power's New Building, next Telegraph Office.

Newcastle, July 12, 1884.

DR. T. W. POMROY,

28 STUYVESANT ST.,

NEW YORK CITY, U. S.

Persons wishing to consult the Dr., and unable to call on him personally, can do so by letter.

Aug. 24, 1883. 29-1ypd.

Cures RHEUMATISM. Cures DIPHTHERIA.

ALSO CURES

Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headache, Earache, Toothache, Cramps, Bruises, Sprains, Coughs, Colds, Quinsy, Erysipelas, Colic, Croup or Rattles, Hoarseness, Burns, Bronchitis, Numbness of the Limbs, removing Dandruff and producing the growth of the Hair, and as a Hair Dressin is unequalled.

$500.00 REWARD

offered for a better article, or the Proprietors of any remedy showing more Testimonials of genuine cures of the above diseases in the same length of time. There is nothin like it when taken internally for Cramps, Colic, Croup, Colds, Pleurisy, Hoarseness and Sore Throat. It is perfectly harmless, and can be given accordin to directions without any injury whatever.

Minard's Liniment is For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers. Price 25 Cents.

BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA AND SUGAR-COATED PILLS

The Great Purifiers OF THE BLOOD AND LIVER.

Apples. Apples.

CHARLES DONALD & CO.,

73, QUEEN STREET,

LONDON, - - - E. C.,

Will be glad to correspond with Apple Growers, Merchants and Shippers, with a view to Autumn and Spring business.

They will also give the usual facilities to customers requiring advances.

August 6, 1884.-9m.

RAW FURS.

I am paying the highest prices in cash for the following Raw Furs:—Otter, Beaver, Bear Mink, Martin, Lynx, Fox, Rat.

JAMES BROWN.

Newcastle, Dec. 11, 1883. tf.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest, best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profit to agents. All intellient people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

RAILROAD SHOVELS,

PICKS,

Mattocks, Handles, Wheelbarrows, POWDER, FUSE, DYNAMITE, HORSE SHOES, MOONEY'S HORSE NAILS,

LOWEST PRICES.

W. H. THORNE & CO.,

St. John, Aug. 20. Market Square.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

General Intelligence.

A BURGLAR'S FATE.

Shot Dead While Stealing Out of a Newark House.

The Pistol Aim Directed by a Woman.

Mr. Homer M. Choate, paying-teller of the Seaboard National Bank in Wall street, New York, shot and killed a burglar at his residence, No. 77 Lincoln avenue, Newark, about one o'clock Saturday morning. The house occupied by Mr. Choate is three storeys high, and is near the north-eastern line of the city, in a sparsely populated district. The house has a large yard in front thickly studded with evergreens and shrubbery, and in the rear is a ridge with a strip of woods on top of it. The isolated situation of the dwelling probably impelled the robber to make it the object of his attack.

Mr. Choate was found at his desk yesterday afternoon. He is a medium-sized man about 38 years of age. In a nervous way he graphically told the story of the shooting of the burglar. "About one o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a noise in the back part of the house. I was sleeping in the front room; in the rear and adjoining chamber my wife and ten-year-old girl occupied a double bed, while my eldest daughter, thirteen years old, and her baby brother slept in a crib in the corner of the room. The noise had evidently awakened my wife, for I heard her turn in bed. I called to her, 'What noise is that?' She answered, 'I think the bathroom door has blown to.' I then listened for a moment to hear if the wind was blowing outside, but heard nothing. Everything was as still as death. I sat up in bed, and noticing that the curtain by my open bedroom window was not stirring I became somewhat nervous, for I knew that the wind had not blown the door to.

"I then determined to see what had caused the noise. I caught up my revolver, a five-chamber Colt's, 38 calibre, which I always kept on a chair by my bedside, and as the gas in my room was turned down very low I had to grope my way to the entry door. I unlocked it quietly, struck a match and lighted a gas jet in the entry. The glare for a second almost blinded me, and I now feel sure that the burglar was then standing by my wife's bedroom door looking at me. I had turned to go toward the bathroom when I was startled by hearing my wife call out in an unearthly husky voice, "There is a man in my room.' With my hand stretched out in front of me grasping the revolver I rushed along the entry and into my wife's room. I could see no one; but my wife sat up in bed and without speaking pointed to the corner of the room beside the bed.

"I could hear nothing," continued Mr. Choate, "but a second later I saw a shadow rise from the floor and pass slowly toward the window which opens on the roof of the little extension. Then I saw a man raise the window and stoop down to crawl through it. I fired at him but the ball must have gone over his head. My wife then shrieked out, "Fire again quick, Homer, and aim lower.' I fired lower, and the man passed through the window on to the tin roof. I ran to the window but could see nothing. The man seemed to have vanished into thin air. My wife was terribly overcome with fright, and my little girls began to cry. I heard Mr. Guenther and Mr. Ann, who are clerks in my bank, and who board with me, moving about in their room, and at the same time I heard a policeman rapping for assistance at the front of the house. Mr. Guenther and Mr. Ann came rushing into the entry, and I went to my window and called to the sergeant and policeman who came running to the front door to go to the back of the house, as the buglar escaped that way.

"Getting a light, the two clerks and myself went downstairs and out into the back garden. There we were joined by Sergeant Freeland and the policeman, who said they had seen no one. I felt very angry with myself, for I supposed I had missed the burglar, and I had two easy shots at him at a very short range. We searched everywhere, in the shrubbery, in the dark shadows of the house, out in the street, and under the partition fences. There was no sign of any one. Then we went up to the extension roof and then down again into the garden, and made a very thorough search everywhere a second time. We were about to return to the house when some one said: 'He must have climbed up by the grape vine arbour.' We were then standing under the trellis work. We looked up and some one cried: 'Look out, there he is lying down among the vines.' The light was brought, and, sure enough, lying on his back, with his legs and arms dangling down between the slats, lay the burglar, stone dead. I had hit him in the back in the left side, and the ball had gone through his heart. He must have reeled and staggered across the narrow tin roof of the extension, and tumbled backwards dead on the top of the arbour.

"The burglar entered the house through the bathroom window. Footprints in the soft mould in the flower beds showed that the man passed through the front gate and climbed up the grapevine trellis to the low roof of the ground floor extension. There are indications that he tried to force the back door and afterward the windows of the bedroom occupied by my wife and that of the two clerks. The bathroom window was open and only guarded by a wire mosquito netting. As he raised the blind it must have slipped and caused the noise that awoke my wife and myself. My wife says she heard a pounding in the bathroom. The partition wall is thin and she heard the noise repeated after the first crash. She says that just after I opened my room door into the entry she saw the burglar creep into her room through the entry door, that he noiselessly stole past her around her bed and laid down on the floor between her bed and the back wall. She was dreadfully frightened, for she expected to be throttled, gagged, or murdered. She says she was sitting up in bed when I fired the first time, and saw I was overshooting from the position of my arm."

A new Orphan's Home, to accommodate 200 children, was formally opened in Toronto on Thanksgiving Day.

Cheese is compared to truth because it is mitey and will prevail.

PERILS OF OUR INLAND SEAS.

Reasons Why so Many Vessels are Lost on the Great Lakes.

"I would rather cross the ocean twenty times, at this season of the year, than make one trip from the St. Lawrence River to Chicago on the lakes," said Capt. Ira Brown, an old Lake Erie skipper. "The annual loss of life and property on the lakes is proportionately very much greater than it is on the Atlantic Ocean, and you may always expect to hear of disasters on the great lakes following the reports of every severe storm. Lake skippers will take risks that would appal the bravest ocean sailor. They will start from port with vessels that are hardly seaworthy in the calmest weather, and more of them are afloat during the most dangerous part of the year than during any other time. This is because the months of October and November are the most profitable to vessel owners, cargoes then being plenty and freight rates higher.

"Grain shipments are livelier as the season draws to a close, and every vessel that will float can command a cargo. The sailing season is very short on the lakes, as it is late in the spring before the ice embargo is removed, and early in the winter when it again closes navigation. The skipper's desire is to take advantage of every hour of his time, and, notwithstanding the fact that he is liable to be overtaken at any moment by storms of great violence, he takes no precaution that will subject him to the least delay in port.

"This reckless disregard for life and property enlisted no interference on the part, even, of skippers, who are the parties most interested, until a few years ago, when a movement was made to have inspectors appointed by the Government to examine the vessels in the grain trade of the lakes. But from all accounts, there are still many worthless hulks plying between Oswego and Chicago.

"The dangers of lake navigation are so great that even the stanchest vessels are frequently unable to escape them. Storms sweep over the lakes without any warning. The November storms on Lake Erie are frightful, and the sailors depend to a great extent on landmarks as guides in navigation. The blinding sleet that nearly always accompanies the storms obliterates these marks sometimes for days, and, as the sea room is limited, vessels caught in these storms are in constant danger of going to pieces either on the rocky shores or on some of the islands that stud these inland seas.

"Lake Ontario's shores are especially menacing to lake craft during storms, but, fortunately, this lake is not so liable to be swept by gales as some of the others in the chain. If a vessel heaves to in a storm it is certain to be drifted ashore; or if it runs down the lake toward the St. Lawrence River it is endangered by the many islands that abound there.

"Many skippers have wrecked their vessels in the risky effort to make Oswego harbor in a storm. The entrance to this harbor is very narrow, and the vessel that is steered for it and does not make it is almost certain to go to pieces on the rocks under Fort Ontario."

Invention of the Bicycle.

Forty years ago a man named Kirkpatrick Macmillan, a blacksmith in the parish of Keir, Dumfriesshire, made a bicycle on which he soon became a clever rider. On this "dandy horse," as it was called in the district, from the fact that over the wheels was placed a small wooden horse, on which the rider sat, he made among other trips a run to Glasgow, distant from Keir some sixty miles, and managed to keep in front of the mail coach all the way, much to the amusement of the passengers. He accidentally knocked down a woman on entering Glasgow, for which he was fined at the police court. We are not prepared to say that he was the actual inventor of the bicycle, but the machine must have been a novelty at the time, as some of the Buccleuch family, then resident at Drumlanrigg Castle, sent for the "smith," with the request that he would ride up on the machine, which he did, greatly to their astonishment. It was constructed of wood, and was worked on the same principle as the bicycle of the present day—the wheels, however, being more of a size, with the smaller one in front.

More Considerate Than Usual.

He was a Nevada millionaire, and he had been in a deep puzzle for ten minutes, when he suddenly rang the bell for his butler,

"James, I am about to give a grand party."

"Yes, sir—yes, sir."

"I shall invite 4,000."

"Yes, sir—yes, sir."

"I want the party written up to the extent of two columns in the papers here."

"Certainly, sir."

"You go out and ascertain what it will cost me."

"Yes sir."

At the end of an hour James returns to report.

"Which did you want, sir—to buy the editor for $50, or the two-column space for $75? And, sir, the price for not pitching into you and calling the whole thing a shoddyite fizzle will be $250."

Joe Fowler, a man of seven murders, terrorised the guests of a Sante Fe hotel, making them dance, sing and stand on their heads, concluding the performance by stabbing one Cole to the heart.

Abe Buzzard and a gang of thieves are defying the authorities in western Pennsylvania, and committing depredations in all directions. Churches have been despoiled of their ornaments, and their interior fixings wantonly destroyed. The citizens are in arms.

A Dominion Insolvency Act has been agreed on by the joint committee representing the Toronto, Hamilton and Montreal Boards of Trade. The bill is now being put into proper shape, and when completed will be handed to the Government, with a request to introduce and press it during the coming session of the House of Commons.

Editors, like brevity, but a man recently hanged in Indiana suited them too well. He made no remarks about Heaven, but nodded to the preacher and said, "I'll see you later," as the drop fell.

PATTI'S FONDNESS FOR BIRDS.

The Pets she Leaves Behind her When she Travels.

It was during Madame Patti's recent absence from the city that a *Tribune* reporter happened to be in a bird store on Sixth-avenue, just above Twenty-third-street. He was watching a blue and red macaw with a malign expression and a damaged tail, who was trying to crack his partner's head, using his vicious-looking beak as the nut-crackers do. Suddenly a voice in accents by no means sweet cried in his ear, "Kiss me! Kiss me quick!" The reporter turned round at the graceless invitation, and saw a gray parrot with a red head trying to commit capital punishment on himself with the bars of his handsome cage. He looked a virtuous and high-minded bird, and the last in the world to have made any remark of such a nature. But the placid bird man remarked, "That was Ben Butler." The reporter started, and instinctively assumed an attitude of defence. "Oh don't be alarmed," said Mr. Holden, "it's a bird;" and he pointed to the gray and red parrot, who had quit strangling himself, and was hanging upside down and making frantic efforts to bend himself so as to chew his own tail feathers.

"He belongs to Patti," continued the proprietor, "who bought him from us a month or two ago. She bought another at the same time, and gave us $500 for one and $300 for the other, so you can imagine they are good birds. Ben Butler, in especial, has the choicest of vocabularies, and when he once begins to talk there is no knowing what he will say before he gets through."

"Is Madame Patti fond of birds?"

"I should smile. She buys from us every season, and I understand has quite an aviary at her place in Wales."

"Why does she leave Ben behind her, then?"

"Oh, she always sends them to us when she is travelling. While she is in town they never leave her night or day, and she cares for them entirely herself. But she is afraid to take them with her when she leaves, and sends them to us. Her friend Mrs. Rodenwald comes in nearly every day, and has a talk with the birds, and then telegraphs to Patti what they have said. Queer, isn't it? But then you know women have a right to be queer, and when they get $5,000 a night for singing they can be particularly queer, and it's all right."

By this time Mr. Butler had got tired of mistreating his tail, and was sitting bolt upright like a decoratively solemn owl, and as the reporter bade him good-by he gravely ejaculated: "I'm awful dry. Won't you stand me a drink?"

But the reporter did not.

THE FOX AND THE HEN.

A Fable with many Morals.

"How big a brood shall you have this year, madam?" said the Fox to the Hen, one cold winter evening in the barn-yard.

"What's that to you?" said the Hen to the Fox.

"Supper!" replied the Fox, promptly.

"Well, I don't know," said the Hen, in reply; "I may have ten; but I never count my chickens before they are hatched."

"Quite right," said the Fox, "neither do I; and, as a hen in the present is worth ten chickens in the future, I will eat you now." So saying, he carried her off.

The next morning the farmer, seeing the tracks of the fox in the snow, took his gun and went out and shot him. "Alas!" said the Fox, "I should have waited for the ten chickens; there is no snow in summer time.—*St. Nicholas Almanac.*

HUMOROUS.

—Invisible blew—The wind.

—Bachelors' haul—An heiress.

—"No, dear," said a Brooklyn school teacher to an inquiring youthful mind, "a little caterpillar is not a kitten-pillar."

—"Yes," said Farmer Furrow, after chasing a chicken clear round a ten acre lot and clutching only a handful of feathers, "the only sure thing in this world is uncertainty."

—"Don't go too much on show, my son," remarked Mrs. Yeast to her boy. "The drum-major of a band, to be sure, is very attractive, but he doesn't furnish any of the music."

—It is very bad taste for a wife to growl at her husband for tracking mud into the house, for what is home without its mudder?

—The father of this country is said first to have learned the pleasure of travelling on four wheels when he took a hack at the cherry tree.

—"I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late." "My dear sir," replied the lady graciously, "no pardons are needed. You can never come too late."

—When asked what she had for dinner, she replied, "cold tongue." And he judged, by her manner, that there would be some of it left for supper.

—"Ah, it was a gale," said Mrs. Ramsbotham; "it shook our house by the seaside, and I couldn't help murmuring to myself, as I lay awake, the words of the old song, you know, my dear, 'Cease, rude Borax,'"

—One more unfortunate! Mamma (a widow of considerable personal attractions)—"I want to tell you something, Tommy. You saw that gentleman talking to grandmamma in the other room. Well, he is going to be your new papa. Mamma's going to marry him!" Tommy (who recollects something of the life his old papa used to lead)—"D-d-does he know it yet, mamma?"—*London Punch.*

—There was a young man out in Arizonia who once declined a pressing invitation to favor a select company with a song. "Oh, really, you must excuse me," he said. "I tell you I can't sing. I don't come of a singing family. Why, there was my old father; he used to try 'Old Hundred,' but he had so little ear for music that he never got more than ninety out of the tune.'

More than half a century ago a good New Hampshire deacon by the name of Day, living not far from the White Mountains, had seven children—six daughters and one son. They were known as his six weak Days and one son Day.

BIBBY'S REMARKABLE STRENGTH.

Tossing a Trained Giant Twice Inside of Three Minutes.

There was a great throng in Irving Hall three years ago to see a Græco-Roman wrestling match between Edwin Bibby and a gigantic Frenchman named Mamou. It was said that Mamou was a terror in France, and would double the little Englishman up in no time. After measuring the Frenchman's strength, Bibby won two falls with ridiculous ease in about two minutes after grappling.

Since that time Mamou has travelled with athletic combinations and trained constantly in the hope that he would some day be able to get the best of Bibby. Believing that the time had come, he met Bibby again in Irving Hall last evening in a Græco-Roman match, best two in three falls, for $250 a side. There were about 300 spectators in galleries and on the main floor. Bibby never appeared in better condition. He is only five feet four inches, and weighs 155 pounds. Mamou appeared a monument of muscle. He is nearly six feet, and weighs 195 pounds. The men grappled quickly and earnestly. In ten seconds each had a locked-neck hold. Bibby spent twenty seconds in testing the Frenchman's acquired skill and strength. Then he had him down with the terrible right arm lock around Mamou's neck. The Frenchman lay face down. Bibby was on his knees. Getting his left hand to bear under the Frenchman's breast, with a combined twist of the neck and lift he raised him bodily over his head on to the platform. One shoulder only touched, and Mamou regained his feet. Bibby threw him again twice within sixty seconds, pressing both shoulders squarely on the canvas.

After five minutes rest the men grappled again. This bout was a repetition of the first, except that Bibby only required one minute to pin Mamou's shoulders to the canvas. Wild shouts filled the hall at Bibby's quick and decisive work.

Pumpkin Pie.

These are the days of that glorious American institution, pumpkin pie. The hotel or restaurant pumpkin pie is not the Simon-pure article. It has had too many foreign airs added to it. It may be good, and it may pass for what it is intended, but it can't hold a candle to the pumpkin pie our mothers and grandmothers made. Just look at the difference in the two brands. Mother's had a nice short crust, with an edge about an inch deep, and in this was a plump measure of pumpkin "pulp" mixed with nice fresh eggs, milk, and just enough spice to make it flavor. It was a picture of blooming, healthy pie. It makes a man's mouth water to think of it. The store kind of pumpkin pie has a sort of sickly second-cousin countenance and is scarcely over an eighth of an inch thick, with a crust on the bottom that almost breaks a tinner's shears to cut it. As for taste, that has to be imagined, as it is a sort of go-as-you-please flavor between tan-bark and cinnamon. Then again, 100 store pies will be made out of an ordinary twenty-cent pumpkin. Each pie is cut into eight pieces about the size of two fingers, which sell for five cents each. This brings forty cents for a pie, or $40 for the product of a pumpkin. That leaves the store-keeper $39.80 profit on his pumpkin, and as the crust is thin with no shortening in it, eighty cents ought to cover this cost, leaving an even $39 profit on the transaction! A slice of mother's pumpkin pie the size of your two hands, that's the regulation cut in home-made pie, and an inch and a half thick contains more real pie than a dozen store pies, and there is no danger of trouble from indigestion after eating it. There should be some action taken by the Legislature to prevent the degeneration of this great American institution—the pumpkin pie. If this is not done, future generations will read in history of a dish now so highly prized by patriotic citizens and grieve to think that the building of the pumpkin pie of their forefathers is a lost art.—*Peck's Sun.*

He Fought with Napoleon.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 19.—Soldier Milton, one of the survivors of the Old Guard of the Little Corporal, celebrated his ninety-sixth birthday to-day. He entered the French army when he was eighteen years old, and his first fight was at the battle of Austerlitz. He cherishes his commission as second lieutenant, an old and musty piece of parchment which bears the legible seal of Napoleon. He was on the island of St. Helena when Bonaparte died, when he emigrated to South America, and afterwards made this city his home.

The old survivor also has in his possession a lock of hair from Napoleon's head, given him at St. Helena by Pauline Bonaparte, the emperor's sister, known then by the title of the Princess of Borghese. A remarkable and almost incredible fact in the career of this aged survivor is that he accompanied the fatal expedition to Moscow, where so many soldiers perished on the march. Probably his survival of that terrible epoch was due to his capture and imprisonment at Moscow. He endured the pangs of imprisonment all through the cold winter of a Russian climate.—*N. Y. World.*

Queen Elizabeth's Gloves.

A pair of gloves once worn by Queen Elizabeth have been preserved in a British museum. They are of very fine white leather worked with gold thread, but of a size at which our fashionable beauties would stand aghast. Good Queen Bess, however, had a hand that was fit to wield a sceptre. The thumb of her glove was five inches long, and the palm measured three and one-half inches across. Another royal glove has been preserved in Henry VIII.'s "hawkes glove," in which, if the original bears any likeness to the illustration, a goodly number of "hawkes" could find a comfortable resting place.

—The Brooklyn Bridge is already populated by rats, and as a matter of course, they are followed by cats. This bridge affords the cats of Brooklyn and New York their first opportunity of measuring claws, and in the solemn midnight, when the cats are making the fur fly, the din is so furious you can hear the terry whistles.

Females with a tendency to faint in public places should note that Miss Squires, of San Francisco, swooned on Broadway, New York, and was robbed of $650 before recovering consciousness.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

In a New Line.

I saw the devil—he was working free:
A custom house he builded by the sea.
"Why do you this?" The devil raised his head:
"The courts and churches are complete," he said.

Too True.

One hundred and ninety-eight million three hundred and forty-six thousand acres of our best public lands have been given away to our railroads, and still the baggage-master's second assistant deputy will not check your dog through as part of your personal effects.

A Sure Thing.

There's always a river to cross,
Always an effort to make,
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take;
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

A Timely Warning.

An Austin small boy was recently discovered purloining some apples from the front of a grocery store. The proprietor gave chase, but failed to overtake him, and was obliged to shake his fist, and shout after him:

"Never mind, my young kid, I'm going up to see your mother about this."

"That's all right," yelled back the small boy, "you just go right along up there. Pa filled a man full of buckshot the other day for going to see my ma, and I reckon he's got another dose laid away somewhere for you."—*Texas Siftings.*

Why, Oh, Why?

Why does she start and shudder?
What makes her eyes start from their sockets?
'Tis only a strange hairpin
That she found in one of his pockets.
—N. Y. Morning Journal.

What can there be wrong in that?
Please give the devil his due,
He only carried the hairpin
As a means to button his shoe.
—Merchant Traveller.

An Ingenious Grinder.

An organ-grinder was lately arrested in New York on suspicion, because he had an abundance of money. The police judge remarked to him:

"You could not have made all that money by grinding a barrel organ."

"May it please your honor," replied the wandering minstrel, "you do not fully comprehend the details of my profession. It is not by grinding my organ that I have acquired this wealth. But the people give me double price for shutting up and going away."

Here the organist began torturing his unhappy, wailing instrument.

"Prisoner discharged!" thundered the police judge.—*Exchange.*

Give Me the Baby.

[James Whitcomb Riley.]

Give me the baby to hold, my dear—
To hold and to hug, and to love and kiss;
Ah! he will come to me, never a fear—
Come to the nest of a breast like this.
As warm for him as his face with cheer,
Give me the baby to hold, my dear!

Trustfully yield him to my caress.
"Bother," you say? what! "a bother" to me
To fill up my soul with such happiness
As the love of a baby that laughs to be
Snuggled away where my heart can hear!
Give me the baby to hold, my dear!

Ah! but his hands are soiled, you say,
And would dirty my laces and clutch my hair,
Well, what would pleasure be more, I pray,
Than the touch and tug of the wee hands there;
The wee hands there and warm face here—
Give me the baby to hold, my dear!

Give me the baby! (Oh won't you see?
Somewhere, out where the green of the lawn
Is turning to grey, and the maple tree
Is weeping its leaves of gold upon
A little mound, with a dead rose near
Give me the baby to hold, my dear!

A Compromise.

Mrs. McVapid, of Austin, is considered very obtuse by those intimately acquainted with her. One morning she called to her little boy who was playing in the front yard:

"Tommy, go down to the grocery store and bring me a pound of starch."

"I haven't got time to go down to the grocery store and get a pound of starch. It's most school time now."

"Is that so?" said Mrs. McVapid with a troubled look, then brightening up, she added:

"Well, then run down and get only half a pound."

Tommy complied with the compromise, was late at school, and his teacher took the starch out of him with a shingle.

A Laureate's Log.

(London Punch.)

MONDAY.

If you are waking, please don't call me, please
don't call me, Carrie dear,
For they tell me that to-morrow t'wards the open
we're to steer!
No doubt, for you and those aloft, the maddest,
merriest way—
But I always feel best in a bay, Carrie, I always
feel best in a bay.

TUESDAY.

Take, take take?—
What will I take for tea?
The thinnest slice—no butter—
And that's quite enough for me!

WEDNESDAY.

It is the little roll within the berth
That by-and-by will put an end to mirth,
And, never ceasing, slowly prostrate all.

THURSDAY.

Let me alone! What pleasure can you have,
In chaffing evil? Tell me, what's the fun
Of ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All you the rest, you know how to behave
In roughish weather! I for one,
Ask for the shore—or death, dark death—
I am so done!

FRIDAY.

Twelve knots per hour. But what—
A poet, with no land in sight!
Insisting that he feel's "all right"
With half a smile—and half a sigh!

SATURDAY.

Comfort? Comfort scorned of lubbers! Hear
this truth the poet roar,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering
days on shore.
Drug his soda, lest he learn it when the fore-
land gleams a spec
In the dead unhappy night when he can't sit up
on deck!

SUNDAY.

Oh! you've called me nice and early, nice and
early, Carrie dear!
What? Really in? Well, come, the news I'm
precious glad to hear;
For though in such company I willingly would
stay—
I'm glad to be back in the bay, Carrie I'm glad
to be back in the bay.

If your white handled knives have become yellow, they can be made white again by rubbing with sand paper. It must be thoroughly and vigorously done.