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Dept. Public Works

"THE CLEANER"
WILL BE DELIVERED AT ANY ADDRESS IN FREDERICTON AT
25 Cents a Month.

The Gleaner.

"THE CLEANER"
WILL BE DELIVERED AT ANY ADDRESS IN GIBSON AND MARYSVILLE AT
25 Cents a Month.

VOL. V. FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1889. No. 112

Professional Cards

DR. McALLISTER,
DENTIST,
Will return to this city to resume practice on
FRIDAY, 15th Inst.
Office as formerly, Queen Street, nearly opposite Queen Hotel. For special terms look for future advertisements.
Fredericton, Feb. 9—3t

G. D. CARTER,
Dentist.
EXTRACTION AND PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY; A SPECIALTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
DENTAL ROOMS OVER F. J. McCAUSLAND'S JEWELRY STORE
250 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, July 17th, 1888.

FRED ST. JOHN BLISS,
Barrister, Notary, Etc.
OFFICE:
QUEEN STREET, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
Fredericton, May 9th, 1888—1yr.

DR. H. D. CURRIE,
Surgeon Dentist,
184 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

WILLIAM WILSON,
SECRETARY-TREASURER, YORK.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
CONVEYANCER, &C.
OFFICE: QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

GEO. F. GREGORY,
(OF LATE FIRM OF GREGORY & BLAIR.)
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
NOTARY PUBLIC.
OFFICE: NEXT BELOW QUEEN HOTEL, LATELY OCCUPIED BY GREGORY & BLAIR.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

B. H. TORRENS, D. M. D.
Dentist,
FISHER'S BUILDING,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
redericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

DR. CROCKET
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
CARLETON STREET.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

GREGORY & GREGORY,
Barristers and Notaries.
OFFICES: CARLETON ST., FREDERICTON
ALBERT J. GREGORY, FRANK B. GREGORY,
Registrar of Probates.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

C. E. DUFFY,
Barristers and Attorney-at-Law.
Notary Public, Etc.
SEC'Y-TREASURER OF SUNBURY.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED, AND MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Offices: West Side of Carleton Street, Second Door from Queen.
Fredericton, Nov. 1st, 1887.

Auctioneers

H. C. C. WETMORE,
AUCTIONEER, &c.
Has taken a Store on the Upper Side of
PHŒNIX SQUARE,
Next to L. P. LaForest, Tin Smith, where he is prepared to receive Furniture and Goods of all kinds for Auction or Private Sale. He will also give attention to Auction Sales of every description.
Terms Moderate. Returns Prompt. All business confidential.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

Hotels

BARKER HOUSE,
QUEEN STREET, - - - FREDERICTON.
NEWLY REFITTED, AND NOW ONE OF THE LEADING HOTELS OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.
SAMPLE ROOM AND LIVERY STABLE.
Modern Improvements constantly being made
F. B. COLEMAN, - Proprietor.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
J. A. EDWARDS, - Proprietor.
FINE SAMPLE ROOMS IN CONNECTION.
—ALSO—
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

FISH. FISH.
Fresh Herring,
Fresh Codfish,
Finnen Haddies,
Digby Herring,
BLOATERS AT
W. H. VANWART'S
redericton, Feb. 7

New Advertisements.

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

WANTED
IMMEDIATELY
—AT—
GUNN'S
COAT AND VEST
MAKERS.
Steady Employment,
and Highest Wages Paid.
ALSO!
A Few Smart Girls, wishing to Learn Dressmaking can have a good chance.
MRS. J. G. GUNN.
Fredericton, Oct. 18th, 1888. tw. tf.

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

WEST END
SAW MILL & LUMBER
YARD
SEASON 1887.
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
DRY SPRUCE FLOORING AND SHEATHING, PINE SHEATHING, DRY HEMLOCK SPRUCE AND PINE BOARDS, AND PLANK PLANED ON ONE SIDE.
Also intends to keep LATHS and PICKETS constantly on hand,
and all sorts of CEDAR SHINGLES well and SMOOTHLY sawn and very carefully Assorted.
Office on QUEEN STREET, directly opposite mill
R. A. ESTEY.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

SEWING MACHINES
CLEANED
AND REPAIRED.
Furniture Repaired.
Jobbing in Carpentry
Attended to by
W. S. HIMELMAN,
192 GEORGE STREET
SEWING MACHINE WORK A SPECIALTY.
All orders left at above address will receive prompt attention.
Fredericton, Oct. 13, 1888.

The Subscribers are Constantly Receiving
NEW GOODS,
Comprising:
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Hats, Caps, Laragans, Moccasins, Over-Boots, Rubbers and Ready-Made Clothing, Etc.
Which they are Selling at their usual Low Prices.
LUCY & CO.
Fredericton, Dec. 19, 1888.

WAKE UP WM. HENRY
AND GO TO
S-E-E-R-Y-'S
AND HAVE HIM
Make You an Overcoat with Cape.
Leaving all jokes aside he makes the best fitting and most stylish Suits, Overcoats and Reefers in the City. Try him and be convinced. Cutting attended to promptly.
W. E. SEERY, Wilmot Avenue
Fredericton, Jan. 19.

OATS!
LANDING AND IN STORE, 3 CARS!
2 Cars Carleton County Oats,
1 Car P. E. I. Oats.
ALSO LANDING:
One Car Hay, Straw, Middlings, Shorts, Bran, Whole and Cracked Corn.
W. E. Miller & Co.
15 and 159 QUEEN STREET.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE
JUST RECEIVED:
Johnson's Liniment,
Wizard Oil,
White Liniment,
Allan's Lung Balsam,
Atwood Bitters.
JOHN M. WILEY,
196 QUEEN STREET,
Fredericton, Jan. 23.

BOSTON PRICES. BOSTON PRICES.
AT
S. F. SHUTE'S.
OXIDIZED PINS AT 25 CENTS.
There you will find the largest stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods in the City. Solid Gold, Gold Filled, Silver and Nickel Watches, in Ladies' and Gent's Sizes, from the largest to the smallest.
Do not fail to see the novelties in Solid Gold and Gold Plated Bracelets; Ladies' Bar Pins and Broches; Gent's Tie Pins in Plate and Gold; Ladies' Neck Chains and Lockets; Gent's Watch Chains and Charms; Ladies' and Gent's Sleeve and Collar Buttons.
Stone Set Rings, Band Rings and the Plain Wedding Ring, all can be found at Shute's.
25 Cents will buy you a nice Silver Plated Napkin Ring at Shute's; Silver Plated Glove Buttoners, 20 and 25 cents.
Rogers' Knives, Forks and Spoons at bottom prices.
Largest Line of Silver Plated Ware in the City: Cake Baskets; Castors; Butter Dishes; Ice Pitchers, &c. A Large variety of Tea Sets in Silver Plate.
Bron Bronzes; Plush and Leather Goods; Ladies' and Gent's Writing Desks and A Thousand and One Things too numerous to mention.
Remember the Gold Headed Canes at
S. F. SHUTE'S, - - - - - - - - Fredericton, N. B.

EDGECOMBE & SONS,
YORK STREET, - - FREDERICTON.
Now Is the Time to Leave Your Orders for
SLEIGHS & PUNGS
We Have on Hand, and are Finishing Up, 200 Double Seated and Single Seated Pungs and Sleighs, which we are Determined to Sell Out at
PRICES THAT WILL ANYWHERE DEFY COMPETITION.
Leave Your Orders Early.
EDGECOMBE & SONS.
Fredericton Oct. 6th, 1887.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT EGGS.

Scotch Fishers' Views About the Causes of Contrary Winds.

"To hang an egg laid on Ascension day in the roof of a house," says Reginald Scot in 1584, "preserveth the same from all hurts." Probably this was written with an eye to the "hurts" arising from witchcraft, in connection with which eggs were supposed to possess certain mysterious powers. In North Germany, if you have a desire to see the ladies of the broomstick on May day, their festival, you must take an egg laid on Maundy Thursday and stand where four roads meet; or else you must go into church on Good Friday, but come out before the blessing. It was formerly quite an article of domestic belief that the shells must be broken after eating eggs, lest the witches should sail out to sea in them; or, as Sir Thomas Browne declared, lest they "should draw or prick their names therein, and venificiously mischief" the person who had partaken of the egg. North Germans, ignoring this side of the question, say, "Break the shells or you will get the ague," and Netherlanders advise you to secure yourself against the attacks of this disagreeable visitor by eating on Easter day a couple of eggs which were laid on Good Friday.

Scotch fishers who may be reckoned among the most superstitious of folks, believe that contrary winds and much vexation of spirit will result of having eggs on board with them, while in the west of England it is considered very unlucky to bring birds' eggs into the house, although they may be hung up with impunity outside. Mr. Gregor, in his "Folklore of the Northeast of Scotland," gives us some curious particulars concerning chickens and the best method of securing a satisfactory brood. The hen, it seems, should be set on an odd number of eggs, or the chances are that most, if not all, will be addled—a mournful prospect for the hen wife; also, they must be placed under the mother bird after sunset, or the chickens will be blind. If the woman who performs this office carries the eggs wrapped up in her chemise, the result will be hen birds; if she wears a man's hat, cocks. Furthermore, it is as well for her to repeat a sort of charm, "A' in thegeethir. A' oot thegeethir."

There are many farmers' wives, even in the present day, who would never dream of allowing eggs to be brought into the house or taken out after dark, this being deemed extremely unlucky. Cuthbert Bede mentions the case of a farmer's wife in Rutland who received a setting of ducks' eggs from a neighbor at 9 o'clock at night. "I cannot imagine how she could have been so foolish," said the good woman, much distressed; and her visitor upon inquiry was told that ducks' eggs brought into a house after sunset would never be hatched.

A Lincolnshire superstition declares that if eggs are carried over running water they will be useless for setting purposes; while in Aberdeen there is an idea prevalent among the country folks that should it thunder a short time before chickens are hatched they will die in the shell. The same wiseacres may be credited with the notion that the year the farmer's gude wife presents him with an addition to his family is a bad season for the poultry yard. "Bairns and chuckens," say they, "dinna thrive in ae year." The probable explanation being that the gude wife, taken up with the care of her bairn, has less time to attend to the rearing of the "chuckens."

Beside the divination practiced with the white of an egg, which certainly appears of a vague and unsatisfactory character, another species of fortune telling with eggs is in vogue in Northumberland on the eve of St. Agnes. A maiden desirous of knowing what her future lord is like is enjoined to boil an egg, after having spent the whole day fasting and in silence, then to extract the yolk, fill the cavity with salt, and eat the whole, including the shell. This highly unpalatable supper finished, the heroic maid must walk backward, uttering this invocation to the saint:

Sweet St. Agnes, work thy fast,
If ever I be to marry man,
Or man to marry me,
I hope him this night to see.

If all necessary rites and ceremonies have been duly performed, the girl may confidently count upon seeing her future husband in her dreams—dreams which, we should presume, as our Yankee friends say, would bear a strong resemblance to nightmare.—Queen.

Old Times Recalled.

The ceremony of seeing the president nowadays recalls an old time president's fashion of receiving guests who called at the White House. When George Jones called at the White House he was informed that President Jackson was at home. Thereupon he went up stairs to the big room on the second floor and there obtained a magnificent view of the back of the president's head. The executive was sitting in front of a grate fire, with his heels on the mantelpiece and his hat balanced over his eyes. He had slid down on the chair until his head was almost out of sight, and he was smoking a long clay pipe. The secretary and the caller approached him from behind, and the secretary said:

"Mr. President, this is George Jones, of New York."

Without turning his head or turning around the president put his hand over his right shoulder and Mr. Jones laid his own hand in it confidingly. The president gave his hand a hearty shake and said in a cordial voice:

"How d' do, son? Pull up a chear."—Washington Letter.

Tobacco should be credited as a part of the discovery of Christopher Columbus. When he first met the Indians they "were imbibing the fumes of tobacco in the shape of a cigar." This cigar was not wholly of tobacco, though. It was a stalk or straw tube filled with this weed. But the Indians smoked pipes chiefly.

The Fortnight.

The reformation in the way of earlier hours for social events is spreading eastward from that cradle of liberty, Philadelphia. An organization of society leaders of Elizabeth, N. J., known as the fortnighters, has pronounced in favor of beginning its entertainments at 8 p. m., and ending the same at midnight. Elizabeth being tributary to the metropolis, should, in its way, serve to scatter the good seed of early hours in the great city where fashion is tyrannical, and where the headquarters is established of the army of the unemancipated.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Woolly Horse.

James Carroll, of No. 28½ Willow avenue, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets, is the possessor of a horse whose hide is covered with a thick mass of curly white hair, about three inches in length. When seen from a short distance, the hide presents a woolly appearance, and the animal looks as though nature had given him the skin of a sheep through mistake. Although the horse is more than unusually attractive, owing to his peculiarity, he is daily hauling a milk wagon.—San Francisco Examiner.

Undressing Was Not Bathing.

In 1863 President Lincoln sent a force under Gen. Henry H. Sibley to punish the Indians for their barbarities in Minnesota and Dakota, and drive them back to the Rocky mountain plains. Among the many incidents of the Sibley expedition against the Sioux which are still afloat in Dakota, is the following: On the return the camps were usually made on the banks of a lake or river, and frequently when the men learned where the camp would be some of them would rush forward and have a bath; this roiled up the water and made it unfit for camp purposes. This action so incensed Gen. Sibley that he issued an order prohibiting bathing until the officer of the day should announce that the water had been secured for camp purposes and the stock had been watered.

One night the camp had been made on the banks of a small lake. Capt. Horace Austin was the officer of the day, and he sent a detail to the lake in charge of Sergt. S. P. Childs, now of Mankato, to see that the general's order was obeyed. Childs saw a man come down to the lake shore, look at the water, step back behind a bush and commence undressing. Soon he was disrobed and walked to the edge of the water and dipped his foot in it as if to see how cold it was, when Childs yelled "Halt!" "What is the matter?" asked the would be bather. The sergeant replied the general's orders were that no bathing should be allowed until the officer of the day had announced sufficient water had been secured. The man remonstrated, and finally said that if Childs knew the order he ought to have informed him before he undressed. "Yes," said Childs, "I knew it, but the order does not prohibit disrobing." The man who wanted to bathe was Gen. Sibley himself, and Childs knew it, but he didn't bathe then.—Fargo (Dak.) Argus.

Shoppers' Headache.

Many ladies after an afternoon spent in shopping return home with a dull headache, which does not completely leave them until after a night's sleep. This is called shoppers' headache, and is becoming more prevalent. There are a number of causes which produce this condition. Bad ventilation of stores, which are crowded with people and goods, producing a foul condition of the air, is a prolific cause. Foul air lingers about and clings to dry goods especially, and the practice of heaping remnants and other goods upon long tables accessible to the crowds and constantly handled by them, is not conducive to health. The strain of looking for hours at different colors, often bright, and the effort to decide which among the many articles should be selected, produce a congestion of the brain tissue, which causes shoppers' headache. Long continued observation necessitates an effort of the mind, which, although perhaps not appreciable at the time, is a cause of the disease. Fatigue has a great deal to do with it, fatigue of muscle as well as brain. Hours of languid locomotion and upright position, varied and frequent movements of the head, restlessness of the eyes all produce it. The muscular strain involved in half a day's shopping is considerable, especially where ladies are not in the habit of using their muscles very much at other times. Fatigue of mind and body is the cause of the shoppers' headache.—St. Louis Republic.

He Got Even with Her.

As a Cottage Grove avenue cable train swung around on to Madison street from State the other afternoon, a young man jumped upon the front platform of the trailing Indiana avenue car, opened the door and went inside. As he closed the door behind him the car swung on to the straight track and he was thrown over into the lap of a sour visaged old lady sitting in the corner. As he hastened to ask her pardon, she glared at him savagely and cut him short with: "I think, sir, that you are intoxicated!" The passengers grinned and the innocent young man blushed furiously. He could say nothing, so he made his way to a seat near the center of the car and unfolded his paper. At the corner of Indiana avenue and Eighteenth street the sour visaged old lady signaled the conductor to stop. She arose to leave the car just as the corner was reached, and on her way out she was pitched into the lap of the young man she had insulted. It was a glorious victory for him. He did not get truly even by telling her that she was intoxicated, but he assisted her to her feet, bowed her out and then grinned all by himself, until he reached home.—Chicago Herald.

The Cost of Grand Opera.

The difference between the outlay and the returns at the Metropolitan Opera house, New York, averages $1,000 nightly. In other words, there is a dead loss of between $60,000 and $70,000 on a four months' season. This is not excessive, if compared with the figures shown by some other great opera houses. The profits in Paris, for example, are purely nominal, and against them must be set the annual subsidy of $160,000 granted by the state. A New York opera season in German costs $200,000. This includes $105,000 for artists' salaries and $40,000 for the magnificent orchestra. The rest is spent on scenery, costumes, chorus, supes and ballet.—The Stage.

"Nobody's Son."

A case of mistaken identity recently caused great amusement in a western court. A colored prisoner, about 16 years old, appeared before the judge, charged with stealing a pie.

"Take off your cap," said the judge.

"What for?" asked the prisoner, without obeying.

"What for? You are in court. Take off your hat."

"I jess don't have to," replied the prisoner, calmly. Whereupon the judge, turning to the father of the prisoner, asked angrily: "Is that your son?"

"No," replied the man, with an appreciative grin. "I guess she ain't nobody's son."—Youth's Companion.

Apart from the birds which rest during the day and seek their food at night, as the night jar and the various kinds of owls, and putting aside also those which in summer frequently sing all the night through, as the nightingale, the woodlark and the sedge warbler, it seems that the robin is the last bird to seek repose. It may be often heard singing until nearly midnight in the early summer, and in winter is to be seen hopping about long after other birds have gone to rest.—New York Telegram.

Drop a Nickel and See Pictures.

The latest nickel and slot device is a sort of big stereoscope which has been invented and manufactured in Paris. You drop in your nickel and apply your eyes to a pair of protuberances like the eye pieces of an opera glass. Pictures are then displayed in rapid succession, one picture lasting seven seconds, until the contents of the box are all exhibited. The pictures are shown in the glare of an electric light, which is extinguished when one has had his five cents' worth.—New York Sun.

That is the happiest conversation where there is no competition, no vanity, but only a calm, quiet interchange of sentiment.—Dr. S. Johnson.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Few Earnest Kicks from the Enterprising Journal.

We take the following extracts from a late issue of The Arizona Weekly Kicker:

"APOLOGETICAL.—We are compelled to apologize to our subscribers for the typographical appearance of the present issue. Owing to the snow blockade, a keg of ink which we ordered weeks ago failed to reach us, and rather than miss an issue we compounded a substitute. We don't seem to have hit the right proportions, or else molasses and lampblack are not the proper substitutes.

"As it will be impossible for subscribers to make out any of the reading matter, we will solace them with the statement that there is little or nothing worth reading. We hadn't much time to give to the paper last week, and it is just as well that we hadn't. It would have been time thrown away."

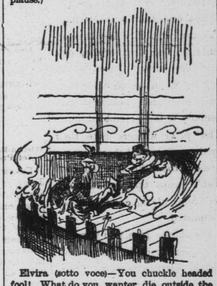
"THE USUAL REWARD.—We understand that Arizona Joe, Col. Hilton, Dick Fenshaw and other ingrates are going about with the statement that we were horsewhipped by the Widow Burnham one day last week. When we refer to these hyenas as living liars, we do so in all gentleness. We can't afford to get mad and kick such freaks of nature. Arizona Joe is wearing a collar we lent him from our slim stock, and if any one will rip the colonel's coat down the back he will find one of our undershirts surrounding the ingrate's body. When Dick Fenshaw struck this town he hadn't eaten anything but pig weed for three days, and he was trying to make a pack of cards cover his nakedness. We filled his stomach, gave him a coat and lifted him out of the slough. This is our reward. Sick transit! Sick gratitude! Sick hyena!"

"WELCOME BACK.—Professor Whitewater entered The Kicker office day before yesterday with beaming smile and extended hand, after an absence of about ten months spent in the penitentiary. He was unfortunate enough, it will be remembered, to hurt some one in a little dispute, and the court thought it best for him to take a little vacation.

"The professor returns home looking in good health and filled with enthusiasm over the progress the town has made during his absence. We welcome him. A little state prison experience hasn't hurt him, nor won't hurt any of our townsmen."—Detroit Free Press.

Presence of Mind.

Elvira—Oh, Reginald! My love! My—
Reginald (passionate, but inexperienced)—Too late, Elvira! Farewell! With this blow I end my earthly woes:
(Stabs himself. Curtain. Tremendous applause.)



Elvira (sotto voce)—You chuckle headed fool! What do you wanter die outside the curtain for?—Life.

General Roddy's Bullies.

Here is a good story told of Roddy's Confederate cavalry: One day the troopers were about to go into battle dismounted, leaving every fourth man to hold the horses. The men were drawn up to count from right to left. Of course every fourth man felt jolly and this is the way the count went on: "One," "Two," "Three," "Bully!" "One," "Two," "Three," "Bully!" etc. Gen. Roddy heard each fourth man call out "Bully." His face flushed. When all had called off he said: "Numbers one, two and bully will go into the fight as dismounted cavalry. Number three will hold the horses." There were a good many sick "bullies" that day.—Chicago Ledger.

Must Get Even.

A Kingston dentist says he had an odd experience the other day. A man came into his office and told him he wanted a tooth pulled. After he had been seated in the dentist's chair he said: "Now, don't pull it all at once; pull it a little, then ease up on it, and punish the pesky thing! punish it! It has been punishing me for a month."—Kingston Freeman.

A Husband's Flattery.

Wife (who wants a tailor made suit, but has only hinted at it)—Did you notice Mrs. De Pink's figure?

Husband (who smells a rat)—Yes, poor woman; she has no figure at all, and, like other women of that sort, has to depend on tailor made suits. Now you, my love, are a Hebe in anything.—New York Weekly.

No Prospect.

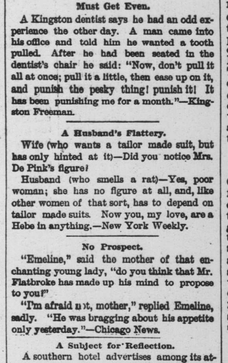
"Emeline," said the mother of that enchanting young lady, "do you think that Mr. Flatbroke has made up his mind to propose to you?"

"I'm afraid not, mother," replied Emeline, sadly. "He was bragging about his appetite only yesterday."—Chicago News.

A Subject for Reflection.

A southern hotel advertises among its attractions a "parlor for ladies thirty-five feet wide." We trust this paragraph will catch the eye of the woman who occupies three seats in a crowded car.—Yonkers Statesman.

His Voice Had Such Go in It.



Mable (sotto voce)—What do you think of his voice, dear?

Mary—Oh! it's just what we wanted. The very thing to make our party go.

Which the party immediately did.—Judy.

FOX HATED THE WOMEN.

Curious Career of the British Envoy in the Time Harrison's Day.

The foreign legations of the first Gen. Harrison's period entertained frequently—dinners and evening parties being the style of the day. The notable exception was in the English legation. Mr. Fox succeeded Sir Charles Vaughn, and the contrast between the two ministers was striking. The one made the legation a frequent scene of splendid hospitality; this other, a recluse, who barred the doors against all women and nearly all men. His dinners were confined to the official ranks, and his reason for not including ladies was that "he would have to shake hands with women."

He was the nephew of the celebrated Charles James Fox, embalmed in history, and was said to be a very able man. His appearance was remarkable—very thin, but refined in features. He generally appeared on the avenue after 3 o'clock—always alone. Nankeen trousers, with straps, then the prevailing style, vest of the same, and a blue coat with a large velvet collar, which had been built, a legend said, in Rio Janeiro while he was British minister in South America; a shirt collar that dwarfed Spinola's, coming up above his ears, and a large hat, many sizes too big, and a large green silk umbrella. One hand was invariably in his pocket, and he moved along at a smart walk, neither seeing nor speaking to any one.

He never retired until 3 or 4 o'clock and never got up until nearly the same hour next day. Some one met him at 6 o'clock in the evening in the Capitol grounds and invited him to dine with them. He thanked him, but said "his people would be waiting breakfast for him when he got home."

At a diplomatic funeral—which must have disturbed his slumbers, for it was held in the morning—he said to the wife of the Spanish minister: "How queer we all look by daylight. I have never seen any of them except by candle light."

Lord Bacon, writing from Naples, says: "I met Henry Fox the other day, who has been dreadfully ill, and, as he says, so changed that his oldest creditor would not know him."

Mr. Fox died from an overdose of morphine, in 1846, at Washington.

Many stories were told of the gambling that went on in his house. The most celebrated gambler of the day, named Townley, won largely of him, it was said.—New York Telegram.

Dickens to Mark Lemon.

The Kent Examiner publishes the following letter, written by Dickens on the occasion of the death of one of Mark Lemon's children. The editor states that it is the letter's first appearance in print:

"My dear Mark—We are indeed greatly grieved at your calamity. I have no need to tell you, dear fellow, how constantly you are in our thoughts, and that I have not forgotten, and never can forget, who it was that watched with and comforted me the night a little place in my house was left empty. We know you will both have found comfort in that blessed relief, from which the sacred figure with the child on his knee is in all stages of our lives inseparable. 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.' It is hard, God knows, to lose a child of any age, but there are many sources of comfort in losing one so young as yours. There is a beautiful thought in Fielding's journey from this world to the next, where the little one he had lost many years before was found by him radiant and smiling, building him a bower in the Elysian Fields, where they were to live together when he came. Ever, old friend, yours ever, CHARLES DICKENS."

Sense of Equity.

Sir Richard Bethell, whose great ability as a chancery lawyer made him lord chancellor, had a hot temper, but its outbursts were quickly quieted by an appeal to his sense of equity.

Sir Richard one day ordered his coachman to take a colt which the master had bred to a neighboring fair and sell it for not less than £40. The man, however, sold the colt for £38. Sir Richard was angry, and said to the coachman:

"Paice, you have disobeyed my positive instructions. You are dismissed."

"Well, Sir Richard," the coachman answered, "that is very hard. I took £38 for the colt, for if I had brought it back the cost of its keep for the next three months would have amounted to more than the difference in the price. I shan't take my dismissal for such a cause."

"Very well, Paice, so be it," replied Sir Richard, struck with the equity of the plea. The man remained in his master's service for the rest of his life.—Youth's Companion.

Evils of Public Drinking Fountains.

I am opposed to the erection of any more public drinking fountains, on the ground that they propagate disease among horses. It may not be generally known, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that at least 1,500 cases of glanders, which recently existed in this city, can be traced directly to public drinking fountains. The disease was introduced into the city not long since by some Illinois horses. These horses were watered at a certain drinking fountain, which was frequented by hundreds of horses every day. The result was that the disease was scattered broadcast over the city, and it now exists in alarming proportions.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Wrong Scent.

A prominent resident at Chaplin, Conn., who is extravagantly fond of fox hunting, started out on a bitter cold day, and, arriving at the edge of the woods containing the coveted game, he started his hound on the trail. The faithful hound caught the scent immediately and bounded away, and in a few moments was lost from sight. The owner waited patiently until, utterly benumbed by the cold, he crept back to his wagon, where he found the noble hound snugly ensconced beneath the buffalo robe, fast asleep.—Chicago Herald.

A Free Railway Library.

Arrangements are being made by which travelers on the Austrian and Hungarian railways, will be enabled to borrow books at railway bookstalls to be read during a journey. The conditions are to be a deposit of one or two florins to cover the value of the book, and a fee of ten kreutzers (about 8d.) for the loan of the volume. The deposit will be returned to the borrower on his giving up the book wherever he may alight. This circulating library system applied to traveling has not yet been tried on the continent. Its chief organizer is an Englishman, who proposes to lay in a stock of popular works in all languages.—New York Telegram.

The fires of the volcano of Kilauea, in the Hawaiian Islands, which became extinct in 1886, are again kindled and steam and vapor are issuing from the several craters, from one of which jets of lava are thrown to a height of twenty-five feet.

Never put a piece of furniture into a room merely because it is pretty and will fill up. Every article should have its real or apparent use; as a general thing, the necessary pieces will occupy all the space that should be allotted to furniture.