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POOR DOCUMENT



## GOATVILLE SOCIETY.

GOATVILLE IS ON MANHATTAN ISLAND AND IT IS A GREAT PLACE.

**A Region Where Goats, Shanties and Poor People Who Pay No Rents Are Paramount—A Visit in the Night to Two Cabins.**

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.—The fact is difficult to believe, and yet it is true as death, that in this teeming city, where almost every inch of ground is worth its weight in yellow gold, there are a few householders who pay no rent. This statement, however, does not necessarily imply an arcadian condition of affairs on the part of those interested. It can safely be said, without fear of contradiction, that most of the readers of this article would rather pay rent than occupy the quarters pre-cupied by these squatters. The persons referred to are for the greater part Irishmen, unfortunate flotsam and jetsam whom the tide of prosperity failed to float into the official chambers of the city government or other well paying positions. The particular locality is at the foot of East Seventy-second street. Here, upon the summit of a rock which overlooks the swirling currents of the East river, are situated some fifty shanties, built of almost every conceivable material, and mostly in the pure Irish style of architecture. The lover of the queer and picturesque can find here his paradise. Herds of goats wander at will through the labyrinthine passages between the huts, and search in vain for a blade of grass or any living thing, although across the rushing river they can see with tantalizing distinctness the velvety sward of Blackwell's Island.

Old boats have offered up their ribs for supports in these primitive houses. Boards which once did duty in a fence have assumed the dignity of clapboards, their decaying fibers hidden by the varnishing whitewash. Old lattices over those green diamonds once bloomed the ruddy rose and the ambitious morning glory, now serve as barriers against the hungry goat, and seem to say, "To what base uses are we come at last." And the roofs! thatched with straw, and the more pretentious indifferently covered with shingles, through the rotting fingers of which the rain drips down upon the beds and the stoves with aggravating impartiality. An old and worm eaten chestnut will fit in nicely here:

The rich can ride in chariots,
An' th' poor—th' poor—be fabers,
The poor can walk!

This curious hamlet upon a rock is known in the vicinity by the expressive name of Goatville. Every visitor to the spot is regarded with suspicion as being a possible official of the department of public works or a real estate agent coming to serve papers of ejectment. One evening a short time since, when the wind, with winter in it, was whistling drearily through the streets and a typical New York winter drizzle was falling, the writer paid a visit to Goatville in search of material for this article. He was accompanied by a young Hercules, the bully of the neighborhood, who acted as guide and protector for the nominal sum of fifty cents. His name was Tom Malony, and as he had thoroughly canvassed Goatville in the capacity of an insurance agent insuring children, he knew every man, woman, child and goat in Goatville. He carried for purely defensive purposes the spoke of a brewer's wagon. Before starting Tom oiled his internal machinery with a tiny glass of raw spirits. Wiping his mouth on his coat sleeve, he said by way of warning:

"Luk a here, me laddybuck, you said you was a reporter, didn't you? Now, I'll lave it to yerself! Well, if I find yo've been tellin' me lies I'll giv' yo a tap wid this wheel spoke as 'll crack yer skull like an egg shell!"

When we arrived at the door of the Widow Murphy's shanty, Tom hesitated a minute before knocking and repeated his warning as follows:

"Now, ye're a cock sure reporter an' no ballyraggin' afore we go further. Mind, I'll be as good as me word!"

The night was dark. Still, there was light enough for me to see that wheel spoke cutting curves in the air above my head. After his fears were calmed, Tom knocked upon the door with his stick and a voice inside said:

"Come in."

The door opened into a room where Tom's head struck the ceiling. It contained a bed, a stove, a bureau, and upon the walls hung various cheap prints of a religious character. Mrs. Murphy, a woman of sixty, unkempt and rotund, was frying potatoes upon the stove, and a pretty girl was seated upon the bed trying to read a letter by the light of a tallow candle.

"God save all here!" said Tom, in a perfunctory manner. Then, with a jerk of his thumb in the direction of the young woman and a wink he said:

"What's that ye're readin', Mary?"

"A letter from me brother in Sing Sing," replied Mary, raising her pink and white face, which formed a setting for two eyes of Irish blue, to Tom. "Here, you read," she continued; "I'm no scholar."

Tom took the letter in his big hand and stood the wheel spoke against the bureau. Then he read a brief tale aloud of an aching heart beating like a caged bird against prison bars; of repentance which came too late; of clumsily expressed hopes of a better life "when me time is up," which longed for period would not occur until one year from the last Christmas. And as he read those pregnant words, written in contrition and bad ink, Mrs. Murphy stopped turning the potatoes in the pan and drew near. A silence fell upon the little group gathered around the flickering candle, and mingling with the sputtering of the grease on the stove and the singing of the tea kettle came a smothered sound as of heart break from the lips of the mother whose only boy was a felon. Pretty's Mary's eyes, too, began to grow humid. Apparently ashamed of her momentary weakness, Mary dashed her apron across her face as Tom handed her back the letter and said:

"Ah, what are yo mauther'in' about? Shure, he'll be home agin' the snow balls a year from now."

Then Mary told how she had saved up money from her small earnings as a cigarette maker to make her brother a Christmas present. "And shure," she added, smiling through her tears, "I wish I had a hundred dollars to send to our Mike."

By this time the vials of Mrs. Murphy's wrath had become uncorked, and she poured them out upon the heads of those who had been instrumental in imprisoning her boy, in a way that was both vigorous and unrefined. The pictures on the wall evidently served solely as ornaments.

The hospitality of that humble home was royal. Mary disappeared into the night with a tin can in her hand, and when she returned it was over a three inch collar of foam. The crockery was not of china and was seamed with cracks, yet it sufficed for the reception of the smoking hot fried potatoes, the loaf of baker's bread, the drawing of "O erlong" tea and the brown beverage in the tin pail. The meal was enlivened by the gossip of Goatville, in which Mrs. Murphy declared that the "nixt waddlin' duck of that shtrap Mrs. Brady that comes intil my house 'll hav' his neck stretched wid me two hands." And while Mrs. Murphy's attention was being taken up with her neighbor's ducks pretty Mary and Tom were carrying on a little amatory flirtation by squeezing hands under the table and other like foolishness of a forbidden character.

After the meal the pipe of peace and goodfellowship was smoked, and the widow told how much money she received for her duck eggs and the price of live and dead goats. She said that the best customers for goats were the brewers, who wanted the animals for "horses for their childer." The chief difficulty in the sale of a goat, she said, was its capture. According to her story, the goats possessed almost human intelligence, for as soon as a sale had been consummated they kept aloof, and it was a difficult task to capture them.

But the night was wearing away and we had other calls to make. Mrs. Murphy lighted us to the door with the fluttering candle, and even after we had gone 200 feet she stood in the doorway shading the dancing flame with her calloused hand. When the door had closed Tom seized my shoulder in a vise like grip, and again uttered his warning:

"Now, see here, me fine gintlemin; ye are not givin' me anny ghost story, are ye? Aither yo are a reporter or yo are not, that's shure. If ye are standin' me up wid fairy tales, I'll"——

The sentence was never finished, but the wheel spoke filled the ellipsis with a frightful series of cuts through the air in close proximity to my ears. Then we went down a winding alley between two low fences, stumbling over recumbent goats in the darkness, until we arrived at a low doorway, the lower part of which were below the surface of the ground. Tom knocked, and without waiting for an answer he opened the door and we stepped in. The squalid room was draped in shadows. When my eyes became accustomed to the darkness I discerned two forms in the corner by the feeble rays of a lantern which stood on the mantel. There was only one chair, and upon the wood bottom seated the tenant of the house, and beside him upon the floor was seated his wife. Both of these persons had buried their faces in their hands, and they were moaning in a blood curdling fashion. In a corner of the room stood a stout boy of 17.

"Mr. Callahan," said Tom, touching the man of the house upon the shoulder with the wagon spoke, "I bring Mr. Fowler, a ly'yer friend of mine from the city hall, up here t' see could he get ye th' cows back agin!"

This speech was followed by a snort from the boy in the corner, who blurted out:

"Don't believe him, father. It's a lyin' reporter he's brung here t' to put ye in th' paper!"

With an angry scowl upon his face, Tom limped across the room. He seized the boy around the body, carried him to the door, and, with the help of a kick, which was like that of a mule, landed him fifteen feet from the shanty. Then shaking his wagon spoke in the direction of the discomfited lad, he shouted:

"Yo can thank me good nature fur not batin' in yer thick head." Then turning around as if he had done a meritorious act in expelling a man from his own house, he continued:

"Now, Mr. Fowler, go on wid your story."

By degrees I drew out of Mr. Callahan the facts in regard to the cows. It appears that he was one of the oldest residents in Goatville. For many years he had held a comparatively lucrative position in Central park, but had lost his job through political changes. Then he had bought two milch cows for $60. "Iavin' a morgidge of $30 upon thim. Faix, sor," said he, "I used to peddle th' milk around to my neighbors, an' what wid th' rheumatiz an' th' malary I couldn't raise th' morgidge. It's only yistiday, sor, that th' man as held the papers kem around here an' took me cows. An' now fwhat'll I do an' me could woman an' th' boy but sharve. Shure th' hunger is under me vest an' gnawin' mo an' th' cows goin' down th' road. Musha, sor, but there's haard times fur thim as has nayther money nor cows!"

The old man resumed his despondent position with his head in his hands. But even in his misfortune he didn't fail to regret the fact that he had no bottle containing "somethin' soothin'" in the cupboard.

As Tom and I parted at the railway station, the last words I heard as I hurried up the stairs to catch a train were:

"An' yo shure ye're a"—— The rest was lost in the rattle of approaching wheels.

ERNEST JARROLD.

### THE GENTLER SEX.

New Orleans has the only woman's club in the south.

A very pleasant and "genteel" way of making a little pin money has been found in the new feminine fad for wood carving.

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison has herself replied to all the telegrams of congratulation she has received on her husband's election.

Miss Isabel Hapgood, the translator of Tolstoi's writings acquired her knowledge of Russian from a New Testament and a dictionary.

Anna Katherine Green makes it a rule to rest a year between the publication of one book and the beginning of the composition of another.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is said to be in better health now than she has been for years, and walks quite readily with the aid of a cane.

The queen of Sweden, who still suffers from shattered nerves, finds ease in working like a housemaid and in weeding and digging in her garden.

Mrs. John Abel, an American woman studying in a German university, has captured a $500 prize offered for the best essay on practical and economical cookery.

Mme. Barrios, widow of the dead president of Guatemala; Mrs. Hicks-Lord, Mrs. Marshall Roberts and Mrs. Post are four of the wealthiest of the New York widows who are supposed to have marital intentions.

Harriet Hosmer says that Mrs. Browning and Lord Brownlow (the son of Lady Marian Alford) are the two persons she has known in her life who had that peculiar elevation of nature which seemed to prohibit an unworthy thought when in their presence.

A woman 70 years old has just taken out a patent for a sewing machine needle that does not need threading. There is a beveled slot in one side of the eye through which the needle slips. It seems very simple, and all who have seen it wonder why nobody thought of it before.

The Russian empress thinks little of court etiquette. Recently at some function at the Danish court, where property she had precedence of the Princess of Wales, she laughingly invited the princess to go ahead for example, in her "second daughter."

**Love Making in France.**

Mrs. Mackay, of California, Paris and London, is said to be very intimate of late with Isabella, ex-queen of Spain. A good story of the Mackay family has not until now been told in print.

Mrs. Mackay's mother and sister lived with her some years ago in Paris, and from the immense wealth of the head of the family it was supposed that the sister would come in for a considerable dot, and it was true that Mackay had either invested for her or presented her with a few hundred thousand dollars, more or less, a mere bagatelle in the eyes of the master of millions, but very appetizing to the hungry Frenchman of the old regime.

One day at the legation of the United States a dowager duchess of the oldest ground stood ready to see the American minister and was ushered into his excellency's private office. Her grace then explained that she had come in behalf of her son, the young duke, to propose for the hand of Mrs. Mackay's sister. She had not the honor to know Mrs. Mackay or her mother, and of course not the young lady, so she thought the proper way was to come direct to the minister. His excellency promised to convey her proposals, which he did the same day to Mackay's mother-in-law. But the old Californian was too somuch elated at the prospect of the alliance as doubtless the duchess had very fondly anticipated, she asked the minister to explain to the noble party that her daughter was very poor, having no share of the Mackay fortune, and was only in Europe to be educated for a governess, and as such she expected to earn her own living. The minister communicated his message to the duchess, who was disappointed but in no way embarrassed. She said that she had been misinformed, and that of course under the circumstances her offer would not stand. It is a purely business arrangement in her eyes.

The young lady afterward married an Italian prince, but the preliminaries were not settled by any envoy or ducal or princely mother-in-law. The American girl acted on her own behalf.—Philadelphia Item.

**Read The Evening Gazette.**

## IS WALTZING WICKED?

WE ALL KNOW OF ITS WITCHERY, BUT WHAT OF ITS INFLUENCES?

**Is There Any Harm in Our Girls Fluttering About Inside a Glad Man's Arms?—The Cynic Says There Is, but the Girl Says No—Looking On at the Dance.**

Ask the next sweetest young girl you meet what happiness seems best to her, and I believe she will say it is waltzing.

She finds strange pleasure in this fair modern dance, let us presume. It fills her veins with dreamy flowings of unsung poetry, opens up vast vistas of gorgeous beauties, crowds her senses with flowery fragrances, and does it all to a delightful tune.

This is what she says about waltzing.

"Yes," says the gentleman at the other end of the bar, as he lifts the crescent of lemon peel out of his cocktail, "and that is why I love whisky. It gets there."

There is bound to be cynicism of this sort applied to the elegant exercise of waltzing so long as the girls go round. While they continue to cling with unconceaded rapture to the pure, uncrumpled breasts of their stalwart partners some one is going to sit off against the wall and assert that the whole business is either nonsensical, undignified or immoral.

Well, is it?

You must understand that dancing has probably been indulged in ever since the world began. Among ancient nations it formed an essential of religious worship. It can be made stately, sorrowful, weird, dreamy, devilish.

Therefore refrain from setting the seal of condemnation upon the far extending art of dancing.

Let us keep down to the waltz!

THE WALTZ ANALYZED.

When a man and a girl stand up before each other for a waltz the sensations of each cannot naturally be fairly defined by the calm, collected writer. To fully appreciate the entire anticipations of the girl or the complete conjectures of the man it might be necessary to go back a year or so in the lives of both partners.

Suppose this pretty young woman had become engaged to the hated rival of this handsome young man who left the latter way away in Colorado! Suppose the young man knew it to be a case of parental tyranny and that the girl was fluttering like a frightened dove at this marriage!

They waltz!

There is no need of going round the room with them. You miss them, and you will see your life they are out in the conservatory.

Now, you will readily admit, I am sure, that the waltz exerts an emotional and sentimental influence upon its participants. And in an instance such as the above a good and proper influence, perhaps.

We will imagine ourselves two fine and healthy young people of differing sexes about to waltz together, immediately after their first meeting. Suppose the man 19 years of age, tall, slender, delicately curved, tinted with the dainty hues of virginal purity, golden haired and altogether exquisite to look upon. He is a good formed, strong and clean built young fellow, with big, knowing eyes and a jolly mustache.

She rises from her place beside her mother and yields herself up to her strange but reassuring partner. The young man dexterously wreathes his right arm around her small, neat waist.

At this juncture the cynic puts in his declaration that under the decent rule of things the young fellow in question couldn't get his arm about the girl's waist inside of six months. And he could only do it then by proving to her that he had a good mind as well as a good arm. The waltz has purified an insult into a conventionality.

THE WITCHERY OF IT ALL.

But to return to the young people, who are now floating away over pink clouds like sylphs. In the young man's left hand rests the right hand of the girl. There is really no part of the latter's satiny softness touched by fingers of the man, for at this epoch of social regulations they are both wearing gloves. But there is the little thing, just as pretty as a flower petal, and crushed, if you like, as easily.

The girl slips slightly and utters a faint little cry. Her partner takes tighter hold of her hand, laughs with her, and the waltz rees on, the finger grasp of hands not being relaxed.

"Ah, ha!" growls the cynic. "He couldn't press her hand like that in less than ten weeks if it were not for this vulgarizing waltz."

To take another look at her dance again! Her fair, young head reaches up to such a point on the young man as to bring the last fluffy skeins of her golden hair just opposite his lips. There is a perfume in those gleaming coils—not an artificial perfume, but the rich, honest fragrance of cleanness and beauty.

The young man inhales gratefully this refined odor of hair.

"Why," puts in the cynic, "he wouldn't get near enough to find that smell in three months if society didn't give him the privilege to steal it in the cheap way he is doing."

If you have waltzed you will know. Let us suppose you are a girl; that your right cheek comes about four inches from the shirt collar of your partner. Your neck, all lovely with a luminous sheen like moonlight, is exactly under his gaze. If you are not as agile as a fawn your knees are bound to bump against his at irregular intervals. Should the room be crowded, as it usually is, you and your counterpart coming into collision with your gracious but massive companion dancers. The effect is flustering, even if not wholly disastrous.

Let us return to the golden headed example we took to commence with. There she sails like a glad, mad fairy, supported by the willing arms of her silent partner. A sensuous melody sighs from the arbor of ferns and palms, the air grows heavier with light and fragrance, there is a rushing torrent of happy people flying by like revolving rainbows, the floor heaves like a rose strewn ocean and all is glory, melody and joy.

HERE IS THE CLIMAX.

Bang! The two excited people we have been watching have danced into a sort of vortex of waltzers. They have suddenly been crushed hard against each other. The young man's lips have been driven square into the girl's hair. He has clutched her madly for support just as she has clutched him, and as the crowd swirls away and leaves them standing there free from danger, the are dazed, palpitating, inflamed.

"Well, that settles it!" cries the cynic. "This is where I leave. If they intend to carry this thing any further than they have already, I want to be where I can buy a morning paper to read about the scandal. I go out and blush!"

But the dancers are away again, and all seems sweet and just. What an intertwining of pretty people! What an array of arm encircled waists! What noiseless, solid concussions! And a never ending smile is wreathed in a rapturous radiance from one end of the room to the other. The cynic and his friend the moralist are out in the supper room trying to blush, but the real, helpless, beautiful blush is on the face of the little golden haired waltzer. She is just stopping, with a glad sigh of happiness, before her complacent mamma. Her modest young eyes are raised in grateful regret to the big eyes of the young man as he lingeringly lets fall her clinging fingers. The two have been acquainted during a matter of ten minutes, but it seems as if they have been friends for ever long. The waltz has done so much for them. He has seemed so strong, so so deliciously sweet and confiding! When they had concluded the floor he had caught her in a protecting embrace, which taught her how gallant he would undoubtedly be in a railway accident. And her hair had shone near his eyes with a smilko effulgence, and he had thought how dazzling it would look streaming in a chnotic glory down over her splendid shoulders.

The cynic was asking the moralist out in the supper room if he could see any blush on his face.

And this girl and fellow are down for more waltzes. "Some one else may have the lancers," he has said to her, and she has smiled peculiarly, wonderingly, not knowing exactly how she felt, but glad he prefers the waltzes.

Now, if you desire to know what harm there is in all this I refer you to the cynic in the supper room. He is old, cruel, gouty. But when you fall in love with a girl, don't you expect to stop her waltzing with other men. Why do you do so? Is there contamination in the exercise? No golden haired thing like the one we have been watching will allow that there is. But she may be as far out of the way as the cynic.

In the meantime the merry waltz swings on.—New York Herald.

### DERIVATIONS OF SOME WORDS.

Ethics, from ethos, custom.

The dollar was the German thaler.

The guinea was first made in Guinea.

The florin was first made in Florence.

Mortal, from mar, meaning to mar, to kill.

Moral, from mos, which means simply custom.

Sandwiches were first made by Lord Sandwich.

The mark was stamped with the lion of St. Mark.

Law, A. S. legu, simply that which lies in due order.

Black doubtless comes from "night," the absence of light.

Electric, from elektron, amber from which it was discovered.

Yellow comes from the trees with reference to their autumn foliage.

Green is from the same root as grass, referring to the trees and vegetation.

Influenza, so named because the epidemic was supposed to have been caused by the planets.

Magenta, a red or crimson dye derived from aniline, first brought into use near Magenta, Italy.

Rose, pink, violet, copper, bronze, orange, lemon, hazel (chestnut), ochre, ash, from objects in nature.

Superstition, that which remains or stands over, that which lingers after an opinion has been exploded.

Blue is of uncertain origin, probably from the German for "heal," though possibly from the Swedish name for "ink."

**Crushed.**

"You seem to be in trouble," said a philanthropic citizen as he paused before an old man, who sat on one of the benches in the City Hall park looking the picture of woe; "what's the matter?"

"Yes, I am in trouble—trouble into it deep," replied the old man, mournfully.

"Are you sick, or out of work, or anything of that kind?" went on the gentleman.

"No, that ain't it," said the old man, "but my boy, only 'bout 12 years old, has been took up for stealin'."

"That's bad—is there anything in it, do you think?"

"Yes, he was takin' a shirt from the front of a store in the Bowery, when the cop grabbed him."

"That is very sad, very," said the kind hearted gentleman. "There can't be anything much harder than to have such a boy. No wonder you feel discouraged."

"Yes," replied the old man, as he looked at the ground, "it's pretty tough at my age to have that kind of a boy. And there hain't no excuse for it, neither; I told him he'd got to be mighty keerful or they'd snatch him. I guess the next time I want a shirt I'll lift it myself and not trust no boy. You well say it is sad. I once thought that boy was my joy and comfort to my declinin' years, but it seems it ain't to be."—New York Tribune.

**Simplified.**

"Of what denomination are do childe?" asked an old colored preacher of a young couple who had brought an infant to him for baptism.

"Sah?" said the young father, evidently perplexed by the word "denomination."

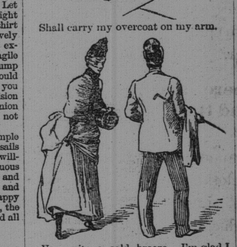
"I axed you ob what denomination de chile war," repeated the minister, a little severely.

The parents looked at each other in evident confusion for a moment; then the father stammered out: "I—I—I doesn't know what yo' mean by 'denomination,' sah."

"Hough, yo' don't?" replied the preacher, scornfully. "Well, den, I'll simplify it 'cordin' to yo' ign'rance so yo' kin understand it: Are de chile a boy or a gal chile?"—Youth's Companion.

**An Embarrassing Mistake.**

Shall carry my overcoat on my arm.



Yes; quite a cold breeze. I'm glad I brought my overcoat along.

Jupiter!—Judy.

**Well Supplied Already.**

"Any news in the paper this morning, Samantha?" inquired Mr. Chugwater, as he came down to breakfast.

"Not much," replied his wife. "Seems to be hardly any—yes, here is a 'Strange Story in regard to Mme. Patti.—Result of The Morning Paralyzer will be surprised to learn that this gifted prima donna'——

"Samantha," interposed Mr. Chugwater, "before you become too deeply interested in that item of news permit me to remind you that we don't need any toilet soap. There are some kinds in the house already."—Chicago Tribune.

**A Crushing Blow.**

"May I look through your waste basket?" inquired the young man, entering timidly.

"Certainly," said the editor. "What do you want to find?"

"A little poem on 'Mortality that I sent in yesterday.?"

"My dear sir, that poem was accepted and will appear tomorrow. I will draw you a check for $25, and I assure you"—

But he spoke to lifeless ears. The young man had fallen to the floor. The shock had killed him.—Chicago Tribune.

**A Modern Methuselah.**

Mr. Popinjay (reading from the paper)—President Dwight, of Yale college, has an old fashioned secretary that has been in the family for 200 years.

Mrs. Popinjay—Dear me! How infirm the poor old man must be getting!—Burlington Free Press.

## THE REAL INVENTOR.

**Are We Indebted to Professor Morse for the Electric Telegraph?**

A full and complete account of the invention of the telegraph appeared in The Century Magazine for April, 1888, and recently, in examining an old file of The New York Sun for the year 1837, I found the following editorial in the issue of Sept. 25, of that year, written by Moses S. Beach, the then proprietor and editor, and who knew from personal knowledge whereof he wrote. The article was entitled "Honor to Whom Honor Is Due:"

"The laying of the Atlantic cable has waked up hundreds of claimants for honors bestowed upon Professor Morse, and while each is so loudly telling his story, and is so impatient that it is coldly received, we will mention a few incidents connected with Professor Morse's own experience which we have never seen in print, and which lose none of their interest from the unassuming modesty of the other parties referred to.

"Soon after Mr. Morse's invention of the telegraph which has made him famous he was a professor in the University of New York City. As yet the invention was merely an idea without material form. Among the students there was a son of Judge Stephen Vail, of Morristown, N. J., Alfred Vail, and the worthy professor had no auditor more interested in his supposed to be vagaries. Alfred was a young man of an active turn of mind, and he readily espoused Professor Morse's ideas. But the professor had no means; his brother Sydney looked upon him as a chimerical dreamer who deserved no help, and so Alfred Vail set about overcoming that difficulty. He told the story—visions and all—many times over to his father. The Judge was, as he is now, a liberal and generous man, with no small degree of contrivance about him. He became interested and invited the professor to his house. The result was a personal friendship and a year's experimenting at Judge Vail's expense.

"Alfred Vail entered into these experiments with his whole soul, and to him is Professor Morse indebted quite as much as to his own wit for his ultimate triumph. It was Alfred Vail who invented the far famed alphabet, and he, too, was the inventor of the instrument that bears Morse's name. But whatever he did or contrived went cheerfully to the great end. Alfred felt rewarded in seeing the gradual accomplishment of the dream.

"Judge Vail had a small factory near his house and septrated from the Speedwell Iron Works, belonging to him, with water power, and in it the experiments were carried on. Three miles of copper wire, about four times as large as that used in the Atlantic cable, were purchased at Belleville, N. J. The wire was sent to New York and wound with cotton, under the supposition that it could not otherwise be made serviceable. Then the first clumsy registering machine was devised, and with it the writing machine, with its mechanical action by means of types. Their construction and adaptation for something better took place in the same factory, and there in an upper room, the remains of them—cog wheels, ratchets and slides—may, or a few days since might, still be seen.

"The first telegraph message ever sent under the sea called Morse system was both sent and received in that same upper room, and was dictated by Judge Vail—'A patient waiter is no loser.'

"Thence came the apparatuses subsequently exhibited in New York and elsewhere with such electrical effect. We have in our possession now a piece of that original three miles of wire, and we prize it as a memento—much more than our 'foot' of the Atlantic cable.

"The original plan for laying the lines of telegraph was by cables submerged in the ground. For this purpose the wire was to be inclosed in lead pipe, and preparations were made for the introduction of the wire in the pipe simultaneously with its manufacture. Experiments showed, however, that with submersion the necessary insulation of the wire would be difficult, if not impossible, and the cheaper and more effectual method of suspension was adopted.

"Another incident and we are done. Morse was in those days, if he is not now, no mean hand at painting. To testify his appreciation of the kindness and invaluable 'material aid' rendered by the judge and his son Alfred, he painted a series of family portraits, and these specimens of his skill still adorn the walls of Judge Vail's parlors, and though not the perfection of art they display more than ordinary skill in the use of the brush.

"Judge Vail and his worthy son still live. The judge is as hale and hearty at 80 as most men at 50, and enjoys a well earned affluence in the style—quiet retirement.

"Alfred Vail retains in maturer age the characteristics of his earlier years, and is now turning his attention to authorship."

With the statement that concludes your correspondent's article, that "a nephew of Mr. Morse is one of the best known duck hunters about town," I know of no reason for disagreeing, and will only express the hope that his claim to that distinction is more solidly based than was that of his uncle to being "the inventor of the telegraph." As a son of Alfred Vail I am naturally desirous that justice should be accorded his memory. —Stephen Vail in New York World.

**Cannibalism in the Country.**

Terrors of Summer Boarding.—Small Boy—Ma, ma, we've got to get away from here! He's dangerous. They're cannibals! I was just helping Billy to tie the cat to the dog's tail at the gutter when Mr. Hawkins came to the kitchen door and he called out: "Wife, get everything ready as quick as you can. We'll have that fat Mr. Johnson for dinner and his wife and baby for supper."—Philadelphia Call.

**Don't Stuff a Cold.**

If you do you will nine times in ten, have a fever to starve.

A cold is a shock received by the myriad nerves that bristle near the surface of a human body. This shock is transmitted to the nerve centres, and then back to the mucous membrane, creating a more or less severe irritation and consequent rise in temperature, followed by chills. Excess of food in the temperature still more increases the fever, and, worst of all, helps clog the secretions or natural outlets of the body. It is high time we broke away from all notion which, like some others, has done more harm than good. For example, in years past how many poor fever sufferers, burning with an internal fire and thirst, were hurried to an untimely grave because not allowed cooling drinks or a bit of ice by the old time treatment for fevers, as foolish as the adage for colds. At last one cunning delirious patient got to a pump of cold water and drank his fill, determined not to leave until the well ran dry, he slacked the fever, recovered, and doctors learned a lesson. Experimenting with a severe cold is a dangerous course, as most persons try one remedy only until some friend suggests another "sure cure," as Mark Twain so humorously describes. When slight hoarseness or tightening of the nasal membranes warns one of a skin exposure or chill from wet, act promptly; a delay is dangerous. Neglected colds result in mean croup, or strangulation; with adults catarrh, bronchitis, perhaps pneumonia. If neglected, nothing can prevent this sneezing, red nose, and woe-begone look of a person with a cold. Scores of mother's would as soon go to bed without matches in the house, as without that old fashioned remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment near at hand for croupy children. Used with a mild laxative, as described in a pamphlet which I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send free to anyone. Johnson's Liniment will cure a cold for adults quicker than any known remedy. A mild nutritious diet, a gentle physic to open the secretions, and a bottle of that old Anodyne from your druggist, will conquer any cold. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was originated by an old family physician more than seventy years ago.

The great popularity of Ayer's Pills as a cathartic is due no less to their promptness and efficacy than to their coating of sugar and freedom from any injurious effects. Children take them readily. See Ayer's Almanac, which is free to all.

Breaksmen wanted for railroad. Mere crackmen need not apply.

**ADVICE TO MOTHERS.**

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Kate Field confesses to having used hot water for five years. There are, however, many persons of Miss Field's age who not only use it themselves but keep their husband in hot water.

**A Good Neighbor.**

"Late last fall I was laid up in bed three days with a very severe attack of diarrhœa and vomiting. Nothing benefited me until my neighbor, Mrs. Dunning, recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and I thought me half bottle, which she had in her house. In three hours the vomiting was stopped, and I was able to sit up by night. I would now think twice of using any other medicine." Columbus Hopkins, Hamilton, Ont.

A possible failure is the rock ahead in the path of every young man who starts out for himself. For the young married man another rock ahead is in the cradle.

The best anodyne and expectorant for the cure of colds and coughs and throat, lung, and bronchial troubles, is, undoubtedly, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your druggist for it, and, at the same time, for Ayer's Almanac, which is free to all.

Rider Haggard is reported to be a vegetarian in diet. That is to say, he looks upon meat as we look upon his stories—not to be swallowed.

**A Plain Statement.**

All poisonous waste, and worn on matter ought to escape from the system through the secretions of the bowels, kidneys and skin. B. B. B. cleanses, opens and regulates these natural outlets for the removal of disease.

Miss Mary D. Brine has just completed a new poem. There shouldn't be anything fresh about a poem just from the Brine.

**Tried and Proved.**

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaint, and have proved it, after a fair trial a sure cure." Mrs. Thos. Wing, New Dundee, Waterloo Co., Ont.

It happens not infrequently that a cash entry shows a short in his accounts runs long in his travels.

**Constipation.**

is nearly always induced by neglecting to keep the bowels regular, and is also a frequent sequal to dyspepsia or indigestion. Regulate the stomach and bowels by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which is certain to promptly relieve and ultimately cure the worst cases of constipation.

The bustle is one of the things by means of which art gets the bulge on nature.

Improve the nutritive functions of the scalp by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, and thus keep the hair from falling and becoming gray.

The hotel clerk's training consists largely of inn tuition.

**A Terrible Ten Years.**

Mrs. Thomas Acres, of Huntley, Ont., suffered all the tortures of liver complaint for ten years. Four bottles of B. B. B. entirely cured her, making her like a new woman again, after other medicines had failed to relieve her.

Wanted, a brass finisher to finish off book agents after they have been kicked down stairs.

Weak eyes and inflamed lids indicate an impure condition of the blood. The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It vitalizes the blood, regulates the secretions, and expels all scrofulous humors from the system. Try it. Price $1.00. Worth $5 a bottle.

A glass blower wanted. Parties who do their blowing over a glass not required.

**A Severe Attack.**

Miss Bella Elliot, of Pontypool, Ont., writes—"My brother and I were both taken ill with a severe attack of diarrhœa, having tried other remedies, we tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which gave immediate relief.

## In the Exchequer Court of Canada.

In the matter of the "Expropriation Act," and in the matter of those certain parcels or tracts of land hereinafter described.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that there has been lodged in the office of the Registrar of the Exchequer Court of Canada, on the twenth day of December, A. D. 1888, a notice to the Registrar by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries of Canada, stating his readiness to pay over to the persons entitled thereto, the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, which, in his opinion, is sufficient compensation for the land or property expropriated for the purpose of the erection of a beacon light at Dipper Harbor, in the Province of New Brunswick, a public work, and described as follows, that is to say:

A lot and right of way situate in the parish of Musquash, in the County of St John, N. B., and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point on the northwest side line of a grant to the eastern side of Dipper Harbor, made in the year 1836 to Hugh Campbell, and distant on said line from high water mark, 330 feet; thence, by the magnet of the year 1885, south, two degrees and thirty minutes east, 425 ft; thence south, twenty-three degrees west, 355 feet; thence south, sixty-six degrees west, 155 feet; thence south, fifty-four degrees west, 365 feet, or to its intersection with a line crossing Campbell's Island, in the course of north sixty-five degrees west, and distant at right angles therefrom 100 feet from the extreme southerly point of said Island at high water mark; thence on said line, sixty-five degrees west, 100 feet, to high water mark; thence, following the line of high water mark, generally northeasterly the point of said Island, and northeasterly to the eastern end of the line crossing Campbell's Island, at a point, thence north, sixty-five degrees west, 12 feet; thence north, fifty-four degrees east, 385 feet, to the point of the house of Hugh Campbell, sixty-six degrees east, 158 feet, to a point near Daniel Campbell's well; thence north twenty-three degrees, 410 feet; thence north two degrees and thirty minutes west, 440 feet, to the northwestern side line of the grant to Hugh Campbell, aforesaid; thence, northeasterly thirty minutes west, forty degrees and thirty minutes west, 22 feet, or to the place of beginning, giving a road of uniform width throughout from the present highway to the lighthouse, 66 of fifteen feet, and containing two roods and eighteen perches, more or less.

That Her Majesty Queen Victoria has acquired title to the land or property hereinbefore described, under chapter thirty-nine of the Revised Statutes of Canada respecting the expropriation of lands, as amended by the Act 50-51 Vic., ch. 17, intituled "An Act to amend the Revised Statutes, chapter thirty-nine, respecting the expropriation of lands."

In consequence, all persons entitled to the said hereinbefore described land or property or any part thereof, or representing or being the husbands of any persons so entitled or claiming to hold or represent incumbrances thereon or interests therein, are called upon to file in the office of the Registrar of the Exchequer Court of Canada, their claims or opposition, on or before the 18th day of February, A. D. 1889, and are notified that such claims or opposition will be received and adjudged upon by this Court, and that the proceedings herein will forever bar all claims to the compensation money or any part thereof, including any claim in respect of dower or of dower not yet open, as well as in respect of all mortgages, hypothecs or incumbrances upon the said land or property.

Dated at Ottawa, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1888.

L. A. AUDETTE,
Registrar.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Sour Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Blotches, Blood Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,
Winter Arrangement.
TWO TRIPS A WEEK
—FOR—
BOSTON

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 17th, and will leave Saint John every MONDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local) for EASTPORT, and thence to BOSTON, direct, and the Steamer NEW BRUN