THE HERALD.

Board of Works

VOL. IV., NO. 10. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1893. $1.00 PER YEAR

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THIS HOTEL has been REFITTED AND PAINTED IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE. AN ELEGANT GENTLEMEN'S PARLOR, OFFICE, and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED DINING ROOM on Ground Floor; PERFECT VENTILATION and SEWERAGE throughout; LARGE and AIRY BEDROOMS; COMMODIOUS BATH ROOMS and CLOSETS on each floor; and is capable of accommodating ONE HUNDRED GUESTS.

It is rapidly growing in popular favor, and is to-day one of the LEADING, as well as the MOST COMFORTABLE HOTELS IN THE DOMINION.

The Table is always supplied with every delicacy available. The Cooking is highly commended, and the Staff of Attendants are ever ready to oblige.

There are two of the largest and most conveniently fitted up SAMPLE ROOMS in Canada, having street entrances and also connecting with Hotel Office.

HORSES and CARRIAGES of every style are to be had at the LIVERY STABLE of the Proprietor, immediately adjacent to the Hotel.

The "QUEEN" is centrally located, directly opposite to the Steamboat and Gibson Ferry Landings, and within a minute's walk of the Parliament Buildings, County Registrar's Office and Cathedral.

☞ A FIRST-CLASS BARBER SHOP IN CONNECTION.

HEALTH FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

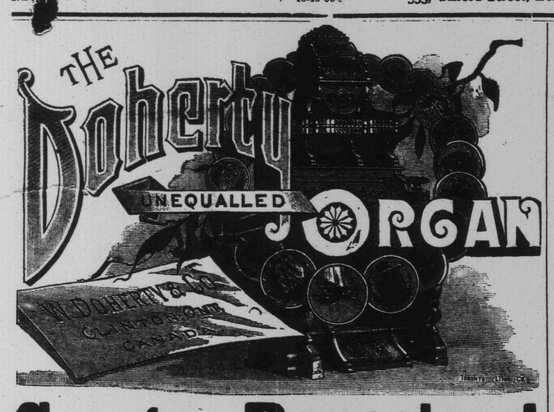
Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533, OXFORD STREET), LONDON

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot and may be had of al Medicine Venders throughout the World.

☞ Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

13-10-83



Great - Bargains!

NEW HOME OFFICE,

Phœnix Square, Opposite City Hall, Fredericton, N. B.

We have the largest and best stock of

Pianos, Parlor and Church Organs,

That have ever been shown in this City. We invite the public to call and examine our PIANOS, ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES, etc.

Organs, $50.
Parlor Suites, $35.
Bedroom Suites, $18.

Sewing Machines, -$25- Guaranteed for Five Years.

These goods guaranteed, if not satisfactory money refunded. We invite the public to call and see our stock.

NEW HOME OFFICE, Phœnix Square, opp. City Hall, FREDERICTON, N. B.

For further particulars address P. DUFFIE, P. O. Box 28.

WILLIAM WILSON,

Attorney-at-Law,

SOLICITOR and CONVEYANCER

Offices: Carleton St., East Side,

Directly opp. Dr. Coulthard's office.

Accounts Collected and Loans Negotiated.

WILLIAM WILSON.

H. B. RAINSFORD,

Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Clerk of the Peace and Division Registrar, Real Estate Agent, Loans Negotiated.

Office: Lower flat of County Court House.

Adjoining the office of the Registrar of deeds.

Fredericton Nov. 16th, 1891.

GEO. A. HUGHES,

Attorney and Solicitor,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, &c.

OFFICE: WHELPLEY BUILDING Opp. Post Office, QUEEN ST. } Fredericton, N. B.

WILLIAM ROSSBOROUGH,

MASON,

Plasterer, - and - Bricklayer,

SHORE ST., NEAR GAS WORKS,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

☞ JOBBING a specialty.

Workmanship first-class.

Prices satisfactory

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

RAILWAY

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

ALL RAIL LINE } TO BOSTON, &c. THE SHORT LINE TO MONTREAL, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect Oct. 3rd 1892.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.15. A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North.
10.30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East. McAdam Junction.
2.55 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 6.25, 8.00 a.m., 4.40 p. m.
Fredericton Junction, 8.15 a.m., 12.15, 6.25 p.m.
McAdam Junction, 10.30, a. m, 2.50 p. m.
Vanceboro, 10 10 a. m., 2.15 p.m.
St. Stephen, 7.45, 10.00 a. m.
St. Andrews, 7.00 a. m.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.15 a. m., 1.15, 7.10 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.20 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4.50 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

D. McNICOLL, Gen. Pass Agent, MONTREAL.
C. E. McPHERSON, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent ST. JOHN, N. B.

STEAMSHIPS.

ALLAN LINE.

1893 WINTER SERVICE 1893.

Liverpool, Londonderry, Halifax and Portland service.

From Liverpool.	Steamers.	Portland.	From Halifax.
29 Dec.	SARDINIAN		21 Jan
12 Jan.	NUMIDIAN		4 Feb
26 "	CARTHAGINIAN		18 "
9 Feb.	*MONGOLIAN		4 Mar
23 "	*NUMIDIAN		18 "
9 Mar.	*LAURENTIAN		1 Apr
23 "	PARISIAN		15 "
1 Apr.	*MONGOLIAN		29 "

Steamers with a * will only carry Cabin Passengers on their voyage to Europe, unless agents are specially advised otherwise.

Steamers sail from Portland about 1 p. m. on Thursdays, and from Halifax about 1 p. m. on Saturdays.

Rates of Cabin Passage:

By S. S. Parisian—$50, $60 and $70 Single; $100, $110 and $130 Return.

By S. S. Sardinian or Circassian—$50, $55 and $60, Single; $95, $105 and $115, Return.

By S. S. Mongolian or Numidian—$45 and $50, Single; $85 and $100, Return.

Children 2 to 12 years, Half-Fare; under 2 years Free.

Intermediate, $30. Steerage, $20.

Steerage Tickets issued to and from the principal points in Great Britain and the Continent at cheap rates.

GLASGOW AND HALIFAX LINE.

From Glasgow.		Sailings from Glasgow.
	HIBERNIAN	20 Jan
	NESTORIAN	3 Feb
	MANITOBAN	17 "

Glasgow, Londonderry, and New York Service.

(Late State Line Steamers.)

From Glasgow.		From New York.
30 Dec.	STATE OF NEBRASKA	19 Jan
20 Jan.	STATE OF CALIFORNIA	9 Feb
10 Feb.	STATE OF NEBRASKA	2 Mar
3 Mar.	STATE OF CALIFORNIA	23 "
24 "	STATE OF NEBRASKA	13 Apr

Rates of Passage New York to Glasgow.

Saloon Passage to Glasgow or Londonderry ..... $40 and $45

Special Railway Fares from Glasgow to Liverpool, $2.60; to London, $5.00; Londonderry to Belfast, $1.30; to Dublin, $1.85. Passengers have their choice of lines and are allowed 10 days stop over at Glasgow or Londonderry if desired.

For Staterooms, Tickets or further information apply to

WM. THOMSON & CO., Agents,

ST. JOHN N. B.

Jan. 14.

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Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

WESLEY VANWART,

(Of the late firm of J. A. & W. Vanwart,)

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,

—AND—

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Office: No. 12 Carleton Street,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Solicitor to the Merchants' Bank of Halifax. 3m.

PARSONS' PILLS

Make New, Rich Blood!

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. ONE PILL A DOSE. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find great benefit from using them. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps; five boxes $1.00. DR. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

HAWKER'S TOLU —AND— WILD CHERRY BALSAM.

A Favorite and Most Valuable Remedy for the CURE of

COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA

OR ANY FORM OF THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLE.

If Afflicted, Try It. It Will Cure You.

Malcolm McLean, of Kensington, P. E. I., writes the following:

For five years I suffered from severe Chronic Bronchitis, for which the doctors and numerous patent medicines failed to give relief. My physicians and friends advised a change of climate as my only hope. HAWKER'S BALSAM OF TOLU AND WILD CHERRY was recommended to me, and I am happy to say that I was entirely cured before I had used two large bottles. I consider it to be truly a wonderful medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all so afflicted.

For Sale by all Druggists and General Dealers

PRICE 25 AND 50CTS. PER BOTTLE.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO. (LTD.)

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

GILLETT'S

PURE POWDERED 100%

LYE

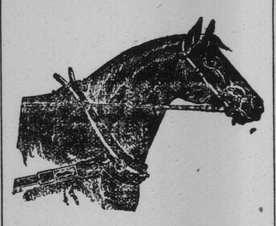
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 20 pounds Sal Soda.

Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.

E. W. GILLETT, Toronto

BLANKETS.



We are now showing the best line of HORSE BLANKETS to be found in the City, which we will sell cheaper than can be bought from other dealers.

Also a nice variety of

LAP ROBES,

FUR ROBES,

BELLS, etc.

A fresh supply of the famous EUREKA HARNESS OIL just received. A full stock of all kinds of SADDLERY. Come and see.

HENRY RUTTER,

Opp. COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

ADAMS BROS.

FUNERAL

—AND—

FURNISHING - UNDERTAKERS,

OPP. QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON.

Caskets, Coffins,

Robes, Mountings, &c.

and everything required in the Undertaking Business kept in stock.

☞ *Special Prices for Country Orders.*

Orders in the City or Country attended to with promptness.

Residence over Warerooms.

ADAMS BROS.

A GHASTLY SCENE.

Thousands Flocked to Witness a Negro Burned to Death at the Stake.

PARIS, Tex., Feb. 1.—Henry Smith, the negro who assaulted and murdered Myrtle Vance, the three-year-old daughter of Henry Vance of this city, on last Thursday night, was burned to death at the stake in this city to-day in the presence of 15,000 persons.

When the telegram reached here yesterday from County Attorney Sturgeon telling of the arrest of Smith at Ozon, Ark., and asking for protection, a committee of twenty-five citizens left on a special for Texarkana to meet Mr. Sturgeon and escort the negro here. These citizens took charge of Smith at 8.30 o'clock this morning. A special car was placed at their disposal.

All along the route there were crowds. At Texarkana a mob of 2,000 persons had gathered around the railway station when the train arrived. The guards surrounded Smith, and with cocked revolvers forced a passage through the crowd to a train in waiting to convey them to Paris. The mob swarmed about the coach, on the platforms, and upon the roof of the coach. They demanded that the sheriff compel Smith to appear at one of the windows.

In order to satisfy the curiosity of the crowd and with the belief that his appearance might appease them, deputy sheriff Shanklin ordered the negro to show himself at the window. The negro obeyed, and his head had hardly protruded through the open window before a bystander made a savage lunge at him with a big knife. The negro quickly withdrew his head and sank back into a corner of the seat. The deputy sheriff and guards then drew their revolvers and swore they would kill the first person who made a violent demonstration.

The mob withdrew a short distance from the train and asked for another view of the negro. Deputy sheriff Shanklin again ordered the negro to show himself. This he did, remaining in full view of the crowd for about three minutes. District attorney Birmingham then mounted the platform of the coach and made an impassioned appeal to the mob, asking them to respect the law and leave the authorities at Paris to deal with the man.

He was followed by deputy sheriff Shanklin, who also asked the mob to allow them to take their prisoner to the scene of the crime. The leaders of the mob, after a short consultation, agreed to let the train proceed. They gave three cheers for the deputies who had captured Smith, and a few minutes later the train started for Paris.

Smith seemed indifferent to his fate at first, and could not be brought to understand that fearful vengeance would come upon him. When he was told that his death was inevitable, and would come by the most cruel manner human ingenuity could devise, he weakened and begged the officers to save him.

He first asked to be spared, and then sought any other death than burning. He was told that this was impossible, for the people last night at a mass meeting had determined on his fate. He said he wanted to be shot. When asked if he was willing to have Mr. Vince shoot him, he said he was not, and asked that marshal Shanklin do that work.

He was told Mr. Franklin could not and would not kill him. His next choice of his execution was mayor Cate. He finally asked that col. C. M. Ragland be allowed to shoot him, but the citizens insisted that he must die at the stake.

When the train pulled up at the Texas Pacific station, 15,000 persons were there to receive him. Hundreds of people had poured into the city from the adjoining country. The word had been passed from lip to lip that death by fire was to be the penalty.

Curios and sympathizing alike came on trains and waggons, on horse and on foot, to see the sight. Whiskey shops were closed, unruly mobs were dispersed, and schools were dismissed by a proclamation from the mayor.

When the train stopped, hon. H. B. Birmingham of the escort made a brief address. He said:

"FELLOW CITIZENS: There is not an officer on this train who has any control over the prisoner, Henry Smith. Twenty-five of your citizens went in reply to telegrams from your county attorney to meet him and see that the prisoner was protected and delivered here without injury. We have done that thing; we have not deceived or misled you; we are not officers, but merely citizens; we have no authority to hold this prisoner against you or any one, and shall make no effort to do so. As citizens we merely wish to surrender the prisoner. We believe you will do what is right. Whatever may be done, let it be done as the people of Lamar county have done everything, in a law-abiding, peacable and patriotic way. We cannot, if we would, resist the thousands assembled here. The prisoner has admitted his guilt in the presence of a dozen good and true men. This is all we can say."

Smith was placed upon a carnival float in mockery of a king upon his throne, and followed by the immense crowd, was escorted through the city so that all might see the monster. He was firmly lashed to the seat.

The line of march was up Main street to the square, down Clarksville street to Church street, thence to the open prairie, about three hundred yards from the Texas and Pacific station.

Here a scaffold ten feet high had been erected. Around this was a surging throng for 150 yards in each direction. A cold drizzling rain was falling, that froze as it fell.

The cowering wretch was forced up the steps, where he was pinned to a stake. His coat and shirt was torn off him, piece by piece, and thrown to the crowd, where they were eagerly seized as relics.

When stripped to the waist, Henry Vance, the father of Smith's victim, Vance's son and two uncles of the child gathered round and began to thrust red-hot irons under his feet. Every contortion of his body and every groan that escaped his lips brought forth shouts of approval.

Vainly he begged for mercy; vainly he protested that he did not know that it was Vance's child he killed. The red-hot irons burned into his flesh deeper and deeper. He uttered terrible cries. Finally the irons were rolled up and down the abdomen and on the back and arms. The crowd kept shouting its approval to the torturers.

The climax was reached when the irons were thrust into Smith's eyes, burning them out. Then the irons were thrust down his throat. The Vances then declared their vengeance satisfied.

Then combustible material was placed under the scaffold, oil was poured over Smith and the platform, and a match applied. For a time he was enveloped in smoke. As this disappeared and the flames shot up, Smith was seen to sway back and forth.

Then he became still, and all thought he was dead. The fire burned the ropes that bound him, and he fell upon the burning platform. He then began to roll about the platform. It seemed impossible that anything could live in that furnace.

To the surprise of all, with a desperate struggle he pulled himself up by the railing of the scaffold, stood up, passed his hand over his face, and then jumped from the scaffold and rolled out of the fire below. Men on the ground thrust him into the burning mass again, and life became extinct.

Hundreds had turned away in horror from the spectacle, but thousands shouted with satisfaction and with demonstrations of delight. People were here from every part of this section. They came from Dallas, Fort Worth, Sherman, Denison, Bonham, Texarkana, Fort Smith, Arkadelphia and a party came from Arkansas, where Smith was captured. Every train that came in was unloaded to its utmost capacity.

There were demands at many points for special trains. When the news reached here yesterday of the arrest it spread through the country like wildfire. At every country town anvals and bells were sounded. People poured in here in a constant stream all night and day on horseback. After the execution the throng dispersed quietly.

On Thursday last Smith picked up little Myrtle Vance near the residence of her father, policeman Henry Vance, and, giving her candy, carried her through the central portion of the city to Gibbon's pasture, just within the corporate limits.

He was asked by several persons what he was doing with the child. He replied that she was Mr. Williams's little girl and he was carrying her to the doctor. Arriving at the pasture, he assaulted the babe, and then literally tore her in pieces.

It was in revenge, because her father had arrested him recently. Covering the body with leaves and brush he lay down and slept through the night by the side of his victim. About seven o'clock Friday morning Smith awakened, went to the house of his wife, and compelled her to cook him some breakfast. She asked him what had become of that white child.

He replied: "I ain't seen no white child, and don't have nothing to do with white folks." He ate his breakfast and was not seen any more until his capture.

About two o'clock on Friday a mass meeting was called at the court house and captains were appointed to search for the child. As soon as the body was discovered the railroads put up bulletins offering free transportation to those who would join in the search.

Posses went out in every direction. Smith was tracked to Detroit on foot, where he jumped on a freight train and left for his old home in Hempstead county, Ark. To this county he was tracked and captured. He denied everything at first, but blood stains revealed his crime. Then he confessed.

PARIS, Tex., Feb. 3.—Everything is quiet here. All who participated in the horrible torture of the negro, Smith, boldly proclaim the part they took in the affair and say they have no fear of arrest. The ashes of the funeral pyre were raked over, and many persons carried away buttons, bones, etc., as relics of the affair.

THE ESKIMO IDEA OF HELL.

What those Accustomed to Cold Think of the World to Come.

The Eskimo idea of a place of future punishment or reward is thoroughly in keeping with their religion. Nearly everywhere the Eskimos hold the same religious ideas, though in Greenland and Labrador they are with few exceptions, nominally at least, christians. The whole world is, according to the pagan Eskimo's belief, governed by inuad, supernatural powers or owners, each of whom holds his sway within natural limits. Any object or individual may have its, his or her inua, though generally speaking the idea of inua is limited to certain localities of passions, such as a mountain or lake, or strength or eating. The soul, for instance, is the inua of the body. The earth and the sea, they believe, rest on pillars and cover an underworld accessible by various mountain clefts, or by various entrances from the sea. The sky is the floor of an upper world to which some go after death, while others—good or bad—have their future home in the underworld. Here are the dwellings of the arsissut—the people who live in abundance. The upper one, on the contrary, is cold and hungry; here live the arssariut, or ball players, so called from their playing at ball with a walrus head, which gives rise to the aurora borealis.

The mediums between the inua and mankind are the angakoks or wizards, who possess the peculiar gift of angakoonk, or the state of "being angakok," which they have acquired by the aid of guardian spirits called tornat, who again are ruled by tornarsuk, the supreme deity or devil of all. They also invoke a supernatural influence which is called kusiunek or iliseenek, which may be translated as witchcraft. This is believed to be the mystic agency which causes sudden sickness or death. In the folk-lore of the Greenlanders, as of other nations, divine justice manifests itself in the present life, though they have a faint belief in reward or punishment in the future world, according as the individual has behaved in this.

HE CHANGED AT TEN O'CLOCK.

The colored man at the depot had just told me that the train would be along in half an hour, when a negro lad about fifteen years old halted on the other side of the street and called to him:

"Oh, Sam! Did dat trunk cum yit!"

The man looked full at him, but made no answer, and the boy called again:

"Yo', Sam! Whar's dat trunk?"

As the man did not reply I called his attention to the boy, and he beckoned him over and queried:

"Boy, was you spokin to me?"

"Of co'se."

"What was yo' spokin about?"

"Dat trunk."

"Did you call me Sam?"

"Yes."

"Now, boy, I'ze dun told yo' ten different times dat I'ze Sam up to 10 o'clock in de mawnin. After dat, when de trains begin to cum along, I'ze Mistah Green, the gem'lan who handles de baggage and fills up de watah cooler. It's arter 10 now, an I'ze holdin a conversashun wid a gineral besides. Yo' go right along an mind yo'r bizness, an next time yo' disinterrupt me I'll make yo' dun grieve bekase de spring freshet didn't pick yo' up wid de odder truck an carry yo' down stream!"

Nothing else can equal Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for any form of sore throat. Try it once.

A WOMAN'S CRIME.

Mrs A. D. Cameron, Attempts Suicide While in Jail.

Mrs. A. D. Cameron, now in jail at Annapolis, charged with wilful murder of her husband at Bridgetown, made a double attempt to commit suicide on Saturday by taking an overdose of morphine and also by cutting her throat with a razor, which she had procured from the jailor for the ostensible purpose of cutting her corns. The medical attendant of jail was immediately summond and found an incision on the throat three inches in length and the jugular vein severed, from which a quantity of blood had flowed, necessitating the taking of several stitches. Prostration ensued from weakness caused by loss of blood, continuing all night and most of the next day. She now refuses to take any nourishment. A strict watch has since been placed on the prisoner.

An indefinite postponement of the court has been made, as the prisoner will be incapacitated from attending. Her brother, a lawyer from Maine, arrived here on Saturday and, with council engaged for the defence, will watch proceedings on behalf of the prisoner when the examinaton begins.

A later despatch than the above says:

"Mrs. Cameron has rallied during the day and it is thought the trial will proceed at Bridgetown tomorrow."

Twenty-five years ago Jennie McNichol, a vivacious 16 year-old, but fully developed girl, came down from Eastport, Me., to visit her married sister at Goldenville, Guysboro. She is well connected, and is a sister of A. McNichol, lawyer, of Calais, Me., and Colin McNichol, lawyer of Eastport. The gold mining boom was at its height in Goldenville, and there were many eligible suitors for the hand of the handsome girl. She chose Alexander D. Cameron, a well-to-do merchant and gold miner, who was double her age. Cameron was madly in love with his wife and settled money on her. Subsequently he met with reverses in buisness, but Mrs. Cameron's nest egg constantly increased until today she has $15,000 in her own right. Fifteen years ago they came to Bridgetown, started in buisness and did well. Mrs. Cameron became intimately acquainted with O. T. Daniels, a young lawyer, and made him her attorney for the management of her property.

The Camerons had no family and Daniels went to board with them. Three years ago Cameron began to break up from nervous troubles, became a complete wreck and addicted to quinine wine. Lawyer Daniels, who is municipal clerk of the county of Annapolis, continued to be Mrs. Cameron's intimate friend.

Last year Cameron assigned and Daniels arranged the compromise of fifty cents on the dollar with the creditors. It is alleged that the policy on Cameron's life was also made payable to Daniels, as trustee. Mrs. Cameron sold out the store and went to Maine to visit her friends. Soon after her return, in October, stories of renewed ill treatment were current and then she sent her husband over on the bay shore to live with a fisherman's family, telling her friends he would only live a short time, and she continued to board in town. She paid his board some months in advance, but though only five miles distant, never visited or wrote to him.

Meanwhile he began to recover. Three weeks ago, on the strength of an old prescription from the alleged doctor at Eastport, she obtained some laudanum and morphine from the same druggist. Two days after this, she started to visit her husband on the seashore. On the way she remarked to the driver that she had dreamed that her husband would not live until February 1, but she found him in fairly good health. She remained there a week.

On the morning of the 26th ult., they quarelled and he left the house. He was brought back and she gave him a cup of tea. She says his hands were so feeble that he could not hold the cup, and she held it while he drank. Very shortly he fell into a comatose condition, remaining so for thirty-hours, and then died.

After death, Mrs. Cameron arranged to forward the remains to the other end of the province, Pictou county, for interment; but the Free Mason lodge investigated the rumors of foul play, intercepted the body at the railway station, had an inquest and post-mortem, the result of which, was to show, that the deceased, died of morphine poisoning. Thereupon Mrs. Cameron was arrested.

ANNAPOLIS, N. S., Feb. 7.—Mrs. A. D. Cameron yesterday made another attempt to commit suicide by opening a vein in her arm with a pin. She also managed to let several of the stitches out of the cut in her neck, which the doctor again resewed. Evidently she means to do away with herself.

ONCE A POWERFUL NATION.

The Important Past of the New Pitiful Timorous Mashonas.

Theodore Bent has made some surprising discoveries with regard to the inhabitants of Mashonaland. Eight years ago Montague Kerr described these natives as a very timid people living among the rocks and crannies of the hills, where they kept a constant outlook for the approach of the dreaded Matabeles. Their enemies for many years had kept them in a state of terror. Mr. Bent says that in spite of their timid nature, he believed when he saw them last year that their race had seen better days, as they retained traces of a higher civilization in their skill in smelting iron, their carvings, and musical instruments. They called themselves the Makalanga, a name which did not signify much to the explorer until he returned to civilization. When he began to read the works of early Portuguese travellers. In the book written three hundred years ago by Dos Santos, who was a far more careful and accurate writer on Africa than most of his contemporaries, Mr. Brent was astonished to find this statement referring to the region of Mashonaland: "All these Kaffirs they call Mocarangas, because all talk the Mocaranga language. The Monamatapa and all his vassals are Mocarangas, a name which they have because they live in

THE LAND OF THE MOCARANGA,

which is the best and most polished of all the Kaffir languages I have seen." Here we have the same name as Makalanga by substituting, as the Portuguese always did r for l. Other conclusive testimony with regard to the identity of the two peoples has been discovered by Mr. Bent, and it may be regarded as established that the timid Makalangas of to-day are the descendants of the once powerful organization known in the sixteenth century as the empire of Monomatapa, a wonderful Kaffir organization like the Matabeles of to-day, which fell to pieces on account of internal dissensions, and finally became a prey to the Zulu hordes. The descriptions which Dos Santos gives of the Makalangas of Manomatapa correspond exactly with the habits and customs of the present inhabitants. He tells of the annual sacrifice to the spirits of their ancestors, the intercessors for them between God and man, the beer drinking, the iron smelting, the Mashonaland piano, the weekly day of rest during the ploughing season, and other customs which identify them with the people of to-day. Mr. Bent has also been able to avail himself of the writings of Arabian historians who lived 1000 years ago, whose descriptions of the

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE

living in this region connect them with the present race. Hence it seems very clear that the country now called Mashonaland has been inhabited for at least 1000 years by the ancestors of the present barbarous race, a race which at one time had power and some degree of civilization, due probably to its intercourse with foreign traders; but it has again fallen into a condition of barbarism. During the ploughing season every sixth day is called God's day, when the people abstain from work. The day is invariably devoted by the men to drinking beer and lying idle on the rocks. The Mashona piano consists of more than twenty iron notes, fixed to scale on a square piece of wood and played on a calabash to bring out the sound. The natives are a musicul race, and easily pick up tunes to play on this instrument. The anthropologist evidently has an inviting field for research in the study of the Makalanga, whose language is as yet little known. The natives are very reserved with regard to their customs and religious observances.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

A Widower and Widow Who Never Saw Each Other to Wed in Halifax.

Two anxious arrivals were expected in Halifax last week. One is a widower from North Sydney, and the other a widow from Newfoundland. Never having seen one another and being about to get married, their natural curiosity to see each other and know what the future husband or the future wife looks like has by this time doubtless been fullly aroused.

The story is a romantic one. The gentleman in the case is a telegraph operator. He has been a widower for about five years. The lady has been wearing the weeds a little better than half that time. She is expected on the next steamer, and the pair will be married at once. The couple became acquainted in rather a peculiar manner. The operator at one of the Newfoundland ports is a friend of the prospective bridegroom. He is also an acquaintance of the widow's, and while holding a flash light conversation with his friend at North Sydney, incidentally spoke of the lady. The operator at this end of the cable became interested and through the friend in Newfoundland a correspondence was struck up, mutual understandings and photos exchanged and a proposal of marriage extended and accepted. Arrangements were made and the lady is now on her way to Halifax. The groom elect was to have arrived last night, but did not do so. He is supposed to have stopped off near Truro to see his daughter who is married there, but he is likely to be on time for the steamer and the ceremony.—Halifax Echo.

FROZE TO A TREE

Frightful Experience of Two Men in a Missouri River.

James Matthews and Dr. Williams, of Memphis, Mo., are the heroes of a remarkable adventure from which they barely escaped with their lives. On a recent morning they set out to cross Wolf river in an old bateau at a point where the stream is half a mile wide, and when about sixty yards from the bank, where the water was very deep with a swift current, their boat sank and they were left struggling in the icy torrent. Matthews managed to reach a tree and pulled himself up to a seat on a stout limb. Dr. Williams was swept past this refuge, and could do no better than clutch the pendant branch of another tree. He was too much benumbed to reach the trunk, and was afraid to let go; so there he stayed half submerged in freezing water, while his companion shivered on a limb near at hand, but unable to render him any assistance. There they remained for several hours, when at length their cries were heard and a rescue undertaken. It was necessary first, however, to build a boat, and this took six hours more, and it was not until they had passed nearly ten hours in their perilous situation that they were finally taken off. Dr. Williams' hand had frozen to the limb he grasped, and it was necessary to bring the limb away with him, But for freezing to it he would have been swept away and drowned.

RUINS OF A TEMPLE.

There rises a huge wall, seventy-five feet high, enclosing a square court of which the side is 470 feet long. Part of the wall having fallen into ruins, has been rebuilt from the ancient materials, but the whole of the north side, with its beautiful pilasters, is perfect. As the visitors enter the court they stand still in astonishment at the extraordinary sight which meets their eyes, for here, crowded within those four walls, is the native village of Tadmor.

It was natural enough for the Arabs to build their mud huts within these ready-made fortifications, but the impression produced by such a village in such a place is indescribably strange. The temple, so to speak, is eaten out at the core, and little but the shell remains. But here and there a fluted Corinthian column or group of columns, with entablature still perfect, rises in stately grace far over the wretched huts, the rich, creamy color of the limestone and the beautiful mouldings of the capitals contrasting with the clear blue of the cloudless sky. The best view of the whole is to be obtained from the roof of the naos, which, once beautiful and adorned with sculpture, is now all battered and defaced and has been metamorphosed into a squalid little mosque. To describe the view from that roof were indeed a hopeless task. High into the clear blue air and the golden sunshine rise the stately columns; crowded and jumbled and heaped together below, untouched by the gladdening sunbeams, unrefreshed by the pure, free air, lies all the squalor and wretchedness of an Arab mud-hut village.

His mother—Willie, you will wear the life out of me! Why can't you be a good little boy, like Harry Glasspy? Willie—I 'xpect he's been brought up a good deal better'n I've been.

Itch, mange and scratches of every kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

HIS QUEEN OF QUEENIES.

The Stevens-Nase Case—His Gushing Love Letters.

Leonard Nase, the husband, has sent to the St. John papers extracts from the letters written by the late rector of St. Luke's church, St. John, to Mrs. Nase, and a few extracts from Mr. Nase's extracts are printed below. A perusal of them must excite feelings of sincere regret for the folly of the unhappy man who wrote them, who seems all at once to have broken loose from the restraints of his life, who, in a few months, poured out his passion in a Niagara of words and phrases, who ransacked modern and classical literature, confounding Grecian goddesses and Roman deities in his efforts to appropriately name, according to his estimate of her, the fair and fickle one who received his twenty-two epistles, and then turned upon him and spurned him, and now publishes to a scornful world his effusions. It is a sad thing for all concerned that this correspondence was not stopped at the first letter by the hand that stopped it, under such sinister circumstances, at the twenty-second. These are the extracts:

"You radiant-browed, unique-faced, musical-voiced, kissable, delectable,

THRILLING ARMFUL

of contradictions! Yet, queen of my loving heart." The following are quotations from subsequent letters: "You were so charming and constrained and

SHY IN THE PARLOR,

just allowing your pretty foot to peep out tantalizingly." . . . "I thought much of you last evening, but did not dare to look at you, as I have not thought it discreet to look at you, however much I wanted during the last four years, although in all that time the congregation has contained only one face for me."

HE CALLED HER QUEENIE.

. . . "You can help me, my love, very much in this way. During prayers, if you don't care to kneel, have an open prayer book and read the prayers to yourself, following me, will you! and I will give you an extra and secret prayer and blessing every time. And don't I pray for you and preach to you? Indeed I must confess that my congregation very, very often consists of only one, and if I were not on my guard I should be tempted to begin——'Dearly beloved Queenie.'"

HER FIRST NOTE.

. . . "And now, to answer Queenie's first note. . . . My heart was never touched and stirred until I saw you. I know perfectly well that I have no mortal right to tell you this, because you belong to another. . . . You are my queen, my mate, my affinity, my love. . . . I am glad to have a constant reminder of you every time I look windowwards, which will be much oftener now than when I had a lot of shop girls to gaze at. . . . Be sure and give me a letter Tuesday which I can take with me to Fredericton and read at my leisure." . . .

DID SHE CALL HIM HER BIG BOY?

"You are a woman made for life and society, generous, entertaining, and can queen it, as you proved it last night. . . I think much of you and I hope you sometimes do of my lovely and loved pet's Big Boy."

HER MYSTIC WITCHERY.

"I love the mystic witchery of your ways, for beauty's charm is strong and love obeys. I see this rhymes. I often slide into poetry before I know it. Do you love poetry? I am not so very bad a hand at it and will write you an occasional little poem if you don't object. Let me try my hand now. [Here follows poetry.] . . . How many, both men and women, don't love their husbands and wives, but seek for their affinites—that piece of human flesh (whoever owns it and to whomsoever it legally belongs) which magnetically and electrically attracts it. . . ."

NOW SHE IS VENUS.

"You yourself are a Grecian goddess, a kind of Venus, a goddess of love." . . . Venus is considered the ideal figure for a woman, and I am mighty sure you will come near her. I shall call you not only Queenie, but Venus." . . . "Can't you manage to write me a short New Year's letter some time to-day, and give it to me at the post office to-morrow morning."—Globe.

GAGETOWN.

FEB. 1.—The concert held last evening by the Methodist church, was a grand success. By seven o'clock the seats in the temperance hall were well filled. The following program was carried out: Greeting song, "We come again"; address by the chairman, R. T. Babbitt; chorus, "Hunter's Call"; sleighing song, by the children; dialogue, "Tobacco," by four boys; tableau, "Queen Elizabeth signing the Death Warrant of Mary, Queen of Scots"; Solo, "Man the life boat," by J. B. Barton; part song and chorus, "Come rise with the lark"; march and drill by the children; duet, by Mrs. T. H. Gilbert and J. B. Barton; tableau, "Last moments of Mary, Queen of Scotts"; quartette, "Speed away"; solo, Mrs. T. H. Gilbert; dialogue and round, by nine little girls; tableau, "The fine arts"; solo, by J. B. Barton; National Anthem. After singing Old Lang Syne," tables were quickly prepared, and brown bread, beans and coffee served. Proceeds go towards the support of the church.

Last Sunday afternoon the remains of Archibald McAllister were interred in the Church of England burying ground. Mr. McAllister was eighty-four years of age. Rev. N. C. Hansen conducted the funeral services.

Miss Blanche Tibbits has been ill for some time with a severe cold.

KINGMAN, MAINE.

FEB. 6.—The want of snow seems to be the general topic of the day, particularly among the lumbermen. The