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POOR DOCUMENT

were an every day matter to be smiled upon by simpering young men, and the self same young men guy each other in a manner entirely objectionable to one of my sentiment.

Do not again fall into error, my boy, for it is only human nature after all.

I always had a fancy for the sea shore, and, apart from the fact that much of interest to the susceptible is to be found there, I claim an instinctive delight in studying the wonderful works of Providence, especially those of the hard shell sea animal. This instinct is of a positively devouring nature, and I have found myself carried away after a hearty perusal of the same.

I have no reason to believe that I should make a first class representative cherub—in fact my personal appearances are against it—but I felt myself considerably removed from that situation when an aged apparition—presumably a patriarch—whom I had previously judged to be at least a Straight Shore alderman, approached and begged the loan of a quarter—a charge which I indignantly repudiated. What a predicament to be in, and away from home too.

But I braced up, and began to appreciate the beauties of the spot. Here a long line of yellow sand, dotted everywhere with figures of all sorts and classes of people, eager for a dash in the water; a pleasant background of hills and the low stretch of green in the distance. Intervening projections obstruct the sight and prevent a view of the whole shore at high tide, but the scene is more picturesque, my boy, and you see enough of it anyway.

Did I speak of those pretty little dabblers in the water? Well no, they were of little interest, let me remark, to one of my sentiment, but of course I could scarcely pass them by. Dainty little figures, too, which resemble those of the conventional street lady in only a few respects, and doubtless these you have noted, my boy.

It is now several weeks since I visited the shore, and as you know it would be useless for me to go there again at this time of the year. The hills are bleak and the summer annuals have departed. Here and there an expectant sportsman may be seen creeping up behind the festive snipe, but he has more game in him than he is permitted to carry home again.

Winter may have its charms, but it causes a desolation about the sea shore, that makes the heart of anyone who has indulged in its summer pleasures sad with the thought. Who can forget the brightness of those moments on the sands, when one's piece of mind is only disturbed by the rustling of a few trifling insects in his garments. Who would not leave the labors of his desk, to enjoy an existance like this? And yet, my boy, there are folks in St. John who do not visit the Bay Shore more than once a century, and there others who go there every week. I do not say that every convenience for bathers is to be had at this place. Far from it, I can vouch for the fact that many of the young men, depend not so much on bathing suits as on the shelter of a friendly rock or a neighbouring cove.

Be this as it may, and allowing for the fact that appliances might be more numerous, a friendly rock, my boy, or a neighbouring cove is not a bad thing, and is far ahead of nothing at all.

But is it not a pity that one cannot even hire a first class towel on the grounds, and has to bleach on the sands until his bones are dry. I am not partial but I draw the line at that, my boy.

It is rumored that a big summer hotel will be built at the shore one of these days and then doubtless they will build the bridge across the harbor for the convenience of summer boarders. These are mighty good times, my boy, and a small expense means nothing to the city. One point will be gained, a bridge to Carleton would make St. John appear larger.

Looking back over the very pleasant days which I have not spent by the sad sea waves, I feel as though I should like to be there again, but the season is now far gone, and let me remark on the quiet, so am I. I know of improvements that might be suggested, but at present I fear to divulge them.

Yours anxiously,
S U. SCRIBER.

FAIRVILLE.

Its Situation, growth and Prominent Features, with a Glance at Kingsville and Milford.

There is perhaps no locality about the city of St. John that can boast of a more picturesque situation or a larger list of attractions than that on the western side of the river above the falls, extending over the peninsula between Spurr's Cove and the Narrows, and across to the shore of the Bay of Fundy.

Up to about fifty years ago, the principal settlements within the area just mentioned, had been those of Indians, and at one time, how long ago it can only be surmised, the Indian settlement at this place must have been quite extensive, as it is only a few years since flint and stone arrow heads, hatchets and other relics of the old settlement have been dug up in the vicinity.

Mr. R. Fair was one of the first settlers and storekeepers of the place and it has accordingly been called Fairville. These first white settlements were principally along what is now the Main street of Fairville, on the road then called the Manawagonish road, and now generally known as the Mahogany Road. This road was the old post road between St. John and St George St. Andrews. etc.

The Fredericton post road branches off to the north about one mile west of Fairville and just at the upper end of the village a road runs off to the north of South Bay. The two first mentioned were the only outlets from St. John to western and northwestern parts of the province previous to the building of the railways, and they cost the government immense sums for construction and repairs. All this traffic passsed through Fairville going and coming, communication with the city being had via Carleton and the ferry.

In 1848 the Provincial Lunatic Asylum was erected at the lower end of Fairville on a height of land most favorably situated in every particular. The main building is 300 feet long and the end wings 150 feet each; the centre wing 120 feet, the whole being in the form of a letter E. It would then accommodate about 300 patients. Since that time several additions have been made to it. This handsome brick structure and its beautifully arranged grounds, thickly studded with different varieties of shade trees stands out a very prominent object in the landscape and is always a point of peculiar interest.

A great impetus to the growth of Fairville resulted from the building of the Suspension bridge in 1852, over the rocky gorge just below the falls. This handsome structure cost $80,000. It has a span of 640 feet, is 70 feet above high water, and hangs from ten cables supported by four granite towers 53 feet high. The cables contain 570 miles of wire. Toll was collected from persons crossing the bridge until 1876, when the Provincial government bought it and threw it open to the public.

MILFORD, KINGSVILLE, &C.

For many years the principal support to the community has been from the saw mills, which are seven in number from the falls to the bend of the river at the Narrows, employing altogether nearly seven hundred hands, and sawing over 80,000,000 of lumber every season. A large number of the mill hands live in Fairville proper but the majority of them live more in the vicinity of the mills and these villages go by the name of Milford: Pleasant Point and Kingsville the latter name applying to the locality near Messrs. S. T. King & Son's mill.

The mills are, first Andrew Cushing & Co's on the point at the falls, employing a hundred or more hands. Next on Spurr's Cove, Miller & Woodman's mill with 170 hands and their large new shingle mill (the largest about St. John) with about 50 hands employed. On Pleasant Point Messrs. Stetson, Cutler & Co's saw and shingle mill requiring about 70 hands, and G. E. Barnhill's mill with 55 or 60 hands. At Kingsville, Messrs. S. T. King & Son's mill with 90 hands, and a little further up Messrs. Randolph & Baker's mill with 125 men employed. The latter firm also have a number of lime kilns which give employment to quite a number of men.

These milling localities are all apparently doing well. Everything has a comfortable look about it and many new houses are noticed. Milford has several stores, a public hall and a school house. Kingsville can boast of having a cornet band that is fast becoming very popular. This band has purchased a finely situated piece of land on the east side of the road from Milford to Fairville proper, just between the railway crossing and St. Roses' church, and there is talk of turning it into a park or public grounds of some kind and of erecting on it a fine hall.

The development of Milford and Pleasant Point would be greatly aided by the establishment of a good steam ferry between the latter place and Indiantown. The road leading from Pleasant Point to Fairville affords some very fine views, which are well worth going on purpose to see. They embrace Indiantown and its harbor, Marble Cove, the river from the falls to the narrows, and views of the falls and bridges over them which are particularly attractive.

Fairville is perhaps one of the most thriving localities about St. John, and there are few either of our own citizens or of the visitors to the city from abroad who have not enjoyed a drive through this tidy little town. One is at once struck by the difference in the appearance of Fairville from any other locality in the vicinity of the city, the noticeable feature being the country town appearance which still clings to it, from the reason that so many of the buildings stand end to the street and have the steep sloping shingle roofs shedding the rain to each side.

A few years ago the shops were also largely of the country town style, containing in a small space a stock of articles of merchandise of such an infinite variety as can only be found together in the country store: Groceries, hardware, dry goods, boots and shoes, clothing, tinware, stoves agricultural timplements, medicine and everyihing that either a town or country customers would require from a needle to a crowbar, a fine toothed comb to a hay rack, were always in stock. Of late years however the growth of the business of the place has rendered changes advisable and the shopkeepers are getting more into the way each succeeding year of making a special feature of a particular branch of business and accordingly the stores yearly present a much more city-like appearance than formerly.

But although quite a bussy looking place at times, the stranger or the merely casual observer in passing through it gets a very meagre idea of the importance of Fairville and the adjacent villages of Kingsville and Milford. Many of the residents of Fairville work in the mills in the two last named places, but there is a large amount of work done in the town itself. The opening of the New Brunswick Railway gave Fairville quite a start ahead. The country trade of the place has been steadily increasing yearly and is still capable of much development. The opening of the railway bridge across the falls and the removal of the N. B. R. round house and work shop from Carleton to Fairville has also been one of the factors that have contributed to the growth of the place. There is not a house to let anywhere in the town. It is understood that several monied men have in contemplation the building of a number of residences in Fairville or vicinity on speculation.

Fairville contains two brick yards, one off Ready street owned by Mr. Collins, and that of Messrs B Mooney & Sons near Spurr's Cove. This latter brick yard is said to be the finest situated spot for the manufacture of bricks that there is in the province there being such an abundance of the right grades of clay and sand in close proximity to each other. The place also boasts of a large foundry. which is kept running full blast all the time; a planing mill and a brewery. Mr. James Ready the owner of the brewery has commenced the work of excavating for laying the foundation of another large brick brewery, which it is understood will cost about $25,000. He also has a large reservoir supplied from a spring and gives a large amount of employment in storing up the ice that makes in it. An additional reservoir is now being consructed.

Four different religious denominations have churches in Fairville, a fine edifice each for the Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, and each church is attended by a good sized congregation. The Salvation Army too is working in and one half a dozen strong with banners flying and drums beating, they make as much noise as though they would take the place by storm. There is one public hall and a fine new one in connection with St Rose's church is now being opened by a bazaar. This hall will not be finished, however, till spring.

The town with the suburbs mentioned must have a population of 2,500 or 3,000. There are indications of prosperity on every hand. The roads are the best and the sidewalks are kept in good repair, and the extension of the sidewalk down to the bridge is a great boon to pedestrians. The water supply is obtained from the main that carries the water from Spruce Lake to Carleton. There is no provision made, however, for a supply in case of ffre, and there is not even a fire company. For this reason the insurance rates are very high, in fact there are many places on which risks will not be taken by any good company. This state of affairs should not exist any longer as a serious conflagration might occur at any time where there are so many houses and no one available means of checking the progress of a fire once it started.

The roads running to and from Fairville in all directions are nearly always in good condition and afford a variety of scenery within a circuit of a few miles that is very seldom to be met with anywhere. On the Mahogany Road a very large amount of driving is done between Fairville and Spruce Lake about seven miles distant. A proposed road, which will probably be opened next spring, has been laid out, to run from Ready street through Mr R. A. Gregory's place to the asylum annex, to which a large brick addition is now being constructed or is about ready for plastering. From the asylum annex the road will be continued to the Bay Shore coming out at McClaren's beach. This road when opened will be a very fine addition to the list of picturesque drives in the vicinity.

Some of the finest residences in the vicinity are along the Mahogany road a short distance past the town. Many of them have very nicely arranged grounds and present an attractive appearance, while they enjoy a healthful situation with fine landscape views. Among the finest places may be mentioned the residences of Messrs. A. Barnhill, Jas. Ready, Wm. Barnhill, J. H. Butt, Geo. Morrison jr. Richard Thompson, and James Manchester.

Taken altogether, it appears as though Fairville is just entering on the most prosperous period of its history, for the indications are that its trade will rapidly develop to much larger proportions than at present, and as a residence locality it is rapidly growing in popular favor. Street lights and provision for protection from fire are at present the two first things to be considered and both are much needed.

CARLETON INDUSTRIES.

A View of Some of the Work Done on the West Side.

Most of the people who reside in what is generally termed the city proper, and transient visitors to St. John are not very familiar with, as a rule, the industries of that part of the city known as West End. Notwithstanding this seeming lack of knowledge on the part of the public, the western part of the city is an important adjunct to St. John and is destined at no late period to become an important factor in assisting the increasing prosperity of our city. Although Carleton, or West End, has always been a part of St. John, it was only so in name until up to the time of union of the city with Portland. The change is largely in favor of the West End. The streets are getting repaired and put in order and a complete system of sewerage is being arranged. This, with other improvements coupled with a one cent ferry, will certainly put Carleton on an equal footing with the other districts of the city. The water frontage of Carleton is very valuable and a reasonable expenditure of money in dredging and extending the wharf property would give an extensive accomodation for the largest vessels coming to the port.

With a view to acquiring an insight into the business at present transacted at the West End. A Gazette reporter called upon a number of the leading manufacturers and merchants and collected the following information which makes a creditable showing. The first interview was with the enterprising firm of Adam & Gregory. This firm employs from 90 to 100 men on an average for the year round and saw from eight to ten million feet of lumber. A large portion of this is shipped in vessels to New York and other ports of the United States. Mr. Dunn expects to do a good year's work, the recent rain having released their cut of logs.

R. A. Gregory also does an extensive business but his mill does not run all year. He employs about 120 men on an average. His lumber is also shipped in large quantities to foreign ports.

E. B. Colwell leads in the fish business. During the summer months he employs about 6 hands (men) and about 15 boys. His trade is both in fresh, salted and smoked fish, shipping large quantities in the brisk season to Upper Canada and foreign ports. Things are dull about this season but later on the trade becomes more brisk both in smoked fish and frozen herring. Mr. Colwell ships by each Boston boat from 100 to 200 boxes of bloaters and from January 1st until March 1st he usually ships about 45 barrels of frozen herring each trip of the boat.

Elijah Ross, one of the old "Paris crew," is engaged in building race boats, yachts, and pleasure boats. He turns out some very fine work a sample of which is his yacht "British Queen" the pride of Carleton. She has successfully competed in several regattas in this harbor. Mr. Ross is ready to do any work in the above line and guarantees to give perfect satisfaction.

The red granite works which is managed by Mr. F. T. C. Burpee employs nearly 100 men in the sheds here, 30 in the red quarry at St. George and 10 in the gray quarry on the St. John River. About 2000 tons of rough granite have been shipped this season to the United States, large quantities of polished granite is also sent there. Mr. Burpee reports business in a very prosperous condition.

D. W. Clarke & Son give employment to about 13 men in their shingle and box factory and 2 in the electric light works. They make between 80,000 and 100,000 boxes in a year, all for local trades. They run about 48 electric lights. Mr. Clarke also takes contracts in wharf and bridge building employing about 15 men.

The estate of E. H. Dunham find work for 4 men in the coopering business, They make about 600 nail kegs per week for Foster's nail factory.

Allan's Iron Foundry and Machine Works.

The establishment of the above named firm compares favorably with any works of the same kind in the Maritime Provinces. It was established several years before it came into the hands of Allan Bros., which was in 1861. The firm of Rich & Wakefield were then the proprietors. It was successfully worked by Allan Bros., from 1861 until 1887, when it was purchased by the present owners and placed under the efficient management of Mr. Walter Allan. They now employ between 30 and 40 hands in their different departments. At the time the works were purchased by Allan Bros., the buildings were of wood but in the year 1872 these were totally destroyed by fire. They were immediately reconstructed of brick and present a fine appearance. The dimensions of the works are 200 feet front by 100 feet deep. The firm make a speciality of ship work and turn out some very fine work in this line as owners of vessels can testify. Samples of this work can be seen in any ship outfitting shop in St. John, in the shape of capstan, windlasses, patent pumps, cabooses, cabin stoves etc. They make a large number of the "Little Boss Pumps," a pump now much in use among the vessels sailing out of the provinces. About 30 vessels have been fitted out by the firm during the last season. The firm also turns out some splendid engines many of which are used in the various large saw-mills in the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Last winter they built a pair of fore and aft compound engines for the steam tug Maggie M. which has proved to be one of the strongest and best tugs now in the harbor of St. John. Their next productions are the machinery used by the Red Granite works in Carleton and the several different granite works in St. George for polishing and finishing and sawing the stone and for column cutting laths. The firm have been in this line of business but a few years, but are rapidly acquiring a name for the neatness and fine work done by their machines. Since the fire at McAdam Junction which did so much damage to the New Brunswick Railway works, the Allan firm have been filling an order received for counter shafting, hangers and pulleys for the new railway shops at McAdam. They have also just finished a large piece of casting for a manufactory in the province which has formerly been done in the United States. This shows that their work is of the best kind and it is hoped by those interested in the welfare of St. John that this enterprising firm will secure many contracts of the same kind. They have all the latest and most improved machinery to execute their work with, and there is no reason why they should not get the contracts. They also manufacture the justly celebrated "Climax Range, which has obtained a name for itself, (on its merits) all over the world. We wish to state on behalf of Mr. W. H. Allan, that the firm are prepared to take contracts in any of the lines above mentioned, and that the work will give the best of satisfaction. The shops are now all lighted by electricity, and Mr. Allan is enabled, on an over rush of work, to continue operations in the night.

In a Tight Place.

The following story concerning a brave woman's adventure with a mountain lion is told by Aunt Sally Tinkham, a pioneer of '62:

"When Jim an' me went up the Divide in '63 thar wan't no settlers in that kentry. I never was a handy woman with a gun, an' to this day to the theyter claps my han's over my ears and shets my eyes when firin's goin' on; but Jim an' Ed Gay, who was along, says when they went huntin': 'Now ef anny animals comes let 'em alone an' they'll go 'long 'bout their business.' 'I allus cal'lates to,' says I; and arter they was gone I set an' knit an' knit. The chompin' of the mules feedin' was some compeny an' the setter pup tied to the wagon wheel was suthin' alive, ef he was a big skeercrow. The fust thin' I seed was the mules a-cavortin' by, draggin' the ropes they'd been picketed with, an' then the pup give an awful howl. My hair riz right up, fur comin' down the mountin, jest beyond the ashes of our camp fire, was a great yaller brute like he'd come out of a circus, an' a-lashin' his tail like our old Tom when a fight was on. I never thought. I jest flung my sunbonnet at him, saying 'Shoo!' like he was a neighbor's cow. He looked sorter surprised with his great green eyes, and begun advarncin' towards the poor pup, that jest flattened out like he knowed his hour hed come. That roused my ugly fur. I set a store by thet pup, an' I run into the tent, where the evil one put inter my mind to fetch out a tin can full of powder. I took the lid off and slung the can right inter that heap of hot ashes of our camp fire beyond the wagon where the beast was jest layin' for a spring.

"Fur a min'it I thought it was the day of jedgment. Then I humped round, put the fire out on the tent with a pail of water I'd got for supper. I never heered nowthin' that day, but the pup wan't burnt much an' the men didn't scold 'bout the wagon top's bein' burnt off, seein' I was so game, they sed. They 'lowed though the pup wan't wuth it, fur powder was high."

"And the mountain lion?"

"Thar was a chunk of yaller fur on a tree an' I never looked no farther."—Patience Stapleton in Once a Week.

Sound at Long Distance.

The distance at which the ear can distinguish sound depends both upon the intensity of the sound, the medium through which it is transmitted and other causes, including the state of the atmosphere. In the Polar regions Sir John Franklin said he conversed with ease at a distance of more than a mile. Sound has greater force in water. Colladon, by experiments made in the Lake of Geneva, estimated that a bell submerged in the sea might be heard at a distance of more than 60 miles. Franklin asserts that he heard the striking together of two stones in the water half a mile away. The report of cannon travels very far, because it communicates a vibration to the soil. The cannonade of Florence was heard beyond Leghorn, about 56 miles off, and that of Genoa, 100 miles off. In 1762 the cannon of Mayence was heard at Tinbeck, a village 148 miles off. When the English landed in Egypt on one of their expeditions the firing was distinctly heard 130 miles off. In 1809 the booming of the cannon in Heligoland reached Hanover, a distance of 157 miles. But the greatest distance at which artificially produced sounds are known to have been heard was on Dec. 4, 1832, when the cannon at Antwerp were heard in the Erzgebirge mountains, 370 miles distant. The noise produced by an intense eruption of Mount Cotopaxi, in South America, in 1744, was heard at a distance of 600 miles.—Brooklyn Eagle.

AUNT CHLOE'S THEOLOGY.

'Pears like dar am folks dat neber has got
No 'ligion dat dey kin spare,
Ef dey sticks and bodders 'bout sich little tings
Dat aint no 'count anywhere!
De Bible done tole us salbation am free,
An' de soul, is may full drink, an' eat;
De dog am a fool dat foreber will gnaw
De bone, when he kin hab de meat!

An' what am de use to be snivelin' 'bou
Dis chere little sin, an' dat sir',
When de flood tide oh grace kin jus' tote it away,
An' leabe all de soul white an' cl'ar?
Now dar am a heap oh tings in de paff
Fo' we git to de heabenly gate,
Dat will trip us up (ef we 'lows em to).
An' p'raps keep us out rader late.

Now for sample: dars missus, dat 'pears for to tink
My 'ligion a poo' kin', an' loose,
An' she base her 'pinion an' argyment on
Sich a trifin' ting as a goose!
Yer see, 'twuz de picnic de white folks hah,
An missus she say "tix de tings"—
An' I makes de fine cake an' done rosa' de goose
(Brown it nice, an' tuck under de wings)

But when dey am ready to go to de woods
Wid dere baskets, an' tings to be fod,
Dat ole goose wuz missin', and missus she look
An' jus' find it under my bed!
An' I 'pears 'prised like, and say, "How dat ar
Ether git dar? I jus' like to know!"
But missus she jus' look me straight in de eye,
An' say, "Why, how could yer?" Oh, Chlo!

"I tinks yer's a Christian, an' here ye done stole!
'Bout sich gwine ter heaven, dar's doubt!"
Den I flar up an' say, "Does yer spect I's a gwine
For to let dat ole goose keep me out?"
Fer 'twuz only but one ob de pebbles ob sin
Dat lie in the airth trodden road,
An' ses nuff count to hide from my view
De face ob my Mas'er—de Lawd!"

Dat am my 'pinion; de mos' lib'ral kin'
Wid no narrer mindedness creed;
An' I 'spects dat bimeby de Lawd open his book,
An' do name ob his chillun will read;
Den will say to some angel dat 's dar wid his han's
In his pockets—a lyin' round loose—
"Go tote up ole Chlo to de heabenly lan'a.
"An' neber yer mind dat ole goose!"
—Mrs. A Giddings Parks in Christian at Work.

Goethe as Host.

In his last years Goethe had become monosyllabic and serious and was also at times very forgetful. One afternoon a hussar from Weimar came riding rapidly into Jena and drew bridle at the door of the professor. This hussar was the bearer of a note from Goethe to Voigt, in which the doctor was pressingly invited to come to Goethe that same evening, and it was added that a carriage would come for Voigt in about an hour. Voigt naturally gladly obeyed the summons and was driven to Weimar to wait upon the poet. Arrived at Goethe's well known room Voigt found there, in addition to Goethe himself, Reimer, the poet's secretary; Eckermand, afterward the poet's Boswell, and one or two other men whose names are unrecorded.

They were all sitting around a table and Goethe wore a green shade over his eyes. No one spoke a word, but each man had before him a bottle of red wine. Voigt wished to announce himself and to inquire what were his excellency's commands, but Reimer whispered to him quietly: "Hush! Excellency is thinking." Silence again settled down upon the party and the men sipped their wine noiselessly. At last, at 10 p. m., the party broke up, Goethe dismissing his friends with his usual formula, "I wish my friends a good night." The next morning excellency could remember nothing about the invitation to Voigt. Some idea must have crossed the poet's mind which made him desirous of seeing and speaking with the professor, but the idea had vanished and left no trace. so that Voigt returned to Jena without having learned why he had been so suddenly and needlessly summoned to Weimar.—Athenæum.

Sometimes You Can't Always Tell.

A wise man says: "A young man used hardly and roughly will be a tougher man in the end. He will go into the fire iron and come out steel." That depends a great deal on whether he does or not. And that, again, depends largely on what the young man is when he goes in. If he is simply bass wood, and the very best quality of bass wood at that, when he goes in, he goes in for good. He doesn't come out anything. I don't know where he goes, but he doesn't come out again. It won't do to put all young men into the fire. Unless the tempering process be considered a good way to get rid of them. And then when you put the young man of iron into the fire you don't want to keep him there too long, or you'll spoil him. Iron will burn as well as bass wood, if you keep it on the fire long enough. "How long shall you keep him in them?" Oh, bless you; how do I know? Ask the wise man, he began it.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

An Ancient Pun.

In an after dinner speech the other day Professor Norton told the following story of a famous pun: "I was spending an evening with an English justice, famed for his knowledge of the wit of the English bench and bar. I tried to match his stories with such shining specimens as I could think of from the contributions of our American lawyers, reserving for the last the famous pun of Judge Hoar regarding a friend of his, 'who,' he said, 'first got on, then got honor and then got honest.' To my surprise, Mr. Justice Wills scarcely smiled at his sally. Indeed, his manner rather savored of offense. 'That is a good story,' he remarked dryly, 'but I fear I must dampen your enjoyment of it somewhat by telling you that it was borrowed from our side of the water. Mr. friend, Sir Frederick ——, one of the most gifted of punsters as well as of lawyers,' said Mr. Justice Wills, with some severity, 'made that pun originally, in my hearing, many years ago.' Against this view I protested so valiantly that Mr. Justice Wills promised to write to Sir Frederick without delay. That gentleman's reply confirmed my own belief. He admitted borrowing the pun from America. His letter was so charming that I sent it to Judge Hoar. I received this reply: 'The letter which you were so kind as to forward to me would once have given me great pleasure, but, alas! it arrived too late. Two days ago, in looking over an old law magazine of the date of 1837, I came across what I had fondly believed to be my own pun, very likely an old one then!'"—Buffalo Courier.

Coquelin's Humble Origin.

I have just returned from a brief visit to the renowned sea bathing city of Boulogne-sur-Mer, where, being a devotee of the drama and a great admirer of the genius of the elder Coquelin, I paid a visit to the baker's shop once kept by the father of the now famous actor. It is the largest and handsomest establishment of the kind in Boulogne, and has the reputation of supplying the best bread in the city. It has since passed out of the possession of the family and is now kept by an Englishman named Gibson. Coquelin, being rather given to bumptiousness with his comrades, has more than once had his very respectable but unaristocratic origin thrown in his teeth in the course of a dispute. Once, before he left the Comedie Francaise, he got into a quarrel with his distinguished fellow actor, Worms, who was originally a private soldier, and was compelled when in that capacity to serve as valet to one of his superior officers. "Shut up, you clothes brusher," cried Coquelin, in a passion. "And you, M. Coquelin," responded Worms, "had best return to your ancestral loaves and rolls—that is all you are fit for." Coquelin comes down twice a year to visit his relatives in Boulogne, and the city is justly proud of the renown and the achievements of her famous son. He is at present enjoying the sea breezes at Dieppe.—Paris Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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INSPECTION INVITED.

OLD DAVY CROCKETT, M. C.

THE MAN WHO SAID HE COULD WHIP HIS WEIGHT IN WILDCATS.

Anecdotes of the Famous Congressman from the Wild Woods of Tennessee—The Story Found in the Columns of an Old Philadelphia Publication.

The celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Davy Crockett attracted public attention to one of the most remarkable men who ever lived in this state. Comparatively few of the present generation are familiar with the characteristics of the famous Indian fighter, pioneer, hunter and member of congress.

In looking through an old scrap book today I found several copies of The Ariel, a literary and critical gazette published in Philadelphia. The number of Jan. 23, 1829, contains the following story of Davy Crockett, which may not prove uninteresting just at this time:

Davy Crockett, a Tennessee member of congress. The facetious Mr. K., of Ohio, tells a good story in which this congressman from the wild woods of Tennessee figures as the hero. The reader will suppose Davy returned from the first session he had the honor of representing the people in congress. He is to suppose, further, that Davy has fallen in with a number of his constituents at a raising, and is telling them of his visit to the president.

DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

"The first thing I did," said Davy, "after I got to Washington was to go to the president's house. Think's I, who's afraid? If I didn't I wish I may be shot. Says I, 'Mr. Adams, I am Mr. Crockett, from Tennessee.' 'So?' says he; 'how do you do, Mr. Crockett?' and he shook me by the hand, although he knowed I went the whole hog for Jackson. If I didn't I wish I may be shot. Not only that, but he sent me a printed ticket to dine with him. I've got it in my pocket yet. If I haven't I wish I may be shot." (Here the printed ticket was exhibited for the admiration of the whole company.) "I went to dinner," said Davy, "and walked around the long table looking for something that I liked. At last I took my seat just beside a fat goose, and I helped myself to as much as I wanted. But I hadn't took three bites when I looked away up the table at a man called Tash (attache). He was talking French to a woman on t'other side of the table. He dodged his head and she dodged hers, and they got to drinking wine across the table. If they didn't I wish I may be shot. But when I looked back again my plate was gone, goose and all. So I jist cast my eyes down to t'other end of the table, and sure enough I seed a white man walking off with my plate. Says I, 'Helloo, mister; bring back my plate.' He fetched it back in a hurry, as you may suppose, and when he set it down before me how do you think it was? Licked as clean as my hand. If it wasn't I wish I may be shot. Says he, 'What will you have, sir?' And says I, 'You may well say that after stealing my goose,' and he began to laugh. If he didn't I wish I may be shot. Then says I, 'Mister, laugh if you please, but I don't half like such tricks upon travelers. If I do I wish I may be shot.' I then filled my plate with bacon and greens, and whenever I looked up or down the table I held my plate with my left hand. If I didn't I wish I may be shot. When we were all done eating they cleared everything off the table and took away the table cloth, and what do you think?—there was another table cloth under it. If there wasn't I wish I may be shot. Then I saw a man coming along carrying a great glass thing with a glass handle below, full of little glass cups with something in them that looked good to eat. Says I, 'Mister, bring that here.' Thinks I, let's taste 'em first. They were mighty sweet and good, and so I took six of 'em. If I didn't I wish I may be shot."

HIS WAY OF ELECTIONEERING.

The Ariel of Feb. 7, 1829, contains the following: "The Hon. David Crockett, member of congress from Tennessee, who has been made the hero of a most laughable story by a waggish Kentucky editor, has taken that matter so seriously to heart as to publish certificates of his conduct on the occasion alluded to. Mr. Clark, of Kentucky, and Mr. Verplank, of New York, have both certified that his conduct at the president's house 'was marked with the strictest propriety.'"

We are told that Mr. Crockett is a sensible man, but suppose that it is true that he has something of the "half horse, half alligator" in his manners. The Middlesex Gazette, noticing him in the following manner, gives something betwixt a caricature and a true picture of Mr. Crockett and a large portion of his constituents:

"In some of the western states great muscular force is an indispensable requisite in a successful candidate for public favor. This Mr. Crockett—or, as he is familiarly termed, Davy—possessed in an extraordinary degree; and, while his competitor was telling the people of his great merits, Davy was giving practical evidence of his by grubbing up a stump which two ordinary men would have abandoned in despair. This striking demonstration of statesmanlike qualities was irresistible to the yeomanry of Tennessee, and the election of our worthy Davy was by acclamation.

"While on his way to Washington he assured his companion that he could wade the Mississippi with a steamboat on his back, whip his weight in wildcats, and 'ride a streak of lightning bare backed.' Davy is the man who proposed to whip all the animals in a menagerie, consisting of a lion, a parcel of monkeys and a zebra. On a certain occasion he said he intended to speak in the house of representatives, for he saw no reason of being diffident, as he could flog any man in it."

The fact that Davy produced evidence in refutation of the charges made against him by the "good Mr. K., of Ohio," does not detract from the interest of the story.—Nashville (Tenn.) American.

It Endangered Their Luster.

Manager (to leading lady)—Miss De Gushery, business is falling off. You must leave your diamonds where the stage manager can steal them again.

Miss De Gushery—Mr. Gethercash, I won't do it, unless you'll promise to have them blued after the robbery. The last time they were stolen they were nearly ruined by the careless fellow.—Jewelers' Weekly.

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ROSA BONHEUR.

The Great Painter at Home—Anecdotes Which She Relates About Herself.

For years Rosa Bonheur has lived apart from the artistic world of Paris, and many people believe that her life work was finished long ago and that now in some quiet cemetery the great artist sleeps after her labors. But Rosa Bonheur is perfectly well, and for hours each day she paints and sketches. Some of her canvases go to England, some to America and some are kept in France, but she detests publicity and exhibits her work no longer. In a word, the great artist prefers quiet, and the mere idea of seeing her name in print worries her.

Some time ago I had the pleasure of meeting her at By, and she told me many interesting stories about herself and her works. Rosa Bonheur believes that "Plowing in the Nivernais" and the "Horse Fair" are her best, her greatest works.

"The first," said she, "I finished in 1844, when only 22 years old, and today even I am proud of that picture. To my father I owe my talent; he was my only professor, my only guide, and I now follow the advice he gave me forty years ago. We are a family of artists, and all my sisters and brothers have been painters or sculptors. My youth was spent with my brother Auguste, and in his company my days were passed in the fields representing nature. I was obliged to dress as a man; do not think my male garb is the result of eccentricity or originality. On the contrary, only in man's dress could I cross mountains and valleys, study in slaughter houses and stables, and talk with people whose language was not of the most refined nature. I began to exhibit in the Salon at a very early age. At 19 I had two pictures of rabbits and goats, and until the war of 1870 I sent pictures every year."

Mlle. Bonheur told me a most interesting story of her protection when the Prussians occupied Fontainebleau. "I was too busy to leave my home, because I was painting 'The Stag in the Forest,' and my model lived in a corner of this park. The kronprinz gave orders for my protection, and after the truce he came with his staff and asked that I receive him. My servant replied: 'France is too unfortunate; Mlle. Bonheur cannot receive German officers.' The prince excused me, but said he would like to see the pictures. My servant was instructed to say: 'Mlle. Bonheur's pictures have not yet been seen by her own countrymen.' At last, finding that the prince would see something, the servant led him to the park and showed him my animals, among them the beautiful stag, that he praised and caressed."

I was very anxious to know the truth of the story that Courbet placed himself at the head of those who destroyed the Column Vendome because of his jealousy in regard to Rosa Bonheur.

"Courbet hated not only the empire but the empress, and he never forgave the empress her love for my pictures. Her admiration for my work was undisguised, and by a comparison made with Courbet's pictures—a comparison not at all flattering to him—she gained his hatred.

"I know that some have gone so far as to say that for this Courbet determined to destroy the Column Vendome, but I think this is exaggerated."

It is said at By that Rosa Bonheur lives surrounded by ferocious beasts, and it is true she has three bears, two lion's whelps and a "wild horse of the prairies," the latter the gift of Mark Dunham, the well known importer of Percheron horses. Lion cubs will be taken to the Jardin des Plantes, but the bears may remain at By, as they are the gift of the Grand Duke Nicholas Michaelowitch. At a dinner party artist and prince ate a "philopena." Nicholas lost, and asked Rosa Bonheur what punishment she would inflict upon him. "Give me a pretty little animal trained to pose as a model," was the reply. The Russian did not forget, but instead of "a pretty little animal" sent three enormous white bears, trained to appreciate art and willing to be disciples of a great artist.

Every winter Rosa Bonheur spends a few weeks at Nice, where she owns a villa. She is very found of Nice, because Ernest Gambard, Spanish consul in the city, has a picture gallery containing at least a dozen of her best works, and she has great pleasure in going to see them.—Paris Letter.

Divine Mozart.

Who, like Mozart, has traversed the immense realm of human passions? Who has touched their far distant limits with such unswerving accuracy, equally proof against the ineptitudes of false grace and the brutalities of lying violence? Who else could thrill with anguish and horror the purest and most eternal forms? * * * Oh, divine Mozart, didst thou lie indeed on the bosom of infinite beauty, even as once the beloved disciple lay on the Saviour's breast, and didst thou draw up thence the incomparable grace which denotes the true elect? Bounteous nature had given thee every gift—grace and strength, fullness and sobriety, bright spontaneity and burning tenderness, all in that perfect balance which makes up the irresistible powers of thy charm, and which makes of thee the musician of musicians, greater than the greatest, the only one of all—Mozart.—Gounod.

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Pauperism in Russia.

Beggars will always abound in rude communities where to refuse alms is made such a grave social reproach that to beg comes to be fully as comfortable as to work, and nearly as respectable. When a Russian peasant falls into temporary difficulties he puts a wallet over his shoulder, goes out among the neighboring villages and gets it speedily filled with what is known as "morsels." He enters every house, but makes no formal request; only the mistress of the house feels the meaning of the wallet and drops a morsel into it silently behind his back; and she will do so though the morsel be her last and her own husband be obliged to assume the beggar's wallet himself on the morrow.

This touching and respectful tenderness of the poor for the poor is a natural encouragement to the professional beggar, and there are whole villages in Russ