

For Fifty- Five Cents.

Going at fifty cents—fifty—fifty—fifty! Will no one bid more? Fifty—going at fifty—

Some imp of fun prompted me to shout, "Fifty-five!" through the street door. I was merely passing, and had no thought of entering the auction room, nor the slightest idea of what was being sold. It was a chance shot entirely. My classmate, Wilbur Sargent, and I were just out of the lecture room, and had set off for a brisk walk through the town and round by the river road.

"Fifty-five I'm offered by a friend at the door!" cried the waggish auctioneer. "Fifty five by a friend at the door—and I mean to keep my eye on him. Fifty five—and who says sixty? Fifty-five once—fifty five twice—going at fifty five—and gone at fifty five cents—to that young fellow at the door!"

Wilbur burst out laughing. "You're in for it, Fred!" said he. "Let's go in and see what you've got."

The article was a hugh antique work bench, fully seven feet long, with a seat attached framed to it, and all quite black with age and use. It was apparently of oak, or some other hard wood. The top was not less than six inches thick, evidently to insure stability. At one end there was mounted a lathe, worked by a treadle below, and at the other end, and along the back were a rack for small tools and three or four little tins, with locks.

I paid the fifty five cents rather ruefully for the thing seemed of no earthly use to a student like myself; and my funds were just then at low ebb.

Meanwhile Wilbur stood by, convulsed with merriment. The clerk began calling out to all customers to get their purchases away as soon as possible, as in an hour the rooms would be closed for the night, and the floor space was needed for a new consignment of goods for the next day's sale.

There were three trunks outside, but the least for which any of them would haul my work-table up the hill to the college dormitory was seventy five cents. That sum would actually have driven me into bankruptcy that night, and perforce I borrowed a wheelbarrow and undertook the arduous task of wheeling the thing home.

An old woman of forlorn appearance, with a shawl over her head, lingered about as we loaded the work table on the wheelbarrow. We understood that it had been among her effects, which had been sold at auction for a mere trifle that afternoon. She spoke English but indifferently; and we inferred from what she said that she had come to this country from Hamburg, and the old work bench had belonged to her father, who had inherited it, along with his handicraft, from his father. They had been makers of jewelry and goldsmiths and when her father emigrated to America he had brought his work bench in the expectation of doing well at his trade in this country—an expectation which had not been realized. He could not compete with factory work.

The poor old soul patted the time stained bench, her eyes moist from sad emotions.

"Est was von das echne Holz aus der Schwarzwald," she said. "Und mein Vater und mein Grosvater hat both had set in der dear old days vich haf long passed for us all."

"Made of oak from the Black Forest, do you say?" Wilbur asked.

"Ja, ja—aus der Schwarzwald," repeated the old woman, and trudged drearily away.

We paid but little attention to her. Wilbur was bursting with mirth over my perilous purchase, and I was feeling a little queer at thought of the spectacle I should present wheeling the table across the college campus to Appleton Hall.

It proved hard wheeling for the table and bench must have weighed three hundred pounds; but I must give Wilbur the credit of standing by me loyally until we came to the level ground of the campus. Then indeed he forsook me; I missed him suddenly, for the old church, and in a moment I realized that he had taken a short cut to raise an applauding crowd. For I had no more than reached a point midway of the campus and in plain view of all three halls, when I heard clapping at various windows and doors.

"Looks like a big old cobbler's bench," one sophomore commented. "Guess he's going to work in his spare time repairing the professors' shoes!"

"No, no, Fred wouldn't do that; he is too proud!" cried another humorist. "Fred's poor, but proud. I think it's some kind of a 'pony' for his Greek!"

Alas, I was very weak in Greek! They continued to clap steadily, and to mark time as I wheeled the barrow up to the hall door. About fifty of them had collected and gave me an ovation. If I had thought so many of them would be on hand, I should never have taken the thing away from the auction-room. The size, weight and mysterious appearance of the table excited their curiosity. They called for a speech declaring my intentions. The editor of the college paper tried to 'interview' me. One of the tutors drew near, attracted by the laughter and shouting, and a sophomore gravely informed him that I was starting in to make false teeth. Another corrected this statement by calling attention to the lathe as a probable instrument for turning gingerbread cressets.

When one is a victim of such chaff, it is best to pursue the business in hand diligently, without deigning to reply. I succeeded in unloading my work bench, and then called for volunteers to assist me in getting it up stairs to my room.

These presented themselves in numbers, and the old work bench was soon in my

room, set against the wall, under a window where it was indeed a quaint object.

Notwithstanding their raillery, the boys were secretly puzzled to know what I was going to do with the old bench; they ransacked the tills, looked it all over for secret drawers, and tapped and knocked on it. No receptacle of hidden treasure rewarded their search, however, and after more chaff they departed for the night.

The next morning I found that the college wags had been exercising their wits; not less than four improvised signs adorned my door and the spaces under my windows:

Shoes neatly repaired while you wait.

Wood turner: Inquire within.

Tinker and tin knocker inside.

Umbrellas and canes mended in No. 21.

A freshman actually brought a pair of shoes to the door, in good faith, to be mended; I could not appear in public, or even at the lecture and recitation rooms, without being made immediately the target of jokes on account of that old table.

The class humorists quite exhausted themselves. One sophomore even composed a sardonic poem on the subject, somewhat in the manner of Poe's 'Raven.' As for myself, I had no more idea what I should do with the work-table than had my puzzled college mates. A proverb says, "When at your wit's end, look wise and make your face inscrutable." I contrived to maintain an imperturbable mien, and nodded sagely at each new joke.

But meanwhile, as the winter advanced, I fell into such financial straits that I could not even buy fuel for my room; each student then bought his own fire-wood at the college wood-shed. In January a fearful cold snap came on, with the temperature at ten degrees below zero. I took cold, and was so wretched one night that in desperation I resolved to chop up the old work-bench for fuel, and enjoy at least one good fire. Borrowing the janitor's axe, I immediately went to work.

My one small kerosene lamp, turned low to economize oil, was burning dimly on my little book-table; and as I wielded the axe, banging away at the hard seasoned wood, a splinter, which seemed to glisten strangely for wood, flew past the lamp.

I picked it up and examined it, turning it over in the lamplight. It sparkled and shone at a thousand minute points. The larger splinter, from which the splinter had flown, glistened in like manner when brought to the light. All the fresh part where I had split it glistened and seemed filled with tiny glittering specks, bright yellow, like gold-dust.

There flashed instantly into my mind what the old woman had said about the handicraft of her grandfather and father. I also remembered hearing at the mint at Philadelphia of the wonderful pervasiveness of gold dust—how, in the milling and stamping rooms, the fine particles penetrate and subcharge the pores of the wood in the floors. It occurred to me that the wood of this old work bench might contain gold, and I immediately gave up my design of making a fire of it.

The next morning I carried on a saw to our professor of chemistry, and asked his opinion. He smiled at first; but after examining the wood in the sunlight and beating it with a hammer, he admitted that it contained a glistening dust. Under acid this appeared to be gold.

A little later that day he came to my room and after examining the old work table, advised me to saw it into short blocks, split them in fine bits, not neglecting to catch the sawdust on a new paper, and then burn the bits to ashes in a brazier which he offered to lend me for the purpose. Afterward, he said, he would wet the ashes, and treat them with quick silver and acids.

I followed his advice, putting the draft pipe of the brazier in the bottom of my stovepipe, thus being kept comfortably warm for two days by the heat "from the old oak wood." The professor and I then carried the brazier and ashes into the laboratory; and as a result of the chemical processes, we obtained pure gold, worth, at the rate then paid for gold, about three hundred and fifteen dollars.

We had said nothing to anyone thus far and when some of the boys came in and jocosely quizzed me as to what had become of my work bench, I assumed a sapient air and astonished them by displaying by a lump of gold which we had fused into one mass; and I took care not to admit, by word or look, that I had not foreseen the result from the moment I purchased the old table.

Within an hour the story was known throughout the college, and during the remainder of the term I was held to be the most sagacious man in our class. The boys even came of their own accord and pulled down the "signs" with which they had ironically adorned the exterior of my room.

The professor of chemistry waived all claim for the salvage of the gold, and my urgent necessities strongly prompted me to keep the entire sum which I had realized. After a confidential talk with Wilbur, however, it became clear to me that a part of the money should go to the old Hamburg woman. With some difficulty I found her, and prodigiously astonished her by a gift of one hundred dollars. I now think she should have recovered more, but at that time I acted as I then thought fit.

Rooms Furnished in Silver.

There are not many rooms in the world furnished in silver aside from crowned heads. Mrs. Mackay is probably the only person who possesses a set of silver furniture. In her London house she has a reception room in which the chairs and tables and other accessories are of solid silver. In Windsor castle is a set of furniture made of silver, which was presented to Charles II. by the city of London, and the Shah of Persia has a like set in one of his reception rooms. The Sultan of

Turkey possess not only a set of silver furniture, but a dining table of the same precious metal. The Czar of Russia has one room in the Kremlin in Moscow in which the furniture is of gold and silver.

HOTEL KEY FITTERS.

Human Absent-Mindedness Makes Them Important Members of the Staff.

"Our key fitter is one of the most important men on our staff," said the manager of a large New Orleans hotel. "He is kept busy every day of the year, and sometimes he is so rushed with work that he has to call in an assistant. It is no exaggeration to say that he averages from twenty-five to thirty keys a day."

"But I would suppose," remarked a listener, "that even a big hotel would acquire a sufficiency of keys in the course of time."

"So it does," replied the manager, "if the public would only let it keep 'em; but it won't. It would astonish anybody not in the business to know how many guests walk off with their room keys when they leave the house. When the average man gets ready to depart he packs his valise, locks his door and goes direct to the cashier's wicket to settle his bill. When that formality is attended to he is generally in a rush to get to the depot, and is quite apt to forget that he has omitted to return his key at the clerk's desk. That, at any rate, is the way I account for so much absent-mindedness on the subject. The clerk doesn't discover that the key is gone until the chambermaid applies for it to clean up the room, which is probably an hour or two after the guest has taken his departure. Then nothing remains but to call in the key fitter and tell him to procure a duplicate."

"Formerly the hotels tried to guard against this innocent kleptomania," the manager went on, "by having their keys made very large and cumbersome and attaching them to enormous metal tags, the idea being to render it impossible to put them in one's pocket. To that end they were probably a success, but they were such an unmitigated nuisance otherwise and guests complained so bitterly at the annoyance of handling them, that they were generally discarded. You will still find the plan popular in the country, however, and in small houses that have no locksmith on the premises, and only a week or so ago I dropped into a quaint little establishment where the keys were attached to brass disks fully as large as desert plates and serrated at the edge like circular saws. At present most of the big hotels use a modest metal check, stamped with their address and a request for forward through the mails if accidentally carried off. All that is necessary is to attach a three cent stamp to the tag and drop the key in the nearest letter box. Incidentally I may say that about one man in fifty takes the trouble."

"But aside from the room keys carried away by guests, a vast number of all kinds disappear through the mysterious channels to oblivion that exist in all large hotels. They vanish, and that's the end of it—keys to furniture, wardrobe keys, closet keys, bathroom keys, keys to the help's lockers, padlock keys from the outside storerooms, big coal bunker keys, grate keys and keys of every imaginable size, shape and style. They are continually missing and have to be replaced. If a lost key turns up later, the duplicate is carefully ticketed and laid away in a drawer set aside for that purpose. But they seldom turn up. They have gone to the limbo of lost pins, last season's birds' nests and the snows of yesteryear."

WAS ON THE SAN JOSE SCALE

Fruit Growers Propose the Compulsory Fumigation of all Nursery Stock.

The fruit growers of New York have been summoned to meet in Syracuse on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 27 and 28, for the purpose of organizing a society to be known as the New York State Fruit Growers' association, the principal object of which is the advocacy of a law compelling the fumigation of nursery stock and the promoting of other legislation favorable to the fruit growing interests. Fruit growers and nurserymen in this part of the state are agreed that the calling of this meeting marks the beginning of a battle between them which will be bitterly fought. The fruit growers have felt that because of the spread of the San Jose scale in the state it was necessary to provide for the compulsory fumigation of nursery stock with hydrocyanic gas. The subject has been discussed at several recent meetings of the Western New York Horticultural society, and at the meeting a year ago the legislative committee, of which the Hon. S. D. Willard of this city is chairman, was directed to prepare a bill and report at the next annual meeting, which was held in Rochester last month.

When the report of the committee was presented at the Rochester meeting there was a warm dispute. The fruit growers

declared that it was wrong for any nursery stock infected with San Jose scale, that the scale in this State is spreading and they must be protected against it in some way. The nursery admitted that some preventive measures were desirable, if not really necessary, but they urged that legislative action to put over one year and that in the meantime an increase in the appropriation for nursery stock inspection be recommended by the society. This was finally agreed to, and apparently the matter was settled.

Before the meeting adjourned, however, it was privately suggested that a meeting of the fruit growers be called for the purpose of organizing an association, the object of which shall be to safeguard their interests by promoting legislative action. The proposition was favorably received by every fruit grower at the meeting whose opinion was solicited.

"What would be the use of fumigating nursery stock in this State?" said a prominent nurseryman of this city, "if that of other States is not fumigated. The San Jose scale, it is presumed, does not know anything about State lines, and it will cross them whenever it comes to them. Hence, to control it in one State it must be controlled in all. As soon as fruit growers in other States hear that there is a compulsory fumigation law in this State they would say that the scale must be severe in New York to make such a law necessary, and they would go elsewhere to purchase their fruit trees."

"The fruit growers appear not to realize," said another nurseryman of this city, "that if they organize for the purpose of advocating a compulsory fumigation law or any similar legislation the nurserymen will be forced to organize for protection if not for self preservation. We will not sit idly by and see laws placed upon the statute books of this State that will practically ruin our business. The fruit growers promised in Rochester that if we would agree to an increase of the nursery stock inspection appropriation they would defer action in fumigation matters until next year. If these men break faith with us by organizing this association we will fight them to the end."

Perhaps I don't see why you jilted Miss Grotz for Miss Bluegore. They tell me Miss Bluegore's fortune is very small.

Jack—Yes; it's small, but very select.

Just as Good!

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Aylesford, Jan 24, by Rev J L Read, Wallace Graves to Selma S. Samsom.  
Amherst, Feb 4, by Rev Joseph Seiler, D Walker Howard to Gertrude Harless.  
Keastville, Feb 11, by Rev C H Day, William deB Beckman to Edith E Motte.  
Yarmouth, Feb 12, by Rev A M McNitch, Gemmalie Swin to Edith Nickerson.  
Burdette's Island, Feb 5, by Rev Fr Dupla, Henry Bourque to Madeleine Bourque.  
Bathurst Harbor, Jan 29, by Rev B G Sinclair, William Irwin to Addie Porter.  
Tatamagouche, Feb 13, by Rev Dr Sedgwick Joseph Palmer to Nellie McLeod.  
Pictou, Feb 18, by Rev A W Moran, Thomas Fitzpatrick to Rosella Annie McDonald.  
Cumberland, Feb 11, by Rev D H McQuarrie, Henry A Fleming to Florence York.

DIED.

Calais, Feb. 8, Gerhan F Hill, 4.  
Calais, Feb. 9, Henry McArdle, 66.  
Punnett, Feb. 3, John Harvey, 72.  
Balfour, Feb. 9, John T Bulmer, 55.  
Clinton, Feb. 8, Leura Woodside, 19.  
Quebec, Feb. 11, Joseph Barker, 64.  
Rockville, Jan. 30, W H Weston, 48.  
Calais, Feb. 4, James McKernan, 88.  
Halifax, Feb. 14, Arthur Slender, 26.  
Milville, Feb. 11, Jennie E Clark, 71.  
Campobello, Feb. 3, John Farmer, 85.  
Milville, Feb. 7, George M Glow, 76.  
Amherst, Feb. 11, Mrs M E Finch, 67.  
Bridgewater, Feb. 7, Austin Deal, 82.  
Bridgewater, Feb. 4, David Wile, 84.  
Chatham, Feb. 12, Wm J Morris, 78.  
Port Hill, Feb. 5, Hugh Macintosh, 60.  
Hillsborough, Feb. 14, B E S ever, 80.  
Fairview, Feb. 15, G Walker Smith, 73.  
Colchester, Feb. 7, Mrs Jane Sault, 76.  
Morton, Feb. 16, Mary G. Tingley, 5.  
Wawar, Feb. 7, Ellen Jane Simpson, 74.  
Sydney, Feb. 14, Mr. Francis J. Dean, 78.  
Cherry Valley, Feb. 11, Thomas Dodd, 89.  
Lunenburg, Feb. 10, Mrs. Maria Mra 83.  
Caledonia West, Feb. 11, Mrs Macleod, 67.  
St. Stephen, Feb. 9, Margaret King, 67.  
St. Stephen, Feb. 7, Harold Elmer, 1 year.  
Robbinston, Feb. 7, Edith L Greenow, 21.  
Halifax, Feb. 16, E Isabella Gordon, 75.  
Lower Truro, Feb. 11, Mary Ar. Hibbid, 81.  
Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 6, Harvey Ellis, 60.  
Calais, Jan. 27, Mrs Ellen Jane Rideout, 72.  
Sydney, Feb. 15, Collis Chisholm, Q. C., 51.  
Gardiner, Mass., Feb. 5, Russell Thompson.  
Upper Fort Latour, Feb. 8, John C Ross, 55.  
Campobello Jan 22, Mrs Beulah A Lusk, 26.  
Upper Fort Latour, Feb. 4, Hannah M Tracy, 1.  
St. George, Feb. 6, Charles Frederick Motte, 84.  
San Francisco, Cal., D. C. 18 John A Thompson, 54.  
Charlottetown, Feb. 14 Mrs Matilda Macdonald, 78.  
Upper Macquodobb, Feb. 14, George H Parker, 85.  
Scott Settlement, Feb. 18, Duncan E. MacLaughlin, 42.  
Calais, Feb. 7, Pearl Adeline, child of Mrs Nelson Has 4.  
Halifax, Feb. 16, Walker Ayre, son of Geo. H. Joss, 9.  
North Sydney, Feb. 8, Nancy, wife of George Bennett.  
Barrington Passage, Feb. 4, Jane, wife of B K Hinks.  
Amherst Head, Feb. 13, Ruth, wife of Embree Wood, 57.  
Halifax, Feb. 15, Lydia A., wife of the late Edward Palmer, 57.  
Waterville, Me., Feb. 10, Margaret A., wife of F. J. Hughes, 27.  
Pictou, Feb. 4, Clislie G., infant son of Fred J. Cole, 8 months.  
Tabusintac, N. B., Feb. 5, Sarah, widow of the late James Currie, 82.  
Jersey City, U. S., Feb. 5, Asa, husband of Jenny F. Armstrong, 37.  
Providence, R. I., Feb. 8, Mary Ann Oxley, wife of James S. Fraser, 78.  
Cape Breton, Feb. 9, Eliza Allen, widow of the late J. Nelson Gardner, 69.  
Pt. Wm., Feb. 4, Muriel Mianer, child of Mr. and Mrs H L Raine, 13 months.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Tourist Sleepers.

MONTREAL TO PACIFIC COAST, EVERY THURSDAY.

For full particulars as to passage rates and train service to Canadian Northwest, British Columbia, Oregon and

CALIFORNIA.

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A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax..... 8.30  
Express for Halifax and Pictou..... 12.15  
Express for Sussex..... 12.45  
Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 17.00  
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Montreal to Halifax and Sydney..... 22.15

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.00 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.15 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule Dining and sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... 8.30  
Express from Quebec and Montreal..... 12.45  
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene..... 15.00  
Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 19.15  
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Montreal to St. John..... 24.45  
Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation.

D. FOTLINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., Nov. 26, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 1 King Street, St. John, N. B.

VOL. X

CH

How the

There have been New Brunswick sittings of that but not too much of the history of the general election there has been seen. This has been ways, but the election, members retired to try their policy sphere. Taking truthfully said ed materially could hardly be Hon. Mr. E. seen in his acco No gentleman he, ever for war

HON. V

friends, well li politics, his reti Mr. White w presented King valuable membe probably the ab ment has dropp and Mr. Car ber for Carle White's retirem but a short promise of a br or an independi committee, his his party. No member late Mr Wells speaker and al province has su removal.

Mr Gibson of Kent, are two that must be a gentleman did speaking line, tatives they we The gentlemen the first time though new to well known prominent me What success politics, time who succeeds known as a speaker and his a bright future Carvell's plac Emmerston, M and Mr. Copp has good talker wh yet to be tried.

Another ch about during t speakership, M to that hon will no doub satisfactorily, in the line of man of the clever and ha Mr Tweedie the position of the legislature ney general-h here at the more respo