Board Works
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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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BUSINESS NOTICE.

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The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,
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TOOK THE WARNING.

"Charles," said a sharp-voiced woman to her husband in a railway carriage, "do you know that you and I once had a romance in a railway carriage?"

"Never heard of it," replied Charles, in a subdued tone.

"I thought you hadn't; but don't you remember it was that pair of slippers I presented to you the Christmas before we were married that led to our union? You remember how nicely they fitted, don't you? Well, Charles, one day, when we were going to a picnic, you had your feet up on a seat, and when you weren't looking I took your measure. But for that pair of slippers I don't believe we'd ever been married."

A young unmarried man, sitting by, immediately took down his feet from a seat.

TURKISH SULTAN'S WEALTH.

There is an amazing collection of jewels in the Sultan's treasury at Constantinople. The turbans of all the Sultans since Mahomet II. are there, all glittering with rare and large gems of the purest water. There are also the Royal Throne of Persia, carried off by the Turks in 1514, and covered with more than 20,000 rubies, emeralds, and fine pearls, and the Throne of Suleiman 1., from the dome of which there hangs over the head of the Caliph an emerald 6in. long and 4in. deep. These two thrones are the chief objects in the collection.

Girls may not convert young men, but they at least draw them to church.

A Midnight Visitor

I.

"There are more terrors at sea than shipwreck and fire, more frights and horrors, mateys, than famine, blindness, and cholera," said the old seaman, with a slow motion of his eyes round upon the little company of sailors. "I remember once being aboard a ship in the Indian Ocean. There was ne'er a moon that night. The ship rose faint and hushed to the stars. It was one bell in the morning watch. Scarce air enough moved to give life to the topmost canvas. As the ship bowed upon the light swell the sails swung in and swung out with a rush sound of many wings up in the gloom. Yet the vessel had steerage way in that hour. Shall I tell you why? Because I know!"

The grey-haired, respectable seaman closed his eyes in silence, filled with significance, and, after a short smoke, thus proceeded:

"Some of the watch on deck sprawled about in the shadow out of sight, curled up, asleep. Only one figure was upright forward. 'Twas the shape of the man on the lookout.

"This man thus standing, by no means asleep, yet with his head sunk and no doubt his eyes closed, was suddenly struck on the side of the face by something hairy, damp, and cold. He sprang into the air as though he had been shot through the heart. Oh, heavens! What was it? A naked figure, shaggy as Peter Sarrano, wild with hair, furious with a grin, terrible with the red gleams the starlight flung upon his little eyes. The sailor shrieked like a midnight cat, and fell in a heap down upon the deck in a fit.

"The ship was in commotion in an instant. Such a yell as that was worse than the smell of fire.

"'What's the matter?' roared the mate.

"'Here's Kennedy in a fit, sir,' sung out a voice.

"'Is that all?' said the mate. And he went forward to look at the man.

"'It's a fit, certainly,' said he. 'Give him air, lads. Get a drink of cold water into his mouth. It's epilepsy.'

"When the mate was told the man had his senses and was sitting up, he went forward again and questioned him. He was sitting on the foot of a cathead, and was too weak to rise when the mate stood before him.

"'What is this you're rambling about?' said the officer. 'Aren't you quite well yet?'

"'Blow me, then, it slapped me fair over the chops, like flicking yer with the wet sleeve of a jacket. He rose four foot when I swounded. He might ha' been more an' he might ha' been less. Darkness put him out—only that I recollect,' said the man, turning up his pale face to the stars, 'taking notice of a couple of eyes like red lights floating in water, and a grin of teeth wide as the keys of a pianey.'

"'He's mad,' thought the man, who stepped, nevertheless, into the bows and looked over. Nothing was to be seen. He surveyed the ocean by the light of the stars, and glanced along the deck and up aloft, then told the look-out man to go below and turn in, and went aft, reckoning the thing an epileptic's nightmare.

"'Just then a catspaw blew. It was so faint that it scarcely chilled the moistened forefinger of the officer it had to be reckoned with, nevertheless. It was an air of wind, anyhow, and someone sung out that the ship was aback forward, on which the mate went to the break of the poop, and yelled to the seamen to trim sail. Something went wrong in swinging the yards on the fore.

"'Jump aloft, a hand, and clear it.'

"A seaman went up the rigging; his shadowy shape vanished in the gloom that blackened like a thunder-cloud upon the foretop.

"Suddenly, when midway the rigging, he yelled at the top of his voice. His cry was more dismal and heartshaking than even that with which the man Kennedy had terrified the ship. He caught hold of a backstay, and sank to the bulwark-rail as though handsomely lowered away in a bowline.

"'By Jingo!' he roared, flinging down his cap, whilst those who peered close saw that he trembled violently; 'fer toyfel is on board dis ship! I have seen her mit mine eyes! If I hov not seen her, den I was a nightmare, and she was mad! Look up dar!'

"He obtained no answer. The seamen, attending the indication of the Dutchman, were to a man gazing aloft with hanging chins; for on high up in the crosstrees, a visible bulk of shadow, there sat, squatted, hung—what?

"'What's wrong aloft forrad there?' bawled the mate. And now he sung out with energy and decision, for the figure of the captain was alongside of him.

"'There's something aloft that looks like a man!' howled a seaman—one of the upstaring crowd about the Dutchman. 'Come forrard, sir; you'll see him.'

"The mate and the captain went forward and looked up.

"'It is a man!' exclaimed the captain. 'Aloft there! What are you doing skylarking up in those crosstrees? Come down!' he cried angrily.

"'You sick-hearts, what dye see to stare at? Or seeing, why don't you go for it?' thundered the mate, after a pause, during which the figure on high had made no answer or motion. And as he spoke the words the office bounded on to the bulwarks, and ran up the fore-shrouds.

"He travelled with heroic speed till he got as high as the foretop. There he stood at gaze. Presently, after you might have counted fifty, putting his foot into the topmast rigging, he began to crawl, with frequent breathless stops; his passage up those shrouds had the dying uncertainty of the tread of a bluebottle when it climbs a sheet of glass in October.

"On a sudden he came down into the top very fast. There he stood staring aloft as though fascinated or electrified; then, putting his foot over the top, he got into the fore-shrouds, and trotted down on deck, all very quick. The captain stood near the main hatch, looking up. The mate approached him, and, in a whisper of awe and terror, exclaimed, whilst his eyes sought the shadow up in the foretopmast crosstrees: 'I believe the Dutchman's right, sir, and that we've been boarded by the devil himself.'

"'What are yer talking about?'

"'I never saw the like of such a thing!' said the mate, in shaking tones.

"'Is it a man?' said the captain, staring up with amazement, whilst the seamen came hustling close in a sneaking way to listen, and the Dutchman drew close to the mate.

"'It has the looks of a man,' said the mate; 'yet it sha'n't be murder if you kill him.'

"'She vos no man, sir. I vos close. I vent closer don you. I expect, sir,' said the Dutchman, 'she's an imp. Strange dot I did not see him till I was upon her.'

II.

"The captain went swiftly to his cabin for a binocular glass. The lenses helped him to determine the motionless shadow in the crosstrees, and he clearly distinguished an apparently large human shape, but in what fashion, or whether or not habited, it was impossible to see. How had he come into the ship? The captain went on to the poop and searched the silent sea with the glass with some fancy of finding a boat within reach of his vision. Nothing was to be seen.

"It got wind in the forecastle that something wild, unearthly, hellish, was aloft, and the watch below turned out, too restless to sleep, and all through those hours of darkness the sailors walked the decks in groups.

"'Why don't the captain let me shoot him?' said the second mate at four o'clock. 'I cannot miss that mark.'

"'No,' said the chief mate. 'I've talked of trying what shooting will do. The captain means to wait for sunlight. But how did it get on board?' said he, sinking his voice in awe. 'There's no land for hundreds of leagues.'

"It was not long before day whitened the east. And then, and even then, what was it? There it sat up in the crosstrees—a hairy, sulky bulk of man or beast, black; and the creature looked hard down, whilst all hands were staring hard up.

"'Seized, if it isn't a gorilla!' said the mate.

"'No,' said the captain, letting fall his binocular. 'Look for yourself. Yet it's not a man, either.' He burst into a laugh, as though for relief. 'It's a huge hairy baboon, one of the biggest I ever saw in my life. He'll be as fierce as a mutinous crew, and strong as a frigate's complement. What's to be done with him?'

"'How in Egypt did he come on board?' said the mate, viewing the beast through the glass.

"'By that, maybe, sir,' exclaimed the second mate, pointing to some object floating flat and yellow, faint and far out upon the starboard quarter.

"The captain levelled the ship's telescope. 'A large raft,' he exclaimed, after some minutes of silent examination. 'May be.'

"The captain said: 'The beast don't seem faint, but I guess he's thirsty, and he may fall mad, come down, and bite some of us. So,' says he to the chief officer, 'send a hand aloft with a bucket of water for the poor brute and a pocketful of ship's bread. If we can civilise him, so much the better.'

"But it never came to it, for he refused to come on deck. He bared his teeth, and his eyes shone with malice of hell if the men attempted to approach him. It was impossible to let him rest aloft throughout the night to command the ship, so to speak; for he might sink to the deck stealthily as the shadow of a cloud blown by the wind; and he was strong enough and big enough to tear a sleeping man's throat out.

"'He must be shot,' said the captain. And he told the second mate to fetch his rifle.

"The second mate, that he might make sure of his aim, went aloft into the foretop. The beast was then sitting on the topgallant yard. He had been in command of the fabric of the fore all day. Had it come on to blow so as to oblige the captain to shorten sail, the deuce a seaman durst have gone aloft to stow the canvas. The second mate, standing in the top, was in the act of lifting his rifle, when the monster, running on all fours out to the dizzy topgallant yardarm, stood erect a breathless instant, poised—in human posture—a marvellous picture of the man-beast against the liquid blue, then sprang into the air.

"'Come down,' roared the captain to the second mate, 'and shoot him through the head, for God's sake!'

"As the beast rose with a wild grin after having been so long out of sight through the frightful height he had jumped from—you'd have thought he'd have risen with a burst skin—the captain bawled out, 'Blessed if he's not making for his raft!'

"The baboon, with a fixed expression, and with eyes askew upon the ship as he drove past, swimming very finely with long, easy flourishes of his arms and dexterous thrusts of his legs, whilst the end of his tail stood up astern of him as though it was some comical little man there steering—the baboon, I say, was undoubtedly, and with amazing sagacity, making straight for the raft, having taken its bearings when aloft; but at the moment the second mate knelt to level his piece, meaning to murder the poor brute out of pure mercy, the thing uttered—oh, heavens! what a horrible cry!—and vanished, and a quantity of blood rose and dyed a black patch upon the calm blue. No more was seen of the baboon, but a little later the back scythe-like fins of three sharks showed in the spot where he had disappeared."—London Answers.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Prominent People.

Dr. Joachim as a lad of thirteen played the violin at a Philharmonic Society concert in London sixty years ago, and he will this year again perform in London in connection with the celebration of his diamond jubilee.

The Hon. A. G. McGregor, Vice-President of the Federal Executive Council of Australia, is the oldest member of the Ministry, being nearly sixty years of age. He was originally a laborer on a South Australian sheep farm, and lost his sight through an accident while chopping wood. He is blind and has to be led everywhere. Mr. McGregor has a marvellous memory, is a wonderfully good debater, and enjoys the respect of members of all parties.

Lord Edward Churchhill is an interesting man, with a quite unusual variety of occupations and attainments. He is an expert at mechanics and electric science. He has built a church organ and made a brass model of an eighty-one ton gun. He also constructed electric dynamos for Queensmead, where he resides, and "wired" the house throughout. Microscopic research also attracts him, and he gives much time to astronomical studies.

Many people have wondered why the Empress Eugenie always carries about with her, wherever she goes, a little wicker basket, and many speculations have been made as to its contents. The basket is lined with cotton-wool, and in that soft substance nestles a hedgehog! It is the Empress's only pet, and she would not dream of allowing it to be attended by anyone but herself. She has rather a superstitious attachment to the curious creature, and believes that it has a talismanic power of ensuring her safety and general well-being.

Lord Masham must be reckoned among the great inventors of his time. Three new industries he has created at least—that of machine wool-combing, the power-loom velvet and plush weaving, and that of the utilization of waste silk. In working out the machinery for these industries he spent, as he loves to relate, over $3,000,000. To-day he reaps his reward in a colossal income. The story of Lord Masham's career is one of the romances of industry. In his time he has taken out over 100 patents, and all in connection with silk and wool manufacture.

Alton B. Parker, who is to be Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States, was born on a farm four miles from Cortland, New York, on May 14th, 1852. He was successively school-teacher, lawyer, judge, and, finally, Chief Justice. His mother, who is now nearly eighty, has been talking of her son. "I do not know whether Alton is likely to be President or not," she said. "I began to use the switch on Alton when he was very young, and I attribute much of his goodness as a boy and his success as a man to those early corrective measures."

Mr. George Lansell, the gold king of Bendigo, who has been repeatedly urged to become one of the members for that Australian golden city in Parliament, has invariably declined. He has just given the reason to an interviewer. "My father threw himself heart and soul into the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, neglected his business, and was ruined. It was such a lesson to me that I have carefully avoided politics ever since." Mr. Lansell was born in Margate, England, eighty-two years ago, but Bendigo has been his home for half a century. He is the sole proprietor of several of the most productive gold mines, and a large shareholder in others. His Bendigo mansion "Fortuna," with its valuable pictures, statuary, and delightful gardens, is one of the most luxurious places in the Commonwealth.

FOR THIRTEEN YEARS.

An Englishman Has Lived the Life of a Hermit.

Embowered in a garden of his own planting and culture, adjoining an Essex wood not far from Dunmow, England, there lives in solitary seclusion a man who has not been seen by anyone except his mother and brother for the past thirteen years. His only communication with the outer world is an occasional visit by night to a neighboring cottage, completely isolated from all other dwellings, where dwell his aged mother and younger brother.

James Mason, the hermit in question, is the elder son of a farmer who died fourteen years ago, and after his father's death he left the farmhouse and made himself a sylvan retreat in a plantation on his own freehold.

This strange abode, which covers about an acre of ground, is fenced in by a high hedge, and is entered by a tall gate covered with barbed wire, always kept chained and locked. A small hut with a corrugated iron roof is known to stand in the centre of the grounds, and in all probability this strange man has his abode there. Rumor has attributed to him a vow, taken thirteen years ago, that he would never look in a woman's face again.

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About the ....House

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

Celery, olives, cheese, radishes, etc. are always eaten from the fingers.

It is not good form to serve bread in whole slices, but cut in two, or even smaller.

Glasses should be filled three fourths full of fresh cold water just before the serving of the meal.

Open a boiled egg either with the knife or spoon. The top should be neatly taken off at one stroke.

Cakes are eaten from the fingers, except in the case of sticky layer-cakes, when a fork should always be supplied.

Bread should never be broken into soup, and the last drop of the latter should never be greedaly taken up with the spoon.

In eating peaches, pears, etc., remove the skin, cut the fruit up with the dessert-knife, and convey the pieces to the mouth with the fork.

If a silver knife is not provided for the fish course, and the fish is bony, two forks may be used. The knife, however, should always be supplied.

For a high tea, savory dishes are introduced, such as ham, tongue, chicken cutlets or croquettes, oyster-patties, etc., also hot cakes, toast, biscuits, preserves, honey, etc.

It is not necessary to wait until all have been served at the table. One may begin to eat leisurely as soon as served, only observing care not to get through before others.

Each mouthful of bread or biscuit should be broken off when needed, and a small piece of butter put on. An entire slice or a whole biscuit should never be spread at once.

If out to dinner, at the end of the meal the napkin should not be folded, but placed unfolded at the left side of the plate. If visiting, and a napkin-ring is given, the napkin should be neatly folded and placed in it.

When a plate is sent up the second time, the knife and fork may either be left upon it, side by side, or they may be held in the hand. Usage in this little matter varies, but the former method is the one generally preferred.

In passing loaf-sugar and olives, it is always more elegant to provide an olive-spoon and sugar-tongs. Some hostesses omit these, but it is almost impossible to help one's self with the fingers without touching more than one takes, and this is objectionable.

Mustard and salt should be placed upon the side of the plate. Meat and vegetables can either be taken up by the fork and dipped into the condiment, or the point of the knife can be pressed into the salt, mustard, catsup, etc., and then applied to the food on the fork.

The same sort of dishes served at a party supper are suitable for a wedding-breakfast. Salmon or lobster with mayonnaise dressing, cold fowl—roasted and boiled—ham, tongue, pigeon pie, pressed beef, chicken salad patties, lobster cutlets, oyster-patties, jellies, creams, tarts, trifles, ices, etc., may be selected from, and, of course, the wedding cake.

The knife should never be used in eating lettuce or salad of any kind. With a very little practice one may soon acquire the art of manipulating an entire lettuce-leaf with the fork and wafer alone. The salad is quite as pretty, however, and much more daintily eaten, if several lettuce-leaves are placed together, and then torn across in strips. A slight twist, and the prettiest of green roses may be made to line the salad-bowl instead of the plain leaves.

WITH CHERRIES.

Cherry-Jam—Stem, wash, and pit the cherries. Allow 1 lb. loaf sugar to each lb. fruit. Put the cherries in the preserving kettle with the sugar, and let it heat slowly to extract the juice. Keep stirring well from the bottom of the pan. Bring slowly to the boiling point, and let simmer very gently for three-fourths of an hour. Seal in small jars like jelly.

Preserved Cherries—Select large, ripe, sour cherries; stem, wash and pit them. Crack a cup of the pits and remove the kernels! Add them to the cherries. Allow 1 lb. sugar to 1 lb. fruit. Place the sugar and cherries in layers, and let stand for one hour on the back of the range. Then simmer very gently in a preserving kettle until the cherries are clear, and the syrup is rich and thick. Seal boiling hot.

Canned Cherries—Select fine, ripe, sour cherries, stem, wash, and pit them. For each qt. cherries allow ¾ lb. white sugar, and half pint water. Put the fruit and sugar in layers in the preserving kettle, and let stand for one hour. While waiting, simmer in the water to be added to them 1 tablespoon stones for every qt. water. Strain, add to the fruit, bring quickly to a boil, and let boil for five minutes. Seal boiling hot.

Cherry Catsup—To 2 qts. stoned chopped cherries add 2 cups each of sugar and vinegar, 1 tablespoon cinnamon and 1 teaspoon ground cloves. Add every drop of juice that drains from the cherries while pitting them, and simmer for half an hour. Seal in small jars.

Pickled Cherries—Choose large cherries, ripe but not soft, wash and pit them. For every 5 lbs. fruit allow 3 lbs. sugar, 1 pt. cider vinegar, 1 teacup water, and 1 tablespoon each ground mace and cinnamon. Tie the spices in a piece of muslin, and boil them with the vinegar, sugar and water for 15 minutes. Add the cherries, place on the back of the range, and simmer for 15 minutes. Seal boiling hot. Many cooks prefer to leave the stones in the cherries; they do look prettier, but they are much nicer eating when pitted.

Cherry Drink—Wash 1 lb. ripe cherries, stone them, and bruise in a bowl. Add ½ lb. sugar, some of the kernels bruised, a little lemon peel cut very thin, and pour over the whole 1 qt. boiling water. Cover the bowl and let stand for five hours, then strain and flavor with 1 teaspoon ratafia extract. Serve ice cold. This makes a refreshing and delicious drink.

CANNED PINEAPPLES.

This is a very delicious fruit to can, is easily prepared and very seldom spoils. They should be dead ripe, and this is determined by pulling on the spines at the top of the fruit. If they come out readily the fruit is in a fit stage to be eaten. They are usually 90 cents and $1 per dozen at this season of the year, and one dozen fine pineapples will fill fifteen pint cans and have sufficient syrup.

Begin at the large end and pare them all over, not stopping to pick out the eyes until all are pared. A sharp pointed knife is best for going over them the second time. When all are ready commence slicing from the outside toward the center. You will find a sort of pith or woody stem, but the pulp will cleave away from this, for it has no value whatever.

Put the fruit in a preserving kettle with sufficient water to just cover nicely. Cover closely and let boil gently for about half an hour, or until it is easily pierced with a fork. Usually one teacupful of sugar to a pint can is enough, but depends largely upon what degree of sweetness the family likes. Let this simmer for another half hour, when the fruit will be clear, something like citron preserves. Be sure that the rubbers are new, the tops in good condition, and the cans perfectly clean and sweet, and there will be no trouble with the keeping.

Pineapples are quite an inexpensive fruit for everyday use on the table. Should be prepared in the forenoon if desired for supper, cutting it in fan-shaped pieces and sprinkling with powdered or fruit sugar, then cover closely and set in the ice-box. It will make its own juice, and when one is fond of it it is delicious. The only trouble is they are so plentiful and cheap just when strawberries are in "full blast," and one is undecided which to invest in, so it must ever remain a matter of taste.

Pineapple shortcake is much liked by many, and in the making the same method obtains. They aren't a very bad fruit to eat out of hand, without a grain of sweet, and I often think that we spoil our taste by the too lavish use of sugar, don't you?

WASHING LACES.

To wash white or cream lace make a suds of white soap and tepid water, adding a solution of borax in the proportion of a teaspoonful of the powder to a cup of water. It will be necessary to dissolve the borax in boiling water. Cool the liquid before using it. Baste the lace on a piece of white flannel.

To two quarts of suds put the one cupful of borax water. Put the lace in it and leave over night. In the morning remove the flannel with the lace from the water and rinse in several waters without squeezing it. Tack it on a board to dry and pin it out in the sun. To take the dead white color off lace, coffee or saffron may be used if a yellow tint is desired.

The best starch for lace is made by dissolving one-fourth ounce of gum arabic in a cup of water. Strain the liquid through a cloth.

You can wash the newer laces, if they are much soiled by wearing in the necks of dresses, by making a warm pearline suds and washing lightly in your hands. Rinse in warm, clear water and while wet place upon your window pane—or mirror, and leave there until quite dry, then peel off, and it will look like it had just been bought.

ISLAND POPS UP AND SINKS.

Effect of a Submarine Volcanic Eruption on African Coast.

A remarkable phenomenon has recently occurred in Walfish Bay on the west coast of South Africa. The bay is a commodious and spacious inlet, giving access to the two chief rivers of that part of Africa. It owes its name to the numerous schools of whales that formerly abounded there.

The bay is largely cut off from the ocean by a peninsula extending northward. The end of the peninsula is called Pelican Point, and it was in the waters near this point that the people living on the shores of the bay saw a very strange sight when they arose one morning. They saw lifted above the waters near Pelican Point a new island. It was about 100 feet long and fifty feet wide, and rose to a height of sixteen feet above the sea. Its sides were steep.

Some boats filled with men from the shore approached this new bit of land and found that it was composed entirely of mud so stiff in texture that the men could walk easily on the surface. It was mud, pure and simple, but the surface was rapidly hardening. The people gave it the name of Mud Island. The island was destined to a very short existence. The day after it was discovered it began to sink, and seven days later it had entirely disappeared from view.

An article on the appearance and disappearance of Mud Island has just been printed by the South African Philosophical Society of Cape Town. F. W. Waldron, the author, says there is no doubt that the appearance of the island was due to a submarine mud volcano in the neighborhood of Pelican Point. The phenomenon was accompanied by unusual exhalations of sulphurous gases, which have often been observed in that neighborhood. He believes that the large mortality of fish in Walfish Bay, observed from time to time, is due to these exhalations.

The island was due to enormous quantities of mud issuing through orifices on the sea floor. The mud was spread around and piled up until it finally appeared above the water as an island. With nothing but a mud foundation to support the great weight the lower part of the eruptive matter gradually spread out and the large mud bank sank again below the surface.

LEARNING FROM ANALOGY.

"I tell you," contended Smithson, in the smoking-room of his club, "the man who says we ought to live to be a hundred years old is right. Look at the horse. It takes a horse four years to complete its growth, and it lives to be twenty. It takes a man twenty years to complete his growth, and by the same ratio he ought to live to be a hundred. There are lots of things we can learn from analogy."

"I don't know but that you are right," responded the unemotional friend. "For instance, there is the flea. It jumps thirteen hundred times its own length. There is no reason, therefore, why a man six feet high should not be able to jump—let us say—seven thousand eight hundred feet, or a mile and a half, at one leap. Yes, we can learn a great many curious things from analogy!"

Dentists (to little Freddy, who has just received his kind attentions)—"Never mind, little chap; those teeth will soon come again." Freddy (sobbing)—"Yes; b-but will they come back for dinner?"

WHAT FINLAND SUFFERED

BOBRIKOFF'S METHODS OF SUPPRESSION.

Commissioned to Stamp Out Every Vestige of Nationality.

An interview published in the London Daily News gives the opinion of a young Finnish lady, an exile, on the assassination of Gen. Bobrikoff, late Governor of the province.

"General Bobrikoff," she said, "is the destroyer of Finland, deliberately commissioned to stamp out every vestige of nationality—the national institutions, and even the education of the people, which made Finland the one civilized part of the Russian Empire. No man has ever been hated in Finland like this cruel and barbarous man. Even the children everywhere hate his name. All Finland will be glad that he is gone.

MUCH HATED MAN.

"Even at St. Petersburg he was hated by almost every one in authority. When it was determined to break down the spirit and destroy the institutions of the Finnish people my uncle was Minister of State for Finland. The post of Governor-General was offered to officer after officer, but they all, knowing what was expected of them, recoiled from the task. At last Bobrikoff was suggested—a parvenu, son of a priest given to intoxication, but clever, aggressive and forceful, and, as I said, hated by all his colleagues. He was the only one who would take the place. He had had some experience of the work of tyranny in the East Sea provinces, and he was appointed precisely on account of the worst things known about him.

TAMING A PEOPLE.

"How has he set to work to destroy Finland, to break down the spirit of the only educated and civilized population in Russia? The education of the people was the great thing aimed at. The Polytechnicum in Helsingfors—the only one in Finland—was suppressed, so that technical education is absolutely stopped in the country. All meetings of the students in their clubs and debating societies—the Nylandsker Afdelningen—were stopped, and it became treasonable to take the slightest interest in the education of the people. Many of my relatives have been driven out of the country for nothing. Any excuse is taken to drive out the educated or those who take an interest in politics or resent the oppression of the people. They are trying to supplant the Finnish schools by schools teaching only Russian; they are planting Russian bishops and Russian churches, and trying to force the people to abandon their Protestant religion. Anyone in authority who showed the slightest sign of objection was simply sent away and replaced. Numbers have been exiled, most of them going to Stockholm, but even there they are dogged at every step by Russian spies. Others have simply disappeared. They went to bed at night; in the morning they were not there. Their friends have no idea where they are—perhaps in prison or perhaps in Siberia. Newspapers are suppressed; all news of what is going on has to be circulated secretly."

POLICY OF SUPPRESSION.

Mr. C. Harold Perrott, who knows Finland well and has taken an active interest in Finnish politics, gave a brief and striking summary of the steps by which General Bobrikoff has attempted to destroy all semblance of liberty in Finland since his appointment six years ago.

"Bobrikoff's predecessors in the Governor-Generalship," said Mr. Perrott, "had always been men of cultured stamp and high social position. But when the new regime was started in 1898 the post was offered to several leading Russian statesmen and declined. General Bobrikoff, a rough soldier, with no pretensions to family or education, then took the office. His sole ambition has been to stamp out the liberties of the people and substitute an autocracy, to do away with the self-governing institutions of the Grand Duchy. All the leading newspapers have been suppressed, most of the prominent citizens exiled, and a tremendous number of resignations of Finnish officers in the Russian army have occurred.

POLICE DOMINATION.

"The whole country has been flooded with spies, the passport system has been instituted, the people are subjected to constant police raids and 'domiciliary visits,' and practically the whole Finnish Senate has been summarily dismissed from their posts and creatures of the Government substituted. An influential manifesto was issued protesting the violation of Finland's constitutional rights, and among those who signed it were some of the leading jurists of Europe. The late Professor Mommsen, the late Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professor Westlake, K.C., and Senator Frarieux, then Minister of Justice in France, signed the protest. At first General Bobrikoff's subordinate in Finland was M. von Plehve, who now acts as Secretary of State for Finland in addition to his other duties."

NO REPLY POSSIBLE.

"Woman," remarked Mr. Gooseling, "is Heaven's best gift to man, but whether it means a married woman or not, I am not so certain. Now, there's my wife; I've known a good many women in my time, and I don't think I'd be willing to change her for any women I ever met, saw, or heard of. I'm willing to make as many concessions as most men, but I really think there is a limit that any reasonable woman ought to observe. Not that my wife is not as reasonable as any other married woman, mind you, for she is. But there are times when she makes men doubt the strict accuracy of the time-honored maxim I have quoted.

"Now, for instance, the other day I was doing something or other in the house, just as man has a right to do on his own premises, and, just as men sometimes do, I put my finger where I had no business to put it, and hit it with the hammer.

"'Well,' said I to myself, though my wife was sewing by the window on the other side of the room, 'I'll bet I'm the biggest idiot in creation.'

"All of which I had a perfect right to say; but my wife looks up from her work and, says she:—

"'William,' says she, 'don't you know enough about the ethics of gambling to know that you have no right to bet on a certainty?'

"That's what she said; and, under the circumstances, what on earth could I say but nothing, and that's what I said."

Many a man is too stubborn to admit that he is related to the mule.

SOUTH AMERICAN COMEDY

HOW CIVIL WAR IS CONDUCTED IN THAT REGION.

Two Captains Arranged the Campaign and Refereed the Fight.

they sent a joint note to the combatants, warning them that, however much fighting they chose to do, they (the two captains) forbade them to fight in the town.

The Government and the Opposition both wrote back unanimously to say that their Excellencies should be obeyed; but as their Excellencies had forbidden fighting in the town, would they kindly say where the fighting might take place?

ORDER OF FIGHTING.

The two captains surveyed the country, and selected a position which would do for military operations, with rivers, hills and everything in its proper place.

They then carefully drew up the order of proceedings. They intimated that this position was to be held by the Government, that the Opposition was to retire a certain number of miles and might then proceed to take the position; but—and these were the rules—if the Government once abandoned the position they were to be held to have been beaten, while if the Opposition were unable to take the position they must withdraw, but under no circumstances would fighting be resumed in the town if the position were abandoned.

The Government might retire to the fortress in the town, but there was to be no fighting in the town, or else the guns of both cruisers would be turned impartially on both armies.

REFEREES REQUIRED.

The terms were accepted without demur, the Government occupied the position, the Opposition withdrew, and in the course of two or three days advanced to the attack.

There was a terrific amount of fighting, an immense amount of ammunition was expended, and a great many lives were lost. Eventually the Government went on the run and retreated pell-mell through the town into the fortress.

But the moment the Opposition arrived at the position which the Government formerly held they ceased firing—not one single shot was fired after the Government had abandoned the position.

When the Opposition had occupied the position and the Government had retired into the fortress, both armies hoisted a flag "Referees required," and the two captains, with the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes flying, then solemnly went up to the fort. The army of the victors (the Opposition) lined the streets and presented arms.

MIGHT NEED THEM.

All the shutters of all the shops were taken down, and the population turned out and heartily cheered the referees. Then came the delicate and diplomatic question of arranging the terms of peace.

The two captains decided that in respect of the men of the army of the Government they must lay down their arms, and should then be allowed to go free. The Opposition accepted those terms without question.

They then said that the generals of the Government, and, he thought, the Prime Minister, too, should be allowed to leave the country unmolested; but to that the Opposition at first strongly demurred, thinking that they ought at once to be shot.

But the two captains pointed out to them that revolutions were a flourishing institution in the country, that there was no reason to suppose that this was the last, and that to shoot the leader might be a precedent dangerous to the leaders of the Opposition at some future time.

JOINED THE VICTORS.

After a great deal of consideration and a council of war, the strength of these arguments became apparent to the Opposition, and the late Government and their generals were sent out of the country unmolested. The only thing that then remained was for the two captains to see that the soldiers in the fortress laid down their arms.

This was seen to, and the army of the late Government then left the fortress. The moment they left the fortress they were met by the general of the victorious Opposition, who offered them double pay to join his army.

Without a moment's hesitation and without a single dissentient voice, the offer was accepted. The vanquished soldiers resumed their arms, and then formed part of the escort of the army of the Opposition, which conducted the two captains back to their cruisers, when they returned to the more prosaic duties.

OLD BRITISH STRONGHOLD.

Fortress Once Occupied by the Romans for Sale.

Two buildings—the one famous in history, and the other full of interesting associations that date back to the fourteenth century—are at present prominently before the public. The one, Dunstanburgh Castle, is about to be offered for sale by auction, while the other, Bentley Priory, Stanmore, Middlesex, is awaiting a tenant.

On a bold headland of basaltic rock on the Northumberland coast stand the ruins of Dunstanburgh Castle. It was first a British stronghold, then a Roman fortress, and at a much later period was garrisoned for Queen Margaret, after the battle of Hexham, when it was besieged and taken, after an assault lasting three days.

The legend of "Sir Guy, the Seeker"—told in a ballad by M. G. Lewis—is connected with the castle. "Dunston diamonds" are crystals found in the neighborhood. A deep chasm in the rock at the east of the castle is known as the "Runble Churn." In rough weather the sea rushes in, and great clouds of spray are thrown up.

Bentley Priory, has the distinction of having been a royal residence and an hotel. In the middle ages there was a priory, but it came to an end in the reign of Henry VIII. The first Marquis of Abercorn bought it in 1766, and "convert[illegible] it into a noble mansion." It [illegible]ted by Sir William H[illegible], Adding-ton, and th[illegible]ent (afterwards George [illegible] with the King of Prussia to [illegible] Louis XVIII.

Scott corre[illegible] the proofs of "Marmion." Rogers wrote some of his "Pleasures of Memory," and Sir E. Landseer painted there. In 1848 Queen Adelaide took it on lease, and died there on December 2, 1849.

The house afterwards became the property of Sir J. Helk, the railway engineer, and in 1883-4, was a residential hotel, and finally the home of Mr. F. Gordon, the well-known hotel proprietor.

Mrs. A.—"You say brandy is a good remedy for colic, but I don't agree with you." Mrs. B.—"What do you know about it?" Mrs. A.—"A great deal. Before I had brandy in the house my husband never had colic more than once or twice a year, but as soon as I kept a supply he had colic almost every day."