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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 25. No. 19. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, MARCH 22, 1900. Dr G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

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The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B., every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

It is sent to any address in Canada, or the United States (Postage prepaid by the publisher) at ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, payable invariably in advance.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5.00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefore with the publisher.

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White Mountain Ice Cream Freezers, $1.90. Clothes Wringers, $2.50. Daisy Churns, $3.75.

Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wove Wire 14c. yd., Barbed Wire Fencing, Counter Scales Weigh Beams, Steelyards, Carpet Sweepers, Blasting Powder and Fuse, Sporting Powder, Guns, Revolvers. To arrive from Belgium 35 Single and Double Barrel Breach Loading Guns.

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CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.

THE TRAMP'S IDEA.

That feller ought to go into business and fail, said the tramp to his partner about a man from whom he had asked a small favor.

Why?

He compromised wid me fer fifty cents on the dollar.

How jou mean?

W'y, I struck him fer a dime and he gi' me a nickel.

NO GAME GETS AWAY.

In killing game the Boers use a bullet of which the lead point is exposed so that it "mushrooms" when it strikes. On entering the bullet expands and tears an ugly hole. If it strikes sidewise the effect is horrible.

UNIQUE BECAUSE RARE.

Tommy—Pop, why do people say that truth is stranger than fiction?

Tommy's Pop—Because it's so much more scarce.

The Home

BED FURNISHINGS.

A pretty bed spread is made with a lining of rose pink sateen, with an over cover of dainty dotted Swiss muslin. About the edge, for a valance, there is a deep frill with a shorter one hanging over it, both together making a little up-standing ruffle all about the sides and foot of the bed. Each frill is tucked with three-inch wide tucks. The covering for the top has a line of three-inch wide tucks all around the side. And where the lines of tucks cross at the corners they over-lap each other, making a pattern of right angles at the four corners of the bed. At the right hand corner is an elaborate applique monogram resting on a set of right angles.

A brass bed has a flat cover that falls off the bed all around for a few inches of a beautiful French chintz of a rose pink background with white ostrich feathers sprinkled over its surface, with a gay little cherub here and there. There is one of those long pasteboard-rolls covered with the chintz at the head of the bed, with a long bow of very wide rose satin ribbon hanging from either end of it to the floor. The valance is of white pique with a rose pink stripe running around it. The dressing table has dainty curtains of white rose-striped muslin, like those at the wide windows and on the window seat, which is covered with a pale green velour; there are rose pink cushions. A great old-fashioned wing chair is upholstered with the lovely chintz, with a valance like that of the bed.

Still another bed has a cover of white sateen covered by a pretty muslin of white that has a stripe of pale blue striping it. A deep ruffle all around it has an up-standing edge and a deep hem. Over the pillows is a pretty arrangement. It is merely a very deep ruffle tied at the three brass posts by big bows of pale blue ribon. Two similar bows are at the two lower corners of the bed. The curtains are of plain white muslin with narrow outside curtains of a blue and white striped stuff.

SOUTHERN BREADS.

Here are three recipes brought from out of the "old slave time" that yet hold good in Dixie:

Egg Bread.—Twp eggs, one pint of buttermilk, three pints of cornmeal, one-half pint of lard, one teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt, sweet milk or sweet cream. Stir the soda in the buttermilk until it boils up, mix the bread quickly, adding a sufficient quantity of the sweet milk or sweet cream to make a rather thin batter, beat in the eggs and add the lard, melted and hot, last. Pour quickly into frying hot, greased baking pans, and bake quickly to a delicate brown. This bread will be a golden yellow and as light as cake. Though it is best eaten with butter while very warm, it is very nice cold, as in the picnic luncheon, to be eaten with meats. Often, instead of putting lard in the batter, Aunt Fanny would use the grease that she fried out of a piece of fat bacon by cutting it in small strips and putting them for a while in a pan on a hot stove.

Crackling Bread.—One must have a quart of cornmeal—three pints make more dough—a pint of buttermilk, a teaspoonful of soda, a big pinch of salt, a pint of brown cracklings left from making lard, warm water. Crush the cracklings with a rolling pin, heat them and stir in the dough, which must be thick enough to mould, well thin with the warm water. Mould the bread with the hands in small oblong pones, about three inches thick, putting the pones as you mould them in hot, well-greased pans. Bake in a hot stove until brown. Eat this bread while warm with butter, and sometimes with butter and sorghum molasses. It is light, rich, and, as the negroes say, "fit fuh de queen," but take care you don't eat too much!

Corn Dumplings.—Cook a piece of shoulder of pork in a big pot until tender then mix the desired quantity of cornmeal to a thick dough, as in making bread, the addition of an egg to the dough improves the dumplings. Drop balls of the dough about the size of a walnut in the boiling water about the meat in the pot and cook twenty minutes, when the dumplings will be done, and will have a thick gravy around them. Take care not to let the mixture burn. The fat and juices of the meat season the dumplings excellently.

RULES FOR THE LAUNDRY.

A very hot iron should never be used for flannels or woolens.

Clotheslines are made much more durable by boiling for ten minutes before they are used.

Table linen should be ironed when quite damp, and ironed with a very hot and heavy iron.

Embroideries should be ironed on a thin, smooth surface over thick flannel, and only on the wrong side.

Linen may be made beautifully white by the use of a little refined borax in the water instead of using a washing fluid.

Silken fabrics, especially white silk handkerchiefs should not be dampened, but ironed with a moderately warm iron when taken from the line.

Irons should not be allowed to become red hot, as they will never retain the heat properly afterward.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

Tripe in Batter.—An excellent batter for frying tripe is made as follows: Mix gradually one cupful of flour with one of sweet milk, then add an egg well beaten and a little salt; drain the tripe and wipe as dry as possible, dip in the batter and fry in hot lard or drippings. The same batter may be used in cooking pig's feet or salt pork.

Cornmeal Doughnuts.—Pour a teacupful and a half of boiling milk over two teacupfuls of meal; when cool add two cups of flour, one of butter, one and one-half of sugar, three eggs; flavor with nutmeg or with cinnamon; let rise till very light; roll about one-half inch thick, cut in diamond shape and fry in hot lard.

Poor Man's Cake.—One and one-half cupfuls of brown sugar, two of flour, one each of butter and chopped raisins, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sour milk, half a teaspoonful of soda; half a cupful of blackberry jam. This is an excellent as well as economical cake.

Baking Powder.—A good baking powder may be made as follows:—Sixteen ounces of cornstarch, eight of bicarbonate of soda, 5 of tartaric acid; mix thoroughly by passing through a sieve.

White Cake.—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of sweet milk, three cupfuls of flour, the whites of five eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Easily made and very good.

Apple Custard.—One pint of mashed stewed apples, one pint of sweet milk, four eggs, one cupful of sugar, and a little nutmeg. Bake slowly in cups or deep dish.

Egg Rolls.—Mix two teacupfuls of milk, two eggs a little salt and three and a half cupfuls of flour. Bake in hot gem pans in a quick oven.

HEUHET.

I hear a bird that sings of yesterdays,
A lonely bird, but none so lone as I,
Whose life is leaden as a wintry sky.
O heart, how weary are love's woods and ways
When trod in singleness! The sight obeys
The soul and sees no beauty far or nigh
Unless the soul says "Look!" And so I sigh
Through this fair spring when I should tune my praise.
I know not why the bird is sad, God knows,
And he knows why my heart makes out no song,
For I am burdened with the grievous wrong
Of hard words said to one whose calm repose
I would give all to wake. * * * Ah, dear, how long,
How dark the night until your eyes unclose.

—J. J. Bell in Pall Mall Magazine.

VALUABLE STATISTICS.

By Their Use It Is Often Easy to Overawe the Multitude.

"Nothing like fake statistics for giving a fellow a reputation for scholarship dirt cheap," chuckled an astute citizen. "Statistics are the most impressive things in the world, and the beauty about 'em is that nobody dares to contradict you. I've been working the scheme for several months, and my stock has advanced about 1,000 pounds a day. How do I do it? Well, to illustrate the thing, I was standing in a crowd on Canal street yesterday watching the big pile driver hammering down the walls for the drainage canal.

"'Lot of power there,' remarked a gentleman at my elbow as the weight came down, biff!

"'Immense,' I replied, 'and, by the way, I was just making an interesting calculation in regard to it. Do you know, sir, that blow is exactly equal to 9,569 carpenters driving tenpenny nails into two inch oak planks with four pound steel hammers?' The man looked startled. 'You don't say so, professor?' he replied respectfully, and presently I saw him whispering to the others, who sized me up with awe. The other day, when it was raining, I joined a group under an awning. 'Bad day,' said somebody. 'Yes,' I returned. 'I was amusing myself a few minutes ago in figuring up the quantity of water that has fallen in the city limits between 6 a. m. and noon.'

"At that the other fellows got interested. 'How much was it, doctor?' asked one of 'em. 'Poured into a row of ordinary half pint tumblers,' I said impressively, 'it would make a line once and two-fifths around the globe; it would fill a 18 inch gun barrel reaching from here to a point about nine miles east of Copenhagen; it would quench the matutinal thirst of 9,468,941 Kentucky colonels the day after Christmas; it would barely go into a tank 4,569 kilometers long and 9,411 millimeters wide.' By Jove! You ought to have seen those fellows' eyes stick out.

"When they see me now, they all touch their hats. I squelched a smart Aleck at our boarding house by informing him at the table that the pies consumed annually in New Orleans would form a column, piled one above the other, precisely 13,629 miles high. 'Oh, I admit it leaves about 16 pies over,' I said when he ventured a question. 'But that's only 8¼ dekometers and too small to compute.' That settled him. Now I'm the accepted authority of the establishment on everything from hash to hydraulics.

"I've found it a good idea, by the way, to use the decimal system whenever possible. It mixes 'em up when you begin to talk about millimeters and hectometers and gives a fine flavor of learning to your remarks. I never ran across a fellow yet who dared to question a statement in decimals."

BUSHY TAILS.

How Animals Who Wear Them Utilise Them in Winter.

"Some of our wild animals," said a naturalist, "carry about with them all summer that which nature has evidently intended as a substitute for their winter flannels. I mean their tails of course. So far as I have been able to judge the bushy tailed animals know no other use for their tails than as protection against the cold. Did you ever see a fox sleeping? This is one sight of which the most patient student of wild life cannot always boast, because a fox is always wide awake and has a general antipathy to being looked at. My own observations with sleeping ones have been confined to two that I raised from pups. When it was cold, they would shrink up and seem fairly to wrap their tails about them. When the air grew warmer, they would uncoil a little and sometimes discard the tail entirely, just about as impatiently as a sleeping child will kick off the covers when he gets too warm in the night. I do not think that this attitude is habitual with sleeping foxes. When the weather was warm, they did not curl up at all, but lay sprawling, with their tails on the ground behind them.

"The raccoon makes the same use of his tail. Did you ever see one preparing for a nap? Like the fox, he goes to sleep on his side, but he makes more fuss about it than a lazy lad getting up in the morning. First he hitches up his shoulders and arches his back, and in the cavity thus formed he carefully tucks away his knees and elbows and head. Then he brings his tail up close, the end of it curving over his head. He unwinds himself half a dozen times before he gets curled up to his satisfaction, and when finally arranged he resembles nothing quite so much as a muff without the customary openings. The squirrel also covers himself with his tail, sleeping upright and propped against something.

"In fact," concluded the naturalist, "this is true of every bushy tailed animal I have been on terms of sufficient intimacy to see asleep. It is a very kindly arrangement nature has made for their comfort, and they do not seem to mind very much carrying around their winter flannels in the summer. If they did not carry them with them wherever they went, they would probably lose them, as the red man proves in his tale of the bear and the rabbits."

Wrongest.

"You must excuse be this evedig, Biss Billigad," said Mr. Addlethwaite, "if by speech is a little thick, for I have a terrible cold id by head."

"I see you have," Miss Milligan replied, "and that reminds me that you ought by all means to call on Sue Dallington while you are in your present condition."

"Why so, Biss Billigad?"

"She told me the other day that she was sure you had nothing in your head. Now you can prove that she made a mistake."—Cleveland Leader.

A Convict's Dress

A Lady Entertained Him Unawares, but Did Not Care to Visit Him and His Wife Afterward.

BY B. F. CRESSWELL.

Copyright, 1899, by Beatrice F. Cresswell.

I thought my cousin, Annie Rigwell, would have made me more welcome when I came to stay with her at her Dartmoor farm. I had been ill; change of air was recommended, so I offered myself to my cousin, in that fashionable manner, as a "paying guest," and I must admit that after a long, hilly drive to Brackworthy I thought she surely would be glad of society in so isolated a spot.

But her welcome was not of the hearty kind I expected from a west country woman. She greeted me without enthusiasm. I observed that we were almost strangers to one another, and she made no professions of wishing we might be better acquainted.

"You'll find us very dull and lonely here, Florrie," she said. "You won't want to stay long."

During the days that followed she often asked me if I were not getting tired of the place, in a style suggesting that she would not be sorry if I left. One morning she observed to me: "I am expecting a visitor here, Florrie. He may come any day, I'm not sure of a particular time. It—it is a gentleman who is coming to see the farm. You know I am selling the place. I intend going to America."

It was the first time I had heard of any of her plans, and I observed with what difficulty she now spoke of them.

One morning, a few days afterward, she said she must drive into the town for business and would be absent all day. I might be lonely, added she. Would I not come with her?

"Oh, I've plenty to amuse myself with," I answered. "I shan't feel dull, and who knows?—your possible purchaser may turn up, and I can show him the farm. What's his name, in case he should turn up?" said I, just to tease her.

"His name? Hartland," she answered, in a suppressed tone.

I watched her drive away, our maid beside her. Elisa could not understand I was staying at home for my own pleasure and tried to cater for my amusement before she left.

"One o' they convicts from Prince's Town's escaped," she said to me, when Annie was out of the way. "'Tis all here in the paper. I'll leave it for you to read, since you're not able to come with us, Miss Florrie."

She thrust a dirty local paper, some two days old, into my hand, and then ran after Annie, who was calling her.

After they left I read the account of the convict's escape with no particular interest. It was written in a sensational style, giving a graphic description of the man, Jim Phipps, who was under sentence of 25 years for manslaughter under such doubtful circumstances that it seemed almost like murder.

Later in the morning some one opened the gate. I saw a tall, good looking man, clean shave' with something in his appearance that suggested an actor—I knew not why—carrying a knapsack over his shoulders.

"Miss Rigwell at home?" he asked, when I opened the door.

"No. My cousin has gone to Ashburton and won't be home till late." Then suddenly remembering who this must be, I added, "Are you not Mr. Hartland? We were expecting you. My cousin was so sure you would not come while she was away. But I can show you the farm."

I offered to dispose of his knapsack, but he would not part with it. All my importunities only served to make him slip it from his shoulders, lay it on the table and lean one elbow on it, while he ate the luncheon I had prepared for him. Had Dartmoor the effect of making people taciturn? thought I.

"I'm sure you must be busy," he presently said. "Don't let me hinder you. I'll take a walk round the farm and have a look at the place."

Evidently he did not care for my society, I reflected. He was very willing to leave me. Some men would have invited me for a stroll, or have staid to entertain me since he knew I was alone. Mr. Hartland's behavior did not prepossess me in his favor.

I finished some letters, made some domestic preparations and then thought of looking for my guest.

Out of the back door I glanced over the moor, where no tree or obstruction hindered the view for miles. I saw Mr. Hartland about a quarter of a mile from the house, where a brawling stream dashed down the hill. But what was he doing? Evidently he had found a spade, for he seemed to be digging a big pit where the soil near the stream was soft and deep. What an extraordinary performance!

I crept up to him, step by step, my footfalls making no sound on the soft turf. He neither heard nor saw my approach.

The inseparable knapsack was beside him open, and it did not take long to discover that Mr. Hartland was burying something. It was a convict's dress! The stranger was no man of business, but an escaped criminal!

In an instant I remembered the newspaper description. Jim Phipps was tall, of gentlemanly appearance and a man of good education. An involuntary exclamation escaped me. The man turned round and saw me there. Never have I seen anything like the expression of his face.

"What brought you here?" he fiercely cried, seizing me by the wrist.

"I came to see—to see"— I gasped.

"What I was doing. Fatal curiosity, of course. The curse of mother Eve is on all you women."

Was it fatal curiosity? Would he murder me and bury me with the clothes? I trembled like a leaf and dared say nothing.

"Will you hold your tongue?" he demanded.

"Indeed, indeed I will," I cried. "I will say no word to any one."

"You can help me," he grimly remarked. "Is there no quicklime on the farm?"

"I think so," I replied.

"Then fetch me some as soon as you can."

I returned to the farm yard, found what was required and brought it in a basket. He shook it over the clothes that he had placed in the pit.

"You understand that you have helped me?" he said. "If those clothes are found, you are responsible, and you will have to answer any inquiries the police may make."

Shouldering the spade, he trudged into the house.

I shall never forget the strange horror of that afternoon. I sat pretending to work; my visitor dozed over a magazine in the back of the parlor. We made no attempt to converse. Now and then he looked up, usually when the clock struck. I think he found the time as long as I did. His danger was not yet passed; he must have chafed at the sunshine of the long summer day. Wheels sounded on the road at last.

"My cousin is coming back," said I.

"Well, you know who I am," replied my companion, without moving. "Go and tell her Mr. Hartland is here."

I went into the passage and told Annie. She shook, swayed, caught the wall with her hand. I could not comprehend her agitation.

"Here, and I away!" she cried.

"I guessed rightly that he might come," I said. "Do you know him by sight, Annie?"

"Of course I do."

Then she would know this man was not Hartland. I wondered why he had had the audacity to stay.

But Annie had entered the parlor and greeted the man with three words.

"You are come," she said.

"I have come," he answered, adding—and I thought he looked significantly at me as he spoke—"your cousin has taken good care of me."

I don't know what Annie replied. She soon left the room, and Mr. Hartland followed her. If he had gone with the intention of murdering her, I had no power to stop him. My nerves were utterly shaken. Whether she was gone a long or short time I could not say, but Annie came back alone.

"Where's Mr. Hartland?" I said.

"He left," she carelessly replied.

The overstrain was too much for me, and I burst into tears.

"It has been so lonely," I sobbed in excuse, "and I don't like strangers."

Annie was very kind—kinder than I had yet known her—and when I went to bed she came and brought me mulled cider. I drank the stuff, but I did not like it. It tasted funny, and, though I slept, it was with feverish dreams, and presently I awoke hot and restless and could sleep no more.

A farmhouse stirs early, but the sounds that morning seemed earlier than usual. I rose and looked out of my window. It was neither dark nor dawn, and on the road below stood a cart and horse.

Two people left the farm. I watched them get into the cart and drive away. They were Annie and Mr. Hartland.

* * * * * * *

More than 18 months after I had left Brackworthy I heard from my cousin Annie, then in America:

Dear Florrie—I and my husband feel that we owe you some explanation for an affair you cannot have forgotten. The man whose convict clothes you helped to bury was my husband. Never mind about his so called crime. In my eyes he is innocent, for never was a man killed who deserved death more than he who met his death at my husband's hands. When I knew Jim's sentence, I took Brackworthy farm on purpose, if possible, to help him. Our marriage being secret, I was the better able to do this. Other clothes were placed where Jim could find them on the moor, a hiding place provided at Brackworthy whenever he should be able to get there. The rest you know. Pardon my inhospitality. I had no thoughts while you were with me save for Jim. Pray forgive him also the fright he caused you. It was necessary for his safety to intimidate you into silence. Come and see us here, where we are safe and happy, and we will promise you a warm welcome.

I was glad to learn the truth of that trying experience, but I have not cared to avail myself of Cousin Annie's invitation.

Sleeping His Life Away.

"There goes the happiest man in the borough," said a Norristown barber, pointing out of the window to a little, elderly man, dressed gayly, who walked with his eyes fixed complacently on his new but old fashioned yellow shoes.

"That fellow," continued the barber, "became rich suddenly, after a life of hard, uninterrupted work. Now that he has money, he knows of nothing better to do than sleep. He sleeps all the time, and it is ruining his health. In the morning he comes down to breakfast at his boarding house, messes with the food a little, and then, as soon as his bed is made, skates up stairs for a snooze. At dinner he tries hard to eat, but his appetite is bad. He plays with his food and blows to the other boarders about the fine naps he takes while they are working hard, and if they pretend to be envious he shows that he is delighted. Of course he sleeps all the afternoon, but at night, although he denies this, it is well known that he rests poorly.

"I suppose it is better if you are rich to ruin your health by sleeping too much rather than by drinking or dissipating in the other ways, but just to sleep seems to me a foolish thing to do, because when you sleep all the time you might as well be dead."

A MILE A MINUTE.

What This Means to the Locomotive That Is Making It.

At 60 miles an hour the resistance of a train is four times as great as it is at 30 miles—that is, the fuel must be four times as great in the one case as it is in the other.

But at 60 miles an hour this fuel must be exerted for a given distance in half the time that it is at 30 miles, so that the amount of power exerted and steam generated in a given period of time must be eight times as great at the faster speed. This means that the capacity of the boiler, cylinders and the other parts must be greater, with a corresponding addition to the weight of the machine.

Obviously, therefore, if the weight per wheel, on account of the limit of weight that the rails will carry, is limited, we soon reach a point where the driving wheels and other parts cannot be further enlarged, and then we reach the maximum of speed. The nice adjustment necessary in the various parts of these immense engines may be indicated by some figures as to the work performed by these parts when the locomotive is worked at high speed.

Take a passenger engine on any of the big lines. At 60 miles an hour a driving wheel 5½ feet in diameter revolves five times every second. Now, the reciprocating parts of each cylinder, including one piston, piston rod, crosshead and connecting rod, weighing about 550 pounds, must move back and forth a distance equal to the stroke, usually two feet, every time the wheel revolves, or in the fifth of a second.

This weight starts from a state of rest at the end of each stroke of the piston and must acquire a velocity of 39 feet per second in one-twentieth of a second, and must be brought to a state of rest in the same period of time.

A piston 18 inches in diameter has an area of 254½ square inches. Steam of 150 pounds pressure per square inch would therefore exert a force on the piston equal to 38,175 pounds. This force is applied alternately on each side of the piston ten times in a second.—Pearson's Weekly.

Swift Retribution.

There was a wicked leer in Meandering Mike's eye as he saw the little girl coming out of the restaurant side door carrying a small tin pail.

"The idea!" he exclaimed to his comrade, "of encouraging sich luxuries in de young!"

"It's our duty to stop it," was the rejoinder.

Before the little girl could turn the corner the tramp bounced up before her and exclaimed:

"I'm sorry, lady, but I couldn't see ye carryin dat pail any furder. It's agin me gallantry."

The little girl began to cry. Mike seized the bucket and in a moment had the bottom of it pointed toward the blue sky. The effect was volcanic. Foam flew in all directions. His one ejaculation solved the mystery.

"Soapsuds!"

And when the restaurant proprietor came out and desired to know why his children could not obtain beer soap bubbles without being interfered with the victim of poetic justice had not a word to say.—Washington Star.

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