BUSINESS NOTICE.

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

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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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Board Works Jan 1 01

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 28. No. 29 — CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 28, 1903 — D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR
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Mr. Bassington's Visitor

Outside in the Temple the afternoon sun was shining gaily, brightening with its gold the grim, time-darkened houses. But the cheerful rays did not penetrate within a certain room on the second floor of a house that looked even more sombre than those adjacent. What light there was came through the window as if reluctantly, and dimly showed a figure bent over a desk engrossed in work.

If one could have peeped in at that room at the same hour on any day of the year one would have seen the same still figure at the same occupation; except during the vacations, when Richard Bassington left work and the Temple behind for a time and sought some place where the air was fresher and sweeter.

It had been urged upon him that now he was a famous K. C. he should leave the chambers he had first come to when a struggling junior, and find a more imposing suite of rooms. But he clung to the old ones with an affection that was more the outcome of long association than of any actual beauty or convenience they possessed, for they were shabby and mean, and up two flights of stairs which clients grumbled at a good deal.

Mr. Bassington had had a busy day, and returning a few minutes ago from the courts was anticipating a hasty tea, and after that a long evening devoted to more work.

But somehow he could not this afternoon easily rivet his attention, as long habit had given him the power to do, on the work before him. There stared at him from those dry, rustling papers, as if drawn upon them by invisible fingers, a girl's fair face, with grey, laughing eyes, and a tangle of wild, sweet hair; in a word, a face from a past he had hoped was dead and done with long ago had come to haunt and disturb the present.

He glanced up at the calendar above his desk. It was her birthday, he remembered. He supposed it was that which had brought her so persistently to his mind to-day. He placed his pen down and half closed his eyes. Like dimly remembered music, her voice seemed to float to him across the gulf of years . . . Why did the aching memory of it come back to him now? She had long ago passed out of his life, and even though some of the brightness of it had stolen away with her she had left him his work.

"I have that," he murmured, half aloud; "it must suffice, now and always." Yet in that moment the wealth and fame he had won seemed but as Dead Sea fruit, turning to ashes in his mouth.

He thought of certain thousands that lay snugly invested. Of what use were they to buy back the past or give him once more the chance to win the only woman he had ever cared or would ever care for?

With a self-indulgence that was unusual to him he was still contemplating this dream-sweet face, with the laughing eyes and merry lips, when there came a rather imperious knock at his front door, and breaking from his reverie he hastened to answer it.

Standing outside was a vision in white. No figment of the brain this, but a vision of flesh and blood—a child, a little girl, with grave, inquiring glance and pretty face flushed with excitement.

"I told you I should come to see you, Mr. Bassington," she said to the astonished barrister, "and I made nurse bwing me this afternoon. I have sent her back to the hotel, and told her to come back for me in an hour's time. I said I was going to have tea with you."

She had crossed the threshold, and following the bewildered lawyer she stopped short in the middle of the room, and looked at him with candid blue eyes.

"I'm afwaid," she said, pronouncing her words with delicate precision, "that you are not vewy pleased to see me, Mr. Bassington. I believe," she added, with dreadful solemnity, "that you've forgot all about asking me!"

But this terrible incident Richard Bassington hastened to deny. He remembered meeting the child a week ago at a friend's house where a juvenile party was in progress. He did not know her name, but he had been attracted by her quaintness. After the manner of children she had asked him a number of questions, where he lived, and whether she might come to see him, with a grave seriousness that was natural to her, and he had replied in the same strain that upon any afternoon he would be prepared to receive her.

"Why should you not think I am pleased at your visit?" he asked, a little awkwardly. He was unused to children and not as ease with them.

"When I go to my fwiends they always kiss me," was her indirect answer.

"Oh, I see," he replied, with a laugh. "Well, that is an omission soon remedied," and catching the child up in his strong arms he kissed the sweet baby lips. That seemed effectually to break the ice between them, and in a few moments the little girl was explaining how she had obtained permission from her aunt — a lady careless of children and whose brains were woolly in the afternoon — to come out with her nurse to see Mr. Bassington.

Standing alone as he did in the world, with no tie, no one to love or care for him in return, with nothing to live for but incessant work, in which he found his only dreary pleasure, Richard Bassington was almost surprised to find that he was still human, and that this dear child with her pretty ways seemed already to be claiming admittance to his heart.

With quick, accustomed hands he took from the cupboard two odd cups and saucers, a milk jug, sugar, and plates, and bread and butter. He had learnt how to make his own tea in days when to go to outside tea shops was a luxury beyond his means, and the habit had clung to him.

There was a gas-ring in the room, and having placed upon it a kettle that had originally been polished brass, he busied himself, much to the child's amusement, in preparing the tea.

She insisted upon helping him, and, removing her fleecy cloak, she began to make herself useful in a manner that betrayed early developed house-wifely instincts.

It brought him a strange pleasure to see how much at home she was, to follow the beautifully dressed little figure as it moved about with dancing eyes and a gay song on its lips.

"Do you always have tea alone?" she asked, setting the cups, and ignoring their cracked and assorted condition.

"Always."

"And aren't you very lonely?" She forgot her occupation, and, coming across to him, put her soft, childish hands in his, and looked up with an expression that was wistful and filled with an understanding and sympathy beyond her years.

"Sometimes, little lady," he said, with a short sigh. "But you know we dull, middle-aged fogeys have our day-dreams like other folks."

"What are day-dreams?"

"Well, for instance, I might imagine one day that I did not live here but somewhere quite different, in the county, perhaps, and that I had a little girl, like you, to talk to—and love, and work for, and that she was merry, just as you are, and made the world seem bright, even when the sun was not shining. And then, maybe, when I can almost fancy this to be true I wake and find it was only a dream."

"Is that a day-dream?" she asked, "I has them," she went on, reflectively, "but — but they are diffewent; all about fairies and gweat, big enchanted castles, and forests where there are twees of real silver and gold, and a good fairy, and a bad fairy who wants to turn a little girl into a nasty toad. Would you weally like to have a little girl like me?" she broke off, abruptly.

A gentleness came over the man's somewhat stern face, touching it into kindliness and softness. "Yes, little lady," he said. "And now the kettle is becoming angry with us."

She laughed at the fancy, as he turned to the hissing kettle, which was indignantly rattling the lid to call their attention to its important self.

Turning to the cupboard again, he saw that it contained nothing to tempt a child's dainty appetite. Children liked sweet, jammy things, he remembered, and he rang loudly at the bell.

After a lengthy interval the individual who followed the mysterious occupation of laundress made her appearance, with husky apologies, and was despatched to the nearest tea shop for a goodly assortment of sweetmeats.

He then gave his attention to the child once more, poured out the tea, sugared it to suit her taste, milked it according to his own judgment, and looked after her wants in general. In a very short while the laundress returned with the cakes, which might have tempted an anchorite.

It was quite a merry tea table, and somehow the barrister felt years younger. The mantle of age which had fallen prematurely upon him, as it does on most who have no love to sweeten their days and keep them youthful, slipped suddenly away.

"It must be vewy nice to live here all alone," said the child, during a pause in her healthy attack upon the cakes. "No lessons, no horwid governess."

"But I have my lessons, child," he said, whimsically. "We all have our lessons; those are mine," and he pointed to a pile of papers.

"Are they difficult ones?"

"Sometimes," he said, thinking of a ticklish case he ought at that moment to have enmeshed his intellect in.

She seemed to ponder over this, and presently she slipped off her chair and climbed on to the barrister's knee. She looked into his eyes. They were sombre enough usually, but just now they were lighted by a smile.

"Do your lessons ever make you cwy, like mine do me?"

"Not exactly that, my pretty one. Men don't cry; they mustn't, you know; all their crying is done inwardly. Do you understand?"

She nodded a solemn head.

"That's like what mummy does. She sits in her chair sometimes so quiet, and looks just like little girls do when they want to cwy and can't. I spect it's 'cos daddy's gone to Heaven, and isn't likely to come back, nurse says. Have you ever been to Heaven? and is it far away?"

"No; I have never been, dear; and it is so far away that when one goes there one never, never comes back again."

"I s'pose it's vewy booful, like fairy-land," she remarked, thoughtfully.

This reflection seemed to give birth to a new idea.

"Tell me a fairy tale," she pleaded. "I am so fond of fairy tales."

The barrister looked at the flushed, tender face and cudgelled his brains. The law's grave study does not much lend itself to the cultivation of the fancy, and he lacked the gift of fiction. Then there came to him a way out of the difficulty. He would relate to her something of his own life in the guise of a fairy tale.

With a preliminary cough he commenced. "Once upon a time," he said, and his listener's eyes grew wide with delight, "there was — let me see — a woodman's son. The fairies had not been invited to his christening, so that there were no good gifts to help him in life; he had to fight his own way unassisted.

"His father and mother were not kind to him — they had so many children and they were very poor—and his life would have been altogether very sad but for a little playmate he had, of whom he was very fond. She was a little, fair-haired girl, very much like you. She was pretty and gay, and he was so fond of her that he never dared to tell her of his fondness.

"But he used to have a dream — one of those day-dreams that I told you of — that one day he would go out into the big world and win a great fortune, with which he would go to certain miserly fairies and buy from them a handsome palace, to which he would bring this little girl, and live with her there for evermore.

"But one day, whilst he was still waiting for this dream to come true, still believing and hoping in it, there came the son of a rich king, who, seeing this little girl, fell at once in love with her, and took her away with him to a real palace, not one that was formed of dreams, and the woodman's son never saw her again."

They were interrupted at this point by a hasty rap at the outside door, which was divided from the sitting-room by an apology for a passage. Placing the child down, Bassington went to open it, in a kind of dream, and to complete the dream there—when he opened the door—was the ghost of the past that had peered up at him from his papers. She was a little older, a little graver, but it was still the sweetest face he had ever seen.

She flushed uncomfortably when she caught sight of him.

"I returned unexpectedly to town this afternoon," she said, "to find that my little girl had gone off to pay a call upon a mysterious gentleman."

"Your little girl! I did not know!"

"Nor I that it was you she had come to annoy."

Seeing her mother, the child came forward and rapturously greeted her, and commenced a confused account of the fairy tale the latter's advent had interrupted.

"Won't you have some tea?" he said, confusedly. He could hardly believe that the woman he had ever ceased to love through all the years was here before him.

"My little Isobel has wearied you quite long enough, I am sure," she murmured. But the child had heard the invitation, and pleaded in a breathless fashion for her to stay.

Mrs. Courtenay consented, and in response to her puzzled glance Richard, not without hesitation, explained how he had been entertaining Isobel. He would have liked to get out of going on with the story. It was an embarrassing position; but the child would not hear of it.

Whilst he was making fresh tea for the last arrival, Isobel was giving her mother a summary of what had gone before, and Mr. Bassington's embarrassment was added to when he saw by the sudden flush which stained the fair white face that she recognized the characters in his little story. But he was bound to finish it, though in a rather halting fashion, it was true, and when he reached the end, which was very shortly, the child insisted upon hearing her mother's opinion. She was silent for a few moments.

"I think," she said at last — and she looked at the barrister with the half-mocking expression which made the years which separated past from present seem but as one day, he remembered it so well — "I think that the woodman's son ought to have spoken and have told the girl about the dreams of his future. She—she might have waited for him — if her mother had let her. . . . Now, Isobel, we must really go," she finished, rising to her feet. "Thank Mr. Bassington for your pleasant hour—and—and for his fairy tale."

Somewhat reluctantly Isobel obeyed.

Mrs. Courtenay held out her hand. "Good-bye," she said.

A thrill passed through Richard Bassington as he clasped it.

"Are you staying long in town?" he asked.

"No; we return home to-morrow afternoon."

"May I call to say farewell?"

She paused for a moment, understanding what he meant by the simple question. Indeed, now was no time for further misunderstanding, there had been too much of that in the past; since she had heard the finish to the fairy tale she saw things with clearer eyes.

"If you care to — yes," was her reply. — London Tit-Bits.

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It is the blood. The blood is thin, weak and watery, and lacking in the qualities which go to form nervous energy, the vital force which runs the machinery of the body. Your health has become run down, and you cannot get better without the assistance of some restorative. In this connection we mention Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, because it has proven itself to be the most satisfactory spring medicine and system-builder that can be obtained.

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Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is bound to prove beneficial to you, for it is composed of nature's greatest restoratives, and acts in accordance with nature's laws. Gradually and certainly it increases flesh and weight, adds new, firm muscles and tissues to the body, rounds out the form, and instils new energy and vigor into the system. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

About the ....House

IN STRAWBERRY TIME.

Strawberry Charlotte. — Line individual glasses with strips of sponge cake. Soak until soft one-fourth box of gelatine, in as little water as possible. Add one-half pint of fresh strawberry juice and sweeten to taste. Heat in a double boiler, not tin, until gelatine is dissolved. When cold and beginning to jell, stir in one-half pint stiff whipped cream. Stir on ice until thick, and fill glasses. This will serve about six people. Measure cream before whipping.

Strawberry Salad. — Cream one-half a neufchatel cheese with the blade of a silver fork; add a tablespoonful of thick cream, a saltspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and half a cup of fresh strawberry juice; arrange the crisp inner leaves of lettuce on a platter in nests, and pour over the cream; if liked, a saltspoonful of mustard may be worked into the cream. Be sure it is beaten until perfectly smooth.

Strawberry Sherbet. — One quart of berries, mashed; sprinkle over with one pint of sugar; add the juice of one lemon, and a half pint of water, in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of gelatine; freeze as you would ice cream.

Strawberry Jelly.—1 quart strawberries, one large cup sugar, juice of one lemon, two-thirds of a package of gelatine soaked in one cup cold water, one pint boiling water; mash the berries and strain through a coarse muslin; mix sugar and lemon juice with the soaked gelatine; pour over the boiling water; stir until clear; then strain through a flannel bag; add the strawberry juice; strain again without squeezing the bag; wet a mould with a cylinder in the center; pour in the jelly and set on ice to form. When serving fill the center with sweetened whipped cream.

Canned Strawberries. — Do only a few berries at a time; hull, wash and discard all under or overripe berries; weigh your fruit, and to every pound add a quarter of a pound of white sugar; fill pint jars with fruit and sugar, and place in a vessel of cold water; put over the fire and let it come to the boiling point; as the juice is exhausted and the fruit settles, fill with berries in other jars, until part of the jars are full to the brim; do not stir or mash, but pour one jar into another carefully; seal before removing from the fire; take the kettle off, and when the water has cooled remove sealed jars of fruit. If jars are perfectly sealed the fruit will keep perfectly.

Strawberry Preserves. — Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of strawberries; put them in a kettle in layers of fruit and sugar and set the kettle on the back of the stove until a syrup is formed. Now allow it to come to a boil, stirring occasionally from the bottom of the kettle. Spread thinly on platters and set in the sun to dry.

Strawberry Jam. — Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of strawberries; put the berries and sugar together in the preserving kettle and mash fine; boil for twenty minutes, stirring to keep from burning and to make the jam of a smooth consistency; pour into jelly tumblers and seal like jelly when it is cold.

Ile vigilant. Keep ahead rather than behind the times. Cut this out, and if there be folly in the argument, let us know.

Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path: more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of. Never buy any article you do not need simply because it is cheap and the man who sells it will take it out in trade.

SLEEPING ON THREE LEGS.

It is not generally known that at least four out of every ten horses do not lie down to sleep. The horse that sleeps in a standing position rests one leg at a time, depending on the other three to sustain the weight of his body. The habit is a very dangerous one. Only a short time since a fine horse in the stables of a big manufacturing firm went to sleep while standing in his stall and fell heavily to the floor, breaking one of his legs. A great many horses are permanently injured as a result of accidents of this nature, and there is no way of curing them of the habit. Horses who do lie down to sleep often double their forelegs under them, their hoofs rubbing and irritating the skin and flesh at the back of the upper part of them until they form those unsightly, though practically painless lumps which so often disfigure the forelegs of otherwise shapely animals.

Jim—"Wot are yer larfin' at, Bill?" Bill—"Why, the ole woman started ter jaw that copper what kyme to lock me up, an' I'm blowed if 'e ain't run 'er in an' left me!"

THE WAY THEY DO IT.

"I think my gardener would make a good villain, in a melodrama."

"Why so?"

"Because he's always laying out plots that never amount to anything in the end."

the narrow dock which are long and rather curly, are used. Look over the same as spinach, throw into boiling salted water, keeping the kettle uncovered, boil first for fifteen minutes, then drain and press out the water. Chop fine, return to the fire in a saucepan with a lump of butter and salt and pepper. Stir till hot.

It is said that young squashes of the crooked neck variety, gathered when about the size of eggs, boiled under in salted water, then seasoned and served in a cream sauce are "toothsome eating." This is worth remembering against next summer. The vines, thus robbed, are said to produce abundantly.

Sometimes there is a part of a baked or boiled fish left over, which one doesn't know how to use. Scallop it. Remove all bones and pick into small bits. Butter a baking dish. Make a cupful of thick white sauce, put a layer of fish in the dish, then one of the sauce, another layer of fish, and finish with a layer of dried bread crumbs, dotted liberally with bits of butter. Brown in the oven and serve hot.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Past experiences give good counsel, but make poor patterns.

The shield of faith was not meant to protect the conscience.

There is a difference between drawing the people and reaching them.

A lie is a loan on which you will never cease to pay manifold interest.

It's no use picking the mote out of your brother's eye with the hatchet of hatred.

It will be time enough to indict others when we have finished the inventory of our own faults.

Nothing is more dangerous than a friend without discretion; even a prudent enemy is preferable.

Whatsoever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you, do not unto him. This is the whole law; the rest is a mere exposition of it.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

The easiest way to clean carafes or water bottles is to dry some egg-shells, crush them, put them in the bottle with hot soap suds and shake till the glass looks clear. If very cloudy it may be necessary to repeat the operation.

Tea stains can be removed from table linen in warm soft water in which a few drops of ammonia have been put. Or, mix a little powdered chalk to a paste with water, spread on the spot and brush off when dry.

Dock is probably the best known weed used for greens. The leaves of

SOME TITLED CRIMINALS

CAN NO LONGER COMMIT CRIMES WITH IMPUNITY.

Princes and Princesses Punished for Their Murders and Robberies.

Whatever a man's rank, he cannot escape the penalities of the law if he breaks it. Abroad, though a man of title can no longer commit crime with impunity, yet punishment is too often shockingly inadequate. The case of Prince Prosper von Arenberg is an example of how far favoritism of this kind can go.

The prince was in command of German southwest African district, and had as his confidential servant a halfbreed named Keen. The man chanced to arouse the prince's displeasure, so his master made him drunk on brandy, and then, manacling him, drew him up by a cord to the ceiling and practiced upon him tortures too dreadful to mention.

At last he cut the moaning victim down, and, turning him out of the house, ordered the sentry to shoot him. The sentry fired in the air, and then, when the prince repeated the order, shot at Keen and wounded him in the leg. The titled torturer, mad with fury, pulled out a revolver and shot Keen through the head. As the man still showed signs of life, he seized a rammed and forced it through the last wound into the man's brain. The prince was tried by court martial and sentenced to three and a half years' detention in a fortress! Detention in a fortress is a sort of first-class imprisonment, and is actually welcomed by many officers as a relief from the severity of their duties. Prince von Arenberg is a member of one of the greatest families in Germany, one of which the members are entitled to marry into the reigning family.

ROBBED BY A PRINCE.

In the winter of last year a most daring robbery took place in the open street at Batoum in broad daylight. The cashier of the Caspian Black Sea Naphtha company was carrying the sum of $7,000 from his office to a bank, accompanied by an armed guard. Suddenly a man rushed out from a side street, stabbed the guard, seized the bag of money from the cashier, and ran off with it. Two policemen gave chase; the man turned and shot them both and got clean away.

This daring and successful robber was Prince Alexander Lordkipinadse, the author of a series of crimes excelling those perpetrated by even the worst of the old time western American desperadoes. He was at the head of a widespread organization of bandits, whose headquarters were in the Caucus mountains, and whose depredations extended to Batoum, Tiflis, and Baku. A few months ago the head of the band was caught, and, with his two lieutenants, Prince Valerian and Prince Elias Lulukidse, put on trial. The case lasted a fortnight and there were proved against them no fewer than 100 murders, besides numerous cases of arson and almost innumerable robberies. All three met a richly deserved fate on the gallows.

SET HER CASTLE ON FIRE.

Berlin recently enjoyed a sensation in high life. Countess von Schlieben was arrested on a charge of setting fire to her summer residence in Steglitz, one of the suburbs of the German capital. Bail was refused and the lady immured in prison. The life story of this woman is distinctly interesting. Twenty years ago she was plain Mary Hertog, a flower seller in one of the principal streets of Berlin. Her business did so well that she made a fortune and blossomed out as a patroness of charities and editress of a woman's periodical. Then she married Count von Schlieben, a man considerably younger than herself, and the pair went to live at Steglitz in the villa which has now been burnt down. This house, which the countess built with her own money, is the one she is accused of burning.

Austria has her titled criminals. In April, 1900, a landed proprietor, Count Kerschendorff, was arrested for complicity in an extensive series of forgeries in Transylvania. With him were implicated an ex-district prefect, two lawyers, several priests and other persons of good standing. The notes, which were most cleverely forged, were issued to a value of over $50,000 before the fraud was discovered. Another Austrian nobleman who has recently got into trouble is Count Hans Arz, who has been deprived of his rank and sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labor for committing thefts in a dentist's waiting room at Vienna.

The case which has created most popular interest of any in which titled criminals have been concerned is that of the Princess Radziwill. The case arose out of the action brought by a third party against the late Cecil Rhodes and the Princess Catherine Radziwill to obtain sentence in connection with certain promissory notes drawn by the princess and purporting to be indorsed by Mr. Rhodes. Mr. Rhodes denied that the signatures were his, and in the result the princess was found guilty of forgery and sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

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SOME CRUSHING RETORTS

THE CHAMBERLAIN'S ANSWER TO A GERMAN COUNT.

The Duke of York and the Marines — Delightful Story From Berkshire.

If a mild answer is useful to turn away wrath, a crushing retort sometimes answers the salutary purpose of silencing an opponent.

Such at any rate was the effect of an answer given by one of Pope Leo XIII.'s chamberlains to an arrogant member of the Kaiser's suite a few years ago. When the German Emperor went to the Vatican to pay a visit to the Pope accompanied by Count——, the latter was refused admittance to the audience chamber which his Imperial master had just entered.

"Are you aware, sir," said the Count, furious at the slight put upon him, "are you aware that I am Count——?"

"That," imperturbably answered the chamberlain, "may account for your conduct, but it cannot excuse it."

Of a very different character was the clever answer credited to a former Duke of York. At mess one day the Duke chanced to refer to the array of empty bottles on the table by the humorous nickname of "marines," when an officer of this branch of the service, who was present, asked what he meant by such a disparaging comparison.

"I call them 'marines,'" the Duke promptly answered, "because they have done their duty—and are ready to do it again."

Miss Mitford used to tell a delightful story of the politeness of the Berkshire peasants. Walking in that county one day she was dilating on this subject to her companion, when, on coming to a gate, a boy who was standing near rushed forward and gallantly opened it for the ladies to pass through.

"I'm sure you're not a Berkshire boy," Miss Mitford's friend, who was skeptical about the politeness of the county, said to the lad.

"Thee'rt a liar, vor I be!" came the crushing answer,

QUICK AS LIGHTNING.

Pope Pius IX. could be very severe when he pleased, in his quiet way. On one occasion, when he granted an interview to a young English attache, the Pope offered his guest a cigar.

"Than you, your Holiness," the young diplomat answered, in an access of virtue, "I have no vices."

"This," placidly answered the Pontiff, "is not a vice; if it were you would have it."

Dr. Cheyne, the great eighteenth century physician of Bath, was a witty young man; but he found more than a match in Beau Nash, who was one of his patients. Calling one day after he had prescribed for Nash, Cheyne asked him: "Well, have you followed my prescription?"

"No, faith, doctor, I haven't followed it," the dandy answered. "Pon honor, if I had, I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of my bedroom window."

Sir Richard Jebb was in the habit of giving his patients startling answers to their questions. Once when an old gentleman of impaired digestion asked him: "What shall I eat?" the doctor replied:

"My directions, sir, are simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, for they might induce flatulence; but you can eat anything else you please."

There is perhaps more point than refinement in the answer given to Gainsborough by one of his botable sitters. The great painter, losing his temper and manners, as he often did, exclaimed in irritation, "Confound your dimple, my lord," "confound your 'cheek,'" came the lightning retort

FROM HIS LORDSHIP.

Dr. Radcliffe was as noted for his rough tongue as for his clever doctoring. One day when he dismounted from his carriage opposite his house in Bloomsbury Square he found a pavior at work on the pavement and blocking his way.

"Why, you rascal," thundered Radcliffe, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work."

"Doctor," placidly answered the man, "mine is not the only bad work the earth hides."

But one of the most amusing exchanges of compliments is that associated with Dr. Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller. The physician and the painter were next door neighbors, and were at one time on such a footing of friendliness that a doorway was made in the dividing wall to give easy access to each other's gardens. But, as will sometimes happen even with neighbors, their friendship became clouded, and Sir Godfrey Kneller sent his man to acquaint the doctor of his intention to have the doorway built up again.

"Tell your master," Radcliffe said to the messenger, "that he can do anything he likes to the door so long as he doesn't paint it."

A few moments later the man returned with this message from the artist to the doctor: "Sir Godfrey Kneller is prepared to take anything from his neighbor—except his physic!" — London Tit-Bits.

HE DIDN'T COMPLAIN.

Young Wife—"This talk about men being so impatient when a woman is getting ready to go anywhere is all nonsense."

Friend—"Doesn't your husband complain at all?"

Young Wife—"No, indeed. Why, last evening I couldn't find my gloves, and had a long hunt for half a dozen other things, and yet when I was finally dressed and went upstairs for my husband, there he was reading and smoking as calmly as if I wasn't half an hour late."

Friend—"Never! Where were you going?"

Bananas can be best ripened in a room kept at 110 degrees.