MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

DOLPH HEYLIGER.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

[CONTINUED.]

There was a bustle now in the little encampment. One took off the kettle, and turned a part of the contents into a huge wooden bowl; another prepared a flat rock for a table; while a third brought various utensils from the pinnace, which was moored close by; and Heer Antony himself brought a flask or two of precious liquor from his own private locker—knowing his boon companions too well to trust any of them with the key.

A rude but hearty repast was soon spread; consisting of venison smoking from the kettle, with cold bacon, boiled Indian corn, and mighty loaves of good brown household bread. Never had Dolph made a more delicious repast; and when he had washed it down with two or three draughts from the Heer Antony's flask, and felt the jolly liquor sending its warmth through his veins, and glowing round his very heart, he would not have changed his situation, no, with the governor of the province.

The Heer Antony, too, grew chirping and joyous; told half a dozen fat stories, at which his white followers laughed immoderately, though the Indians, as usual, maintained an invincible gravity.

"This is your true life, my boy!"

"This is your true life, my boy," said he, slapping Dolph on the shoulder; "a man is never a man till he can defy wind and weather, range woods and wilds, sleep under a tree, and live on bass wood leaves!"

And then would he sing a stave or two of a Dutch drinking song, swaying a short squab Dutch bottle in his hand, while his myrmidons would join in chorus, until the woods echoed again—as the good old song has it:

They all with a shout made the elements ring,
So soon as the office was o'er;
To feasting they went with true merriment,
And tippled strong liquor galore.

In the midst of his joviality, however, Heer Antony did not lose sight of discretion. Though he pushed the bottle without reserve to Dolph, yet he always took care to help his followers himself, knowing the beings he had to deal with; and he was particular in granting but a moderate allowance to the Indians. They repeat being ended, the Indians having drunk their liquor and smoked their pipes, now wrapped themselves in their blankets, stretched themselves on the ground with their feet to the fire, and soon fell asleep, like so many tired hounds. The rest of the party remained chatting before the fire, which the gloom of the forest and the dampness of the air from the late storm rendered extremely grateful and comforting. The conversation gradually moderated from the hilarity of supper time, and turned upon hunting adventures and exploits and perils in the wilderness, many of which were so strange and improbable that I will not venture to repeat them, lest the veracity of Antony Vander Heyden and his comrades should be brought into question. There were many legendary tales told also about the river and the settlements on its borders; in which valuable kind of lore the Heer Antony seemed deeply versed. As the sturdy drain heater sat in the twisted root of a tree that served him for a kind of arm chair, dealing forth these wild stories, with the fire gleaming on his strongly marked visage, Dolph was again repeatedly perplexed by something that reminded him of the phantom of the haunted house: some vague resemblance that could not be fixed upon any precise feature or lineament, but which pervaded the general air of his countenance and figure.

The moon had just raised her silver horns above the round back of old Bull hill, and lit up the gray rocks and shagged forests, and glittered on the waving bosom of the river. The night dew was falling, and the late gloomy mountains began to soften and put on a gray aerial tint in the dewy light. The hunters stirred the fire, and threw on fresh fuel to qualify the damp feeses of the night air. They then prepared a bed of branches and dry leaves under a ledge of rocks for Dolph; while Antony Vander Heyden, wrapping himself up in a huge coat made of skins, stretched himself before the fire. It was some time, however, before Dolph could close his eyes. He lay contemplating the strange scene before him: the wild woods and rocks around—the fire, throwing fitful gleams on the faces of the sleeping savages—and the Heer Antony, too, who so singularly, yet vaguely, reminded him of the mighty visitant to the haunted house. Now and then he heard the cry of some animal from the forest, or the hooting of the owl, or the notes of the whip-poor-will, which seemed to abound among these solitudes, or the splash of a sturgeon, leaping out of the river, and falling back full length on its placid surface. He contrasted all this with his accustomed nest in the garret room of the doctor's mansion, where the only sounds he heard at night were the church clock telling the hour, the drowsy voice of the watchman, drawling out all was well; the deep snoring of the doctor's clubbed nose from below stairs, or the cautious labors of some carpenter rat gnawing in the wainscot. His thoughts then wandered to his poor old mothers what would she think of his mysterious disappearance? what anxiety and distress would she not suffer? This was the thought that would continually intrude itself, to mar his present enjoyment. It brought with it a feeling of pain and compunction, and he felt asleep with the tears yet standing in his eyes.

Were this a mere tale of fancy, here would be a fine opportunity for weaving in strange adventures among these wild mountains and roving hunters; and, after involving my hero in a variety of perils and difficulties, rescuing him from them all by some miraculous contrivance; but as this is absolutely a true story, I must content myself with facts and keep to probabilities.

At an early hour the next day, therefore, after a hearty morning's meal, the encampment broke up and our adventurers embarked in the pinnace of Antony Vander Heyden. There being no wind for the sails, the Indians rowed her gently along, keeping time to a kind of chant of one of the white men. The day was serene and beautiful; the river without a wave; and as the vessel cleft the glassy water it left a long, undulating track behind. The crows, who had scented the hunters' banquet, were already gathering and hovering in the air, just where a column of thin, blue smoke, rising from among the trees, showed the place of their last night's quarters. As they coasted along the bases of the mountains, the Heer Antony pointed out to Dolph a bald eagle, the sovereign of these regions, who sat perched on a dry tree that projected over the river; and, with eye turned upwards, seemed to be drinking in the splendor of the morning sun. Their approach disturbed the monarch's meditations. He first spread one wing and then the other, balanced himself for a moment, and then, quitting his perch with dignified composure, wheeled slowly over their heads. Dolph snatched up a gun and sent a whistling ball after him, that cut some of the feathers from his wing; the report of the gun leaped sharply from rock to rock and awakened a thousand echoes; but the monarch of the air sailed calmly on, ascending higher and higher, and wheeling widely as he ascended, soaring up the green bosom of the woody mountain, until he disappeared over the brow of a beetling precipice. Dolph felt in a manner rebuked by this proud tranquillity, and almost reproached himself for having so wantonly insulted this majestic bird. Heer Antony told him, laughing, to remember that he was not yet out of the territories of the lord of the Dunderberg, and an old Indian shook his head and observed that there was bad luck in killing an eagle—the hunter, on the contrary, should always leave him a portion of his spoils.

Nothing, however, occurred to molest them on their voyage. They passed pleasantly through magnificent and lonely scenes, until they came to where Pollopel's Island lay, like a floating bower, at the extremity of the highlands. Here they landed, until the heat of the day should abate or a breeze spring up that might supersede the labor of the oar. Some prepared the midday meal, while others reposed under the shade of the trees in luxurious summer indolence, looking drowsily forth upon the beauty of the scene. On the one side were the highlands, vast and cragged, feathered to the top with forests and throwing their shadows on the glassy water that dimpled at their feet. On the other side was a wide expanse of the river, like a broad lake, with long, sunny reaches and green headlands, and the distant line of Shawangunk mountains waving along a clear horizon or checkered by a fleecy cloud.

But I forbear to dwell on the particulars of their cruise along the river; this vagrant, amphibious life, careering across silver sheets of water; coasting wild woodland shores; banqueting on shady promontories, with the spreading tree overhead, the river curling its light foam to one's feet, and distant mountain, and rock, and tree, and snowy cloud, and deep blue sky, all mingling in summer beauty before one; all this, though never cloying in the enjoyment, would be but tedious in narration.

When encamped by the water side some of the party would go into the woods and hunt, others would fish—sometimes they would amuse themselves by shooting at a mark, by leaping, by running, by wrestling, and Dolph gained great favor in the eyes of Antony Vander Heyden by his skill and adroitness in all these exercises, which the Heer considered as the highest of manly accomplishments.

Thus did they coast jollily on, choosing only the pleasant hours for voyaging; sometimes in the cool morning dawn, sometimes in the sober evening twilight, and sometimes when the moonshine spangled the crisp curling waves that whispered along the sides of their little bark. Never had Dolph felt so completely in his element; never had he met with anything so completely to his taste as this wild haphazard life. He was the very man to second Antony Vander Heyden in his rambling humors, and gained considerably on his affections. The heart of the old bushwhacker yearned toward the young man, who seemed thus growing up in his own likeness; and as they approached to the end of their voyage, he could not help inquiring a little into his history. Dolph frankly told him his course of life, his severe medical studies, his little proficiency and his very dubious prospects. The Heer was shocked to find that such amazing talents and accomplishments were to be cramped and buried under a doctor's wig. He had a sovereign contempt for the healing art, having never had any other physician than the butcher. He bore a mortal grudge to all kinds of study also, ever since he had been flogged about an unintelligible book which he was a boy. But to think that a young fellow like Dolph, of such wonderful abilities, who could shoot, fish, run, jump, ride and wrestle should be obliged to roll pills and administer juleps for a living—twas monstrous! He told Dolph never to despair, but to "throw physic to the dogs;" for a young fellow of his prodigious talents could never fail to make his way. "As you seem to have no acquaintance in Albany," said Heer Antony, "you shall go home with me, and remain under my roof until you can look about you, and in the meantime we can take an occasional bout at shooting and fishing, for it is a pity such talents should be idle."

Dolph, who was at the mercy of chance, was not hard to be persuaded. Indeed, on turning over matters in his mind, which he did very early and deliberately, he could not but think that Antony Vander Heyden was, "somehow or other," connected with the story of the Haunted House; that the misadventure in the highlands, which had thrown them so strangely together, was, "somehow or other," to work out something good; in short, there is nothing so convenient as this "somehow or other" way of accommodating one's self to circumstances; it is the mainstay of a heedless actor, and tardy reasoner, like Dolph Heyliger, and he who can, in this loose, easy way, link foregone evil to anticipated good, possess the secret of happiness almost equal to the philosopher's stone.

On their arrival at Albany, the sight of Dolph's companion seemed to cause universal satisfaction. Many were the greetings at the river side and the salutations in the streets; the dogs bounded before him, the boys whooped as he passed, everybody seemed to know Antony Vander Heyden. Dolph followed on in silence, admiring the neatness of this worthy burg; for in those days Albany was in all its glory, and inhabited almost exclusively by the descendants of the original Dutch settlers, for it had not as yet been discovered and colonized by the restless people of New England.

Everything was quiet and orderly, everything was conducted calmly and leisurely; no hurry, no bustle, no struggling and scrambling for existence. The grass grew about the unpaved streets and relieved the eye by its refreshing verdure. The tall sycamores or pendant willows shaded the houses, with caterpillars swinging by long silken strings from their branches or moths fluttering about like cocoombs in joy at their gay transformation. The houses were low in the old Dutch style, with the gable ends towards the street. The thrifty housewife was seated on a bench before her door, in close crimped cap, bright flowered gown and white apron, busily employed in knitting. The husband smoked his pipe on the opposite bench, and the little pet negro girl, seated on the step at her mistress' feet, was industriously plying her needle. The swallows sported about the eaves or skimmed along the streets and brought back some rich booty for their clamorous young, and the little housekeeping wren flew in and out of a Lilliputian house or an old hat nailed against the wall. The cows were coming home, lowing through the streets, to be milked at their owner's door; and if, peradventure, there were any loiterers, some negro urchin with a long goad was gently urging them homewards.

As Dolph's companion passed on he received a tranquil nod from the burgers, and a friendly word from their wives, all calling him familiarly by the name of Antony; for it was the custom in this stronghold of the patriarchs, where they had all grown up together from childhood, to call every one by the Christian name. The Heer did not pause to have his usual jokes with them, for he was impatient to reach his home. At length they arrived at his mansion. It was of some magnitude, in the Dutch style, with large iron figures on the gables that gave the date of its erection and showed that it had been built in the earliest times of the settlement.

The news of Heer Antony's arrival had preceded him, and the whole household was on the lookout. A crew of negroes, large and small, had collected in front of the house to receive him. The old, white headed ones, who had grown gray in his service, grinned for joy and made many awkward bows and grimaces, and the little ones capered about his knees. But the most happy being in the household was a little, plump, blooming lass, his only child and the darling of his heart. She came bounding out of the house, but the sight of a strange young man with her father called up, for a moment, all the bashfulness of a homebred damsel. Dolph gazed at her with wonder and delight; never had he seen, as he thought, anything so comely in the shape of woman. She was dressed in the good old Dutch taste, with long stays and full, short petticoats, so admirably adapted to show and set off the female form. Her hair, turned up under a small round cap, displayed the fairness of her forehead; she had fine, blue, laughing eyes, a trim, slender waist, and soft swell—but, in a word, she was a little Dutch divinity, and Dolph, who never stopped half way in a new impulse, fell desperately in love with her.

Dolph was now ushered into the house with a hearty welcome. In the interior was a mingled display of Heer Antony's taste and habits and of the opulence of his predecessors. The chambers were furnished with good old mahogany, the beaufets and cupboards glittered with embossed silver and painted china. Over the parlor fireplace was, as usual, the family coat of arms, painted and framed, above which was a long duck fowling piece, flanked by an Indian pouch and a powder horn. The room was decorated with many Indian articles, such as pipes of peace, tomahawks, scalping knives, hunting pouches and belts of wampum; and there were various kinds of fishing tackle and two or three fowling pieces in the corners. The household affairs seemed to be conducted, in some measure, after the master's humors, corrected, perhaps, by a little management of the daughter's. There was a degree of patriarchal simplicity and good humored indulgence. The negroes came into the room without being called, merely to look at their master and hear of his adventures; they would stand listening at the door until he had finished a story, and then go off on a broad grin to repeat it in the kitchen. A couple of pet negro children were playing about the floor with the dogs, and sharing with them their bread and butter. All the domestics looked hearty and happy, and when the table was set for the evening repast, the variety and abundance of good household luxuries bore testimony to the open handed liberality of the Heer and the notable housewifery of his daughter.

In the evening there dropped in several of the worthies of the place—the Van Rensselaers and the Gansevoorts and the Roseboons and others of Antony Vander Heyden's intimates, to hear an account of his expedition; for he was the Sindbad of the Hollaway, and his exploits and adventures were favorite topics of conversation among the inhabitants. While these sat gossiping together about the door of the hall, and telling long twilight stories, Dolph was cozily seated entertaining the daughter on a window bench. He had already got on intimate terms, and there were not times of false reserve and idle ceremony; and, besides, there is something wonderfully propitious to a lover's suit in the delightful dusk of a long summer evening; it gives courage to the most timid tongue and hides the blushes of the bashful. The stars alone twinkled brightly, and now and then a firefly streamed his transient light before the window, or, wandering into the room, flew gleaming about the ceiling.

What Dolph whispered.

What Dolph whispered in her ear that long summer evening it is impossible to say; his words were so low and indistinct that they never reached the ear of the historian. It is probable, however, that he spoke to the purpose, for he had a natural talent at pleasing the sex, and was never long in company with a petticoat without paying proper court to it. The mountains the visitors one by one departed; Antony Vander Heyden, who had fairly talked himself silent, sat nodding alone in his chair by the door when he was suddenly aroused by a hearty salute with which Dolph Heyliger had unguardedly rounded off one of his periods, and which echoed through the still chamber like the report of a pistol. The Heer started up, rubbed his eyes, called for lights, and observed that it was high time to go to bed; though, on parting for the night, he squeezed Dolph heartily by the hand, looked kindly in his face, and shook his head knowingly; for the Heer well remembered what he himself had been at the youngster's age.

The chamber in which our hero was lodged was spacious, and paneled with oak. It was furnished with clothes presses and mighty chests of drawers, well waxed and glittering with brass ornaments. These contained ample stock of family linen, for the Dutch housewives had always a laudable pride in showing off their household treasures to strangers.

Dolph's mind, however, was too full to take particular note of the objects around him; yet he could not help continually comparing the free, open hearted cheerfulness of this establishment with the starveling, sordid, joyless housekeeping at Dr. Knipperhausen's. Still there was something that marred the enjoyment—the idea that he must take leave of his hearty host and pretty hostess and cast himself once more adrift upon the world. To linger here would be folly; he should only get deeper in love; and for a poor varlet like himself to aspire to the daughter of the great Heer Vander Heyden—he was madness to think of such a thing. The very kindness that the girl had shown towards him prompted him, on reflection, to shun his dependence; it would be a poor return for the frank hospitality of his host to entangle his daughter's heart in an injudicious attachment. In a word, Dolph was like many other young reasoners, of exceeding good hearts and giddy heads, who think after they act, and act differently from what they think; who make excellent determinations over night and forget to keep them the next morning.

"This is a fine combination, truly, of my voyage," said he, as he almost buried himself in a sumptuous feather bed, and drew the fresh white sheets up to his chin. "Heyday! instead of finding a bag of money to carry home, launched in a strange place, with scarcely a stiver in his pocket, and what is worse, have jumped ashore up to my ears in love into the bargain. However," added he, after some pause, stretching himself and turning over, "if the girl is in good quarters for the present, at least; so I'll o'en enjoy the present moment and let the next take care of itself; I dare say all will come out, 'somehow or other,' for the best."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There is an old lady named Nancy Brown, living close by Birmingham, Ala., who has never been in that town, and who has never ridden on a railroad train in her life. She has lived there for forty-seven years, and is 90 years old. She is well off, but dresses with the greatest simplicity

August Fonda, a lawyer, was walking on the railroad track at Biloxi, Miss., when the engine struck him and threw him to a considerable distance. He supposed that he was killed, but two physicians, after a long and careful examination, found that Mr. Fonda was not hurt in the least, and, after some difficulty, succeeded in convincing him of the fact.

The greatest national debt among the nations of the globe is borne by France. It is about $8,250,000,000. Russia comes next with $3,600,000,000; then England with $3,560,000,000; Austro-Hungary with $2,485,000,000; Italy with $2,225,000,000; Spain with $1,507,500,000; and Prussia with $1,000,000,000.

FOREIGNERS IN CHINA.

HOW THEY ARE RECEIVED BY NATIVES OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM.

Officials and Literary Classes Know Too Much About Them to Love Them—The Ignorant Masses and Their Credulity. Some Incidents of Travel.

[Special Correspondence.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 4.—In the United States the isolated Celestial has a hard road to travel. He is insulted and stared at by the people generally. Small boys torment him, and police and police judges arrest and fine him on the slightest pretext. These facts are familiar to all. But when I found myself in the home of the Chinese, and awakened to the fact that I was looked upon as an alien, and that the jeers of the rabble and the gaze of the curious were directed toward me, I appreciated the feelings of poor John in my own land.

The servant and mechanic classes in the open treaty ports are disposed to welcome Europeans, because they have money and spend it freely. The so called literary classes and officials look with distrust and strong aversion upon their unwelcome guests. This is not all due to the fact that they do not have ready access to the purse of foreigners, but rather to the fact that they are better informed, and can better interpret the trend of such intruders. These classes are informed of the history of European contact with China. They know how much gold, blood and humiliation their presence has cost the Chinese people. They understand the fate of India. They appreciate how sharply the British appetite is whetted for the rich agricultural and mineral resources of China. They have learned from sad experience, how ready John Bull is to seize upon the slightest pretext to extort money and demand territorial concessions. The history of the opium traffic in China, and the wars and indemnities growing out of the earnest efforts of the imperial government to suppress that traffic, stand as a monumental disgrace to Great Britain.

The real secret of the interference of the "allied armies" of the French and British in the Tai-Ping rebellion was not that they saw any bad results to the Chinese people under Tai-Ping supremacy, but that Great Britain learned the rebels were intending to put an end to the opium traffic.

It is not generally known that every open port in China is an outgrowth of these opium wars. Every such door was opened at the mouth of British cannon, and every chest of opium entering China comes in under cover of British bayonets and against the Chinese wish. Hence it is, that in proportion as the people are informed of the political significance of the presence of foreigners, in the same ratio do they disapprove of their being admitted. The viceroy of Li Hung Chang is the best informed and most intelligent citizen of the Middle Kingdom today. He is pronounced by many as liberal and friendly to European ideas and innovations. It is evident to my mind that Li does not love foreigners more, but fears them more intelligently than others, and that alone is the secret of his attitude toward railroads and telegraphs. In his "memorials" to the throne on these subjects he has always based his arguments upon military expediency. He recognizes the defenseless condition of his country against the designs of foreigners, and he foresees with a clear vision that the only hope for the Chinese Empire to retain national existence for any length of time lies in her ability to defend her interest with arms. The control of China on one pretext or another is the inevitable end whither European encroachments are tending, just as in India and Australia, and the American continent, too, for that matter. The white race aspires to rule the earth, and, judging from the present outlook, it is only a question of time when that will be the case. It is not a wonder, therefore, that the better informed Mongolians, who have given the matter thought, should feel hostile toward all foreigners.

Travelers in China have but little, if any, contact with the better classes of the natives, and for the above reasons.

Hence, in what I shall say of the crude ideas and foolish beliefs of the people regarding foreigners, it must be remembered that I refer only to the common and ignorant masses. The higher classes utterly ignore our presence and do not hesitate to show their contempt for us. The interior cities and farming districts know less about us, and hence look upon us more with curiosity than with fear or hatred.

There are some queer traditions and beliefs regarding the ways of the white faces, which has led to quite serious complications and results.

One of these is the oft asserted statement that foreigners use the contents of the human eye in compounding their medicines. Women have held this over their children as a menace to enforce discipline. It is a common thing to hear parents tell their children that unless they keep quiet and do as bidden, they will be given to the "foreign devils." The result is that the average youngster is in constant fear of his life when foreigners are around. They fully expect to be pounced upon and have their eyes plucked out for medicinal use. I knew of one instance where a boy had wandered from his home and lost his way. The rumor spread and soon a great mob gathered, believing that the boy had been kidnapped by a couple of missionaries, who had a chapel in the city. The chapel was attacked by a thousand men, bent on rescuing that boy, and the building was razed, not one stone being left upon another.

The infuriated people were dispersed only when the native magistrate, being appealed to by the missionaries for protection, sent a regiment of soldiers to restore order. The local merchants were compelled to rebuild the chapel, which they did. But the incident shows one source of danger to tourists in the country. One has no means of judging when some absurd rumor will set a mob of angry men upon him. As we pass through the country, we are greeted on every hand by small boys shouting at us. "Yang Kwei tse" and "Hung Fan Kwei tse". These greetings, being translated, are "foreign devil" and "red haired devil."

The people generally are great cowards. They will not attack a foreigner upon an equal footing. Two of my friends visited a city some thirty miles inland from the Yang-tse river. News of their presence spread rapidly, and just before nightfall a mob of no less than 2,000 men attacked the two unarmed Americans. They sought refuge in a magistrate's office. The people threatened to demolish the yamen (office) if the "foreign devils" were sheltered. The magistrate promised my friends to send them to Chinkiang under escort. This was only an excuse to get rid of their presence.

When the men got into the street they found themselves surrounded by a howling mob of thousands, all clamoring for their lives. They discovered their escort in the act of preparing to leave them to their fate. Each took him by an arm and told the frightened man that for every blow they received they would give him two blows. Thus they gained time, and reached the outskirts of the city. At this juncture night came on, and seeing an open field they broke away, having been almost entirely denuded of clothing by the crowd. They ran but a short distance, then fell over an embankment into a river. Somewhere upon this river was their boat but where they could not tell. The people heard them splash in the water, and raised the shout that the "devils were drowned."

The fugitives swam the stream and wandered at random down its course. The boatmen in their employ, though natives, were loyal to them. They had followed every movement, and now that the Americans were across the river from the enemy, the boatmen set their boat adrift in the current and noiselessly dropped below the city. Sending one of the crew to overtake the naked and half dead fugitives they were safely stored in the boat and traveled thirty miles without food, sleep or clothing. One of them has since died from disease contracted that night. They made complaint to the United States minister at Peking and he demanded indemnity. The matter was finally settled by the magistrate who refused them protection being required to make good their loss in the way of clothing. They got $100 each for their bitter experience.

I was told of the above instance soon after my arrival in the interior of China, and I immediately provided myself with a seven chambered 44-caliber revolver and a breech loading shotgun and a Henry rifle. I never went on a boat excursion without these guns, loaded "for bear," and I never went on foot or chair journeys without either the revolver or the shotgun, or both. I never expected to be forced to use these arms. The knowledge of the natives that I had them rendered their use unnecessary. The cowards would never attack an armed foreigner in the open day, and when I slept at night I either kept a watch upon the deck of the yacht or depended upon my dog (an Irish setter which was my constant companion) to give notice by barking of the approach of another boat. The people are not armed, fortunately, and they have a wholesome fear of foreign arms and marksmanship.

One of my traveling companions on numerous inland excursions was an American who spoke the Chinese language fluently. He stood over six feet high and wore a full grown, reddish beard which came down upon his breast, giving him a striking appearance. This gentleman related a strange adventure he had with an ignorant people in a place never seen a foreigner. The American in one of his excursions inland came upon a Buddhist temple in an unfrequented place.

When the resident priest saw him a piteous, pleading look caused a smile to come over the American's face. This the priest interpreted to signify approval, and he fell full length upon the ground, and, seizing my friend by the legs, he said, "I am ready. I am ready."

"Ready for what?" asked the amused American.

"Ready to go with you; ready to go home. I have waited long for your coming, oh, Shang ti!"

At this declaration, my friend's laugh gave place to apprehension. The man had mistaken him for God, and now insisted that he would, Jacob like, not let him go. Clinging to his legs with desperation, my friend could, and now insisted that he was only a man, as himself; and he finally had to confess that he was God and told the poor ignorant worshiper at his feet, that he had come now to see that all was well, and that he would soon come again and take him to his Nirvana. With this assurance the man let his legs go, but not until he had literally "worshiped at his feet." My friend said he never again wished to be taken for the deity.

This man and myself were one day walking through a Chinese city and we came upon a street show. A native with a trained monkey performing on a trapeze. We laughed aloud at some bright caper of the monkey. The beast detected a sound strange to him, and looking in our direction, caught sight of our heads above the crowd. Seeing the huge red beard of my companion the poor monkey was worse frightened than the old priest had been. The monkey fled to the top of his perch, his teeth chattered and he screamed and trembled. The incident broke up the show, and the man actually followed us and claimed damages for having ended his performance.

I was surprised to see with what readiness the people believe the most absurd things and yet discredit the most patent facts. I one day told the crew of our boat, as we lazily drifted with the current, about the shape of the earth, as illustrated by a small globe. They laughed in my face and hooted the idea as absurd. I then asked them if the Chinese could take their teeth out of their mouth and put them back again without injury or pain. They said no. I told them foreigners could do it. This they were not so ready to believe. My friend had a full set of false teeth and I told him to pull out his teeth for these people to see what foreigners could do. He removed his plate, displayed his bare gums and showing the teeth in his hand, the men looked at each other in blank amazement. They said it was the "devil's art." I then took hold of my hair with one hand and my beard with the other and asked if I should lift my head off for their amusement. They all begged me not to do so. But they never for a moment doubted but that I could. They knew nothing of dentistry or the art of making false teeth and insert them again.

B. S. TOX.

THE OUTER MAN.

Silk elastic garters, with gold buckles, are much worn by stylish young men.

The four-in-hand scarf is rapidly regaining the ground it lost by the revival of the puff.

White or gray knitted woolen mittens or gloves are quite fashionable for outdoor evening wear.

The cape ulster is again to the fore. Tailors report a greater demand for it than even that of last winter.

The demand for novel shapes in collars is growing. No less than ten new collars are now on the market and more are coming.

Light check mufflers on dark grounds are coming into extensive use. White satin and silk grounds are still worn, but are not popular among jaunty dressers.

It is considered a great fad to have one's autograph neatly woven on a gent's umbrella handle in raised silver letters. Many well known New Yorkers are adopting the craze.

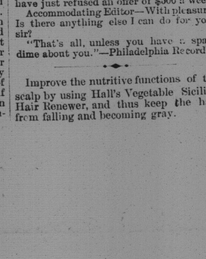
The white "vest edging," recently introduced, is finding a great many admirers. It serves a twofold purpose, being an ornament as well as a chest protector.

The fashion of having a crease ironed in the trousers, back and front, is falling into innocuous desuetude. Quite a number of Fifth avenue swells, who discarded the crease, have dropped the practice.

The latest thing in a watch chain is a series of metal tubes, strung along upon an almost invisible black silk cord in such manner as to be easily adjusted into a penholder. One of the end tubes contains a pen, which appears upon pressure.

Among the Parisian exquisites who consider an infraction of good breeding to wear mismatched gloves. A pearl and a fawn color are the accepted contrasts, although other tints are selected, according to liking. Speculation is busy as to whether the fad will strike New York.—New York World

Those Big Offers.



Snap Actor—I have called, sir, to ask you to insert a line to the effect that I have just refused an offer of $500 a week.

Accommodating Editor—With pleasure. Is there anything else I can do for you, sir?

"That's all, unless you have a spare dime about you."—Philadelphia Record.

Improve the nutritive functions of the scalp by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, and thus keep the hair from falling and becoming gray.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

A Good Neighbor.

"Late last fall I was laid up in bed three days with a very severe attack of diarrhœa and vomiting. Nothing benefited me until my neighbor, Mrs. Dunning, recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and brought me a half bottle, which she had in her house. In three hours the vomiting was stopped, and I was able to sit up by night. I would not now think of using any other medicine." Columbus Hopkins, Hamilton, Ont.

The moths have strange tastes. They frequently appear in overcoats in Summer weather.

The best anodyne and expectorant for the cure of colds and coughs and throat, lung, and bronchial troubles, is, undoubtedly, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your druggist for it, and, at the same time, for Ayer's Almanac, which is free to all.

A young gentleman desires position in publisher's office. He has been employed for five years by a well known bookmaker.

A Plain Statement.

All poisonous waste, and worn on matter ought to escape from the system through the secretions of the bowels, kidneys and skin. Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm is a well known remedy for the removal of disease.

A young gentleman of refinement and cultivation, who has had a first rate classical education and can sing, play, or dance, desires an easy lucrative position in mercantile firm.

Tried and Proved.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaint, and have proved it, after a fair trial a sure cure, both in my own case and others of the family." Lauratta Wing, New Dundee, Waterloo Co., Ont.

Wanted, a young gentleman with an ambition for a theatrical career, to join company which will shortly go on road. Must not object to distribute handbills.

Constipation.

is nearly always induced by neglecting to keep the bowels regular, and is also a frequent sequal to dyspepsia or indigestion; Regulate the stomach and bowels by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which is certain to promptly relieve and ultimately cure the worst cases of constipation.

A first-class waiter wanted. One who does not mind doing some work for his employer's customers preferred.

The great popularity of Ayer's Pills as a cathartic is due no less to their promptness and efficacy than to their coating of sugar and freedom from all injurious effects. Children take them readily. See Ayer's Almanac, which is free to all.

Some men are always in bad company—even when they are alone.

A Terrible Ten Years.

Mrs. Thomas Acres, of Huntley, Ont., suffered all the tortures of liver complaint for ten years. Four bottles of B. B. B. entirely cured her, making her like a new woman again, after other medicines had failed to relieve her.

Men that can't read or write wanted for Pennsylvania coal mines. No Americans need apply.

Weak eyes and inflamed lids indicate an impure condition of the blood. The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It vitalizes the blood, regulates the secretions, and expels all scrofulous humors from the system. Try it. Price $1.00. Worth $5 a bottle.

A saloon business for sale, including stock, bar fixtures and political influence.

A Severe Attack.

Miss Bella Elliot, of Pontypool, Ont., writes—"My brother was very badly taken ill with a severe attack of diarrhœa, having tried other remedies, we tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which gave immediate relief.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co., Winter Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK —FOR— BOSTON

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 17th, and until further notice, Steamer CLEOPATRA will leave Saint John every MONDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local) for EASTPORT, and thence to BOSTON, direct; and the Steamer NEW BRUNSWICK will leave St. John every THURSDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local), for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Returning, the Steamer NEW BRUNSWICK will leave Boston every Monday morning for St. John, via Portland and Eastport; and the CLEOPATRA will leave Boston every Thursday morning for St. John, Calling at Eastport only.

H. W. CHISHOLM Agent.

THE NATIONAL, 22 Charlotte St.

Choice P. E. ISLAND and BUCTOUCHE OYSTERS served in all Styles and shelled to order.

CHOICE LUNCHES

Served at all hours. Dinner from 12 till 2 o'clock.

CIGAR COUNTER, SHOOTING GALLERY, BILLARD and POOL TABLES.

Telephone Communication.

In the Exchequer Court of Canada.

In the matter of the "Expropriation Act," and in the matter of those certain parcels or tracts of land hereinafter described.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that there has been lodged in the office of the Registrar of the Exchequer Court of Canada, at the eighteenth day of December, A. D. 1888, a notice to the Registrar in Chancery that Major Marcus Holcombe of Ottawa, stating his readiness to pay over to the persons entitled thereto, the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, which, in his opinion, is sufficient compensation for the land or property expropriated by the purpose of the construction of a beacon light at Dipper Harbor, in the Province of New Brunswick, a public work, and described as follows, that is to say:

A lot and right of way situate in the parish of Musquash, in the County of St. John, N. B., and bounded as follows, to wit: Commencing at a point on the northwest side line of a grant on the eastern side of Dipper Harbor, made in the year 1839 to Hugh Campbell, and others, and on said line from high water mark, 330 feet; thence, by the direction of the year 1888, south, two degrees and thirty minutes east, 425 ft; thence south, twenty-three degrees west, 395 feet, thence south, sixty-six degrees west, 155 feet; thence south, fifty-four degrees west, 85 feet; thence southwesterly with a line crossing Campbell's Island, on a course of north sixty-five degrees west, and distant at right angles from said line 40 feet from the extreme southwesterly point of said Island; thence north, sixty-five degrees west, 100 feet, to high water mark; thence, following the line of high water mark bounded around the point of said Island, and northeasterly to the eastern end of the said Campbell's Island, thence (northeresial); thence on said line north, sixty-five degrees west, 155 feet; thence south, fifty-four degrees west, 85 feet; thence southwesterly with a line crossing Campbell's Island, on a course of north sixty-five degrees west, and distant at right angles from said line 40 feet from the extreme southwesterly point of said Island; thence north, sixty-five degrees west, 100 feet, to high water mark; thence, following the line of high water mark bounded around the point of said Island, and northeasterly to the eastern end of the said Campbell's Island, thence (northeresial); thence on said line north, sixty-five degrees west, 155 feet; thence south, fifty-four degrees west, 85 feet; thence southwesterly with a line crossing Campbell's Island, on a course of north sixty-five degrees west, and distant at right angles from said line 40 feet from the extreme southwesterly point of said Island; thence north, sixty-five degrees west, 100 feet, to the northwestern side line of the grant to Hugh Campbell, and others, and on said line south, forty-nine degrees and thirty minutes west, 22 feet, or to the point of beginning, giving a road of uniform width throughout from the present highway to the land of the Grantees, and containing two roods and eighteen perches, more or less.

That Her Majesty Queen Victoria has acquired title to the land or property hereinbefore described, under the provisions of the Revised Statutes of Canada respecting the expropriation of lands, as amended by the Act 47 Vict. cap. 27, intituled "An Act to amend the Revised Statutes, chapter thirty-nine, respecting the expropriation of lands."

In consequence, all persons entitled to the said hereinbefore described land or property or any part thereof, or representing or being the husband of any person so entitled or claiming to hold or represent incumbrances by dower or otherwise, are called upon to file in the office of the Registrar of the Exchequer Court of Canada, their claims or opposition, on or before the 18th day of February, A. D. 1889, and are notified that such claims or opposition will be received and adjudged upon by this Court, and that the proceedings herein will forever bar all et inter the compensation money or any part thereof, including any claim in respect of dower or of dower not yet open, as well as in respect of all mortgages, hypothecs or incumbrances upon the said land or property.

Dated at Ottawa, this 29th day of December, A. D. 1888.

L. A. AUDETTE, Registrar.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1888 WINTER ARRANGEMENT.