

A RURAL RUMMAGE SALE.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

"I dunno just where the feller did hail from. He just appeared here at the Corners one day, an' he come an' put up with me like folks do who come to the Corners. Good reason why—there ain't no other place for 'em to stay. So I have kind o' got the drop on 'em. But I don't take no unfair advantage on that account. I give 'em good food an' plenty of it if it ain't your room sin't as clear an' the bed ain't as comfortable as you think it ought to be. To-day, you let me know 'I'll see to it. Wholly tavers has allus had the reputation of bein' a good stoppin' place an' I got to keep it up."

All this and other information was vouchsafed me by old Hiram Todd, keeper of the only public house of entertainment at the Corners, to which rural retreat I had been advised to come for two weeks of real rest, "far from the madding crowd" of the great city in which I lived.

"Yep, this feller I set in to tell you about," continued Hiram Todd, as he reclined his pipe, tilted his chair back against the wall of the house as we sat on the front piazza, and folded his brawny arms across his chest. "He come here one day along in September. He was a mighty smooth talkin', real agreeable sort of a feller an' I mighty good company. He'd been everywhar an' seen ev'rythin' he could tell about it in a mighty entertainin' way. He wa'n't no trouble as a boarder. Hadn't no fault to find with anythin' an' the way he cracked up the vittles would o' won him a place in the affections of any woman that had cooked 'em. Told my wife he never o' no such viz blakin' an' she looks at him like she'd never see him no more. Never lost no chance to flatter, an' he was full well met with ev'rybody. He was spry, now I tell you, an' a chock full o' business. His particular business here was to get up a sale for the benefit o' all the farmers for miles around the Corners. I'll tell you how he set about it. He goes to work an' he gets out handbills—great big red an' yellow bills they was, most as big as a gaily as circus bills. He said on them handbills he'd like to bring here to the Corners on a certain day—Wednesday, the 16th day of September, it was—anythin' an' ev'rythin' they had that they would like to sell; any old farm tools, old furniture, stock, farm products, old duds an' things from their attics. Lay they was told to bring in just anything they could rack an' scrape up that they wanted to get rid of, no matter how trashy it might be in value. An' they done it, in fact, they done it fast enough."

"You see, it was to be a kind of neighborhood vando, a public auction—or well, I was readin' the other day about them rummage sales they have in the city now, an' that was what you might call it, a rummage sale. This feller, his name was S. Stanley Rogerson, his name was what he was in my register, he was the auctioneer of all the stuff that was brought in, an' he wa'n't gain't to charge the farmers a cent for doin' it, either."

"Where was his profit to come from?"

"Oh, he got his profit all right. He wa'n't doin' it for pure love o' his feller pen. You see, he went round to all o' the storekeepers here an' to a lot o' 'em over in Ripley an' in Zoar village where lots o' the farmers round here do their tradin', an' he got them to put their advertisements on the handbills he'd laid out about the sale. He had the information about the sale in the middle o' the hills, an' all round the ridges he had these business cards, an' it made a real showy advertisement. He got out 3,000 or 4,000 of 'em, an' he scattered 'em far an' wide. I reckon ev'ry farmer within five mile o' here got hold o' one o' them bills, an' by cracky, when the 16th day o' September come it looked as if ev'ry farmer within five mile o' the Corners had headed fer here with something to sell. Well, sir, you never in all your born days see such a mass o' stuff as was dumped into the town square, where the sale was to be held. I thought some folks would split when old Jake Baggley come drivin' into town. Looked as if he had just cleaned out the hull of the attic on the old Baggley place where the stuff has been accumulated for the last hundred years. He had his wagon plumb full of old spinnin' wheels an' cubberdian rickety old cheers an' old pots an' pans an' jugs an' old moth-eaten things. He fetched in a trunk full of old duds that must o' been fifty years old. He fetched in a pair of old hoopskirts, they tittin' kind about five yards round that they used to wear nearly forty years ago, an' Late Trimpy, the most mischievous boy here at the Corners, he swiped 'em off the wagon an' put 'em on, an' you never see a more comick sight than old Jake chasin' after Late all around the square with the old hoops tittin' up ev'ry jump Late made. Lordy! how the crowd yelled an' laughed an' how mad Jake got."

"Then there was old Tilly Bean from over Zoar way. Close ain't no name for Tilly. Never was known to spend a penny he didn't have to, an' he'd get up in the dead o' the night an' walk five mile for five cents. Doc Deane, over there in Zoar, he tells a funny story 'bout Tilly. She got sick a couple o' year ago an' come mighty thin passin' in her checks. Doc had a mighty hard tussle to pull her through. He stayed with her all o' one night, an' if he hadn't tended her right up to the handle she'd o' pestered out here, so I reckon that seein' that Tilly has plenty o' money. Doc Deane, he swiped 'em off the wagon an' put 'em on, an' you never see a more comick sight than old Jake chasin' after Late all around the square with the old hoops tittin' up ev'ry jump Late made. Lordy! how the crowd yelled an' laughed an' how mad Jake got."

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St. John Markets.

Country Market—Wholesale.

Table listing various goods and their prices, including Beef, Bacon, Butter, Eggs, etc.

PROVISIONS.

Table listing provisions such as Am. clear pork, Pork, P. E. I. prime meat, etc.

FISH.

Table listing fish products like Codfish, Pollock, Herring, etc.

GRAIN.

Table listing grain items like Oats, Potatoes, etc.

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OILS.

Table listing oil products like American White, etc.

APPLES.

Table listing apple products like Apples, etc.

MOLASSES.

Table listing molasses products like Molasses, etc.

FLOUR AND MEAL.

Table listing flour and meal products like Flour, etc.

A Student.

First Beggar—Why didn't you tackle that lady? She might have given you something.

Ship spikes, OAKUM.

Table listing ship spikes and oakum prices.

PAINTS.

Table listing various paint products.

LIME.

Table listing lime products.

TAR AND PITCH.

Table listing tar and pitch products.

COALS.

Table listing coal products.

LUMBER.

Table listing lumber products.

Business Transfer.

A business transfer of much interest was consummated yesterday when C. Myles Gibbs took over the hair dressing business on King street, formerly carried on by Mr. A. McGinley.

Lecture in St. John's Vestry.

The vestry of St. John's (stone) church was filled last evening with a highly interested and appreciative audience gathered to listen to Rev. J. H. Patten, a lawyer of London, Eng., who recently arrived in Canada as representative of the British-Letland Association, of which he is vice-president.

HOW A SPRAIN DOES HURT.

But it isn't the pain alone that is dreaded, just think of the loss of time and wages. Sprains without number have been cured by rubbing Poison's New Jersey ointment on it, and matter whether it is a sprained wrist, ankle, knee or back, just try New Jersey on it, and you will find that it can be depended upon to cure sprains, strains and swellings, and that is Poison's New Jersey. Large bottle 25 cents.

Jonathan Shopping.

John Bull—Now, my little man, what can I do for you? Master Jonathan—Wal, guess I'll buy the whole store.—Punch.

Robust.

"That man must have a wonderfully strong constitution," remarked the physician. "But he is always complaining of some ailment." "Yes, Nobody could take so much medicine unless he had a wonderfully strong constitution."—Washington Star.

Why She Was Glad.

"I am so glad I went to church this morning. It was just lovely." "Were you much interested?" "Yes, I was, and I have decided to make a radical change." "Indeed, in regard to what?" "Why, in regard to trimming my new spring hat."—Ram's Horn.

Men's Spring Overcoats.

Two special lines in new mode shades—the latest colorings for this season—beautifully tailored and correct in every particular, \$12.00 and \$13.50.

The newest shade of olive green Covert Overcoats, \$12.50. New Raglan Overcoats—very fashionable, \$16.50 and \$20. Other prices in Men's Spring Overcoats, \$8.50 to \$14.00.

No garment is allowed to leave our establishment unless it is a perfect fit.

M. R. & A'S UNRIVALLED \$10.00 SUITS FOR MEN.

Manchester Robertson & Allison

MUCH LOSS BY FIRE.

\$60,000 Sunday Morning Blaze at Machias.

Machias, Me., May 20.—A fire at 5 o'clock this morning starting in the clothing store of H. Northey on the first floor of the Eastern Trust and Banking Company block resulted in the destruction of that block as well as the Allen block on the corner of Main and Center streets, causing a loss estimated at \$60,000, there being \$30,000 insurance on the property. The Eastern Trust and Banking Company's loss is \$17,000, insured for \$8,000. Other losses are as follows: Miss A. Stiles, ladies' furnishings, loss, \$6,000; insurance, \$2,000. Ira Northey, clothing, loss unknown; insurance, \$4,000. H. E. Farnsworth, loss, \$500; insurance, \$400. J. E. Lynch, law office, loss, \$500; no insurance. H. L. Smith, law office, loss, \$500; no insurance. W. G. Reams, auctioneer, A. R. Harmon, M. D., J. F. Moore, W. U. Telegraph Co., N. E. Telephone and Telephone Co., Central office, improved Order of Red Men, Machias Grange, Grand Army and Woodmen of America offices and halls were all destroyed, together with their furnishings, with no insurance. On the Masonic hall there is a loss of \$8,000; insured for \$3,000. The blocks were built four years ago and it is believed that the fire was caused by an electric light wire. It is believed that both blocks will be rebuilt at once.

FATHER OF MURDERED MAN. A FRENCH-CANADIAN.

Millions of the Late Wm. Marsh Rice Bring Relatives to the Front.

New York, May 21.—Charles F. Jones, the valet secretary of the late Wm. Marsh Rice, the Texas millionaire, has received a letter from J. H. Patten, a lawyer of Grinnell, Iowa, in which information is asked concerning Rice's early life. Mr. Patten represents persons who claim to be relatives of the late millionaire.

Quantity.

"I bought a little lawn for the girls' spring dresses today," said Mrs. Spenditt. "Lawn!" exclaimed Mr. Spenditt, looking at the bill. "Lawn? Why, woman, you must have bought a whole farm!"—Baltimore American.

A Cruel Jibe.

Mr. Footmatt—Are you eligible to—Miss Pass—Oh, dear, yes; I'm thirty-five, but this is— Mr. Footmatt—I was about to ask if you are eligible to membership in the Spinners' Club.—Ohio State Journal.

Robust.

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FOUND REMAINS OF EDITOR ANSLOW.

Newcastle Newspaper Man's Fate Explained—Stream Driver on Friday Found Skeleton and Gun, Watch and Other Articles.

Newcastle, N. B., May 21.—(Special)—A mystery of nearly four years was cleared up this afternoon when the remains of Editor W. C. Anslow, lost Oct. 14, 1897, were found.

The remains of the editor were discovered eight miles from where he was lost and within half a mile of a house. A stream driver named Hubbard made the discovery and notified the people of his discovery.

Mr. Anslow was editor and owned the Newcastle Advocate, a weekly paper, and had two sons and one daughter. The editor and his son Charles went up country about 25 miles from Newcastle to hunt partridge. They got on a small island about 400 yards from a farmer's house where the son injured one of his feet and returned to the house to have his foot dressed, having told his father to remain where he was until his return. When the son returned to the scene in about an hour he found no trace of his father. After searching for several younger Anslow reported at the house.