

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1898.

Rescued By Her Brother.

HALIFAX, Nov. 23.—A love affair in which a well known young man of this city figured very prominently was brought to a sudden termination last week by the police. The name of the young man is Hardy McDonald, and while in Boston some time ago he met and won the charms of a fair young maiden of that big city. It was a case of love at first sight, and both became infatuated with each other. They were more than fast friends without a doubt, as developments that followed their brief acquaintance soon showed. While in the "Hub" everything was lovely and all went well, but there came a time when young McDonald found it necessary to return to this city with some of his relatives. This was more than his female friend expected so soon and she was considerably downcast over the departure of her lover. She tried to persuade him to remain but he would not, and after many parting words, and sorrowful expressions he left his dear one behind. He arrived here all safe, and then correspondence between the two was opened up. McDonald told her in one of the letters of the many beauties, and great attractions that were to be seen if she would only come down this way for a short time. It did not require much coaxing to get her to make up her mind to start out for Halifax, as she was half inclined all the time to follow him. He was to have met her on the arrival of the steamer at this port, and escort her to his mother's residence on Falkland street, but when the steamer arrived, there was no McDonald in

sight, and for awhile the young girl was in a sorry plight. She had no friends here, and all she had to guide her was the address of her lover. A good Samaritan however turned up at a very opportune time, and he kindly accompanied the young female to the address mentioned. On arrival at the house everything was in darkness, and McDonald was no where to be found. This made matters now worse, but the friend happened to know a place on Water street where the missing lover might be, so they started out in search of him. When the place was reached it was learned that McDonald had been there, but was out at the time. He intended to return later on, and the girl made herself at home and waited for him. He came all right and was more than surprised at her presence. The two then started out, and they were going to have a good time without a doubt. It was of a brief duration however, as the brother of the runaway girl put in an appearance on the following day, and spoilt the little game. The brother immediately sought the aid of the police, and the girl's whereabouts were soon located. She was taken in custody, and young McDonald got out of the way. It was just as well he did, as the big brother was looking for him, and if the two had met a hot time would surely have followed, and judging from the physical appearance of the two McDonalds would not have been in it. The happy brother took the downcast girl on the steamer Halifax, and left for home immediately. Her parents are very respectable people, and they reside at Park Square, Boston.

COULDN'T GET HIS FOURTH DEER.

Esra Brooks Often Killed Three in One Day but Never Any More.

Living on Dyberry Creek, Penn., is Esra Brooks, an old farmer, and in his day one of the most famous of Wayne county hunters. He is 86 years old and as spry and active as many of his neighbors who are his juniors by a score of years. He came to the Dyberry when only 5 years old with his father, Capt. Homer Brooks, from Vermont, and settled in what was then a wilderness. At that time and for many years after the soon-to-be-abandoned Delaware and Hudson Canal was built through this region, the forests were full of deer and all kinds of game.

A party of Honesdale sportsmen on their return from an unsuccessful deer hunt this week stopped for rest and refreshment at the home of the veteran hunter. Mr. Brooks entertained them with some hunting reminiscences in which he and Lewis Day, another great hunter, were concerned. Each of them had in his day killed 500 deer and other game.

"A singular thing in my experience in killing deer," said Mr. Brooks, "was that, while I have many a time killed three deer in a day and once brought down three of them in as many minutes, I never was able to get the fourth one. I fired many times after getting three, but luck always failed me after that. Lewis Day had the same experience, as did also M. N. B. Kellam of Panpack, Pike county, who killed three deer in a day, and three bears in a day, and two bears and a deer, and two deer and a bear, but never got the fourth one. "Dear then," continued Mr. Brooks, "were as plentiful as sheep are now. I saw twelve in one drove and sixty two another day. I wounded a deer in the hip near where Esra Gleason now lives. He started for the river. The dog grabbed him by the hind leg and I grabbed him by the tail. The deer turned and made for us and I ran behind a tree. The deer's head struck the tree with force, I reloaded my gun and might have shot him, but in the excitement forgot to shoot. I followed him back to the river and succeeded in getting him down, and in getting him astraddle of his neck and a hold of his horn. The deer began to squirm and kick, and I wished I was off of him; but I had to hold on and keep chugging his nose in the water until he was nearly drowned. Father came and tried to cut his throat with his old dull jackknife, and the deer came to, and we had to drown him over again. I held him under water until father whetted up his knife and cut his throat."

Mr. Brooks said the Dyberry was named for a half-blood Indian named Dyberry,

who had a log cabin of the East Branch near Tanner's Fall. He knew him well. Dyberry trapped for a living and had an ingenious way of setting deadfalls. He built cobble houses of logs or smaller sticks, according to the size of the animal he desired to catch; with one entrance where he arranged his figure 4, and as the animal gnawed at the bait he brought a log upon himself large enough to hold him down. For a bear the weight would be 600 or 800 pounds. When a fox or wolf was in his den he would cut sticks about two feet long and sharpen them at one end; these he would run into the hole but end first, after which he would close the hole securely at the outside and leave it. The wolf in trying to get out would encounter these sticks. These he would draw back one by one and push them to the rear. The hunter on approaching the entrance would frighten the animal, and it would attempt to return to its burrow, but would run against the sharp points of the sticks that it had been industriously pulling in. Thus it was an easy prey to the hunter's rife.

Mr. Brooks killed many foxes in the same way as the half-breed Indian, but his greatest delight was in the chase, in which he was a sure shot. "I killed forty-two foxes in one year," said he, "and of sixty-seven foxes shot I missed fire only once, and that fox was killed by the second shot. I once killed two wild turkeys at one shot, and killed a fox once which weighed twenty-two pounds, which I sold to Charley Forbes of the Wayne Court House at Honesdale. I broke the wing of a wild turkey once and chased it down the hill pell-mell to the flats, but the bird ran like a deer and escaped. The next year a hunter killed a wild turkey which weighed forty-two pounds. It had a broken wing, and was evidently the one I had shot."

"Trout was so plentiful in the Dyberry in those days that you could have caught 100 pounds if you had so desired. We stopped when we had enough. The largest one I ever saw weighed four pounds."

Mr. Brooks for many years rafted logs and lumber down the Delaware. Pine masts 100 feet long from the Wayne county forests were floated to Philadelphia for the shipbuilders. The experience of the old pioneer cannot be duplicated here again.

"Rouse, boys,"

"I have had some experience of London street-ruffianism," said a veteran sergeant recently, "for I have done duty in most of the 'rough shops,' East South and West alike, and have been in the thick of savage mobs too often for my own comfort. I can stand a rough-and-tumble as well as most men, and have fought with my truncheon against foot and fist and stick while down on the pavement, my knees pressed into a prisoner's arms. 'But there is one sound I have learnt to dread at such times, and that is the cry of 'Rouse, boys!'

When that is started in earnest, look out for yourself. It means sticks and stones and buckle ended belts at the least, and lucky for you if it doesn't mean 'chivvies' (knives) as well.

"No, I can't say what the actual meaning of 'rouse' is; it may have been 'rouse,' perhaps, in the first instance. But anyway it is used as a battle-cry by some of the most dangerous gangs in London—men who would not stick at murder, some of them—and I have noticed it is generally a signal for an attempt at rescue police prisoners. So, whenever I hear it started, by a mob around our men, my orders are: 'Out sticks, back to back, and keep your whistles sounding.'

"THE HOUSE OF DAVID."

Biblical Name of Glimm With Scriptural Quotations.

"Talking about elections," said the Chicago man to his friend in New York who had spoken about his winnings, "you should have lived in Chicago about twenty-three years ago, when the men who did the fine work were in the gimml business. There was a fellow named Dave Thornton who help to select Alderman, and who took a hand occasionally in putting a man on the bench.

Dave had a place in Clark street in a block filled with gambling houses. The front door was closed promptly at midnight, and the side door—well that was always open. It opened into the arcade, and the arcade led to the Y. M. C. A. building. There was a sign over the Clark street entrance of the arcade which informed the man who read it of Y. M. C. A.'s place. And I have always thought that sign prompted Dave Thornton to have the sign he had over his doorway—"The House of David." You see it had a sort of biblical signification, and as it was contiguous to the Y. M. C. A. sign it was calculated to catch the eye of the wayfaring man, who was very numerous out there in those days.

"Thornton was a religious man. That is, he was regular in his attendance on the stated services, and, rain or shine, he was in his place in the sanctuary. Over the big mirror on the bar side of the place, in artistic lettering, was the text:

"IF THE LORD KEEPETH NOT THE CITY, THE WATCHMAN WAKEETH IN VAIN."

"And on the mirror was another sign, suggested, at the request of Dave, by Charley Thorne of the old Union Square company, which played in Chicago every season. Dave was a theatrogoer, and one day when he and Charley Thorne were coming from church Dave told Charley that he had a Bible text over his mirror and wanted a shakespearean quotation on the mirror. Charley Thorne, always quick, replied: 'Thou shalt not budge till I set thee up a glass,' and Dave stopped and made Charley stop, and there in the shadow of the spire of the cathedral the actor wrote the quotation on a card which for years caused so much comment in Chicago.

"When Dave handed the card to a printer, who knows a little Shakespeare himself, he said to Dave, 'He didn't give you all the quotation.' Dave replied, 'Charley Thorne is my friend. He gave me all that's necessary. If there had been any more Charley would have said so,' and the printer said no more, but did the work.

"A man who is now on the bench in Chicago used to go to Dave's place for luncheon, for Dave had a lunch counter, and back of a pile of barrels he spread a table at noon for his particular friends in politics. This Judge was a local politician then, and his first success in politics was due to Dave's manipulations. There is a man in public life in this country who learned his first lessons in politics from Dave Thornton, and in the House of David. The place which this man holds is not far removed from one of the highest in the country.

"Dave rarely came to his place after dark. He was seldom seen anywhere in public at night. He passed his evenings at home, and rarely was he seen at a political meeting. His influence was a silent force. I never quite understood him, nor did anybody. His place of business at night was totally different in the character of its patrons from that of the day. At night it was the rendezvous of gamblers, rouders, hackmen, and often of crooks. Of course others were there in the early part of the evening, but after the midnight closing ordinance was observed in front the side entrance was crowded with as mixed a lot as ever turned out. Dave died ten years ago. He left plenty for his family. It was well for them, for the men whom Dave had helped into office forgot him, and Dave himself quit politics two years before his death."

His Collections Short.

HALIFAX, Nov. 22.—Another young man of this city has gone wrong. This time it is of one of those church going young fellows, and one of the last that would be expected to do anything out of the way. The party referred was in the employ of the Nova Scotia Nursery, and he was looked upon by the manager as a young man of exemplary habits. He was always sober, and industrious, and very attentive to his duties. As far as known he had no bad habits, and was regarded as a model young man, and well suited for the trusted position which he held. The first intimation his many friends had about his wrong-doing, was when an advertisement appeared in the daily papers, cautioning the public against paying him any money. Those who knew the young man were more than surprised when this announcement appeared, and soon anxious inquiries were being made as to what had happened him. Many of his friends at first suggested that he had left the employ of the nursery, but such was not the case. He did not leave of his own free will, but remained until the manager gave him notice to quit. The young fellow was charged with embezzling his employers money, and when at first confronted about the shortage he denied all knowledge of it, but finally the evidence was so strong against

him, and he had to give in. Very little time was lost in disposing of his service, as he was discharged upon the spot. He resided in Dartmouth, and was a prominent member of a church across the way. The young man is particularly well known throughout the city, he having for some time past been in the employ of the above mentioned firm as a collector. He had the handing of all the bills and monies, and only made returns at certain times, when it suited his own convenience. The amounts received it is alleged were never handed over in several cases, and the proprietors of the nursery were kept in ignorance of this for some time, but like all cases of the kind it came to light through the sending of another bill to parties who had already paid their accounts. The firm does not intend to let the affair go by with the dismissal alone, but have instructed a legal firm to take such action against the accused as it deems necessary. The general impression is that the young man's friends will have the matter settled before it reaches the courts. The young fellow with his parents, belongs to New Glasgow, but removed to this city some five years ago. He secured employment at first with the Nova Scotia Sugar Refinery company, but since leaving there, he has held the situation with the nursery.

PEOPLE WHO WILL FIDGET.

A Woman's Plea for Increased Instruction in the Art of Repose.

"If I had the power to confer one single accomplishment upon all mankind," said a sensible looking woman at a recent tea, "I believe I'd choose the art of sitting still and keeping absolutely quiet—the art of repose. I suppose one might call it. I don't believe that anything wears more upon a human being than the constant fidgeting of other human beings. I sometimes wonder whether I am more nervous than most persons. Perhaps I am, and yet it doesn't show in most of the situations which call for a display of feminine nerves. But one thing is sure, I haven't gone to theatre or concert or even church in years without having my pleasure partly spoiled by some little annoying habit on the part of persons near me. Not one man or woman in a thousand can be quiet. At the last Boston Symphony concert the man next to me tapped an accompaniment to all the numbers on the arm of his seat. I was a little thing, but it got upon my nerves and marred the evening for me.

"I went to the theatre three evenings last week. One night the man just behind me scraped the bottom of my seat with his feet all evening long. The next night my escort had squeaky shoes, and he evidently wriggled his toes constantly and kept the soles of those shoes squeaking. Another time, the woman beside me clasped and unclasped her bonbonniere incessantly, making a sharp, clicking noise. At church, on Sunday, the woman to whom I offered part of my pew had a creaky little fan which she fluttered or opened and shut all through the service. At the matinee, on Saturday, two girls behind me nibbled some sort of brittle candy from the time the curtain first went up until it fell after the last act.

"Of course you think I am a crank; but

it irritates me to see how careless and inconsiderate the average man or woman is, and what absurd habits most persons have. When I see any one sit still for five minutes at a time I feel like introducing myself and congratulating him on his valuable accomplishment. All the world wriggles nowadays, and when it isn't wriggling it has nervous prostration."

Too Innocent.

"I will tell you of a very funny situation between an advocate and the man he is defending," remarked a barrister recently when the court had risen for lunch. It has occurred several times in my career when I have been pleading the case of a defendant charged with breach of promise. When you see that it is a foregone conclusion that you lose your case, you then turn your attention to mitigation of damages. For this purpose you argue to the jury that your client is a thorough bad lot, and contend that, instead of losing anything by his backing out of his promise, the fair plaintiff is very lucky to have escaped being wedded to such a monster.

"Do think of something that can be proved against you," pleaded a solicitor, instructing one of his clients. "Don't you swear and gamble? Haven't you ever got drunk?"

"And we all roared as the defendant answered ruefully: 'No, really, I'm afraid I never have.'"

What she Was.

In a New England graveyard there has lately been discovered an epitaph which leaves a wider scope for the imagination of the reader than almost any other which could be composed.

A person, straying through the little graveyard stopped to read the words on an old slate stone slab; two winged heads were carved above the epitaph:

Here lies the remains of Mary Ann Pratt: Words are wanting to say what she was; but what a good woman should be; she was that.

HE BROUGHT IT FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR.

And kept it two years.

"The great world's fair, at Chicago, in 1893, while it gave pleasure to many, gave pain to not a few as an indirect result of the visit to the White City. People were ill by the new marvels that met the gaze at every step, and did not realize their exhaustion until they dropped into a chair in some breezy corner by the lake, and 'cooled off.' That's what began the trouble, in many cases. Of one such case, Mrs. L. W. Stevens, Fort Fairfield, Me., writes:

"My husband took a severe cold and cough two years ago last October—time of the World's Fair, which we attended. This cough lasted over two years, was accompanied by spitting of blood, and nothing could be found to help him, although various remedies were tried. Several doctors were consulted, but their prescriptions afforded no relief. Finally, I saw an advertisement of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my paper and prevailed upon my husband to get a bottle and try it. The very first dose helped him and he was completely cured in a short time. We feel

very grateful for what Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has done for us, and shall keep it constantly on hand in the house."—Mrs. L. W. STEVENS, Fort Fairfield, Me.

Two years of doctoring for a cough, two years of "remedies" that gave no help, of prescriptions that profited only the men who wrote them, and then a trial of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped from the very first dose and effected a complete cure in a short time. The difference between Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and all other cough medicines could not be better stated than in this comparison of results. It has cured the most stubborn and obstinate cases of chronic bronchitis and asthma. It is a specific for croup and whooping cough. It cures all coughs and colds and promptly and effectively. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice, on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicines. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.