

The Mushroom Farm.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

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The girls were holding an indignation meeting. Clara Carruthers was curled up on the window ledge, Myrtle Reed had stretched herself comfortably on the lounge, Mary Sands was perched on the side of a table swinging her feet while two or three other girls were comfortably seated in armchairs. Myrtle Reed was reading the Goshen Leader, the principal local paper.

"Girls, it ought to be stopped. Here she is advertising for a man to fix the roof of that old stable. Yesterday she wanted a man to fix the furnace, and the day before it was a boy she wanted to 'water the mushroom beds.' Her family are enough without encouraging Florence Weiss in any more of her foolish fads. Why doesn't she marry, as the rest of us have done?"

"That's what I asked Jack the other night," chimed in Mary Sands. "But she says she hates the men and wants to raise mushrooms and make a fortune of her own. Her grandmother left her \$200, you know, and that is what she invested in the mushroom fad."

"Let's go down in a body and apply for the job," suggested Clara. "It is a glorious day, and the walk will do us good."

In the meantime Florence Weiss was unlocking the door of the old stable. Dressed in a short walking skirt and scarlet sweater, with an old tam-o'-shanter on her golden hair, she made a picture most unfamiliar-like. Her blue eyes sparkled with anticipation as she entered the cellar of the stable to view the ideas and ideals. Florence had ideas and ideals, and she meant to live up to both. If the family expected her to marry just to replete their purse they would be sadly disappointed. Women were born for nobler things, she argued, and she would go forth and make money with her own hands and brains and not tie herself to any man.

She knelt down by the side of one of the beds and with a spoon cut off a tiny mushroom sprang up overnight. She examined the spawn in another bed, felt the temperature of a third and then went to the door to call Malachi, the boy whom she employed to do chores.

"Malachi, Malachi!" she called out, but Malachi did not appear, so she went out to look for him. Behind the stable on the side hill she found him covered with tar and beating a fire.

"Malachi, what is all this?" she demanded.

"Yes, ma'am—you see, ma'am—O Lord, miss, I've set fire to the tar," he wailed. "You see, miss, I was getting ready for the man to fix the roof, an' I opened the barrel of tar, an' it wouldn't run, so I thought, you see, ma'am, I thought I'd melt it—yes, ma'am."

"Well, Malachi, you're an idiot, that's what you are, and I never want to see your face again. You've melted it all right, and I'll have to buy more tar at \$3 a barrel."

Malachi was discharged, and the man who applied to put on a new roof was installed in his place.

"Clean up the place," said Florence when asked what he should do until more tar arrived for the roof.

Florence started for town and so missed the call that the girls paid. She was back the next morning, however, to see her new man started on his work.

"Get some of that fertilizer, Joseph, and bring it to me. This bed is in very poor condition and will never yield anything unless we work on it."

Joseph stared in blank amazement.

"Fertilizer, ma'am?" he said. "Is it the pile of rotten stuff that was lying under what you're speaking of?"

"Yes, yes!" answered Florence. "Right there at the side door."

"Well, I'm after dumpin' it in the brook, ma'am," he announced. "You told me to clean up the place, and I done it, ma'am, to the best of my ability." And he straightened up his somewhat bent shoulders as if to emphasize his brilliant stroke of work.

It was too much added to the loss of the barrel of tar, and Florence sat down on the damp cellar floor and cried, but not for long. She soon dried the tears on her old apron and vented her bitter anger on the head of Joseph. He stood for a moment listening, then turned and went out, muttering:

"I thought it was a lady, but I might of knowed diggin' in the dirt never made a lady yet." And Joseph was a thing of the past.

Florence sat upon the stone wall to think it over. Eight dollars for the tar of yesterday, \$12 for the fertilizer of today. Ideas were not always practical, and ideals did not materialize as they might. Fight as she would against them, the tears would come again. The sound of wheels on the road near at hand roused Florence. She turned to see the express wagon from the general store about to deliver the barrel of tar. She jumped down from the fence and hurried to the gate which led to the old stable.

"Why, Mr. Rivers, what are you doing? Driving the express wagon?" she exclaimed as she recognized in the driver one of Goshen's leading young men.

"Hello, Flo!" he cried as he tied the old horse to the post. "It's me, all right. Just looking around for a few days, making up a business trip. What did you ordered this tar from the store, and I said I'd deliver it and kill two birds with one stone. I was coming up to see the wonderful mushroom-

rooms hanging before I left. Call your man to help me unload the barrel, will you?"

"Oh, Dick—Mr. Rivers, I mean. I haven't any man, nor any boy, nor any mushrooms. Yes, I've been crying," she added, as he glanced sharply at the somewhat wet cheeks. "You see," she went on, "I've had bad luck with my farming."

They wandered instinctively toward the wall. Dick took out his pipe and began to light it.

"Didn't your idea work out?" he said, with fine impersonal interest.

"Not very well," she admitted. "The idea is all right, but skilled labor is hard to get, and after all I'm only a woman."

"What about the ideals?" suggested Dick as he puffed away. "Seems to me you told me that you had ideas as well as ideas."

"Oh, I still have them—in my mind, of course, but they are so hard to find in real life."

Dick crossed his legs and hugged the uppermost knee. He was not looking at Florence, but straight ahead, across the fields which lay before them. It was one of those beautiful winter days which apparently had nothing but warmth of sun and breadth of blue sky to offer.

"It's just a year ago today," he mused aloud, yet as if talking to himself. "A year ago today. A man in love and a girl with ideals. Couldn't make it go. Such a team couldn't pull together in harness. Twelve months finds the man still in love and the girl clinging to her ideals. Hopeless case, eh, don't you think?"

"Oh, I don't know!" sighed Flo. "Not so hopeless as raising mushrooms, for instance."

Dick's knee slipped through his grip, and he stood beside the girl.

"What do you mean, Flo?" he demanded. "Can you forego the ideal and take me after all?" and he stretched forth both hands.

"Will you take me, Dick?" she said as her two hands met his.

"Take you, darling!" and he drew her close within his arms. "But you said 'No.'"

"But I didn't mean it," she whispered as she nestled close to his neck.

"Didn't mean it?" he cried, looking down at the radiant face. "Well, but you said it, and how was I to know? You told me you had ideas of your own and an ideal besides, so I got out to give the other fellow a decent chance."

"Men are such stupid creatures," she assured him. "I didn't think you'd take 'no' for an answer, and my ideas were to be happy in a home with you, and you, Dick—oh, you old dear—you are my ideal!"

The strains of the wedding march sung in several different keys by untrained voices reached them, and they were confronted with the girls, who, having failed in their mission the day before, had returned to meet with better results.

On the wedding day among the presents arrived a barrel of tar labeled "Stick to it." Dick suspected his paternal parent, while Florence has always attributed it to Malachi. It stands in the yard of "Mushroom Farm," the title of their country place, so called because Dick asserts that his hopes sprang up in a night.

One Way to Get Food.

Four young fellows left Kimberley to try their luck at diamond digging near Christiansburg, South Africa, but were very unfortunate. All but their last shilling having been spent in buying meals, meals, ways and means had to be found to replenish the larder. After considerable discussion and wonder as to where their next food was coming from, a bright idea struck one of them, who, talking out of the tent, said, "All right, mates, leave it to me." Proceeding to the camp store, he asked for a small bottle of diamond acid, in which the digger cleans his diamonds of impurities before selling them.

"Yes," said the owner, "but surely you want some stores?"

"Well, I do," said the starving one, "but I intended sending you an order perhaps tomorrow."

"Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today," was the shopkeeper's response. "Make your order out and pay when you come up to sell your diamonds."

The miner acquiesced, and there was great rejoicing in those poor beggars' tent when the wagon delivered that order. It is evident that the storekeeper thought the party had found some diamonds, or what use could have been the acid! After this luck changed, and the account was paid, the storekeeper joking heartily in the laugh at how he had been done for the time being.—London Scrape

The New Footman.

Fun seems all the funnier when coming from the Quakers, because it is unlooked for and in contrast with their usual sobriety. For instance, what could be funnier than the method used by Nicholas Wain, a gifted minister of the Friends who lived in Philadelphia during the eighteenth century, to mortify the carnal pride of his wife? The story is as follows:

The wife of Nicholas Wain was an only daughter, and for these days possessed a very large inheritance. She thought it would be suitable to her wealth and station to have a footman behind her carriage. This wish being frequently expressed, her husband at last promised to comply with it. Accordingly the next time the carriage was ordered for the purpose of making a stylish call she was gratified to see a footman mounted. When she arrived at her place of destination the door of the carriage was opened and the steps let down in a very obsequious manner by the new footman, and great was her surprise and confusion to recognize in him her own husband.

SAWED OFF ITS HEAD

Storm a Wooden Statue of Andrew Jackson Raised.

ON A FAMOUS OLD FRIGATE.

A Bold Boston Sea Captain Mutilated the Constitution's Figurehead and Then Went to Washington and Defied the Authorities.

The figurehead which was placed on the frigate Constitution is now at the Naval academy in Annapolis. It is a figure of Andrew Jackson, and connected with it is a curious incident.

The original figurehead of the Constitution was a figure of Hercules. This was destroyed by a cannon ball at Tripoli, and then a figure of Neptune was erected. This also came to grief, and at the time the vessel was rebuilt there was no figurehead except a billet.

At the time the new ship was finished Captain Jesse Duncan Elliott of Hagerstown, Md., who had distinguished himself in the battle of Lake Erie, was in command at the Boston navy yard. Captain Elliott was an enthusiastic Democrat and an ardent admirer of President Andrew Jackson.

During Elliott's last voyage on the Constitution was from the Mediterranean to Hampton Roads in 1838. Here he was removed from command because of charges of severity to the men and of having incumbered the berth deck of the ship on the homeward voyage with jackasses for the improvement of the breed in the United States. The Constitution finally went out of commission for active service at Portsmouth, N. H., after a career of nearly fifty-eight years in the service. In 1890 she was transferred to Annapolis for the use of the midshipmen.

When the civil war began her position there was deemed unsafe, and she was sent to the New York navy yard. In 1865 she was returned to Annapolis, where she remained until 1871, when she was taken to Philadelphia, where she was again rebuilt. In 1878 she was used to transport exhibits to France for the Paris exposition of 1878, and her career at sea finally ended in 1881. The centennial of her launching was celebrated at Boston in 1897, where she was built—Baltimore Sun.

A Libel.

"I see by the county paper," said the visitor, "that Jonas Jones, the prosperous druggist of your town, is sojourning."

"I saw that, too, and it's a libel," exclaimed the native, with some heat.

"Why, isn't he your druggist?"

"Yes, but this town's too healthy for him to be prosperous."

A Sure Way.

Country Doctor—That's the worst case of wryneck I ever see, Peleg. How'd you get it? Peleg—Drivin' that new mare o' mine an' everlastin' lookin' behind 'r see if an auto was comin'.

No Giving Up.

"I am determined to collect this bill eventually," said the dun. "I assure you I'll never give up."

"Neither will I," replied the man who disputed the debt.—Exchange.

A girl generally plays with a man's heart just about as carefully as a baby with a watch.

CAISSON WORK.

How Foundations of Great Steel Structures Are Built.

The foundations for the great steel structures are built by means of caissons in which the men can work under a great pressure of air. It is a very interesting sight to watch them, and the best of it is that any one may see them at close range from an adjoining sidewalk. The caisson is a hollow steel cylinder open at the bottom and just large enough to permit a man to work. The workman climbs down a ladder in this tube and digs away the earth at the bottom. As the earth is taken away the steel tube is gradually lowered. The earth is taken out by a bucket, which is lowered and raised by a tall derrick at one side. As the caisson sinks, air is pumped into the compartment containing the man. This is to force back any water or dirt that might fill the hole from the outside as fast as the workman removes it from within. The pressure of this air is often so great that a man can work but an hour or so at a time. At the top of the caisson is a steel cylinder with an air tight door at either end, which serves as a kind of vestibule to the tube below.

When one of the caisson workers starts to go to work he opens the door or lid at the top and climbs in, when the opening is once more tightly closed. This door or lid is air tight. After the opening to the outer air has been closed the workman opens the door at the bottom of this steel compartment and lets in compressed air from the caisson below. It takes a few minutes to become accustomed to breathing this atmosphere, for the heavy air makes the head ring. As soon as the workman can do so he climbs down into the tunnel below, closing the lower door of the steel caisson as he does so. All this must be done in the dark. If the workman wishes to signal the outer world he may do so by striking the steel sides of his narrow prison with his shovel. He usually signals in this way when the bucket is to be raised or lowered. Frances Arnold Collins in St. Nicholas.



ASSESSORS' NOTICE.

The undersigned having been appointed and sworn as Assessors of Rates for the Town of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, hereby give notice to every person and body corporate liable to be assessed in the said Town, to furnish the Assessors WITHIN THIRTY DAYS from the date hereof, with a written detailed statement of Real and Personal estate and Income for which they are liable to be assessed within the said Town.

Blank forms for statements may be had from any of the Assessors on application.

The valuation list after expiration of 30 days will be posted in Post Office.

ASSESSMENT FOR 1908.

County:

Almshouse purposes,	\$ 355 27
Police and Light,	511 95
Schools,	1,386 17
Contingencies,	1,610 36
Total,	\$3,533 75

Town:

Board of Health,	\$ 165 00
Police and Light,	2,033 00
Park and Fire,	1,485 00
School Purposes,	6,600 00
Public Works,	1,650 00
Contingencies,	1,700 00
Sinking Fund,	770 00
Interest,	6,248 00
Total,	\$24,246 75

JAMES FALCONER, } Assessors
JOHN FERGUSON, }
EDWARD HICKEY, }

Dated this 19th Day of March, 1908.

No. 25-4.

Estate of Joseph J. Fournier

NOTICE OF TENDERS.

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned, addressed and marked, "Tender for Stock" will be received at the office of John O'Brien, Sheriff, of Northumberland Co., Nelson, N. B., up to Saturday, 14th day of March, next, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the stock in trade and fittings, belonging to the above estate, also look debts at Rogersville. The stock list may be seen at the office of the undersigned assignee, also tender for if signed boots and shoes, stored at the warehouse of Messrs. L. Higgins & Co. Moncton, N. B. The stock list of the latter may be seen at the office of undersigned assignee and at the office of David I. Welch, Esq., barrister, Moncton, N. B.

The assignee does not bind himself to accept the highest or any tender, terms cash.

Dated this 25th day of February, 1908.

By order of the Inspectors,
JOHN O'BRIEN,
Assignee.

The date for the receiving of the above mentioned Tenders is hereby postponed till Friday April 10th, next at 12 o'clock, noon.

Dated this 31st day of March, 1908

By order of the Inspector,
JOHN O'BRIEN,
Assignee.

NOTICE.

On and after April 15th, 1908, the business conducted by Wm. L. Curtis, Bridgetown, will be run on strictly cash terms, and all bills due him not settled on, or on before that date, will be placed with his lawyer for collection.

WM. L. CURTIS, Grocer,
No. 26-1 mo. Curtis' Corner.

MILLINERY.

We are selling all our Hats trimmed and untrimmed at a big discount during the month of December. We have a very complete stock of Velvets, Silks, Ribbons, Plumes, Wings, Birds, Quills, Flowers, and in fact everything necessary to make a pretty hat. All work neatly done, call and leave your order early, before the Christmas rush comes on.

MRS. H. A. GUILTY
The Saragat Store.

Clearing Out Sale!

We Are Now Going Out of the Stationary Business.

Bargains may now be had in

Writing Paper
Envelopes
Pencils
Pens
Ink
Playing Cards
Etc., Etc.

Scribblers 2 for 5c.

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