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POOR DOCUMENT

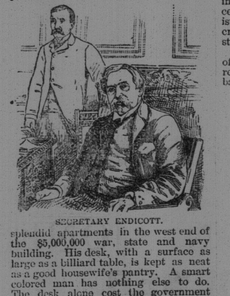
THE SECRETARIES.

WHERE FIVE OF THE CABINET WORK OUT THEIR DAYS.

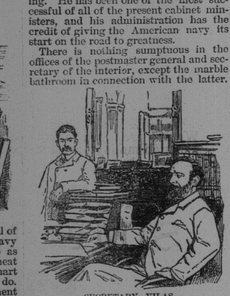
Beauty and Richness of the Furnishing of Some of the Rooms of the President's Clerks—Quarters of Secretaries Endicott, Garland, Whitney, Dickinson and Vilas.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—There are a good many gentlemen in this country who would like to take possession of the five desks in the public departments of this city of which I write. These are beautiful desks, surrounded by elegant carpets, fine paintings, hosts of mementos and a good deal of the pomp of high official station; but the men who sit at them must work hard for their salaries and abandon the delights of leisure and independence. The pay is not as great as the responsibility, and the honor scarcely equals the labor, and yet Gen. Harrison will not find it necessary to coax men into these five seats. Any one of the occupants of these desks might become president of the United States, but surely this is not the inducement which causes the posts to be so eagerly sought; for the first cabinet official of whom I write could become president only by the death of the president himself, the vice president, the secretaries of state and the treasury. Nought but a plague, earthquake or cataclysm could thus bring the secretary of war into the White House, and the chances of the remaining four ministers are even more remote. But if the secretary of war may not be president he certainly has the pleasure of occupying the most beautiful suite of offices in the United States. The present secretary has just moved into his new rooms, three splendid apartments in the west end of the $5,000,000 war, state and navy building. His desk, with a surface as large as a billiard table, is kept as neat as a good housewife's pantry. A smart colored man has nothing else to do. The desk alone cost the government something like $600. The thick, soft carpet is worth at least $5 the yard, while the frescoing overhead, a canopy of martial angels in flaming chariots, must have cost $10 the square foot. The velvet curtains are of the finest, the great mantle is mahogany, the screens are gilt and gold. The gasolier would do honor to a theatre, and the bathroom, near by, is fairly sumptuous in its appointments, though not as grand or costly as the marble bath which Mr. Lamar had put in the interior department when he was secretary there. Every gas fixture, chair, carved decoration and utensil, even to the pretty red and white door mat, has the crossed cannon and American eagle insignia of the department, hung on the walls are a score or more of oil portraits of former secretaries of war. Probably no more mild and gentle man than the present secretary, Mr. Endicott, ever occupied the seat. He is really lamb like in comparison with the fierce mien of some of his martial predecessors, but the fact that he never smelled gunpowder except on the Fourth of July has not prevented him making a satisfactory secretary of war.



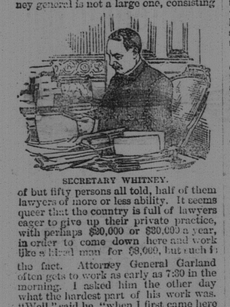
SECRETARY ENDICOTT.



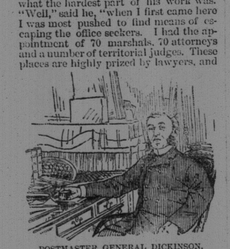
SECRETARY VILAS.

The duties of the secretary of war are multifarious, comprising, in addition to general supervision of the army, a host of minor responsibilities, but the work is so admirably subdivided into bureaus in charge of officers of the regular army that the great machine works along like an automaton. These military bureaus are the offices of the adjutant general, the inspector general, quartermaster general, commissary general, surgeon general, paymaster general, chief of engineers, chief of ordnance, judge advocate general and chief signal officer. It is somewhat remarkable that 2,000 clerks are required to take care of the fiscal and other routine affairs of an army of a little more than 20,000 officers and men. The war department is really the easiest of all the departments to manage. In times of peace it is practically able to run itself. Few changes are made in the staff on account of politics, and the organization is so essentially military and runs so largely on precedent that but few matters of great importance or perplexity reach the desk of the secretary.

The desk of the attorney general, next in line according to the law of 1889, stands in the middle of a very large room which looks rather more like a parlor than an office. It is like an art gallery, too, for on its walls are hung thirty-five or forty portraits of former attorneys general, pictures which cost the government from $100 to $1,650 each. Conspicuous among them are Beverly Johnson, Caleb Cushing, E. M. Stanton, W. M. Evarts and Roger B. Taney. The attorney general is simply Uncle Sam's legal adviser and prosecuting attorney. He has supervision of United States attorneys and marshals throughout the country, and is ex-officio a member of the cabinet. The local staff of the attorney general is not a large one, consisting of but fifty persons all told, half of them lawyers of more or less ability. It seems queer that the country is full of lawyers eager to give up their private practice, with perhaps $20,000 or $30,000 a year, in order to come down here and work like a hired man for $8,000, but such is the fact. Attorney General Garland often gets to work as early as 7:30 in the morning. I asked him the other day what the hardest part of his work was. "Well," said he, "when I first came here I was most pushed to find means of escaping the office seekers. I had the appointment of 70 marshals, 70 attorneys and a number of territorial judges. These places are highly prized by lawyers, and lawyers were never noted for their backwardness. The result was that for the 175 places we had about 9,000 applicants. Maybe its was not so large a number, but at the time I thought it was 90,000. Each applicant sent about fifty letters and all the way from half a dozen to two score of men to talk it over with me. For one office there were 240 applicants. I am sorry for my successor."



SECRETARY WHITNEY.



POSTMASTER GENERAL DICKINSON.

The secretary of the navy works in a beautiful room, from whose windows one may look out upon the White House conservatory and the window at which the president's wife sits with her book or embroidery. Secretary Whitney has had more work to do here than any secretary since the close of the war, and his successor will find his task anything but easy. Uncle Sam is now engaged in building a navy, and with his usual impetuosity he is doing it with a rush. Mrs. Whitney once told me her husband, of whom she is justly very proud, had worked harder as secretary of the navy than he ever did before. "He took hold of the department," said she, "as he used to take hold of difficult law cases, and studied night and day till he had mastered it. Mr. Whitney likes hard work. When he was in the city attorney's office in New York they used to leave all the difficult cases to him, and he rather liked it." Secretary Whitney knows how to handle men as well as ships. Indeed, the duties of his office largely consist of handling men, there being naval bureaus, in charge of naval officers, to take care of the ships and their belongings. At 10 o'clock every morning the secretary takes up position in his outer office. All his callers are admitted to the room, where he can see them and they can see him. He stands by a high desk, and receives his visitors one after another. The callers may sit, but the secretary stands. Under such conditions the average visitor states his business in the fewest possible words and gets away as soon as he can. It is a common saying in Washington that Mr. Whitney can dispose of a greater number of callers in an hour than any other official, and this is the manner in which he does it—a good hint for his successor. After two hours at the outer desk the secretary retires to his office proper, where he works steadily till 5 or 6 in the evening. He has been one of the most successful of all of the present cabinet ministers, and his administration has the credit of giving the American navy its start on the road to greatness.

There is nothing sumptuous in the offices of the postmaster general and secretary of the interior, except the marble bathroom in connection with the latter. The postmaster general works in a plain room, which has rather old fashioned furniture. In this room and about the devoted head of Mr. Dickinson's successor will be seen the worst crush of the season after March 4. Here the place hunters and their friends literally swarm. Mr. Vilas estimates that he lost ten years of his life during the first six months of the year 1885, when he sat at his desk and fought off the mob, besides two inches in height and broad in proportion. He had been concerned in a great many robberies and a large number of murders.

SECRETARY VILAS.

D. B. Thompson, of Vienna, Ga., has a curiosity in the shape of a puppy with five feet. Just below the ankle on the right leg the foot is divided into two distinct feet, lacking only a toe each of being perfect. The puppy is a month old and uses his foot as if it were perfectly natural.

A Baltimore boiler maker named Howe recently performed the feat of eating five dozen raw eggs, shelled and all, on a wager of $5. It took him two hours and cost him $ to reach the last egg, and he washed the feast down with a pint bottle of pure alcohol.

Dr. J. C. Montgomery, of Chauncey, Mass., has a curious garment in his wardrobe, one that will probably excite more than ordinary interest among the lovers of curiosities. It is a vest made of the sides of a rattlesnake killed by Eleazer Warren, of Emanuel county, forty-five years ago, and made by his wife. It is lined with homespun cloth, known as dimity.

An Untimely Test.

Mrs. Bascom—Ebenezer, why did you tell the new city school ma'am that cows had sweet breath? She tried old Brindle's this morning and it nearly made her sick.

Farmer Bascom—Old Brindle's? Gee whitaker! The pesky critter got into the shop this afternoon and eat a peck of onions!—Burlington Free Press.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY.

HOW THE WOMEN OF MEXICO MIX RELIGION AND PLEASURE.

A Strange Medley of Recreation and Devotion—Fascinating Glimpses of an Adobe Ball Room—Old and Young Enjoy Themselves Together.

The last strains of a dying hymn, chanted in a sort of jerky monotone, had scarcely ceased vibrating among the ponderous, rough beams, well covered beams of the little adobe church at Grant's, N. M., writes a correspondent, when the congregation, principally women, true to a habitual failing, began an animated conversation. Whether their comments related to any particularly impressive point of the past service, or were devoted to coming over interesting bits of domestic affairs, is not known, but it surprises the stranger, while waiting a few moments at the entrance of the church watching the people, to receive a pressing invitation to attend a "baile" or Mexican dance.

A baile is, of course, a most harmless recreation, but to fly to the opposite extreme, with the lights of the church yet burning and the priests still shrouded in sacramental robes, impressed one as being just a trifle sacrilegious.

A VERY SIMPLE BALLROOM.

Woman so lately sitting with uncovered heads in silent devotion now tripped lightly through the gloomy streets, moving in and out between the darkened structures, chatting and laughing each with the other, apparently in the very transports of merriment, all semblance of piety.

Reaching a long, low roofed building, where a small, dingy window emitted a flickering, uncertain light, and shrill strains of music floated out into the night through an open door, the casual visitor allowed himself to be hustled rather unceremoniously into the very midst of a Mexican dance.

The dancing apartment consisted of one long, narrow hall, along either side of which, for the accommodation of ladies, several rude benches were strung out, each set closely against the wall. Upon these sat women of all ages, in all imaginable toilets, with hands crossed demurely in front of them, but intent upon watching the movements of those upon the floor.

A number of tallow candles stuck into wide, wooden crosses and suspended at various places from the ceiling imparted a dim and almost religious light, that cast a weird, peculiar glow upon the dusky occupants of the room. Upon the wall, which had received a fresh adornment of whitewash for the occasion, arranged in an odd, fantastic fashion, were groups of vari-hued muslins and calicoes made up with complicated loops, bows and circles, and neatly pinned together by means of green cedar boughs. Those simple green leaves and these vari-hued muslins combined in making a noticeably pleasing effect, and greatly relieved the dull, dead white of the walls.

To assist the passage of sound two soulful musicians were accorded a seat high above the crowd on a mammoth dry goods box, where they played on a violin and guitar. However, the dancers were favored with additional sounds, very hollow, however, that issued from the depths of the resonant dry goods box on an occasional boy four well soaled boots keeping up a continual tattoo.

In the event of such enjoyable occasions the Mexican people (of New Mexico) observe very little social distinctions, consequently all classes of people in all phases of life mingle together in the ball room. The laughtiest don, surpassing himself in a sempiternal suit of broadcloth, goes around in a musty white hand in hand with a moccasined peon and calico enveloped lass.

Women of all ages and girls not yet in their teens eagerly await a request to be led out upon the floor, yet upon the face of those neglected, and who wait unasked for hours upon the unyielding benches, I have never noticed an expression that would denote envy.

The old crone of 50 accepts an invitation as promptly as the blushing young damsel of 16. She perhaps does not feel the same thrill of pleasure as her younger sister, but she certainly feels the perfection of orderliness, and I was called in. He had been a very handsome man, and his wife had been very much devoted to him. In making out the carriage list I arranged to have the widow, as was always customary at that time, accompanied by her dead husband's brother, whose features were as regular as those of the dead man had been handsome. When I came to read the carriage list at the funeral and the widow learned of my arrangement for the third time she screamed out at the top of her voice before all the people: "I won't go with that tarnal ugly lookin' critter, but I'll foller Meeder wherever he goes."

"At the funeral of a very aged millionaire belonging to one of the old Knickerbocker families of New York, which I once directed, his widow, an old lady of 80 years, walked into the room where he lay in his coffin about a quarter of an hour before the time set for the commencement of the services and sat down at the feet of the corpse. Taking out her knitting she began to work at it very industriously. Her grandaughter, observing her with great surprise, said: 'Why, grandma, surely you wouldn't knit at poor grandpa's funeral?' 'Wal,' responded the good dame, 'I jest thought I might as well draw out a few threads while the people were gathering.'"—G. W. Christine in Chicago Journal.

Poor Tray's Troubles.

James Tray, of Allentown, went to Louisville one day and sat by the open window of the car on account of the heat. He sneezed, and his false teeth fell out of the window. As he had just paid $25 for them he got out at the next station, five miles from where the teeth had escaped from him, and walked back to regain them. He found them. Then he started to walk the five miles back to get the next train. As he was crossing the railroad bridge over the Big Run a west bound freight came along. He was walking on that track, and stepped over on the beams of the east bound track. As he did so he glanced back and saw a freight train from the west just coming on the bridge toward him. There was no time for him to get across the bridge before the train would be upon him, and he did not dare to stand on the narrow space between the tracks until the two trains passed. Both locomotives sounded their danger signals. There was but one thing to do. Tray seized a bridge beam or tie with his hands and dropping quickly down hung by his fingers until the long train had passed over him. He then dragged himself back to the track.

The engineer of the train was bringing it to a stop, evidently to see what had become of Tray, but when he reappeared and the conductor saw he was all right the signal was given to go ahead and the train went on without taking Tray aboard. A mile further on another east bound freight came along. Tray thought it was running slow enough for him to get on the caboose. When the rear of the train was passing him he threw his overcoat on the platform of the caboose and grabbed the rail to swing himself on. The train was going faster than it looked, and Tray could not get a footing. He had to let loose of the rail, and he was thrown twenty feet down the bank. The skin was scraped off his face, hands and legs and one ankle was dislocated. The train went on, taking Tray's overcoat—a brand new $30 coat—with it.

In spite of his bruised ankle and mutilated face, hands and legs, Tray managed to get over the remaining two miles of his journey, reaching the station just as his train came in. Without waiting to have his injuries attended to he boarded the train. When the conductor came around Tray remembered that the conductor of the first train had taken up his ticket for the entire journey. He could not induce the second conductor to pass him either on the strength of that fact or of the story of his many mishaps and Tray had to pay his fare over again. He went to bed wondering whether it wasn't more than likely that a swelling will fall on him.—Philadelphia Times.

POSTMASTER GENERAL DICKINSON.

CRISP CONDENSATIONS.

A man registered in a Kansas City hotel recently as from Heaven.

The flower trade of London is estimated to amount to £5,000 a day.

A Jap is coming over to the United States to prove that a man can stay under water for four minutes as well as for twenty seconds.

In one flat in St. Louis there are families representing nine nationalities, and all cook onions for dinner after their national custom.

At a church fair a device for getting up a testimonial to the pastor bore the following legend: "Drop a dollar in the slot and see the pastor smile."

William Hunt, of Connecticut, kissed his girl while her mouth was full of pies. The doctor is working over her still, and William is paying the bills.

Stone precisely similar to the eastern brownstone and Nova Scotia freestone has been discovered in large quantities on the Coronado islands, near San Diego.

The leading New York hotel keepers have combined to set up a printing office which is to furnish the printing and stationery needed for the hotels of that and other cities.

A trainer of a troupe of cats hired a band to play every day before the cats for a month before the first performance, so that the nervous creatures would be accustomed to noise.

A new dye tried in a Maine dyehouse so softened the skin of the workmen's hands that the blood burst through. Every employee was affected, and the establishment in consequence had to close down.

Popular Science has information that the hippopotamus will become extinct within the next twenty years. So many have been killed off by natives and sportsmen that they are now hardly to be met with.

Atlanta has a black cat which in the evenings follows people around, emitting "mournful snarls." At midnight, according to testimony, the cat climbs a fence post and turns into a beautiful woman, who vanishes with a "fearful yell."

An omnibus run by electricity, the only one in the world, has made successful trips in London. It runs on the level of a street without the use of rails, while the so called electric omnibus of Paris is in reality a tram car running on a track.

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DECEIVED.

What, married! My Lillian married!
Great heavens, it cannot be so!
And yet here it is in the paper,
And happened a fortnight ago.

A wife! why, 'twas only in August,
That leaving her down by the sea,
She swore by the round moon above us,
She would ever be faithful to me.

And now she is wed to another,
If I my poor eyes can believe;
Oh false! oh most faithless of women!
So cruelly me to deceive!

Of course I meant nothing—was only
Killing time—but I swear 'tis a shame
To think that that innocent maiden
Was all the while doing the same.

—The Cartoon.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS.

Humorous Side of Their Business Illustrated by Several Stories.

It is a popular idea that undertakers are a very serious class of men whose lives are shrouded in the deepest gloom. Readers of jokes will remember that Mark Tapley, when searching for a lot in life which would afford the greatest possible opportunity of being jolly under difficulties, was strongly inclined to adopt that of an undertaker. Having long believed this popular idea concerning the men of coffins and shrouds and the life they led to be a gross error, I have for several years past sought a close friendship with the leading undertakers in many of our principal cities, and personally by letter have collected their views and experiences of their profession as regards its agreeableness, its healthfulness, its humors and its pleasures. They all concur most heartily in the statements made to me by one of the oldest and most successful undertakers in the country, who has carried on his business for nearly forty years, and has seen hundreds of America's most distinguished citizens decently laid in their graves.

"An undertaker's life is a very pleasant one," he said. "I shouldn't say 'undertaker,' though. We dropped that word some years ago, and now call ourselves 'funeral directors.' Away from our business, I think I may safely say that we are the jolliest set of men living. You know that clowns and comedians are often said to be very grave in private life because their work consisting in being funny, it is relaxation for them to be serious. Just so with an undertaker. He must wear a mournful countenance and affect grief, or at least mournful sympathy, as a very important part of his business, and hence it is in itself a recreation for him to throw all that off and be lively and cheerful. An undertaker's life is calculated to make a man jolly, not only for the reason just mentioned, but because it has an intensely humorous side and because the very funniest things I have ever seen in real life have been occurrences at or in connection with funerals. To a large class of persons, the burial of a friend is an occasion for mirth and enjoyment, though I believe that they mourn quite as sincerely as those who wear long faces. I remember officiating at the funeral of a noted saloon keeper a few years ago, and on the road to the cemetery we encountered the cortege of a rival publican. A race between the two funerals was quickly improvised, and we soon were bowling along at such a furious rate that when our hearse bounced over a large stone in the road its doors flew open and the corpse of my client—if I may so designate him—rolled out.

"I remember an amusing incident in connection with a prominent iron manufacturer of national reputation, who never loses an opportunity of advertising his business. He purchased a cemetery lot and surrounded it with a very ornamental fence of his own manufacture. His wife died soon afterward, and when I had laid the good lady to rest he erected to her memory a handsome monument, on which were carved these words: 'Here lie Mrs. Annie X., wife of Quintius X., proprietor of the —— Iron works, where the elegant fence around this lot was manufactured. Similar ones made to order.'

"Many years ago, when I first went into the business, there lived in Brooklyn a family whom I will call Meeder. The husband died, and I was called in. He had been a very handsome man, and his wife had been very much devoted to him. In making out the carriage list I arranged to have the widow, as was always customary at that time, accompanied by her dead husband's brother, whose features were as regular as those of the dead man had been handsome. When I came to read the carriage list at the funeral and the widow learned of my arrangement for the third time she screamed out at the top of her voice before all the people: 'I won't go with that tarnal ugly lookin' critter, but I'll foller Meeder wherever he goes.'

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POSTMASTER GENERAL DICKINSON.

HOW TO BECOME A BELLE.

Dance Less with Delightful Men and More with Stupid Beaux.

"Mamie."

"Yes, Clara."

"I've been thinking about you. You won't mind if I speak plainly, will you, my dear? This is your first season, you know, and it's my third."

"Oh, dear, what have I been doing now?"

"Only showing your inexperience, Mamie, and I want you to be a belle."

"And I want to be one, of course."

"Then you must be more careful. I saw you dance twice with Frank Harrington last night, and you didn't dance once with Arthur Jones."

"But there's something to Frank Harrington, while Arthur Jones is insipid. He doesn't know anything but inane society gossip."

"But he's one's of the beaux, Mamie, you must remember that."

"Why, he's not entertaining, is he?"

"No-o, I can't say that I ever found him so. But he always dances with the swellest girls. You never saw him with a wallflower, did you?"

"Never."

"And you've seen Frank Harrington often?"

"Yes."

"Well, would you rather be classed with the belles or the wall flowers? Arthur Jones and Tom White can make you one of the belles of the season if they like you, and you'll let them. No one will ever think you're a belle if you're with them a good deal."

"Because they never dance with wall flowers?"

"Yes."

"Then, because they are not polite enough to pay a little attention to a girl who lacks it, I am to reward them by being particularly gracious."

"Why, Mamie"—

"Their selfishness makes them beaux."

"Mamie Browne, you surprise me!"

"The fact that a man whose politeness consists solely in looking out for his own pleasure asks me to dance should so flatter me that I must encourage him in being impolite to my less fortunate sisters."

"How can you put such an interpretation on what I said? I mean, don't you see, that if you dance much with Frank Harrington and that class of men people will think you stand in need of attention."

"That I am a wall flower?"

"Yes."

"And then in time that will make me one?"

"Yes."

"For when Arthur Jones and the other beaux get the idea that I am a wall flower they will let me severely alone."

"They won't pay much attention to you."

"Why?"

"My dear, what makes you analyze everything in this way? When I came out I was satisfied to know that things were as they are."

"But I'm curious to know why they are so. Would I be any less entertaining as a wall flower than as a belle?"

"Of course not, Mamie. What a foolish question!"

"Wouldn't I dance just as well?"

"Certainly. But you see, if they were dancing with wall flowers all the time they could hardly be beaux."

"They would descend to the level of courtesy and Frank Harrington."

"You provoke me, Mamie."

"I don't mean to. I only have a way of always trying to get at the reason of things. But it seems to me that I am to reward a man for being selfish and snub another for being courteous."

"No, no, no, no! I never said that. Dance with Frank Harrington if you want to. I never meant that you should ignore him entirely. But dance with him less and with Arthur Jones more."

"But I like him better."

"So do I."

"Well, it's all quite odd and gives me some new ideas about society. But tell me, Clara, if dancing almost exclusively with the beaux makes a belle, what makes a beau? Is the situation just reversed?"

"Yes-s, I guess so."

"Then, where does it all begin?"

"Dear me! you ask such queer questions. I never have thought about it."

"How did Arthur Jones get to be one of the 'swell fellows,' as we call them?"

"I'm sure I don't know. The first season he somehow got to dancing with the sixteen edged belles of the season before, and then all the other girls were only too glad to dance with him."

"I think I understand it," thoughtfully.

"A man has push. He insists on dancing exclusively with the acknowledged belles and ignores the wall flowers. The debutantes are learned of my arrangement for the third time and I was able to sit up by night. I would not now think of using any other medicine." Columbus Hopkins, Hamilton, Ont.

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A Good Neighbor.

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

Queer, but true: The tinder-box hotel is adnuittedly insecure, while in the fireproof hotel we also feel inn-secure.

Ladling physicians recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Old and young take it with perfect safety, and it cleans the blood, strengthens the nerves, and vitalizes the system. Popular experience has long placed this medicine at the head of tonic alteratives.

The favorite hymn of the gum-chewing maiden is, 'Oh that will be jawfull.'

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. B. B. B. cleanses, opens and regulates these natural outlets for the removal of disease.

The window-glass men says they are pained at the report that they are about to form a Trust.

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.

The new administration society at Washington will consider lownecked dresses as low.

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 man may be as bald as a duck's egg and yet it would not imply that he had a clear head.

Unless more care is given to the hair the coming man is liable to be a hairless animal; hence, to prevent the hair from fall-ing use Hall's Hair Renewer.

The lecturer who remarks "there is much to be said on this subject," and then doesn't say it, is indeed a true philanthropist.

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.

A New Jersey negro has two hearts; but that is nothing. Had he two chickens it might be worth while to enquire how he got them.

Speaking of tramps, why is one of the hirsute fraternity like a barrel of cider? Because he is sour after he has worked.

A Severe Attack.

Miss Bella Elliot, of Pontypool, Ont., writes—"My brother and I were both taken ill with a severe attack of diarrhoea, having tried other remedies, we tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which gave immediate relief.

The turtle refers to his wife's 9o'clock yawn as a home-stretch.

Read The Evening Gazette.

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 deposited in the office of the Registrar of the Exchequer Court of Canada, on the eighteenth day of December, A. D. 1888, a notice to the Registrar by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries of Canada, 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 for the purposes of the erection 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: Beginning at a point on the northwest side line of a grant on the eastern side of Dipper Harbor, made in the year 1836 to Hugh Campbell, and distant on said line from high water mark, 259 feet; thence, by the magnet of the year 1888, south, two degrees and thirty minutes east, 425 ft; thence south, thirty-three degrees west, 326 feet, thence south, sixty-six degrees west, 155 feet; thence south, fifty-four degrees west, 235 feet, or to its intersection with a line crossing Campbell's Island, on a course south sixty-five degrees west, and distant at right angles therefrom 100 feet from the extreme southerly point of said Island at high water mark; thence on said line north, sixty-five degrees west, 100 feet, to high water mark; thence, following the line of high water mark southerly, round the point of said Island, and northeasterly to the eastern end of the line crossing Campbell's Island, as aforesaid; thence on said line, north, sixty-five degrees west, 12 feet; thence north, fifty-four degrees east, 385 feet; to the north point of Fish House; thence north, sixty-six degrees east, 158 feet, to a point near Daniel Campbell's well; thence north, twenty-three degrees, 49 feet; thence north two degrees and thirty minutes west, 440 feet, to the northwestern end of the lot granted to Hugh Campbell, aforesaid; and thence on said line south, forty-nine degrees and thirty minutes west, 22 feet, or to the place of beginning, giving a road of uniform width, throughout, from the present highway to the lighthouse, of fifteen feet, and including two roads and a grove of pine trees, more or less.

That Her Majesty Queen Victoria is the proprietor of the land or property hereinbefore described, under chapter thirty-nine of the Revised Statutes of Canada respecting the expropriation of lands, as amended by the Act 50-51 Vic. ch. 17, intitled "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 or parcel, or representing or being the husbands of any persons so entitled or claiming to hold or represent remainders thereon or interests therein, 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 claims to 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 20th day of December, A. D. 1888.

L. A. AUDETTE,
Registrar.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Billiousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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, the 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.

TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Thomas F. Burke, of the City of Portland, School Teacher, has this day made an assignment of his estate to the undersigned trustee, in trust for the benefit of his creditors, who may examine the Trust Deed within three months from this date. The Trust Deed now lies at the office of Charles A. Vincent, Chubb's Corner, St. John, Barristers: for inspection and execution. No preferences.

Dated November 16th, A. D., 1888.

JOHN L. CARLEE N.
Trustee.

CURREY & VINCENT.
Solicitors.

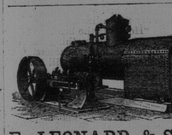
A. B. SMALLEY,
WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER
91 Prince William st.,
Saint John, N. B.

EDWARD F. LAW,
Watchmaker and Jeweller.
For Thirteen years Watchmaker at the late SHEFFIELD HOUSE.
A full line of
CLOCKS, WATCHES, and JEWELLRY, at reasonable prices.
No 3 Coburg Street (near Union).
Saint John, N B.

NOTICE.

The New Brunswick Coffin and Casket Factory, 157 and 159 Brussels St.,
keeps a large stock of Coffins and Caskets on hand to select from, also, I have lately added Children's Enameled White Caskets finely finished.
Price List on application.
W. WASSON.
P. S.—Sole manufacturer of the
Double Washboard.
We have been running extra time to supply the demand for this article.
W. W.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Cut Nails & Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads,
FINISHING NAILS.
Shoe and Hungarian Nails, &c.
Office, Warehouse and Manufactory:
GEORGES STREET, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.



E. LEONARD & SONS
Steam Engines and Boilers
for all purposes.
WOODWORKING MACHINERY, TURBINE WHEELS.
Dodge Wood Pulleys etc.
SAW AND PLANING MILL
outfits furnished.
New and Second hand Machinery in stock.
62 Water St., - St. John, N. B.
GEORGE H. EVANS, Representative.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1888 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Trains will Leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS	7 30
ACCOMMODATION	11 20
EXPRESS FOR SUSSEX	16 35
EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC	18 00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will Arrive at St. John:

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC	7 00
EXPRESS FROM SUSSEX	8 35
ACCOMMODATION	13 30
DAY EXPRESS	19 20

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., November 20th, 1888.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.
(ALL RAIL LINE.)

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: in effect Jan. 7th, 1889. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

8.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston. Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

3.35 p.m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

8.30 p.m.—(Except Saturday night)—