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WILL BE DELIVERED AT ANY ADDRESS IN FREDERICTON AT
25 Cents a Month.

The Gleaner.

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WILL BE DELIVERED AT ANY ADDRESS IN GIBSON AND MARYSVILLE AT
25 Cents a Month.

VOL. VI. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1889. No, 5

Professional Cards

DR. M'ALLISTER,
Dentist,
IS HOME AGAIN AND READY FOR BUSINESS.
Good Reliable Dental Operations at Lowest Rates.
PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH A SPECIALTY.
Office hours 9.30 a. m. to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m.
☞ Office Queen Street, opp. Queen Hotel. ☜
Fredericton, March 7.

C. D. CARTER,
Dentist.
EXTRACTION AND PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
DENTAL ROOMS OVER F. A. McCAUSLAND'S JEWELRY STORE 356 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, July 17th, 1888.

FRED ST. JOHN BLISS,
Barrister, Notary, Etc.
OFFICE:
QUEEN STREET, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
Fredericton, May 5th, 1888—1yr.

DR. H. D. CURRIE,
Surgeon Dentist,
164 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

WILLIAM WILSON,
SECRETARY-TREASURER, YORK,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
CONVEYANCER, &C.
OFFICE: QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

GEO. F. GREGORY,
(OF LATE FIRM OF GREGORY & BLAIR.)
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
NOTARY PUBLIC.
OFFICE: NEXT BELOW QUEEN HOTEL, LATELY OCCUPIED BY GREGORY & BLAIR.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

B. H. TORRENS, D. M. D.
Dentist,
FISHER'S BUILDING,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

DR. CROCKET
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
CARLETON STREET.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

GREGORY & GREGORY
Barristers and Notaries.
OFFICES: CARLETON ST., FREDERICTON
ALBERT J. GREGORY, FRANK B. GREGORY, Registrar of Probates.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

C. E. DUFFY,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law.
Notary Public, Etc.
SECY-TREASURER OF SUNBURY.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED AND MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Offices: West Side of Carleton Street, Second door from Queen.
Fredericton, Nov. 1st, 1887

Auctioneers

H. C. C. WETMORE,
AUCTIONEER, &c.
Has taken a Store on the Upper Side of
PHŒNIX SQUARE,
Next to L. P. LaForest, Tin Smith, where he is prepared to receive Furniture and Goods of all kinds for Auction or Private Sale. He will also give attention to Auction Sales of every description.
Terms Moderate Returns Prompt. All business confidential.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

Hotels

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N.B.
J. A. EDWARDS, - Proprietor.
FINE SAMPLE ROOMS IN CONNECTION.
—ALSO,—
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

COLOSSUS
GUNTER'S BIG SLEIGH,
Seating nearly Half a Hundred, Drawn by Four or Six Horses,
ON HIRE AT REASONABLE RATES.
Parties of any number wishing to visit Marysville Rink will be called for at their residences.
☞ Telephone your Orders.
GEO. I. GUNTER.
Fredericton, Dec. 11th, 1888.

HARVEY'S PHOTOS!
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
STUDIO: 164 Queen St. F'ton.
LARGE SIZED HEADS
A Specialty.
Fredericton, Jan. 12, 1889.

New Advertisements.

BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Is the Best in the Market.
BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Is famous for its Strength and Quality.
Belding's Spool Silk
Is Always Preferred by Dress Makers.
Belding's Spool Silk
Is Free from Knots and Imperfections.
BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Always Measures Number of Yards Marked on Spool.
BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Is the Most Popular Silk in United States and Canada.
LADIES—Ask for this Popular Spool Silk and take no other. See that the name of Belding, Paul & Co. is on Every Spool. For Sale by all Dry Goods Houses.

JUST RECEIVED
The following MALTINE PREPARATIONS:
Maltine Plain,
" Wine,
" Ferrated,
" Yerbine,
" With Cod Liver Oil
" " Alteratives,
" " Peptones,
" With Pepsine and Pancreatine.
Elixer Lactopeptine
Peptonized Beef.
DAVIS STAPLES & Co.
DRUGGISTS
Cor. Queen & York Sts., Fredericton
Fredericton Dec. 15, 1888.

James D. Fowler.
WATCHES;
WATCHES;
WATCHES
GOLD,
SILVER,
GOLD FILLED,
AND
NICKLE CASES,
FROM
$2.50 TO $150.00
EACH.
Best Value in the City.
REMEMBER THE PLACE.
James D. Fowler,
Opp. POST OFFICE,
FREDERICTON, - N. B.
Fredericton, Dec. 15th 1888

'Golden Fleece.'
FALL 1888
New Ulster Cloths,
New Mantle Cloths,
New Dress Goods,
IN SUITINGS & MELTON CLOTHS
New Dress and Mantle
TRIMMINGS
FEATHERBONE CORSETS.
T. A. SHARKEY.
Fredericton, Nov. 1.

WEST END
SAW MILL AND LUMBER YARD.
SEASON 1889.
THE Subscriber, intending to pay greater attention to the RETAIL LUMBER BUSINESS than for the last few seasons, begs to inform the public generally that, besides the usual stocks of SPRUCE, PINE, and HEMLOCK LUMBER on hand or sawn to order, will keep constantly on hand
DRY SPRUCE FLOORING AND SHEATHING, PINE SHEATHING; DRY HEMLOCK SPRUCE AND PINE BOARDS, AND PLANK PLANED ON ONE SIDE.
Also intends to keep LATHS and PICKETS constantly on hand,
and all sorts of CEDAR SHINGLES well and Smoothly Sawn and Very Carefully Assorted.
☞ Office on QUEEN STREET, directly opposite mill
R. A. ESTEY.

Lucy & Co.
Have Removed to their new premises,
CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STREETS
ONE BLOCK BELOW THEIR OLD STAND,
Where they have opened a magnificent stock for their City and Country customers An examination of prices will convince you that this is the Lowest Priced House in the City.
LUCY & CO.

JUST RECEIVED AT
J. W. TABOR'S,
Cor. King & Westmorland Sts.
FRESH SEEDS—GRASS, CLOVER,
GARDEN and FLOWER.
Fearman's Hams, Shoulders, Bacon; Milk Pans, Jugs and Crocks. Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Setts. 1 cask Assorted Glassware.
Maple Sugar and Honey, Bananas, Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Dates, Prunes, Japan, Oolong, and Black Teas, Choice Labrador and Bay Herring, Haddies and Bloaters, with a full line of Canned Goods.
For sale low at the Old Stand, Corner King and Westmorland Streets.
Fredericton, April 27. J. W. TABOR.

TAKE NOTICE.
You can buy all the fine grades of
T-E-A-S !
At Yerxa & Yerxas,
Such as India, Fine Japan, Farmosa, Oolong, Orange, Pekoe, Fine Congous, and English Breakfast. Also a Fine Tea in 5 lb. Baskets.
LOW PRICES ON
Canned Goods and Evaporated Apples.
Lowest Prices on all Shelf Goods, and Prices marked in Plain Figures at YERXA & YERXA'S.
Fredericton, April 6

R. COLWELL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs and Pungs built to order in the latest and most durable styles. Material and workmanship of the best. Particular attention given to painting, trimming and repairing Carriages, etc.
Terms, etc., to give satisfaction.
FACTORY
KING STREET, FREDERICTON.

D. A. GRANT & CO.,
(Formerly Grant & Atherton.)
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN
FINE CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS,
HEAVY WAGONS AND SLEDS
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
JOB WORK SATISFACTORILY DONE IN WOOD IRONING; PAINTING AND TRIMMING DEPARTMENTS
STEAM CARRIAGE FACTORY
SOUTH SIDE BRIDGE,
Main Street, - - - Woodstock, N. B.

C. C. GILL,
HOUSE and SIGN PAINTER,
BRUNSWICK STREET, - - - FREDERICTON, N. B.
PAPERING, COLORING AND GRAINING
at reasonable rates. All work promptly done.
Orders by mail will receive prompt attention
March 16 3m-tw

NOTICE.
THE CENTRAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of New Brunswick have this day declared a dividend on amount of capital paid in, of Three and One-Half per cent., for half year ending April 17th, 1889, payable to the Stockholders at the Company's Office on or after the 17th day of May next.
By order of the Board,
A. D. MACPHERSON,
Secretary.
Fredericton, April 16—td

THE COUNTESS WALEWSKA.

Her Visit to Napoleon and the Suspicions Aroused Thereby.

One day something happened to disturb the calm routine of Napoleon's life on the mountain. The emperor had again and again swept the horizon with his glass. It was apparent that he expected to see something which failed him. Suddenly he bade Bernotti, his orderly, speed down to Porto Ferraio, prepare a four horse carriage and three saddle horses, take them to a certain part of the shore near the capital, and follow the instructions of Gen. Bertrand. The sun was already about to set. The man did not, therefore, reach the place indicated until 11 o'clock at night. He was just in time. A Genoese sloop approached the island. Shortly afterward two ladies, a little boy and a Polish colonel landed from it. Bertrand received them, and stood bareheaded under the moon while speaking to the ladies. Then one of the ladies and the boy stepped into the carriage, the other lady and the soldier mounted horses, and, accompanied by Bertrand, the whole party made for Marciana, the townlet at the foot of Capanna.

They were half way when the emperor, on his white horse and with several attendants, met them. It was pitch dark by this. The emperor at once joined the lady in the carriage and they continued their journey. At Marciana the lady and little boy took horse, and the cavalcade began to climb the mountain. How they did it in the dark, I, for one, cannot conceive. It is at any time arduous enough, and not without its moments of peril. Some of the party were thrown, but no one was hurt. However, at 3 o'clock in the morning, the "Hermitage," as it was called, was reached. "Madame, behold my palace!" said Napoleon, uncovering and indicating his tent. This occurred in the night of the 1st of September. The visitors staid on Monte Capanna until the evening of the 3d. Then, at 9 o'clock in the night, the return journey was begun with the same secrecy, Napoleon descending the mountain with his guests as far as the seashore. During the intervening two days and nights the lady and Napoleon were closeted together, nor did she once show her face outside the Hermitage. The boy, however, was allowed to climb about the rocks. Such an incident, so dramatically contrived, hugely excited the spies in Elba, especially as their victim had for a week or more been out of their way. They wrote to their respective chiefs, and had no doubt that this visitor was the empress herself, Maria Louisa of Austria. They argued, therefore, that great events were brewing. But they were wrong.

The lady was a beautiful Pole, the countess of Walewska, whom Napoleon had met for the first time at Warsaw in 1807, and the little boy was her son by the emperor. It is said of her that she had given him a gold ring inclosing a lock of her fair hair, and with the inscription, "When you cease to love me do not forget that I love you." The devoted woman, hearing that Maria Louisa was not with her husband in Elba, had traveled thither to offer him her own loving attentions. But out of regard for the empress, whom he believed to be detained on the continent against her will, Napoleon would not let her stay with him. He probably had some affection for this lady even in 1814, for when his orderly rejoined him on the night of her departure he found him seated by the chestnut tree with a sad expression on his face, as he leaned with his cheek resting in his right hand.—The Cornhill Magazine.

The Fat Man and the Sensible Horse.

There was an unfortunate charger whose duty it was to carry an extremely fat and heavy Indian general. Feeling that this task was more than could be reasonably required of him, the intelligent animal invariably lay down and refused to get up whenever the general tried to mount him, and so far gained his object that his owner sold him to a young officer who was going to a distant station up country. Two years afterwards the general went to inspect some frontier cantonments, and as he traveled to his destination in a palanquin, was obliged to borrow a charger for the purpose of the inspection. There was some difficulty in finding one up to his weight. At length an officer resigned to him a powerful horse for the occasion, which was brought out, duly caparisoned, in front of the line. The general came forth from his tent and proceeded to mount, but the instant the horse saw him advance he flung himself flat upon the sand, and neither blows nor entreaties could induce him to rise. It was the general's old charger, who from the moment of quitting his service had never once practiced the artifice until this second meeting. The general, who was an exceedingly good humored man, joined heartily in the universal shout that ran through the whole line on witnessing this ludicrous affair.—The Horse and His Rider.

Robbing a Bank.

One of the most daring bank robberies that I recollect was committed in Winnipeg in 1882, and there are many former citizens of that place now residing in St. Paul who will also remember this event. The robbers were never discovered. One morning about 11 o'clock two men entered the Merchants' bank on the corner of Main and Postoffice streets. As usual at that hour the bank was crowded. One of the men stationed himself in front of the paying teller's desk, as if awaiting his turn to transact business, and hauling a newspaper from his pocket began to read. The teller left his wire screen pen a moment, and immediately the stranger opened the paper out and held it up high, while the accomplice immediately behind him sprung up on the edge of the counter and reaching over grabbed a big roll of bills amounting to about $12,000. He rushed from the bank, followed by the newspaper reader, and before any one realized what had occurred had disappeared. No clew was ever obtained.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Quite as Well.

A series of "railroad notes" stranger and truer than fiction, and ranging from grave to gay, might easily be made by any observant traveler who has occasion to be much on the road. "Where be you goin', Mis' Steele?" inquired a farmer of an old lady, as he took a seat beside her in a car.

"Oh, I'm goin' to see Josiah's folks, and surprise 'em," returned she, beaming up at him. "I never let 'em know I'm comin'. I like to drop in on 'em."

"Le's see, Josiah lives in Lowell?"

"No, in Great Falls. It's Maria that lives in Lowell."

"Then you're on the wrong train, Mis' Steele! Whatever was you thinkin' of to get aboard this, instid o' the 9:20?"

For an instant Mrs. Steele looked at him wildly, as if she might pull the bell rope or even jump from the train. Then a smile broke over her features.

"What's to hinder my goin' to Lowell then, to see Maria?" said she. "Might as well surprise one as the t'other. But, Deacon Merrill, you jest shet your lips tight together, and don't tell o' this!"

Deacon Merrill was but human, however, and somehow or other the story got out.—Youth's Companion.

A popular St. Louis girl recently received during a short spell of sickness, 5,000 roses and 48 pounds of candy.

The Sacred White Elephants.

Siam is known as the land of the white elephant. The elephant is the imperial animal of the country, and you see his picture upon all of the flags. The old coins of the realm have an elephant on one side of them, and the white elephant is here sacred. He is supposed to be the embodied spirit of some king or hero, and the people formerly worshiped him, and they do so to some extent now. Before going to see the palace I had read a glowing description of the white elephant of Siam. I expected to see his tusks bound with gold, to find golden chains about his neck and a superb velvet coat of purple, fringed with scarlet and gold, over his snow white body. What I did find was four wild eyed, scraggy looking elephants with long tusks and with skins not much whiter than those you see in the American circus. The only white part about them was their long flapping ears, which seemed to be afflicted with the leprosy. The remainder of their skins had the whiteness only of disease, and I was told, as a rule, the white elephants of Siam are mad elephants.

These beasts were in dirty stables and they were chained by the feet to great wooden posts. They had dirty keepers and there was no sign of royalty about them. Their keepers fed them some grass while we were present and they performed some ordinary circus tricks for us. The glory of the white elephant has in all probability departed, and the elephants of the interior of Siam are made to work quite as hard as their brothers all over the world. One of the punishments of Siam is making convicts cut the grass for these royal elephants. One of them killed his keeper the other day, and this same holy beast made a snap at me with his trunk when I entered his stable.—Frank G. Carpenter.

Carl Tausig, the Pianist.

If Carl Tausig had only possessed the creative gift in any proportion to genius for reproduction, he would have been a giant composer. As a pianist he has never had his equal. With Liszt's fire and Bulow's intellectuality, he nevertheless transcended them both in the possession of a subtle something that defied analysis. We see it in his fugitive compositions, that revel on technical heights hitherto unscaled. Tausig had a force, a virility, combined with mental finesse, that made him the peer of all pianists. It is acknowledged by all who heard him that his technic outshone all others; he had the whispering and crystalline pianissimo of Joseffy, the liquidity of Thalberg's touch, with the resistless power of a Rubinstein.

He literally killed himself playing the piano; his vivid nature felt so keenly in reproducing the beautiful and glorious thoughts of Bach, Beethoven, and Chopin, and, like a saber that was too keen for its own scabbard, he wore himself out from nervous exhaustion. Tausig was many sided, and the philosophical bent of his mind may be seen in the few fragments of original music he has vouchsafed us.

Tausig was a child of the Nineteenth century, full of its ideals, its aimless strivings, its restlessness, its unfaith and desperately skeptical tone. If he had only lived he would have left an imprint on our modern musical life as deep as Franz Listz, whose pupil he was. Richard Wagner was his god and he strove much for him and his mighty creations. The world has much to be grateful for to the genius of the lamented Carl Tausig.—Musical Courier.

The Laughing Plant of Arabia.

Palgrave, in his work on central and eastern Arabia, mentions a plant whose seeds produce effects analogous to those of laughing gas. The plant is a native of Arabia. A dwarf variety is found at Kasum, and another variety at Oman, which attains a height of from three to four feet, with woody stems, wide spreading branches and light green foliage. The flowers are produced in clusters and are yellow in color. The seed pods contain two or three black seeds of the size and shape of a French bean. Their flavor is a little like that of opium, the taste is sweet, and the odor from them produces a sickening sensation and is slightly offensive. These seeds when pulverized and taken in small doses, operate upon a person in a very peculiar manner. He begins to laugh loudly and boisterously, and then sings, dances and cuts up all kinds of fantastic capers. The effect continues about an hour, and the patient is extremely comical. When the excitement ceases, the exhausted individual falls into a deep sleep, which continues for an hour or more, and when he awakens he is utterly unconscious that any such demonstrations have been made by him.—Scientific American.

He Got the Eggs.

A certain Baron Munchausen is hunting in Florida, and his stories of the chase are finding their way into the letters of admiring correspondents of northern papers. The baron's name inevitably calls to mind the immortal Munchausen whose phenomenal lying has made his name famous for all time. This gifted mortal's success in the hunting of birds can never be surpassed by the modern Munchausen. On one occasion the liar of a century ago came across a circle of quail feeding around a grain stack. The latter was completely environed by the birds, and the mighty hunter decided to have them all. So he took careful aim, pulled the trigger, and at the same time bent the barrel of his shot gun so as to send the charge quite around the grain stack. Unfortunately, his aim was too low, and, instead of forty or fifty quails, Munchausen bagged eighty or a hundred quails' legs. Just how did this his book does not explain. Probably, if the Florida Nimrod is a descendant of the Munchausen, the mystery of the circular shot can be explained. The name is an unfortunate one to be associated with hunting episodes in this skeptical age.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

One Way to Toast.

Crimsonbeak—I see that they toasted your friend Bacon the other night.

Yeast—Is that a fact?

"Yes; I read it in last night's paper."

"At the alumni dinner, I suppose?"

"No; it was out in Wyoming."

"Toasted him out in Wyoming?"

"Yes, burned him in effigy, you know."—Yonkers Statesman.

An Error in Judgment.

Mr. Bloomingdale Ward (tremulously, after venturing a kiss)—I—I—I beg pardon. I didn't mean to.

Miss Dolly Flicker (severely)—If you had been sincere I might have forgiven you.—Life.

MARK TWAIN ON WARTS.

The Warts Were on Him Once—He Tells How to Remove Them.

Mark Twain has written to The New York Sun as follows:

I find the following suggestive derelict wandering about the ocean of journalism:

"I'd give a thousand dollars," said a well to do New Yorker the other day, "to have that mark removed," and he held out a well shaped and well cared for hand, on the back of which, between the thumb and first finger, was tattooed a big blue anchor. "When I was a little fool at school, with my head full of stories of adventure, my highest ambition was to go to sea. An old sailor who lived in the village tattooed about a dozen of us on the sly, and I remember the lies I told my mother, as I kept my hand done up in a rag, pretending I had cut it, till the sore healed. Then she gave me such a thrashing as broke up my plan, fortunately, to have a fine red and blue heart done on the back of the other. The disfigurement has caused me no end of annoyance since and has cost me considerable money for gloves, which I always wear, winter and summer, though I detest them in warm weather. But a man can't wear gloves at the table, and often at restaurants I catch people staring at my hand and I wonder if they think I have served my term in the fo'castle of some oyster scow or lumber schooner."

A tattoo mark is easily removed. May I drop into personal history? When I was a small boy I had my share of warts. I tried in turn the three hundred and sixty-eight ways of removing them, but without results; indeed, I seemed to get wartier and wartier right along. But at last somebody revealed to me the three hundred and sixty-ninth way, and I tried it. Thus: I drove a needle down into the basement of the wart; then held the other end of the needle in the flame of a candle some little time; the needle became red hot throughout its length, and proceeded to cook the wart. Presently I drew the needle out; if it had white atoms like nits sticking about its point, that wart was done; if the point was clear, I drove it in again and cooked till I got those white things. They were the roots of the wart. Twenty-four hours later the wart would become soft and flabby, and I removed it with a single wipe of my hand. Where it had been was a smooth surface now, which quickly healed and left no scar. Within two days I was wartless and have so remained unto this day.

Well, a long time afterward, when I was 16 years old, a sailor tattooed an anchor and rope on the back of my left hand with India ink. The color was a deep, dark blue and extravagantly conspicuous. I was proud of it for a while, but by the time I had worn it nine years I was tired of it and ashamed of it. I could find nobody who could tell me how to get rid of it; but at last my wart experience of near half a generation before occurred to me, and I got me several needles and a candle straightway. I drove the needles along just under the surface of the skin and tolerably close together, and made them include the whole tattoo mark; then I fired up on them and cooked that device thoroughly. Next day I wiped the device off with my hand.

The place quickly healed, and left no scar. A faint bluish tinge remained, and I was minded to begin again and cook that out; but as it was hardly detectable, and not noticeable, it did not seem worth the fuel, and so I left it there, and there it is yet, though I suppose I am the only member of my tribe that knows it.

I was in London a good many years ago, when the Tichborne claimant's case was being tried, and a batch of learned experts testified that an India ink tattoo mark could not be removed; but I was not asked to testify, and so those people don't know any better to this day. Let the "well to do New Yorker" fetch me some needles and a candle and name his bet. I will take him up.

But He Was Mistaken.

"Can I speak to you a moment?" quietly asked a young man of Officer Button at the Third street depot the other day."

"Yes, sir. What is it? Why, sir, you are all battered up. You look as if you had been run over."

"Don't you remember that I landed here yesterday forenoon with my hat on my ear and conceit in my eye? I spoke to you right over there."

"Oh, yes."

"I told you I was no hayseed."

"Yes, you did."

"And that flea didn't stay on me."

"Yes."

"And that the man who took me for a spring chicken would get left?"

"I remember."

"Well, I want to apologize to you."

"To me! What for?"

"For treating your fatherly advice with scorn and contempt. I thought I had seen the elephant. I boasted that I knew the ropes. I have been swindled, dragged, licked, knocked out, stepped on, robbed and rolled in the mud, and am going home to drink pumpkin tonic for the rest of the year. Officer, forgive me and sometimes think kindly of me when I am far, far away."—Detroit Free Press.

The Mature and Immature Mind.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I find this treatise on representative government almost incomprehensible. I have come to return it."

"What's the matter with it?"

"It abounds in classical, scientific and other allusions and contains an immense number of words which I am obliged to look up in the dictionary, and when I have done so find them marked obsolete."

"Ah, I see. It was a mistake. This work is intended to be used in schools. I will give you another treatise on the same subject for grown readers that can be understood."—Time.

Nothing New.

Mrs. Fangle—Well, this is strange!

Mr. Fangle—What is it, my dear?

"A man in Paris has taught an ape to black his shoes."

"Oh, there's nothing remarkable about that, my dear. I've often heard of monkey shines."—Harper's Bazar.

Averse to Notoriety.

Porter—Dar's yo' berth in suction fohteen, sah.

Mr. Holdoff—'Tis is it? Well, I'm goin' in th' smoker an' camp out. I don't sleep in no Barnum's circus car.—Judge.

Where Woman Excels.

When a woman has a hen to drive into the coop, she takes hold of her skirts with both hands, shakes them quietly at the delinquent and says: "Shoo, there!" The hen takes one look at the object to assure herself that it is a woman, and then stalks majestically into the coop. A man doesn't do it that way. He goes outdoors saying: "It's singular nobody can drive a hen but me!" and picking up a stick of wood, hurls it at the offending biped and yells: "Get in there, you thief!" The hen immediately loses her reason and dashes to the other end of the yard. The man plunges after her. She comes back with her head down, her wings out and followed by a miscellaneous assortment of stove wood, fruit cans, climbers, and a very mad man in the rear.

Then she skims under the barn and over a fence or two and around the house back to the coop again, all the while talking as only an excited hen can talk, and all the while followed by things convenient for throwing, and by a man whose coat is on the sawbuck, whose hat is on the ground and whose perspiration is limitless. By this time the other hens have come out to take a hand in the debate and help dodge missiles. The man vows that every hen on the place shall be sold at once, puts on his hat and coat and goes down town. The woman comes out, goes right to work and has every one of those hens housed and counted inside of two minutes.—Mobile Register.

One of the new Cardinals, Schonborn, Archbishop of Prague, was a soldier in the battle of Padua in 1866.

The Professor Was Too Slow.

Assistant District Attorney Harry Macdona tells a story about a fight for copy between a newspaper editor and a scientist. The occasion was the last solar eclipse and the office in which it occurred was under the management of Maurice Minton. Telegraic communication was established at various points, but returns came in slowly. A noted professor of astronomy had charge. The time for going to press was approaching, and from the sanctum in which the astronomer was installed no copy was forthcoming. Finally Mr. Minton came in and contemplated the professor, seated amid tomes of scientific data, hard at work on some abstruse calculation,

"Any copy yet, professor?—it's getting late."

"My dear sir, I have not been able to justify this calculation"——

"But," interrupted Minton, "we go to press pretty soon and must have some copy."

No answer. The professor was deep in his calculation.

In fifteen minutes the editor bounced in again. There was no copy. Several unopened telegrams lay by the hand of the professor, who had not yet "justified" his calculation. Gradually the paper was filled up save the space for the eclipse stuff. There was no more time to wait.

"Have you any copy, professor?" fairly yelled Minton.

"My dear sir, really, I"— Minton could stand no more. With a bound he seized the telegrams and as fast as the envelopes dropped to the floor a reporter grabbed the contents and put them into shape. Just as the professor awoke from his scientific reverie he heard Minton yell, "send out that stud head for the eclipse."

Before the scientist had justified that astounding order there was a steady roar downstairs and the paper had gone to press. Some time after the paper was on the street the spectacled professor laid a pile of scientific data upon Minton's desk. The editor bowed but the copy didn't move. The professor's opportunity was lost.—New York Graphic.

That Was Different.

Sometimes amusing mistakes are made by actors in regard to their letters. Horace Weston, the champion banjo player of the United States, is fond of telling an anecdote in point. Mr. Weston is a colored gentleman of distinguished manners and appearance.

"When I was in England with Jarret and Palmer," Mr. Weston says, "I was constantly in receipt of letters from women praising my performance and requesting interviews. I always took these to Mr. Jarrett, who would advise me to pay no attention to them and would throw them into the waste basket.

"One day a strange looking letter reached me, which I glanced at hastily, saw that it was a request from a lady and laid down again. Some days later I handed it over with a lot of others to Mr. Jarrett.

"Soon I was startled by an exclamation from that gentleman. I looked up. His eyes seemed to be bulging from his head.

"'Where—where did you get this?' he gasped, holding out the strange letter.

"Oh, it's only one of those blame fool mash letters,' I answered.

"'One of those blame fool mash letters?' cried Mr. Jarrett, in great excitement. 'For heaven's sake, man! it's an invitation to appear before the queen!'

"And so in fact it was. H. R. H. Victoria Regina, through her secretary, requested my presence at Windsor castle at a certain date.

"Luckily the date was not then passed, and we succeeded in patching up the matter without any international complications."—New York Herald.

How Kentucky Mutton Is Raised.

A few years ago a party of British noblemen escaped from their cages and blow over here. It was, if the recollection is correct, when the Duke of Sutherland was in America for the first time with Mrs. Blair. Anyway, when they got to Washington some kind heart steered them up against Col. Dick Wintersmith, who did his very best to entertain them, and brought out some of his oldest and rarest stories.

The Englishmen warmed and did their best, and, as all Englishmen do, came down to Southdown mutton. How they praised that mutton, and said there was nothing like it in the world, told how its peculiar and exquisite flavor was due not alone to the rich grasses of the Downs, but to the snails which abounded there, and which the sheep ate with avidity.

"Snails," said Col. Dick, hoarsely, as he laid a restraining hand upon the speaker's arm. "Don't say another word. Come with me."

He led the way to Chamberlain's and had a brief confab with John. Half an hour later the party were eating some of that Kentucky mutton which has fame on three continents. The Englishmen were forced to acknowledge its superiority in fineness and flavor.

"Gentlemen," said Col. Wintersmith, gravely, "for two months before our Kentucky mutton is slaughtered it is fed exclusively on chopped blue grass and pate de foie gras."—Washington Post.

Names of Places in Maine.

A Hiram correspondent of The Oxford Democrat throws some light on the origin of names of places in that vicinity. Bill Merrill mountain got its name from one William Merrill, a hunter, who got caught on the mountain in a severe snow storm and couldn't make any one hear his calls for assistance. It is said he always calls for help now just before a storm. Another hill near Hiram is named Old Mare's hill from a poor old horse that some one turned out to starve to death, and a steep precipice near a road has been known as Horse H—ll ever since a horse fell down there and was kicked over the bank by its owner.—Lewiston Journal.

She Got the Earth.

A woman who had been looking at a "To Rent" on Second street brought the key back yesterday noon and said:

"I like the house pretty well, but"——

"That is all right, madam," interrupted the owner. "You were going to speak about the need of repairing. I have just contracted to pay a firm $250 to paint everything."

"That will be nice. I was going to say"——

"Excuse me, but I shall have the wooden fence replaced with an iron one."

"Will you? And I"——

"And every room will be repapered in the most expensive manner, madam. I shall put stained glass into all the front windows, get new front doors, build a new barn in the rear, buy more land on each side and add five clothes closets."

"How nice! And you?"——

"I told you the rent was $40 per month, but I am satisfied that the figure was too high. I shall reduce it to $35, send my own teams to move you in, pay your water tax, cut the grass for you. You needn't mind about paying your rent in advance, but give it to me whenever you have no other use for it."

"You are very kind," she answered after a moment's thought, "but—you see—you know I promised to look at another house, and I'm a little particular, you know, and so I am much obliged."—Detroit Free Press.

Brussels has distinguished herself by a bonnet show. The first prize was given to a "flat, oyster-shell sort of contrivance, decorated with raspberries."