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THAT CIRCULATES.

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VOL. VI. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1889. No, 71

Professional Cards

DR. M'ALLISTER'S
CASH RATES UNTIL THE 1st MAY, 1890.
A Full Upper OR Lower Sett of Teeth, $8.00. A Full Upper AND Lower Sett of Teeth, $15.00.
EXTRACTING 1 TOOTH 50C. EACH SUBSEQUENT TOOTH 25C.
Any Desired Anesthetic Administered.
BEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED
Office hours 9.30 a. m. to 5 p. m.
☞ Office Queen Street, opp. Queen Hotel. ☜
Fredericton August 24th, 1889.

C. D. CARTER
Dentist.
EXTRACTION AND PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
DENTAL ROOMS OVER F. J. MCGUIGAN'S JEWELRY STORE 250 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, July 17th, 1888.

FRED ST. JOHN BLISS,
Barrister, Notary, Etc.
CLERK OF THE COUNTY COURT AND CLERK OF THE PEACE Sunbury County.
OFFICE: QUEEN ST., OPP. POST OFFICE.
Fredericton, May 5th, 1888—1yr.

DR. H. D. CURRIE,
Surgeon Dentist,
164 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON
Fredericton, Oct. 9th, 1887.

WILLIAM WILSON,
SECRETARY-TREASURER, YORK,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
CONVEYANCER, &C.
OFFICE: QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON OPPOSITE BLAIR & BAIRY'S 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.

G. E. DUFFY,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law. Notary Public, Etc.
SEC'Y-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

JUST RECEIVED.
1 CAR OF NICE CARLETON COUNTY
HAY
In Small Bundles.
Also, in Stock and to Arrive:
Middings, Bran, Oats, Bricks, Calcined Plaster, Cement and the only Genuine Green Head Lime.
This Lime is the best in the market. See that the words Green Head Lime are on every cask.
Be sure and call at The Phœnix Square Feed and Lime Store.
G. R. PERKINS
Fredericton, Sept. 24

WEST END
SAW MILL AND LUMBER YARD.
SEASON 1889.
THE Subscriber, intending to pay greater attention to the RETAIL LUMBER BUSINESS has 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 hall
R. A. ESTEY.

Hotels

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

HAWARDEN HOTEL
Cor. Prince Wm. & Duke Sts.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
WM. CONWAY, - - PROPRIETOR.
BEST $1.00 HOUSE IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.
July 20—3m

HOTEL STANLEY,
Late Continental,)
KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.
J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor.
THOROUGHLY RENOVATED AND NEWLY FURNISHED.
FIRST CLASS IN ALL ITS APPOINTMENTS.
July 15—3m

LORNE HOTEL.
JOHN KELLY, - - Proprietor
THIS HOTEL has lately been re-fitted and re-furnished thoroughly, and is now supplied with all modern conveniences. I am now prepared to receive permanent and transient boarders at reasonable rates. Good Stabling and a hostler always in attendance.
REGENT STREET
FREDERICTON - - N. B.
Fredericton, May 7th.—1 y

VICTORIA HOTEL,
DANIEL HANSON, - - Proprietor.
THIS HOTEL has been thoroughly Renovated and Furnished in First Class Style, and I am prepared to give good accommodations to the travelling public. I am now prepared to receive Permanent and Transient Boarders at reasonable rates.
Meals at all hours.
Good Stabling and a Hostler always in attendance.
Regent Street, Fredericton, N. B.
Fredericton, May 11—wtwly

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.

FOR SALE.
20,000 DRAIN TILE, 2, 3, and 4 inch.
ALSO:
200,000 BRICK.
Apply to
M. RYAN,
FREDERICTON N. B.
Fredericton, Aug. 6—3mwtw

FREDERICTON MARBLE WORKS.
ALL KINDS OF CEMETERY WORK CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Monuments, Tablets, and Gravestones furnished in Marble, Freestone or Granite.
All orders promptly attended to. Material and workmanship guaranteed.
Carleton Street, between Methodist Church and Old Burying Ground.
JOHN MOORE, Proprietor.
Fredericton, May 7.—1 y w tw

FOR SALE.
STEAM ENGINE & BOILER
OF about 75 horse power. Has been used some, but is practically as good as new. Will be sold very cheap, as the owner has no use for it. Inquire of
M'FARLANE, THOMPSON & ANDERSON,
New Brunswick Foundry, Fredericton, N. B
Fredericton, Aug. 6—3mwtw

TRAVELLING COLLECTOR, $12 and expenses; Office Manager, $10 and 10 per cent. on new business; Time-keeper, 134 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

LADY'S TRAVELLING NURSE, $35 and expenses; equal share in pleasure and amusements. 134 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B.

LADY BOOK-KEEPER, $9; Salesladies, $5; Stenographers, $8; Parlor Maid, Cooks, Chambermaids, at 134 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B.

A THOROUGHLY Practical book-keeper, Manufacturing house; Road Collector, Public Works Time-keeper, Travelling Confectionery Salesman, Office Superintendent, Tea and Coffee Salesmen, at the Exchange, 134 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B. Call at once.

LADY STENOGRAPHER, Cashier for Boot and Shoe Store, Lady to attend Laundry Office, a practical Lady Office Attendant. These orders must be filled at once. Ladies' Exchange, 134 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B.

GRANDMA'S CANDY KITCHEN AND FAMILY SUPPLY STORE. Choice French Coffees; Richly Flavored Teas, (all brands; Home Made Bread; Boston Baked Beans; Jersey Buttermilk; Sweet Cream; Rich Milk from Grandpa's Farm; Goodies for the little folks; Cooling Summer Beverages at WILLIE SHEPARD'S, corner Duke and Prince William streets St. John, N. B.

J. M. LEMONT,
Piano & Organ Tuner,
FREDERICTON N. B.
Orders may be left with Lemont & Sons.
Fredericton, Aug. 6—3mtw

New Advertisements.

1889.
Keeping abreast with the times we have, this year, placed on the market magnificent lines of Silks for Fine Art Needlework, consisting of
Rope Silk. Etching Silk and Filo Floss.
All made in extensive lines of colorings, comprising all the beautiful art shades now so popular.
These colors are dyed in the most approved methods known to ancient and modern science and are fast against light and washing. We invite the ladies of Canada to call for these Goods.
LADIES UNIVERSALLY PRONOUNCE
Belding Spool Silks 'The Best in the World.'
Our name or that of Belding Bros. & Co., on Silks, will always be found a guarantee of first-class goods.
See that our name is on every Spool and TAKE NO OTHER.
BELDING, PAUL & CO.
MONTREAL.

For
Cramps, Chills, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera-Morbus and all Bowel Complaints,
NO REMEDY EQUALS
PAIN-KILLER
AND
40 Years' Experience proves that PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is the best Family Remedy for
Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Toothache.
Sold Everywhere at 25c. and 50c. a Bottle.
☞ Beware of Counterfeits and worthless Imitations. ☜

OATS. OATS.
Just Received 1 Car of Extra Ontario Oats, Clean and Sweet. Selling Low.
Also: 1 Car Feed, Bran and Middlings.
G. T. WHELPLEY
310 QUEEN STREET FREDERICTON.
Fredericton Aug. 24, 1889

GUNS AND AMMUNITION!
JUST RECEIVED AND IN STOCK A FULL LINE OF:
Breach and Muzzle Loading Guns, Rifles and Revolvers.
Powder, Shot, Caps, Shells, Loading Tools, Cartridges, Etc.
Also, Just Received direct from Oneida Community, L'td,
25 Doz. Fox, Beaver, Otta, Mink and Bear Traps.
FOR SALE AT LOWEST PRICES.
Z. R. EVERETT.
Fredericton, Aug 3

TEA. TEA.
A REALLY CHOICE LOT IN
1, 2, and 5lb. FANCY BASKETS.
This is the Popular Tea of the day; it gives satisfaction every time.
We are still running our 30 and 35 cent Teas.
THE OLD STAND
YERXA & YERXA.

Buildings Moved and Raised.
WITH MY NEW TRESTLE and Improved Tallow Slides, I am now prepared to execute all orders promptly for Moving Houses and Barns. Buildings separated from one another replaced. Buildings raised, silled, and levelled up. Horses or other stock in barns to be removed or raised, carefully looked after. All shaking and knocking off of plaster carefully avoided. Rigging, racking and erecting derricks and cranes also done.
Orders may be left at R. CHESTNUT & SONS, also at Mr. NEILL'S and Mr. EVERETT'S Hardware Stores, Fredericton.
C. McCLUSKY, Gilmon.
Gilmon May 7

GAINED THE DAY!
Our Parlor Suits take the Lead. Cannot Produce them fast enough to meet the wants of Our Customers. Leave your order early and get best Value in Canada.
J. G. McNALLY.
Fredericton, Sept. 4th

OLD CANADA FOLKS

A Yankee in the Canadian Maritime Provinces.

HISTORIC AND ROMANTIC SCENES.

The Loyalist Founders of St. John—Many Talented Men Among Them—Unfortunate Benedict Arnold—Up to Fredericton—The Judiciary—Views of Quebec.

St. John is a Tory historic city. Go where you may you are constantly reminded that the place owes its greatness to those Americans who left the colonies in 1783. First is the public fountain in the park, which tells that "The Loyalists landed here May 18, 1783." In another place one finds a memorial to the effect that Hon. Gabriel G. Ludlow, "late president and commander-in-chief of this province," was a Loyalist from New York. Many old buildings have mementoes of the Loyalists; all the old records abound with references to them; all the local names of southern New Brunswick are redolent of their memory. In short, St. John and vicinity are careful to keep before the visitor's mind that that place was founded by those whom the Americans of 1776-1783 stigmatized as Tories.

WOLFE'S MONUMENT.

A fine old historic flavor attaches to some of the names. At the head of the list, for instance, is Col. Edward Winslow, whose ancestor commanded the New England troops engaged in expatriating the Acadians in 1755, and who himself served in the British army during the American revolution and rose to the highest rank in Canada after his exile. There are also the Seaburys, Robinsons, Botsfords, Peterses and many others noted in American annals, from the landing of the Mayflower, and it is quite a surprise to find so many descendants of the Pilgrim fathers among the Loyalists.

Lieut. Col. Benjamin Thompson, one of these Loyalists, went on to England and was knighted. Thence he went to Bavaria, did valuable scientific work and was ennobled, and is known to the world as Count Rumford. Ward Chipman, another, held successively all grades of office in New Brunswick, won great distinction as attorney general, and died as president and commander-in-chief in 1824. And still another, Frederick De Peyster, not only won high honors in Canada, but maintained through life the most friendly feelings for his relatives who adhered to the American side. The result was that many De Peysters returned to the United States. Three of his grandsons served in the Federal army during the civil war, and his kinsman, Col. Johnson De Peyster, of New York, raised the first flag in Richmond after its surrender. Abraham De Peyster, brother of Frederick, and one of the founders of St. John, died there in 1798.

The St. Johnsites show a commendable pride in preserving and exhibiting the old buildings and the portraits of the fellows who founded the place. Here is a portrait of John Ward, who "looks the character" to perfection—that is, he looks just as one would expect a resolute old Conservative to look. The inscription says that he was born at Pookskill on the Hudson in 1725, and served as a lieutenant in his majesty's service in 1772-80. He was active in the negotiation between Arnold and Andre, and by an odd coincidence, Paulding, one of Andre's captors, married a sister of Lieut. Ward. This illustrates the awkward division of families during the American revolution. John Ward & Sons ran the first steamers on the river St. John.

JOHN WARD.

It is not entirely without interest to relate that many hundred negroes were among the Loyalist refugees of 1783 and that the British government (ever generous to its friends in distress) gave them the same land grant, rations and live stock as other Loyalists, and that they and their descendants have ever since enjoyed all the privileges of other British subjects. Loch Lomond, a few miles from St. John, was founded by 271 negroes of the vintage of 1815, men who went off with the British from Virginia.

By far the most interesting, however, of these Loyalist reminiscences concerns the life of Benedict Arnold at St. John. In 1780 he received from the British government 6,000 guineas and the rank of brigadier general. In 1781 he went to England with Lord Cornwallis, with whose assistance he got a pension for Mrs. Arnold of £500 a year for life and £100 for each of their children. In 1785 he located at St. John and remained there several years trading to the West Indies. In 1788 his store was burned, and in 1790 his former partner, Munson Hayt, charged that Arnold had set it on fire to secure the insurance. Arnold brought an action for slander, asking £5,000 damages. After an exciting trial the jury gave the plaintiff twenty shillings! Thereupon Benedict sold out and returned to England.

His sons, Robert and Henry, by the first wife, settled in Upper Canada on a grant of 13,000 acres made to their father, and faded away into the happy obscurity of a frontier population. His son by his second wife, George Washington Arnold (jewhilliking! what a titular combination!) became a lieutenant colonel in the Bengal (British) cavalry and died in India in 1828. The second son, James Robertson Arnold, served long and honorably in the Royal Engineers, and in 1830 William IV made him one of his aides-de-camp, in which position he died. The daughter, Sophia, changed her name, as maidens will, and her children married well in England. The youngest son, William Fitch Arnold, was born in St. John in 1787; he attained great success as a lawyer, sat as judge for twenty-six years, and died in 1851.

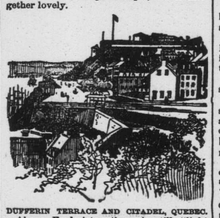
NATURAL STEPS, MONTMORENCI RIVER.

The mother, Benedict's second wife, who was in the colonies at one time supposed to be the cause of his ruin, was a daughter of Edward Shippen, the last royal attorney general of Pennsylvania. Believing that the animosities of the contest had died out, she returned to Philadelphia in 1790, but the unforgiving "requested" her to remove, and she went to London, where she died in 1804, aged 44. Benedict himself died there June 14, 1801. All this is very old history, perhaps—still it is interesting to know that the exiled Yankee founded such a beautiful and prosperous city as St. John.

BENEDICT ARNOLD'S HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S, N. B.

The city was a surprise; the river was a revelation of grandeur and beauty. As the easy going steamer plowed her way along the eighty miles or so to Fredericton my chest swelled with a sort of American pharisaism as I thought, "What ignorant folks are you who go 'abroad,' as you call it, for scenery. Here is a strictly American river, which not one in a hundred of you ever saw, and yet it is lined by magnificent views through all its course." Perhaps my ideas were influenced by the fact that I have never been "abroad"—I have always found as much matter of interest on this continent as I had time to see—but the St. John certainly does give the traveler a series of magnificent views for the first forty miles or so.

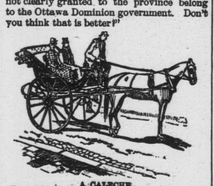
Above that the rugged bluffs recede and give place to a fertile valley. Here and there the stream divides and inclosos low green islands, public meadows by law and custom; and a little farther the land rises from the water's edge in such slow and perfectly regular gradations of grain field, meadow, pasture and timbered ridge that it reminds the patriotic American of the Big Miami in the vicinity of Dayton, the Wabash from Lafayette to Logansport, the Genesee in its prettiest part, or any other scene that combines the fertile with the picturesque, and is altogether lovely.


DUFFERIN TERRACE AND CITADEL, QUEBEC.

Above Fredericton there is still "light draught navigation" for a hundred miles. Fredericton is a most attractive capital. At that point the valley on both sides of the St. John is broad and fertile and the plot of the little city is in plane trigonometry. As a matter of courtesy I ought to return thanks to all who made my stay in Fredericton delightful, but there are so many of them that I will only particularize as to my day in the government buildings.

Chief Justice John C. Allen, at first view, struck me as altogether too jolly for a supreme judge, but when we got down to bedrock and discussed the comparative merits of the United States judicial system and that of the British colonies, I found that there was a good deal to be said on both sides. A few days later I was agreeably surprised to meet Judge Allen at Grand Falls. We walked out together and spent some hours of late afternoon and twilight on the suspension bridge and rocky hills that overhang that magnificent cascade. There I expounded unto New Brunswick's chief justice the immense superiority of the United States system. Of course that innate modesty which distinguishes the American newspaper man prevented my doing justice to the subject, so the chief justice replied:

"The trouble with you is that the central authority is not sufficiently defined. We looked out for that at the start, and quite naturally, as our confederation was formed just after your civil war. Your plan was that all powers not granted to the Federal government went to the states; we reversed that exactly, and declared that all powers not clearly granted to the province belong to the Ottawa Dominion government. Don't you think that is better?"


A CALECHE.

I ventured to remark that it was a trifle queer that such a centralized government should be called a "confederation," and that a line of amalgamated provinces should be called a "Dominion." Whereupon the genial chief justice smiled at my "Yankee prejudice," and we parted the best of friends.

I need not describe the splendid scenery of the upper St. John, amid which I lingered many days, or the wild beauty of Fall Brook, or the rugged wilderness of the north through which the new railroad runs to Riviere Du Loup on the St. Lawrence. There I took train for Quebec, and found a week too short a time to enjoy to the full all its beauties and curiosities. But of these the world has lately heard much—the wonderful citadel and gates, the Dufferin terrace, which commands one of the finest views in the world, the Heights of Abraham and Wolfe's monument, the wonderful cliff, the falls of Montmorenci and the "natural steps," the little street where Montgomery fell, and the house where his corpse was laid—I saw them all. But to get around so much in one week I had to hire a "French rocking chair," as the English speaking residents call it, better known elsewhere as a caleche; and with a sufficiently wild boy for driver, there is a good deal of fun in a caleche after the sensation of danger wears off. Quebec is indeed a delightful summer resort, but the particulars must await a more convenient season.

New York. J. H. BRADLE.

It is well that most fashionable women now consider with favor the low, broad heel on walking shoes. A low heel preserves the symmetry of the foot and renders walking less tiresome by allowing greater play to the muscles.

The Would Be Mum.

A little Maine girl, visiting New York recently, went to the theatre two or three times. On her return home she was reluctant to go to church on Sunday, and made the remark that "she liked those meetings best where the curtains rose." Her father, who was a leading church member, cautioned her about making that remark when callers were present. Shortly after the minister was shown in and the little girl entertained him a while alone. When her father entered the room she said, "Papa, I've told the minister all about my visit to New York, but I didn't say anything about the meetings where the curtain rose, and I ain't a going to, either."—Rockland (Me.) Free Press.

Johnnie Knew It All.

Wife—John, here is something in this baseball report that I do not understand. I wish you would explain it to me.

Husband—Read it, my dear.

Wife (reading)—"With one to tie and one out, he reached first in the eighth inning, and ran to third on Pfeffer's hit to right. He should have scored on Tiernan's wild throw in, but became rattled and held his base." What does that mean?

Husband (who knows nothing of the game)—Blest'd if I know.

Wife (with a sigh)—I'll have to wait until Johnnie (6 years old) comes in.—Boston Courier.

A Novel Invention.

"What can I do for you?" asked the horse railroad president of the seedy looking individual before him.

"I have a patent life preserver I'd like to have you adopt for your cars."

"But, my dear sir, we don't need them."

"No, sir, you don't now, but you will. You see, I'm a weather prophet, and I have predicted unprecedentedly heavy rains for the autumn, and our streets will be positively flooded. Now"——

But the presidential worm had turned and the inventor left precipitately.—Harper's Bazar.

A Suitable Epitaph.

It has often been said that the chief characteristic of the epitaph is its lack of veracity, but it is perhaps better that it should err on the side of kindliness rather than wound the living by a brutal truthfulness, as in the case of an inscription written for the tombstone of a lazy man by one who knew him well: "Asleep (as usual)."—Harper's Magazine.

He Must Make a Change.

He—You must have a great antipathy to me, Miss Lakefront. You never seem to be in when I call.

She (icily)—I never receive gentlemen, Mr. Bagley, whose calling cards are printed in three colors.—Judge.

Explicit.

Judge—You reside——?

Witness—With my brother.

"And your brother lives——?"

"With me."

"Precisely; but you both live——?"

"Together."—Bulonglogal.

BOWSER AND THE WHITEWASH.

He Tackles It in Spite of His Wife's Advice—The Result.

There were several little things I wanted done about the house this fall, and so the other week I engaged a colored man to come and work for a couple of days. It so happened that he came one morning before Mr. Bowser had left the house.

Mr. Bowser sent him away, and after the man had gone came into the house and asked:

"Did you hire a colored man?"

"Why, yes."

"What for?"

"I was going to have him whitewash the vegetable cellar, take down and clean the laundry stovepipe and do some other odd jobs."

"Um! Mrs. Bowser, if there are any little jobs about the house I've got plenty of time to do them. In fact, I need just such exercise. Such work is a diversion for me, and the doctor recommends it."

"I wish you wouldn't do it. You'll get lime in your eyes and you'll blame me for it, and"——

"There you go! Blame you! What would I blame you about? If I get lime in my eyes it's my own fault. Mrs. Bowser, you are getting to be a good deal of a crank lately."

"Well, if you are determined on it, don't say that I asked you or encouraged you."

I was quite sure how it would end, but I said nothing more, and in the course of half an hour he got into his old clothes and went down cellar. I followed him down to give him a few last words of advice, but he didn't need them.

"You go right up stairs and sit down and enjoy yourself," he said. "Here's the brush and here's a pail of lime, and if I don't whitewash more cellar in ten minutes than Moses could in all day I'll never try it again. Besides, Mrs. Bowser, whitewashing is not the slouch work you imagine it to be. It has got to be done by a person of taste and intelligence or it won't stand. I want a little blueing to give it a tinge."

"You understand," I said, as I got what he wanted, "that I did not ask you to do this work."

"Ask me! What on earth ails you, Mrs. Bowser? You are making fuss enough over ten minutes' work to warrant a year's job."

"It must be well done."

"Certainly."

"Two coats all around."

"Just so."

"Even if it takes you all day."

"Even if it takes me over half an hour, which it won't. I'll show you a job here that will make a black man turn green with envy. Just run up stairs and make yourself comfortable."

I retreated up the stairs to the kitchen door and waited for results, which I knew were sure to come. Mr. Bowser dipped and dished and scuzled and stirred until he had the liquid to his liking, and as he began on the stone wall I heard him chuckling:

"I said fifteen minutes, but I'll go slow and take twenty. The idea of a colored man sloshing around here all day to do this work. Let's see. I believe I'll take the overhead first."

I held my breath in suspense for a long minute. Then a yell arose from that cellar which jumped the cook out of her old slippers and made her cry out:

"For heaven's sake, Mrs. Bowser, have we been struck by another cyclone?"

There was a second and a third yell, and as I hurried down stairs Mr. Bowser stood in the middle of the cellar, hands outstretched and jumping up and down as if he had fire under his feet.

"For heaven's sake, what is it, Mr. Bowser?" I asked.

"Whitewash—lime—fire!"

"Where?"

"In my eyes! I'm blind! I've burned them out!"

I got hold of him and led him out to the laundry tubs and set the water to running. He had indeed got a dose in his eyes, but it was more painful than dangerous. He could hardly see daylight after we had washed out all the lime, and as I led him upstairs he said:

"I shall never see again—never see you or the baby again in my life!"

I washed his eyes with milk and got him to lie down on the lounge, and in a couple of hours he was pretty near all right. His eyes were sore, but no great damage had been done. He was very gentle until he discovered this. Then he suddenly turned on me with:

"Mrs. Bowser, what possible excuse can you urge in extenuation of your conduct?"

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? That's a cool question to ask me! In view of what has transpired what have you to say?"

"I say that you were foolish to undertake the job. I warned you how it would turn out."

"Mrs. Bowser!" he shouted, squirting tears of lime water out of his eyes, "do you pretend to deny that you didn't encourage me to undertake a task which you knew would put my whole future happiness, if not my life, in peril?"

"I do, sir. I did all I possibly could to dissuade you."

"And you are not to blame?"

"Not in the least."

"And I brought it all on myself?"

"You did."

"Mrs. Bowser, this is too much—too much! I could forgive one who had wronged me, if penitent, but when they attempt to brazen it out is is time for action. We will settle on the amount of alimony right here and now."

But we didn't. After blinking around for half a day he went down town, and when he came home to supper he was as good natured as pie. I got a colored man to come and do the work, and two or three days later, when Mr. Bowser happened down cellar, I heard him saying to himself:

"Yes, it's a mighty slick job I did on this, and I'll tackle that stovepipe to-morrow morning."—Detroit Free Press.

Changed.

Smiley—I've come after my portrait. That's it, there.

Photographer's new clerk—Isn't there some mistake? That one doesn't resemble you.

Smiley—It did before I had my hair trimmed and beard shaved off.—Judge.

Bandying Compliment.

Mr. and Mrs. Grundy went to a little reception the other night, and Mr. Grundy met there a good looking widow of uncertain age. She was not young enough to be merely a flirt, nor old enough to make Mrs. Grundy jealous. Mr. Grundy kept a safe distance from Mrs. Grundy, as he said to the widow, because she was short sighted. The widow could not resist just a little tantalization, and she went and sat down by Mrs. Grundy. Mrs. Grundy didn't like the widow, anyway, so she asked: "Who was that homely old man you were flirting with?" "Homely, my dear! Why, that was your husband." "My husband! Go right back to him, my dear. You are the first woman who has paid him any attention for five years."—San Francisco Chronicle.

She Was Rich.

A little girl of the Italian race is in the habit of visiting certain houses in Boston quite regularly, receiving, at the several doors, food and sometimes other articles which she stows snugly away in the basket which is her constant companion. In her round of visits one day she was accompanied by another little girl who had no basket. The good lady of the house, after supplying the little girl, as usual, remarked:

"Does not your companion want something, too?"

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "She's rich! Her father works."

Thus we see what riches consist of in the eyes of the poor.—Boston Times.

SOME EXTRAORDINARY BULLS.

And They Are Not All Made by Irishmen Either.

Every one knows the story of the Irish baronet who boasted that it was "hereditary in his family to have no children," and the Irish duelist who offered to stand six paces nearer his adversary than the latter did to him. But it is a cruel injustice to poor Paddy to speak of the genuine "bull" as something distinctly Irish, when countless examples of the same kind of blunder, not a whit less startling, are to be found elsewhere. Milton himself erred as grievously as any one in this way when he wrote the famous passage,

"Adam, the goodliest man of men since born,
His sons—the fairest of her daughters Eve."

A naval dispatch of last century from the west coast of Africa speaks of a native vessel which was "entirely manned by women." It was a Scotchman who described a very square and thickset man as being "just as broad as he was narrow." It was a Scotchman who, at a public meeting, gravely propounded a scheme for increasing the British revenue by "laying the dog tax on cats." It was an Englishman who said of Napoleon that he might have been a better man if he had not been quite so bad, and it was also an Englishman who declared that the best way to walk down the Thames to London was to go in a boat.

The French school teacher who, in a fit of rage, threatened to send all his pupils to the foot of the class, was fully equaled by the school boy who after correctly stating that the customary mode of saluting an ancient Persian king was to exclaim, "O king, live forever!" added, on his own authority, "And immediately the king lived forever." But even these "prize bulls" are completely eclipsed by others which have come within the range of my own personal experience. I have seen in an English provincial newspaper the announcement that "the cabman who was killed last Thursday is dead." I once heard a man speak of having watched a haunted house till midnight, "expecting every moment the appearance of an invisible spirit;" and not long after this another man remarked in my presence—alluding to his own sufferings while wedged in a crowd at the door of a concert hall—that he would much rather walk fifty miles than stand five.—David Ker in Harper's Magazine.

No Sooner Said Than Done.

Juliet—Swear not, George; or if thou wouldst swear, swear by thyself, who art the god of my idolatry.

George—By George! I will.—Time.

With Regard to the Unities.

His Pot Waiter (to Monsieur Rapierre, the Sword Swallower)—Ah, my dear monsieur, bon jour. I have you made a sandweech today to ze best of my appropriateness!—Judge.

Betting on Rain.

A writer in The Times of India describes a system of gambling in Calcutta on rain. It is carried on in a "compound" off the Burra bazar, where, when a rain cloud crosses the sky, a crowd collects of eager, excited men; some rush about frantically, others perch themselves high on adjoining roofs and gesticulate wildly to friends below, while all gaze anxiously at the sky. There are the suits, or rain speculators, and the system, as explained by the lessee of the compound in which it is carried on, is extremely simple. On the roof of his office there is a ditch which will hold eight sars of water. If a raincloud bursts and the fall exceeds this amount, the overflow is discharged into the compound by a spout. This decides all the bets, those who wagered it would rain winning. The bets are entered by the proprietor in a book, the commission being one pice per rupee, and the transactions being all settled at 10 o'clock the following morning. A defaulter is hardly ever known; the gamblers are mostly money lenders, men of substance and well known to each other. They are a class by themselves, and the stakes are usually inconsiderable, whereas in Bombay it is not unusual to have thousands of rupees on the rain. The system has one advantage—rainclouds cannot be manipulated; they cannot be loaded like dice, or "faked" like horses; there are no handicappers, no starters, no owners and no jockeys.—London Globe.

Conclusive.

Careful Papa—But which loves Clara most—Brown, Jones or Smith?

Observant Mamma—Why, Mr. Smith, to be sure.

"How can you make that out? Last night Brown asked and pleaded with her to sing; when she finished, Jones was enthusiastic in praise; but Smith didn't say a word!"

"No, but to-night he asked her to sing again!"——

"Poor Smith, he must indeed love her!"—Light.

Just as Good.

"Any fried oysters?" he asked of the keeper of an eating stall on the market.

"Well, no, not exactly fried oysters," she answered.

"What is it?"

"Cold corned beef."

"Oh, that's near enough; and you may slice me off some. I expect it's all in the name, anyway."—Detroit Free Press.

More Appropriate Anyway.

Mr. Winter (aged 67)—Make me happy, dearest! Tell me that you can care for me enough to marry me!

Miss Spring aged 17)—Well, I'm not so sure about that, but I can marry you enough to care for you. Won't that do just as well?—Time.

Not Quite Old Enough.

John—By the way, that was quite an original joke you were telling me the other day—about the countryman in the city, you know. I wonder why they don't use it on the stage in the minstrel troupes?

Jack—It probably isn't old enough.—Yankee Blade.

A Season of Humiliation.

"So you are going away for two or three months? Going for health?"

"Oh, no. My health is all right, but I'm going to keep out of sight while I am raising a beard."—Boston Herald.

A Suggestion.

First Bull—Here comes a man. What shall we do?

Second Bull—Let's toss up.—New York Sun.

He Was Going Far Away.

"Good by, Miss Gillyflower, I am going far away—I will not return."

"But you will write to me often, won't you, Mr. Mushy?"

"Oh, may I? I did not dare to ask—Oh, Miss Gillyflower! Your feelings toward me must have changed that you permit it."

"Oh, no. You see some of us girls are to get a hundred dollars for the Patagonians if we collect a million postage stamps, and every one will help, you know."—Life.