1886

1946 Board of Work

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. A[illegible]SLOW, | Our Country with its United Interests. | EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIX.—No. 50. | Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, September 29, 1886. | WHOLE NO. 986.

GO TO

B. FAIREY'S!

IF YOU WANT

CHEAP DRY GOODS OR FURNITURE!

I have received the greater part of my **NEW FALL STOCK OF DRY GOODS,** and Notwithstanding the Advance in all kinds of Imported Goods, I shall sell them at as LOW PRICES as ever, having placed my Orders early in July, thereby saving in many lines from 10 to 20 per cent.

DRESS GOODS.

The New Boucle CLOTH	30c.	COSTUME CLOTHS	19c.
STRIPED do	40c.	do do	25c.
COLORED Cashmeres	50c.	BLACK COUPE	35c.
BLACK Cashmeres	35c.	Fancy Dress Goods from 10c.	

The above goods have advanced 1½c. per yard since they arrived, but I will sell my present stock at above figures.

Colored VELVETEENS, "Princess Louise" make, (none better), from 65c. per yard. Extra value.
Black Velveteens from 30c. per yd. Black Silk Velvets and Plushes.
Ladies' WOOL WRAPS for evening wear, in all shades.
Ladies' Wool and Cashmere Hose in Black and Colored. Children's do. do. do.
Ladies' Merino Undervests, etc., in Grey and Claret. Ladies' Cashmere Undervests in Scarlet.
Ladies' Cotton Underclothing. Ladies' Wool Vests with and without sleeves.
Ulster Cloths in new styles. Black Curl Cloth for Jackets. Black and Colored Nap Cloth.
Black Diagonals, Beaver Cloth, etc.

CORSETS! CORSETS! CORSETS!

A Good Serviceable Corset for 45c. "Two Roses" Corset for 68c. "Best Yet" Corset for 85c.
"Blanche" Corset for $1.00. "Pearl" Corset for $1.25.

Ladies' French Kid Gloves, Cashmere Gloves, Sanquahar Gloves, Linen Collars; Silk Handkerchiefs from 35c.; Cambric Handkerchiefs from 5c.

BUTTONS and Clasps for the million. A special lot of beautiful New Metal BUTTONS (large and small) with clasps to match.

YARNS! YARNS and WOOLS.—Canadian Yarn, Scotch Yarn, Bee-hive Yarn, Arctic Yarn, Andelusian Yarn, Berlin Wool, BLANKETS! COMFORTABLES. Scarlet Flannels from 16c.; White Flannels from 25c.; Grey and White Shaker Flannels; Grey Shirting Flannels from 20c.; All Wool Shirting Flannels from 26c.; Navy Blue Flannels from 38c.; Fancy Shirting Flannels, extra value; Pink, Orange, Cardinal, Light Blue Flannels; Rock Maple Shirtings 25c. and 30c.; Cotton Flannels from 10c. to 20c.; Tickings from 14c. to 30c.; Sheeting Cotton 2 yds. wide, 24c.; White do. do., all prices; Pillow Cottons all widths, Grey and White Gottons very cheap.

TWEEDS for Men and Boy's Wear—the very best value in the Dominion. ☞ *Examine my 55c. All Wool Tweeds,* Worsted Coatings, &c., &c.

Shirts, Drawers and Linders.—The very Best Value ever offered. Call and judge for yourself. Boy's Shirts and Drawers all sizes; Men's Extra Heavy Shirts; Lumbermen's Shirts; Lumbermen's Extra Made Etoffe Jumpers; do. do. Pants. ☞ Special Value in above. Men's Overcoats—a few very Low; Men's Mufflers, &c.

House Furnishings and Furniture. Impossible to beat me in this Department.

Hemp Carpets **15c.**, Jute Carpets **22c.** up; Patent Reversible Jute Carpets **40c.** up; Imitation Dutch Carpets **30c.** up; wapestry Carpets all prices; Curtain Poles, Lace Curtains; Curtains—Damask and Repp; Cocoa Matting 1yd. and 1½yd. Tide; Floor Oil Cloth all widths; Opaque Window Shades.

ROOM PAPER! I have just purchased **2560** Rolls at ***Job Prices,*** and will sell them at small Advance on COST.

FURNITURE!

FURNITURE.—Wood Bedsteads of all kinds; Iron do.; Iron do. with Combination Spring Mattress; Wash Stands, Toilet Tables, Sinks, Bureaus; CHAIRS—over 500 in stock and to arrive; Bed Room Sets—all hardwood at **$23 00, $25.00, $27.50,** up to **$65.00,** none to equal them in the County; Solid Walnut Bed Room Sets, **$75** up; Parlor Suits—hair cloth, **$45** up; Parlor Suits—tapestry, **$50** up; Raw Silk, **$85** up; TABLES—all kinds; Mattresses, Pillows, Bolsters, Ship Beds, Cribs, Cradles, Cots, Lounges, Sofas. Everything you want to furnish your houses.

B. FAIREY.

Newcastle, Sept. 3, 1886. 6w.

Law and Collection Office
—OF—
M. ADAMS,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.
Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.
☞ CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Dominion.
Office:-NEWCASTLE, N.B.

L. J. TWEEDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
Chatham, - - - N. B.
OFFICE Old Bank Montreal.

JOHN McALISTER,
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Conveyancer, &c.,
CAMPBELLTON, N.B.
May 7, 1885.

WILLIAM MURRAY,
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.
OFFICE:— MURRAY'S BUILDING, WATER STREET.
May 1, 1882.

J. D. PHINNEY.
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
RICHIBUCTO. N. B.
OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.
May 5, 1884.

RAW FURS.
I am paying the highest prices in cash for the following Raw Furs:—Otter, Beaver, Bear, Mink, Martin, Lynx, Fox, Rat.
JAMES BROWN.
Newcastle, December 23, '85.

F. L. PEDOLIN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
OFFICE at house formerly occupied by M. O. Thompson.
OFFICE HOURS from 9 to 12 a.m., 1 to 6 p. m., 7 to 10 p. m.
Feb. 1885.

DR. McDONALD,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
Corner Duke and St. John Street.;
Opposite Canada House,
CHATHAM - - N. B.
Chatham June 3, 1881.

DR. T. W. POMROY,
29 STUYVESANT ST.,
NEW YORK CITY, U. S.
Persons wishing to consult the Dr., and unable to call on him personally, can do so by letter.
Aug. 24, 1883. 29-1ypd.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,
MANUFACTURER OF
CUT NAILS AND CUT SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, FINISHING NAILS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.
Office, Warehouse and Manufactory GEORGES' STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
April 10, 1882, 2-1yr

GEO. STABLES,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,
NEWCASTLE, - - - N. B.
Goods of all kinds handled on Commission, and prompt returns made.
Will attend to Auctions in Town and Country in a satisfactory manner.
Newcastle, Aug. 11, '85.

Leather & Shoe Findings.
THE Subscriber returns thanks to his numerous customers for past favors, and would say to all that he keeps constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of goods to be had and at lowest rates for cash. Also, S. R. Foster & Son's Nails and Tacks of all sizes, and Clarke & Son's Boot Trees, Lasts, &c. English Tops, as well as home-made Tops to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail. J. J. CHRISTIE & CO.
No. 65 King St., St. John, N. B

☞ BUY ☜
Windsor's Delicious
RASPBERRY & STRAWBERRY JAM!
In cases of each one dozen Pint, Quart and Half Gallon
GLASS JARS.
Guaranteed equal if not superior to any in the market.
Write for Quotations.
JOHN WINDSOR.
Petit Rocher, N. B., Oct. 20, 1884.

SAMPLE'S DOMINION
Horse Liniment!
Sample, Parker & Co., Proprietors, Upper Musquodobit, Nova Scotia.
THE BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY before the public for Lameness, Spavins, Sweeny, Sprains, Swollen and Stiff Joints, Scratches, Cracked and Greasy Heels, Harness Galls, Cuts, Sores of long standing, Fistula, Poll Evil, Warts, Swelling and Bruises of all kinds.
Also, will eradicate Lumps on the Head and Neck of Cattle; will cure Cuts and Burns upon the Human Body; also Frost Bites, Chilblains and Salt Rheum.
Sold by all Druggists.
Forsyth, Sutcliffe & Co., Wholesale Agents for Halifax
Wholesale by E. Lee Street, Newcastle.
Feb. 12, 1885. 1y.

MILL PROPERTY FOR SALE.
The well known Grist Mill, Carding Mill and Saw Mill at Pockshaw, Gloucester County, N. B., is offered for Sale. All are in good running order. There is also a dwelling house on the property, which is within one hundred yards of a Station on the Caraquet Railway. For particulars apply to
THOS. DEMPSEY, Pockshaw.
August 6, 1886.

CURES—Rheumatism, Diphtheria, Sciatica Neuralgia, Headache, Earache, Toothache, Cramps, Bruises, Sprains, Coughs, Colds, Quinsy, Erysipelas, Colic, Croup, Hoarseness, Burns, Bronchitis, Numbness of the Limbs, Contraction of the Muscles, PILES, &c.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,
Sole Proprietors.
It is an invaluable Hair Renewer and cleans the Scalp of all Dandruff.

The Dreadful Disease Defied.
GENTS:—I have used your Minard's Liniment *successfully* in a severe case of croup in my family, and I consider it a remedy no household can afford to be without.
J. F. CUNNINGHAM.
Cape Island, May 14, 1886.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is for sale everywhere.
PRICE 25 cents.

DR. E. C. WEST'S
FOR THE LIVER BLOOD STOMACH AND KIDNEYS
DANDELION
Infallible Blood Purifier, Tonic, Diuretic Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Billiousness, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, all Kidney Diseases, Scrofula, Diseases peculiar to Females, Salt Rheum, Eczema and all Skin Diseases, Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Sour Stomach and Heart Burn. Purely Vegetable.
JOHN C. WEST & CO., Toronto Ont
For sale by GEO. C. ALLEN, Newcastle, and G. E. FROST, Campbellton.

CANADA HOUSE,
Chatham, New Brunswick,
Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.
Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first class Hotel and travellers will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat landing and Telegraph and Post Offices.
The proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS
For Commercial Travellers and Stabling on the premises.
Oct. 12, 1885.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,
MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK,
GEO. McSWEENY, PROPRIETOR. GEO. D. FUCHS, MANAGER

Clifton House,
4 Prince ess and 143 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR,
Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.
April 20 '85.

SKINNER'S
Carpet Warerooms,
59 KING STREET.
New Carpets, New Oilcloths, New Linoleums
Just Received for Fall Trade:
6 bales New Brussels Carpets;
6 " " Tapestry do.
4 Rolls English Oilcloth, New Designs;
4 Best Linoleum, at $1.30 per yard;
3 " 4 yds. wide do., " 1.10 "
4 " 4 yds. wide do., " 75 "
☞ The above is the first installment of my FALL STOCK, and as it contains some very novel designs, intending purchasers would do well to examine them.
A. O. SKINNER.
St. John, Oct. 5, 1885.

LOVELL'S
GAZETTEER AND HISTORY
OF THE
DOMINION OF CANADA,
IN NINE VOLUMES, ROYAL 8vo.,
TO BE COMMENCED whenever a sufficient number of subscribers is obtained to cover cost of publication. Subscription to the Nine Volumes $75.00, to the Province of Ontario or Quebec $12.50, to New Brunswick or Nova Scotia $11.50, to Manitoba or to British Columbia $9.50, to Prince Edward Island or to North-west territories $9.50. Each Province to have a Map.
Please send for Prospectus.
JOHN LOVELL,
Manager and Publisher.
Montreal, 4th August, 1886. 4w.

PATENTS.
INVENTORS *send model of sketch of your invention, when I will make careful preliminary examination, and report as to patentability, with advice, circulars, etc.,* **FREE OF CHARGE.** All business before U. S. patent Office attended to for **MODERATE FEES.** Information and references sent on application. **NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.**
P. B. LITTELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Directly opposite U. S. Patent Office.

Selected Literature.

THE DEACON'S REWARD.

Deacon Holcomb stamped the snow off his boots and sat down by the kitchen fire looking around at the family with unusual seriousness.

His wife and his pretty daughter, Kate, were chopping meat and paring apples for mince pies; and his tall son Gene, was mending a washtub.

Mrs. Holcomb looked at the deacon sharply, and suspended her chopping knife.

"Anything the matter?" she said anxiously.

"Nothing very bad," the deacon responded, looking across the stove at her affectionately.

The deacon drew a letter from his pocket.

"From the colonel's lawyer," he announced.

The colonel was the deacon's half brother, an elderly, eccentric person, who had died a month ago in the village where he had lived.

"Hasn't turned out to be worth a pile of money, and left it to us, has he?" said Gene gaily.

"Hain't left us no money," said the deacon. "Hadn't none to leave I reckon. I'm ruther astonished. The colonel was worth considerable along one spell. No; but he's left us something else."

"What?" said Kate eagerly.

"It's from his lawyer, as I says," the deacon rejoined, unfolding the letter. "And Seth and William's got copies of it. We was all at the postoffice when the mail come and took 'em together."

"It says"—he went on slowly—"and Seth's and William's says the very same thing—that it was the colonel's last wish that his daughter Malvina should have a home out here, with Seth or William or me. He said that whoever took her would be doing an act of charity, and would be sartin to get rewarded in heaven."

"Well," said Gene, going on with the washtub calmly, "of course Uncle Seth is going to take her? He's the best able to."

"I ruther expected myself," said the deacon hesitatingly, "that Seth would step forward in this here crisis; but he hain't. He said he didn't hardly see how he could do it. He said Malvina must be somewhere nigh 50 by this time; and being an old maid she might be cantankerous, and Julia Ann mightn't be able to get along with her. He said William and me would have to settle it between us."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Holcomb indignantly—"him with all his money and that big house!"

"What did Uncle William say?" said Kate. "Now see here, Pa Holcomb!"—as the deacon's kind eyes fell before her gaze—"you don't mean to say that he's going to leave it to you to do—you, the poorest of them all?"

The deacon moved uneasily.

"I don't want to blame William," he said mildly. "I can see it's just as he says."

"What did he say?" said Kate, her black eyes flashing.

"He said he didn't know how he could take her, nohow," the deacon replied. "He's building his new barn, and he don't feel like having any more expense just now. And he said he couldn't think of boarding people without nothing more substantial than a reward in heaven to look forward to."

"He's a brute," said Gene warmly—"he and Uncle Seth both! But you're not going to let them impose upon you, father? Why, neither of them would feel it? but you—good graciousness.

Gene looked around the bare little kitchen meaningly.

"I always thought a sight of the colonel," said the deacon, looking up at the cracked ceiling, "though he wasn't nothing but a half brother; and I can't just bring myself to refuse the shelter of my house, if it ain't much, to any of his kin. There's where it is."

"You dear old silly Pa!" cried Kate.

And she slammed her apple pan on the table, rushed around to the deacon's chair and kissed him violently.

"Your pa is right, children," said Mrs. Holcomb, resuming her chopping knife quietly. "It's our duty plain as day, to take the poor creetur."

"There," said the deacon triumphantly "I knew where you'd stand! I told Seth and William so,"

"Well," said Gene, rising from the washtub with a good naturedly despairing gesture, "we are to have our cousin Malvina, Kate; but we are to give up all hopes of a college course and we are to be married to Mark Hill in the dress we have on—we shall not be able to scrape up money for a new one by next spring, with cousin Malvina on our hands."

He put an arm about his sister's waist in mock sympathy, and whirled laughingly away.

The deacon looked across at his wife rather soberly.

"I'm afraid its true enough," he said.

"No such thing!" said Mrs. Holcomb briskly, "and s'posing it was? Mark Hill would marry her quick enough in her old duds, I reckon!"

"But Gene," said the deacon anxiously. "Mebbe Malvina will make a difference about that. And he's set his heart on getting an education."

"You didn't have any to speak of!" said Mrs. Holcomb stoutly, looking a little troubled nevertheless.

"They're good children," said the deacon. "They won't make no trouble about it—I know that. But I should hate to have 'em disappointed."

"We'll trust in Providence," said Mrs. Holcomb simply. "We know we're doing what's right, taking Malvina; and I don't believe but what it'll be for the best."

"You're always just the same—always real good," said the deacon with feeling, as he picked up his hat and started for the barn.

And Mrs. Holcomb reflected that she could hardly be better than the deacon.

* * * * * * *

"She couldn't have had a better day for it, nohow," said the deacon delightedly.

It was a week later. He stood at the sitting room window, looking out at the snowy, sunny world, and rubbing his work-roughened hands with quiet satisfaction.

From the kitchen there came the odors of roasting pork, of simmering applesauce, of boiling turnips and of hot mince pies.

From the sofa came the sound of low toned conversation, proceeding from the corner where Kate and Mark Hill were sitting rather close together—Mark being a prospective member of the family, dropped in to dinner occasionally.

Up the road there came the jingle of sleigh bells.

The deacon watched the little old fashioned cutter eagerly as it came nearer. For the deacon's resolution had been faithfully carried out. He had written a cordial invitation to poor Malvina, amid the mild sneers of his brothers, Seth and William, to be sure, and the astonished disapproval of such of his neighbors as were in possession of the facts; but with the laughing consent of his children, and with the warm abetting of his wife.

There had come a prompt response to his letter—a brief note stating Miss Malvina Holcomb's acceptance of her uncle's hospitality; and stating further, that she would start directly, and would arrive a few days later.

The day had come.

The driver of the little cutter, turning up at the hitching post with a flourish was Gene; and the small bundle of green veil and water-proof cloak which he lifted down in the snow was his cousin Malvina.

The deacon hurried to the door, Mrs. Holcomb stopped in the act of mashing the turnips and rushed out to the porch; and Kate followed hastily, with Mark close behind her.

The bundle had made its way up the snowy path. The green veil had become disarranged, and there looked out from under it a sharp little face, with bright dark eyes, and two rows of faded corkscrew curls.

"We're glad to see you, Malvina," said the deacon; while Mrs. Holcomb pulled her indoors kindly, and helped to undo the voluminous waterproof cloak.

It was a queer little woman that stood warming her small hands at the kitchen stove and looking sharply from one to another when the last wrap had been removed.

She was certainly past 50—so Kate mentally decided. She also decided that long ear-rings and a juvenile necklace, and tight curls, besprinkled with gray, were hardly becoming to her faded little face; and that her checked silk dress was not in the best taste.

But she felt a warm impulse towards her cousin Malvina. There was a kindly sparkle in her eyes as she looked around the modest table—Mrs. Holcomb had taken up the dinner with hospitable haste—at the deacon, carving with a beaming face; at Kate and Mark, side by side of course, and engaged at the moment in an affectionate altercation; at Mrs. Holcomb, dishing the apple-sauce and at Gene, who had come in, cold and snowy, from the barn.

She did not appear to be much of a talker. She answered their inquiries in chirpy monosyllables, turning her gaze meditatively around the small bare room and through the door to the calico covered sofa and the well worn rag carpet of the sitting room.

But she wore a look of quiet satisfaction and enjoyment, and by the time the mince pies had disappeared, and the dishes been washed briskly by Kate's nimble hands, and they were gathered around the sitting room fire, it had deepened into a positive warmth, which softened her sharp eyes and gave a pink tinge to her faded cheeks.

"I should judge, Uncle Holcomb," said Malvina, turning upon the deacon—"I should judge, now, that you ain't so well off as you might be?"

It was an embarrassing inquiry. Mark Hill looked at his boots and pretended not to have heard it; and Kate and Gene exchanged indignant glances.

Surely any other remark would have come better from their cousin Malvina, under the circumstances.

"Well, no;" said the deacon meekly.

"And I suppose," Malvina continued calmly—"I suppose Uncle Seth and Uncle William are better off now, ain't they?"

"Well, yes, they be;" said the deacon.

"So the colonel said. I always call him the colonel," said Malvina.

And there was silence, broken sharply by the violent jingling of Malvina's long ear-rings, as she sat straight up in her chair suddenly.

"I sha'n't wait another minute," she said decidedly, "the colonel advised me not to be hasty, look into things a little first. But I couldn't know you any better if I waited a year, you dear good man!"

Her listeners stared at each other in silent alarm, and Kate edged a little nearer Mark.

Was Malvina going out of her senses?

"I've been imposing on you shamefully," Malvina went on energetically; "shamefully."

The deacon looked at her apprehensively and Mrs. Holcomb turned a shade paler, something was wrong with Malvina clearly.

"It was the colonel's plan," the small person continued apolegetically: "you know he was always peculiar, and he took this way of showing it."

"Of doing what?" said the deacon, finding his voice with an effort.

"Disposing of his property," said Malvina composedly. "I suppose from that letter, now, you didn't think he had any to dispose of? Well, if you recollect, it didn't say he hadn't. The colonel dictated every word of that letter just the day before he died?"

Malvina's voice trembled a little.

"What he wanted to find out was which of his brothers was the best and kindest and thought enough of him to be willing to put up with the poor lonesome old woman he left alone; and that would be the one for his money, he said. And he said all along—he seemed to feel certain of it—that it would be you, Uncle Holcomb, though you're the poorest of them!"

The deacon looked at her blankly.

"You see the colonel was pretty successful of late years," said Malvina, "and there's enough for us both. My income would take care of a dozen forlorn old women like me, and your share—well you'll find it's enough to build you the best house in town, and live better than my uncles Seth and William ever dreamed of doing—not that's that a Christain spirit."

Mrs. Holcomb folded her apron in her fingers tremblingly and the deacon struggled vainly to speak.

"It's a sort of surprise, ain't it?" said Malvina, smoothing down the checked silk smilingly. "And now that I've let it out, I suppose you will be glad to let me go home, I'm nothing but a bothersome old woman."

Perhaps it is needless to say that the bothersome old woman did not go home, neither then nor at any time; that Kate's wedding dress was the prettiest the town had ever seen, and that "Gene's" college course was principally begun; nor that the deacon's surprise has not ceased to be a subject of wondering discussion among his neighbors, not excluding his brothers Seth and William.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20, 1886.—President Cleveland's party concluded, in spite of the threatening weather of Friday morning, to make the fishing and hunting expedition for which arrangements have been made. They were conveyed down Saranac lake from Prospect house on the steam launch, and after a carry across country, they took small boats and were transported up the Racquette river and into big Tupper Lake. The rendezvous will be at Mark Moody's on Tupper lake. Moody has a wide reputation as a deer hunter and he agreed to give the President and his friends a hunt Saturday.

The new cruiser Altanta left New York Friday for the compass station in Narragansett bay to have her compasses adjusted preparatory to sailing on her contract trial trip in the direction of the Gulf of Mexico, in search of a gale. It is expected that she will get off about today. Engineer-in-chief Loring will go in her and will have supervision over the engines and machinery. Members of the advisory board and representatives of John Roach and perhaps some experts invited by Secretary Whitney will be passengers.

The second eight-inch gun and the last of the Atlanta's armament has been completed at the Washington navy yard, and is on its way to the proving ground at Annapolis, where it will be tested. It is a high power steel, breach loading rifle, carrying a shell of 250 pounds weight, with a charge of 125 pounds of powder. The armament of the Atlanta consists of two eight-inch guns, en barbette, and six six-inch broadside guns for her main battery; two six-pound and two three-pound high power, Hotchkiss guns, and two one-pound light power Hotchkiss guns, two 47-millimeter and two 37-millimeter Hotchkiss revolving cannon for her secondary battery.

From a source that is unusually reliable I learn that on or a little after October 1 Mr. Manning's resignation as Secretary of the Treasury will be formally accepted by the President. My information is that Mr. Manning would have willingly resigned before he left Washington, feeling sure that he would never again be able to resume the active duties of his office. But the President did not wish the step taken then, for two reasons. The first was that he had quite enough to do at the time without having to look out for a new Secretary of the Treasury. The second reason was that as Mr. Manning had left Albany and came here at some personal inconvenience, to say nothing of expense, the President desired or was willing that he should remain in office until he got even pecuniarily, although he did no work for six months.—After listening to all this I asked my informant if he had any idea as to who would take Mr. Manning's place. "I have an idea," said he, "but I am rather doubtful about the propriety of giving it publicity. Well, if you want to know, I'll tell you. My impression is that the Cabinet will be recast. There is another member of it who would like to go out. No, I will not tell you who it is, but I know the truth of what I say. I think if there is a new deal the President will be disposed to give the Treasury to Mr. Bayard. He was chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance when the Democrats had that body, and would make a much better Secretary of the Treasury than he makes of State. I never thought of this until it was suggested to me by something I became cognizant of in the course of my official duty. Two or three incidental happenings bear out this opinion." "Well, who would take the State Department?" I asked my informant in some astonishment at his developements. "Let me answer your question by asking another. How would the Mississippi philosopher and statesman, Lamar do? And then," he continued, "that would give the President a chance to do something for Uncle Joe McDonald, of Indiana. See?" And with that he went into his office.

The report that Secretary Lamar contemplates matrimony again was the subject of considerable comment in the Interior department Saturday. Prominent officials went immediately to Mr. Lucius Lamar. Jr., who is private secretary to his father, for a confirmation or denial of the story. Like a dutiful son, young Lamar was non-committal on the subject, as he did not care to give family secrets away. To certain persons he said that he did not take much stock in the report that his father will probably be married before he again returns to Washington. To the lady clerks the rumor of the Secretary's marriage was a theme that they could discuss all day without growing weary. Every utterance, look and gesture of the Secretary during the past month or two was carefully analyzed, and the unanimous verdict was that the patient has all the symptoms of matrimonial fever.

LENOX.

A BOSTON GIRL'S LETTER.

This is a bona fide extract from a letter written by a pretty Boston school girl to the Springfield young man with whom she formed an acquaintance in the country this summer.

Dear Mr.—Am going to trust to luck on getting through the next recitation and take this study hour to answer your letter. We came home Saturday. I knew pa would stay, fast enough. Really I could have bawled with pleasure. Jule Ward and Ned Haynes went as far as Newbury with us, and the rest of the gang saw us safely on board. * * * By the way, Will Dane gave me his picture before I went—that's more than you did. * * * Say, do you know it's fairly rank to be back at school? Could chew myself I hate it so. Nasty studies this year—Virgil, English history, drawing, chemistry and physics. I smashed two test tubes and burnt my fingers on the first go off. The master came prancing up with some good advice about exercising a trifle more care, etc., and so on—old cow! Saw my Charlie Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Wednesday nights. You bet I was glad to see the dear boy. Tuesday night I went to the theatre. You see I haven't laid myself out studying much as yet. I want to thank you for those chestnut bells. We had a great circus with them. * * * There goes the old gong for next lesson—Latin; know I'll get left. Excuse paper and envelope; it's all I could rake up here; had to borrow one from one girl and another from another. Well, tra la li loo."

MRS. LANGTRY AND THE CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

Mrs. Langtry sailed for America Saturday in the steamship Alaska. She took with her an enormous amount of baggage, and the number and splendor of her new dresses are said to eclipse anything previously attempted, either by herself or any of her predecessors. Mrs. Langtry left Paris last Friday. On her arrival at Dover the custom house officers demanded duty on two silver powder boxes and some hand glasses, and refused to allow the lady to proceed until the duty was paid. The fair artiste protested, but was obliged to go to the chief custom house, where she signed a declaration stating that the articles were for domestic use only. On her arrival in London, she wrote to the newspapers protesting against the brutalities of the customs laws, and casually mentioning that the articles seized are nearly all worn out, a hint which her numerous admirers are certain to take advantage of.

WHY NEWSPAPERS FIGHT.

[From the Baltimore American.]

They fight because fighting, in the sense of brains against brains, principle against principle and policy against policy, is a good thing. It prevents sluggishness; it incites and encourages; it calls forth mental energies and activities, and it makes the newspapers better, brighter and more enterprising.